TALES OF BIG WEALTH | American Transportation company, and the hardy who have money enough

CREAT BAGS OF GOLD BROUGHT FROM ALASKA.

Wild Stories of Klondyke Field Over a Ton of Glittering Gold Brought Back on One Steamer-Good Advice for Prospectors.



(Special Letter.) HE tales of fabulous discoveries in the Klondyke district of Alaska is creating the wildest sort of excitement in California, Washington, Oregon and other western states. But with the news of the glitter-

ing wealth comes the announcement that persons who would go to the new Eldorado should "look well before leaping," for starvation is liable to overtake them before the golden harvest fields are reached. On a steamer from St. Michaels, Alaska, which arrived at Seattle, Wash., the other day, there was on board gold nuggets and gold dust that aggregated in value over \$1,000,000. This belonged to 68 miners who were returning from the new gold fields. Of the 68 miners aboard hardly a man has iess than \$7,000 and one or two have more than \$100,000 in yellow nuggets. One peculiar feature noted is that the big strikes were made by "tenderfeet," while the old and experienced miners are suffering indescribable hardships and privations in Alaska and the northwest territory, and have only a few thousand dollars to show for their on the inexperienced men who went into the mining districts late were fortunate. The stories that they tell seem to be incredible and far beyond belief. Instances are noted of starvation. where single individuals have taken out, in two and a half months, gold to the value of \$150,000.

tions to be encountered by inexperi-

They should go prepared with at least

a year's supplies. Alexander Orr says:

often goes 60 to 70 degress below zero.

little protection. Furs are used exclus-

ively for clothing. Dawson is not like

most of the large mining camps. It is

not a 'tough' town. Murders are al-

most unknown. A great deal of

gambling is done in the town, but seri-

ous quarrels are an exception. As a

gambling town I think it is equal to

any I have ever seen, and this, by the

way, is always the test of mining

camp's prosperity. Stud poker is the

usual game. They play \$1 ante and

oftentimes \$200 or \$500 on the third

card." Albert Fox said, when asked

his experience: "My partner, Arthur

Cook, stayed by the claim and will re-

main till I return. I brought down

300 ounces; that will be over \$5,000.

as it will give more than \$17 an ounce.

We sold one claim for \$45,000 and kept

another which we will work when I

get back. I wouldn't advise any one to

go there this fall, for people are liable

Careful estimates show that the

to go hungry before spring."

which runs from Seattle to St. Michael and there connects with the Yukon strength enough to withstand the exriver boats, cannot carry more than 400. | treme cold. Those who were in the Those who start from 'Frisco or from Seattle as late as Aug. 25 or Sept. 1 will not get beyond St. Michael this turning to warmer and more civilized year. The number of people who can climes with plenty of money. In the get in by way of Juneau is limited, as summer the miners find the climate dethe snow flies by Sept. 15, and Indians cannot be procured to pack the supplies. Of course, a man can go in "light," as the divide north of Juneau reach the old Alaskans say, that is, packing on gold fields by the steamer route along his back 50 or 60 pounds of grub and blankets, but few will make the venture in this way, as they would be helpless should provisions become scarce. One of the Alaska company's officials says that not more than 2,000 more men from the states can reach Dawson this fall. These, with the 2,000 miners scattered along the Yukon river, who have already rushed in or are on the way, would make 4,000 strangers added to the June population of 3,000. These 7,000 can be fed, but a larger number would create a famine. Last year, with only 2,500 on the ground, there was much pinching for food, and



PROSPECTING FOR GOLD.

rations had to be doled out to make the supplies last until the first steamer labor. Fortune seemed to smile came up in the spring. While there is much talk about going at once, it is doubtful whether 'Frisco will conlast year, as nearly all of them tribute more than 1,000 all told to the boom. The men who are eager to in a little tomato sauce, and dishes of try their fortune are deterred by fears

Mr. L. B. Rhoades tells an interesting story. He says: "I was among if the weather is particularly hot, a the fortunate ones, as I cleared about little chopped ice sprinkled over it. Clarence Berry, of Fresno, Cal., went \$40,000, but brought only \$5,000 with Fruit that is very acid should not be

to buy a season's provisions and gold region of Alaska have been able to withstand everything, and are now relightful. Those who do not care to fight the rigors of the journey over the Yukon river. But the fight for gold is one in which all the natural forces of winter are combined against those who seek some of the conveniences of

EATING FOR HOT DAYS.

Healthful Dishes That can Be Prepared With Little Fire.

"During the hot months," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal, "the diet should consist largely of dainty, cold, lean meat, green, succulent vegetables and fruits. It is a popular fallacy that the free use of sub-acid fruits during hot weather causes disturbances of the bowels. No diet is more healthful than ripe fruit provided it is properly masticated and swallowed before or after bread and butter, but never with it. The lighter wheat preparation, such as faring, wheatlet and glutena, should be substituted for the heat-giving outmeal for breakfast. Cook enough one morning to last two, as they are just as palatable cold as they are hot. While fried food may seem a little out of place in the warm weather there are certain light dishes that may be utilized for breakfast. Cornmeal or hominy croquettes, or even rice croquettes, may be made the day before and simply fried at serving time. Squash and cucumbers may be dipped and fried. In the chafing-dish one may have chipped beef, creamed or fricasseed parbequed beef, cold mutton warmed eggs, such as omelets, scrambled eggs, creamed eggs or poached eggs. Fruit should be served in a flat dish, with,

to the Yukon in 1890 and prospected me. I was the first man to get to bed served too cold. Powdered sugar and

PICTURES FROM THE LAND OF SHINING GOLD.



clothes. While it is a poor man's rock gravel and to discover that it was country, yet the hardships and privalined with gold dust and nuggets. The rock was seamed and cut in Venced persons unused to frontier life shaped streaks, caused, it is supposed is certain to result in much suffering. by glacial action. In those seams I found a clay which was exceedingly rich. In fact, there was a stratum of pay "In winter the weather is extremely gravel four feet thick upon the rock which was lined with gold, particularcold at Dawson, and it is necessary that ly in these channels or streaks." Mr. one be warmly clad. The thermometer Rhoades said that at one time flour was \$45 a sack. The stories of the Ordinary woolen clothes would afford great gold find are surrounded with



CLARENCE BERRY. the frozen breath of winter, for the new gold field is almost within reach of transport more than 200 persons to snow and ice bound for six months



cream should accompany the fruit course. In the place of chops or steaks we may have eggplant, broiled or fried tomatoes, panned tomatoes, a dainty omelet with peas, omelet with asparagus tips, or with parsley, following the fruit. Corn oysters and corn fritters may also take the place of meat. Coffee, tea, chocolate and milk are, of course, in summer, as in winter, the breakfast beverages."

New Version of the Story of Lazarus. A colored exhorter, enlarging on the impossibility of rich men getting into heaven, said: "Look at Latherus: When he wuz on de arth he ax Diwees fer de crumbs dat fall froum his table. En what did Diwees do ter him? He call his dorg. Moreover, en sick him on Latherus. Latherus put up a purty good fight, but the dorg licked him! Den Diwees wuz so mad dat he took a fit en died en when he waks up he fin' himself in hell fire, en he look troo de skylight en see Latherus en Father Abraham in a huggin' match, en he call to Latherus ter turn on de water en he'd pay de bill. En what did Latherus say? He des lean over de banister en holler out: 'Go 'long, man, en shet yo' mouf. De water wus cut off on de 19th

Milk en honey is de bes' I got!" -Ex Ready for a Return Trip.

A Georgia moonshiner, in jail for illicit distilling, wrote this note to his son-in-law: "Dear John, I'll be out o' jail an' free in thirty days. They done broke up my last still, so please buy me another an' have it fired up an' ready for business by the time I git thar.'

A Brooklyn bandmaster, in the presence of 10,000 people, at a park concert, held a cornet note for 125 seconds. A Chicago man held a promissory note Alaska Commercial company cannot the Arctic circle, and the miners are for 125 months, but he isn't bragging about it. When he went to sue he Dawson this year, while the North in the year. Fortunes await the daring found it was outlawed .- Ex.

A ROMANCE OF BUTTE.



By Lue Vernon. OU ask me to tell you a story, beys," said to some old musicians and companions who had come to wish me "a long and happy

They were spending the evening in our new home. The night was colu and we had gathered round a

we had in days of yore, before I was married "Yes, you were always a good hand at spinning, Frank; tell us something about your honeymoon," and the boys

smiled a little. "Well," I replied, with a smile, "it may not be very long, but I think you will agree that it is interesting, and even exciting. However, you know that Amber and I went to Butte to spend the first month of our married life and to visit her father and mother,

who lived there. "Of course we meant to see as much of the great mining camp as possible, and one night resolved to pay a visit to the new opera house. It was then that I witnessed the tragic occurrence

of which I am going to tell. "A very beautiful and young prima donna had just taken the town by storm. Having only a week's engagement en route to San Francisco, she and her husband had taken apartments in the very hotel at which we were staying, and of course we heard a great deal about her. Her lovely recherche toilets had been daily canvassed by the ladies and very unanimously voted 'lovely,' while the gentlemen were one and all agreed that a face so witching and beautiful, or a voice so thrilling and sweet, had rarely if ever been known in the lively mining camp of Butte.

"Her husband had whetted public curiosity almost to fever heat by his mysterious behavior. For, whenever she went out driving or to the theater, there he was, neither smiling nor seeming to utter a word, yet watching her every movement, and always by her side. Rumor had it that he was only a mercenary rogue, who, foreseeing the splendid career before the gifted and talented actress and singer, had befriended and pushed her forward in her profession until she had mistaken gratitude for love and married him, only to find out that he was a keen, cynical wordling, caring for her no more than for others she knew not of, whose lives he had blighted.

"The reason of his marrying her seemed simply to gain possession of her earnings. Lately, however, he had fits of sullenness and jealousy, and rarely allowed her to go out of his sight. Some of the gossipers averred that this was because of the attentions of a young banker of good family who stood high in Butte, who had been deeply smitten by the charming and gifted woman, and who, had she been unfettered, would willingly have laid his life and his fortune at her feet.

"As it was, however, her handsome lover and wealthy suitor was to be seen every night wherever and when-



A GHASTLY BULLET WOUND. ever she sang, and always provided with a costly bouquet in silver or jeweled holder, as his offering at her shrine. It was said-whether truthfully or not, I cannot tell-that the sweet face of the singer grew brighter, perhaps unconsciously, when she observed him seated in his private box. and that her eyes were often drawn thither magnetically, as if sure of his sympathy.

This her husband noticed and resented, and he had been often heard to declare only the evening before that of which my recollection is so keen that if she offered to lift his bouquet again or dared to bestow one glance upon her handsome admirer, he would take a revenge at which all Butte would be

horrified. Of course we learned all these details ifter the tragedy, but I have explained them to you beforehand in order that you may the better understand what follows, as well as the fact that Miss Glyndon, as she was professionally known, had been heard to say, in answer to his threats, that she had few friends, and certainly would not, by refusing his flowers, offend one who had never shown her aught but kindness and honor.

'At your peril, madame, pick them up tonight,' said he, glaring upon her with red, vindictive eyes, which might have warned her that the fiend within was fully aroused.

"I know the love letters which you gloat over when alone, that he sends concealed in those bouquets. But dare to look either at him or them tonight. and I will not be responsible for the consequences.'

"Miss Glyndon shrugged her shoulders, but did not reply, thinking it only jealous raving. This, then, was the position between those two on the evening when Amber and I went to hear the brilliant songstress in her

famous role of Marguerite, in 'Faust.' "We got good seats, almost facing the stage. The performance that night was to be patronized by the Odd Fellows on | best-dressed member.

don was giving to help build a hospital, and, as usual on such an event, the house was crowded. All went well,

The house filled, and the gifted prima donna could not have looked better. She was indeed 'a sight to make an old man young,' and the audience listened spellbound to her marvelous voice. I had already pointed out to my wife the handsome banker at the one side of the stage of the opera house and Miss Glyndon's grim, sardonic looking husband (Mephistopheles

account of the benefit v nich Miss Glyn-

called him to myself) on the other. "The theater was small and the distance across at the extreme ends not cheery blazing fire to have a chat, as great, so that every movement of Marguerite could be easily noted. When the curtain fell after the garden scene the enthusiasm of the house knew no bounds, and after repeated calls the pale young actress was led before the curtain, while showers of bouquets fell from all parts of the house. The banker, as usual, had thrown his, and she, either out of mischief or tempted to bravado by some evil spirit, singled it out, and with a brief, sweet glance at

the box whence it came, held it to her

while she bowed her acknowledgments. "Instantly there rang out the sharp report of a pistol shot, followed quickly by a second, the spectators were horrified to see Marguerite fall, while the crimson blood flowed freely from her side, making a long, red trail on her quaint white satin gown with its jeweled girdle. Immediately all was uproar. I remember seeing the flying figure of the banker clearly defined in the glare of the footlights as he leaped forward beside the dying girl.

"While many followed the young banker, others made for the box whence came the fatal shot, and there they found this modern Mephistopheles with the smoking pistol still in his hand, extended on the floor, with a ghastly bullet wound in his temple-dead.

"On the front of the box was found a paper, on which was written in pen-

" 'I am tired of life, and the doctors say my end is near, but she shall not live to be happy in his smiles. One glance tonight and it shall be her last. I have sworn it."

"The hapless girl was carried to her room and one of the leading doctors brought to her aid, but nothing could be done. Slowly her life blood ebbed away, and in half an hour all was over. She only regained consciousness for one brief moment, and, looking up into the anxious eyes of the handsome banker as he bent over her, she murmured the one word 'Forgive.'

"Thus expressing the wish that the man who had brought her to her untimely end might be forgiven for the crime he had committed.

"Then, with a slight pressure of the hand and a look of love, which until now her marriage vow had restrained her from showing, she sank back and expired.

"The tragic spectacle of that dying actress on that brilliantly lighted stage and the excited emptying of the crowded theater will ever remain indelibly photographed on my memory."

ROQUEFORT IS DOOMED.

Pamous French Cheese Is Imitated and Menaced With Extinction.

From the New York Tribune: France, and through France the whole of the civilized world is threatened with an irreparable calamity-from a cheese is menaced with extinction. The milk of the sheep that browsed on the thyme-clad banks of the Larnac and of accordingly been fed in grassy pastures and have yielded a larger quantity of milk, but of a very inferior quality. Worse still, cow's milk has been mingled with that of the sheep and the cheese being artificially ripened, speedy deterioration ensued. Cheese mongers now look askance at what is called Roquefort and hesitate to such an extent to buy it that a business which in times past has been worth \$10,000,000 and has offered employment to over 100,000 people, is at a standstill, with no prospect of revival, for a name and an art once lost are almost beyond recovery.

Polly's Mirrors.

Every Saturday Polly has to scour the spoons. That is all that mamma asks her to do, and it does not take much time, but Polly has always dreaded it so long beforehand, and grumbled so while she rubbed them, that it seemed like very hard work indeed. Every week it was the same old story, and you would think that the little girl was asked to clean the family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday mamma heard her laughing all by herself in the kitchen. and asked what she was doing.

"Making mirrors, mamma!" shouted Polly gleefully.

So mamma came to see. Polly was rubbing away on a spoon, and when it grew quite bright and shiny, sure enough, there was a little mirror in the bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly reflected there, with very fat cheeks and very small eyes, and no hair. When she moved her head her checks grew thin, and her eyes as large and round as an owl's. How Polly did laugh!

Then she scoured another spoon, and soon there was another tiny lookingglass, and another queer little Polly, as funny as the first.

When she had twelve of these droll little mirrors her work was done, and she was surprised to find that it was only play, after all.

A daughter should never seek nor be allowed to "outdress" her mother. In every family the mother should be the

FORTUNE IN THE BALANCE.

From the New York World: Half the governments of the world have eyes on a case now pending at Washington whose issue may involve millions and the fortunes of war. On the records it masquerades as "Interference No. 17,411, Bauschlicker vs. Porsch." It has to do with the manufacture of smokeless powder, that new munition of war which is revolutionizing the destinies of battle.

Not so long ago in Frankenthal, Germany, there lived two men, August Bauschlicker and Heinrich Nowak, the best of friends. One of them invented the chemical acetone, the basis of smokeless powder-which one the Washington patent office is trying to find out. Nowak grew rich beyond his wildest dreams by virtue of the process that all the nations of Europe would have given forances to possess solely. Bauschlicker didn't remain poor, either. But at last things went wrong. Nowak lost every pfennig he owned and sough the United States to recoup. Letters passed between the two old friends. Finally Nowak, now Dr. Ottokar Porsco, got out a patent on acctone, and the Orangeburg Chemical company of Nyack started in to make and sell it.

Bauschlicker got wind of it. It was his process, he asserted. The Haselacher & Rassler company were selling it in this city, too. So he brought suit, and now the case is near a final settiement. Thousands and thousands of pages of testimony have been taken here and in Germany. Dr. Porsch, who now lives at 932 Park avenue, Hoboken, admits that he has changed his name from Nowek to Porsch, but says he did it because he wanted to start life anew here. He swears that he invented the process of making acetone, and his wife, Olga, backs him up.

In his testimony, taken aboard, Bauschlicker swears that the invention is his, and that one day in a fit of confidence he told the priceless secret to his friend Nowak. He accuses him now of having sold the secret to the United States and to Russia for use in the manufacture of smokeless powder for their respective armies.

"This has caused me a loss of \$1,000,-000 in royalties," swears Bauschlicker. "It isn't true that he invented acetone," swears Porsch, just as positively. "I discovered it years ago in my factory in Frankenthal."

"Porsch worked for me in my factory," rejoins Bauschlicker, there learned the secret so valuable in warfare."

Porsch's disappearance from his old town was a mysterious one. No one knew of his whereabouts swears Bauschlicker, until he heard that acetone was being manufactured in the United States by one Ottokar Porsch. He had grown wealthy over it. Bauschlicker wanted the royalties that every pound of smokeless powder had to pay, and so the action was brought. He wants the patent declared null and void. If he wins he will sue all the manufacturers who have used acetone under Porsch's patents.

When the missing Nowak was firmly established here as Porsch he sent for his wife. His employers sent their gastronomic point of view. Roquefort expressman to the steamship for her trunks, but none could be found. The orly ones that the check called for were those of a Mrs. Heinrich Nowak. the Aveyron has lopg since ceased to The expressman came back with his suffice for the market. Flocks have story and the secret so long concealed came out. Dr. Ottakar Porsch was Heinrich Nowak.

Power of Sunshine.

A French scientist calculates that in an average day the sun will pour on two and a half acres of ground heat which might be turned into energy equal to the muscle power of 4,163 horses. M. Mouchot believed that this heat might be utilized and made to do the work now done by steam and electricity. He found that by condensing the heat playing on less than a yard and a half of ground he could boil two pints of water. By arresting sunshine and condensing it, small steam engines have been operated successfully in Paris, but nothing has yet been done to realize practically the great hopes of revolutionizing civilization by using directly the enormous power which comes to us daily from the sun. This power is calculated at that of two hundred and seventeen trillion, three hundred and sixteen billion horses, and a thousandth part of one per cent of it would run all the factories the world will ever need .- New York World.

Jes' Couldn't Help It.

An old darky was arrested for stealing a silver dollar. The dollar was found on his person and produced in court. "You stole this money?" asked the judge. "Dat's whut dey says, suh." Well, what have you to say for yourself?" "Well, suh, nuttin' much, 'ceptin' dat I wuz drive ter it." "Driven to it?" "Yes, suh. You see, jedge, dat dollar had a bird on it, on it look so much like a bame chicken dat I thought wuz in a hen roos', en des nachully bagged it."

Wall of a Broken Heart.

"The railroad ran over us recently," writes a rural editor, "but in this. as in all other instances, Providence was against us. The fool engine only cut off our wooden leg, and we can't get damages!"

The Fing on High-

Two Denver boys have lately floated the stars and stripes by kite a mile above the summit of Pike's peak and ciaim that it is the highest point ever attained by Old Glory.