

# THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE NOME, THE LAND OF SHINING GOLD.

There is no place like Nome—to the gold-seeker of today. As the season approaches for the annual departure of thousands of gold hunters to the Klondike and to the Alaskan gold fields it is discovered that the destination of nine in every ten is Nome, writes a Seattle correspondent. It is the new El Dorado of this wonderful region, is said to be richer than any of the other much-heralded districts. Certain it is that in its formative period it is more interesting.

It lies at the mouth of two rivers, the Snake and the Nome, which afford every facility with their numerous branches and ramifications for washing the placer dirt. The gold is easily accessible and abounds in quantities that have attracted many miners from the older established localities.

A great item of expense which is generally attendant upon the opening of an El Dorado lies in the cost of prospecting both in time and money. Many months and many dollars have been spent the world over in prospecting worthless lands, but here things are different. Here it is possible to determine the value of a claim, or at least to ascertain whether it is worth working or not, almost at a glance as

cept that which pleases him best. According to one statement, "when nails were made by hand, the penny was taken as a standard of weight, and six were made equal to the weight of a copper penny." This explanation is open to criticism, on account of the very small size of the nails, of which six were needed to balance even the large-sized, old-fashioned copper penny. Others are much more probable. One explanation holds that tenpenny nails originally sold for tenpence a hundred, and so on, the smaller nails selling for the lower price. Another explanation is that one thousand nails of the tenpenny size used to weigh ten pounds, one thousand of the sixpenny size six pounds, and so for other sizes. Of the ordinary sixpenny nails there are eighty to the pound; of the eightpenny there are fifty; tenpenny, thirty-four; twelpenny, twenty-nine.

## INK ROLLERS USED IN 1941.

Not Until a Few Years Ago, However, Were They Made of Glue and Molasses. As long ago as the year 1941, so history tells us, a Chinese blacksmith, Pi-Ching by name, made a paste of glutinous earth upon which he en-

graved separate characters. These he baked, making movable type of earthenware. Even to this day in China the impression is made by inking the type with a brush; a thin absorbent paper is then laid upon the face of the type and pressed lightly with a dry brush. We have now the first way by which ink was transmitted to type. This way of taking an impression continued until 1474, when pelt balls were introduced. If in "perfect" order these would do good work. They were made in the following way: A piece of strong grain pelt or skin was selected, and from this the grease had to be entirely removed. It was then soaked 14 or 15 hours and afterward "curried" by drawing it across a post until every particle of dampness had gone. Then long treading by the feet followed. Wool was wrapped under the skin and the pelt was tightly placed over, but the great difficulty of getting it in order and the uncleanness of the operation led to the introduction, about 1897, by Mr. Maxwell of Philadelphia, of the dressed sheep-skins or "skin rollers," as they were called. But they, too, were abandoned, being found too heavy for the hand. About 1815 Mr. Fanshaw of New York introduced an improved roller made by wrapping a blanket some eight times around a piece of wood three and a half inches in diameter, turned true, and with an iron spindle on each end. The skin was then tightly wound around the blanket and afterward nailed to the wooden end. It was in 1817, by the merest chance, in one of the potteries in Staffordshire, England, that the composition of glue and molasses first saw the light. This composition was used in the potteries for what are commonly called "dabbers." Mr. D. Foster of Weybridge, England, was the first printer to apply this composition to letterpress printing; but even he did not understand its great

## A FALSE BEARD.

Why an American in Europe Had to Wear One.

Among the varied bric-a-brac, objects of art, and souvenirs of travel that adorn the walls of one of the coziest bachelor "dens" in New Orleans is a false beard and mustache put together on a false foundation and supplied with a pair of delicate wire hooks to go over the ears. It is jet black in color, and its effect is a trifle puerile. "These false whiskers," said the young broker who occupies the apartment, "are an interesting relic. When I tell you that I used

## THE DESERT BLOOMS.

All Because a Man Knew What to Do, and Did It.

In the southwest corner of France, between the rivers of Adour and Garonne, are long stretches of pine woods, green and cool. Where these pines now stand was a barren waste in the middle of the last century. Sun and wind vied with each other in making the land drier and dustier. Over the stormy bay of Biscay came winds that set up great sand storms, and sometimes buried whole villages. The whole region was one of hopelessness and despair. Fate was against it. But at last there came along a man who acknowledged fate only as something to be overcome. His name was Bremon-tier, and he was an inspector of roads. He began fencing in the desert. He built a fence, and behind it planted a handful of broom seeds. Behind the broom seeds he put seeds of the pine. The fence protected the broom seeds, and the broom grew. Then the broom in its turn afforded shelter to the delicate pine shoots. Soon the pines spread, and their tough roots bound the sandy soil together. The first step was accomplished. Then canals were

## A HEROINE OF TEXAS

WHO DARED TO SURPRISE A MEXICAN JAIL.

After a Ride of 200 Miles, Rescued Her Lover and After Running Fights With Mexican Soldiers Conducted Him in Safety Back to Texas.

The remarkable deed of a Texas girl, Cora Brandon, who with wonderful skill and audacity rescued her lover—and now her husband—from a prison in Mexico, after running fights with Mexican dragoons, has placed her in the lists of sensational heroines.

Last fall her lover, Randal Barret, went to Mexico, with other cowboys, in the employ of a wealthy cattleman for the purpose of bringing a large head of wild steers back to Blanco county. For a time Barret wrote regularly and then without any explanations his missives ceased. Some weeks ago the other cowboys returned and gave the reasons for Barret's silence. It seems that the cowboys attended a dance in a little Mexican town and that the festivities had broken up in a row. A Mexican was wounded and Randal, accused of having shot him, was thrown into jail. Before turning home the cowboys had secured a lawyer to defend him.

The brave girl immediately deter-



CORA BRANDON.

mined on going to her lover. Telling her parents that she was going to visit relatives, she saddled her mustang and set out to ride 200 miles to Sabinas, Mex., 100 miles in Texas and 100 miles more beyond the Rio Grande. When well on her way she exchanged her clothing for man's attire, donning her brother's suit which she carried with her. Nearly all of the way she rode alone and often slept out on the plains with the wolves howling about her camp fire. When she reached Sabinas she interviewed the lawyer who had been employed to defend Randal. A little investigation convinced the young girl that the circumstances surrounding her lover's case presented few encouraging features. The lawyer could not even tell her when Randal would have to appear in court for trial. "It might be a year or maybe two years," he said, "before the honorable court would take up the matter." She found the wounded man and learned from his own lips that he did not know who shot him. He had never been badly hurt and he said that he felt sorry for the American. Miss Brandon sought the jailer, who at first positively refused to permit her to have an interview with his prisoner. "I have my orders," he said. "I cannot let anyone into the prison but the lawyer or one of his relatives—a mother or his wife or sister."

"His sister will be here to-morrow," replied the quick-witted girl, and she walked away.

Next day the girl again donned female attire and saw her lover. She told him of her plans to effect his escape. From the jailer she obtained permission to bring in her lover's supper, and going out she immediately purchased a splendid horse and a revolver for Randal. By arrangement this horse, together with her own, was to be ready for mounting at a certain hour that evening near the jail. In the evening when the girl entered the jail with Randal's supper she invited the jailer to step inside, saying that she wanted him to help her to open a bottle of wine. She set the few dishes that she carried on the floor, and handed the bottle to the thirsty Mexican. When he stepped toward the only window in the gloomy vault to secure the benefit of a few straggling rays of light, she quickly handed Randal a revolver, and whispered the word, "Now!" The Texan bounded forward like a panther and brought the weapon down on the jailer's head with so much force that he fell in a heap on the stone floor, barely uttering a groan. To make sure of keeping the poor devil silent, they drew a handkerchief through his mouth and tied it fast at the back of his head, and after binding his hands and feet they walked out of the jail and locked the door. It was now quite dark and they mounted their ponies and rode quietly out of the little town without attracting the least attention.

When the sun rose next morning they were little less than 50 miles from that gloomy prison, and they were about the same distance from Texas. They might have reached home without further trouble, but a captain of rurales, who was guarding the famous Free Zone against smugglers, received notice of their escape and he hurried squads of his command to the various crossings on the Rio Grande. Just at the moment when the happy lovers were congratulating themselves over

their good fortune, they were suddenly confronted by six Mexican dragoons. They turned aside into the chaparral, and although the Mexicans sent a shower of bullets after them they succeeded in getting out of sight of their pursuers, and after a hard ride of some hours reached the Rio Grande. Here they were overtaken by another squad of rurales, and after exchanging shots with them they boldly plunged into the river, preferring to take the risk of drowning rather than to be carried back to a Mexican dungeon. The soldiers rained bullets about them, and several dragoons continued the pursuit in the water. The lovers would have easily escaped, but a ball struck Randal's horse and disabled him. The young man was forced to abandon his animal, and in doing so he lost his pistol. His devoted and brave little sweetheart had no thought of abandoning the man for whom she had already braved so many dangers. Drawing her revolver, she turned her pony towards Randal, and as she called to him to seize the animal's tail she fired at the nearest Mexican. Then turning her horse's head toward the Texas shore, she threw herself over on his back and deliberately sent one bullet after another in rapid succession into the faces of her pursuers. What the result of these shots were she does not know, but the lovers reached the Texas side in safety. A few days after reaching her home in Blanco county she was married to the man she had rescued.

## EXTERMINATING WILD HORSES

Great Bands of the Northwest Are Rapidly Yielding to Civilization.

The wild horse of the west seems destined to share the fate of the buffalo. Slowly, but surely, the great herds of these beautiful animals which roam the plains of Washington, Idaho and Montana are being decimated. In the last two years at least 65,000 head of horses have been removed from the ranges of eastern Washington alone. Their disposition has been approximately as follows: Shipped to Chicago and other eastern markets 20,000, sent to Alaska during Klondike rush 8,000, canned into horse meat at Linton, Ore., for shipment to France 9,000, driven to Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, largely for pack and saddle horses 10,000, broken for use of new settlers in Washington 10,000, died in the last two winters 8,000. This loss has been double the natural increase, reducing the number of wild horses in that state from about 125,000 to 80,000 or 90,000. At this rate of decrease they would last for some years, but the fact is that the horses are being confined to a smaller area each successive year, thereby increasing their chances of destruction. At least 5,000 horses died of starvation last winter in the districts north and south of the Snake river.—New York Journal.

## MRS. ADAIR'S APPEAL.

Mrs. Cornelia Adair, who is now in this country in the interests of the hospital ship Maine, which it may be remembered was provided by American women in England for the nursing of wounded British soldiers in the Boer war, is herself an American, being a daughter of the late Gen. Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., who fell at the battle of the Wilderness. The idea of fitting out a hospital ship originated with a Mrs. Blow, an American, and she, with Lady Randolph Churchill, formed a committee of American women in London to carry it out. The sum of \$155,000 was raised in a short time. At this juncture B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, Md., president of the Atlantic Transport company, offered the steamship Maine and its crew to the committee, to be used as a hospital ship as long as the war lasted. This gift represented an outlay of between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a month. To equip the vessel the committee expended \$125,000, and as it costs some \$15,000 a month to keep the ship in service, Mrs. Adair, who in the absence of Lady Randolph Churchill, is the head of the committee, comes here to interest Americans in the work.

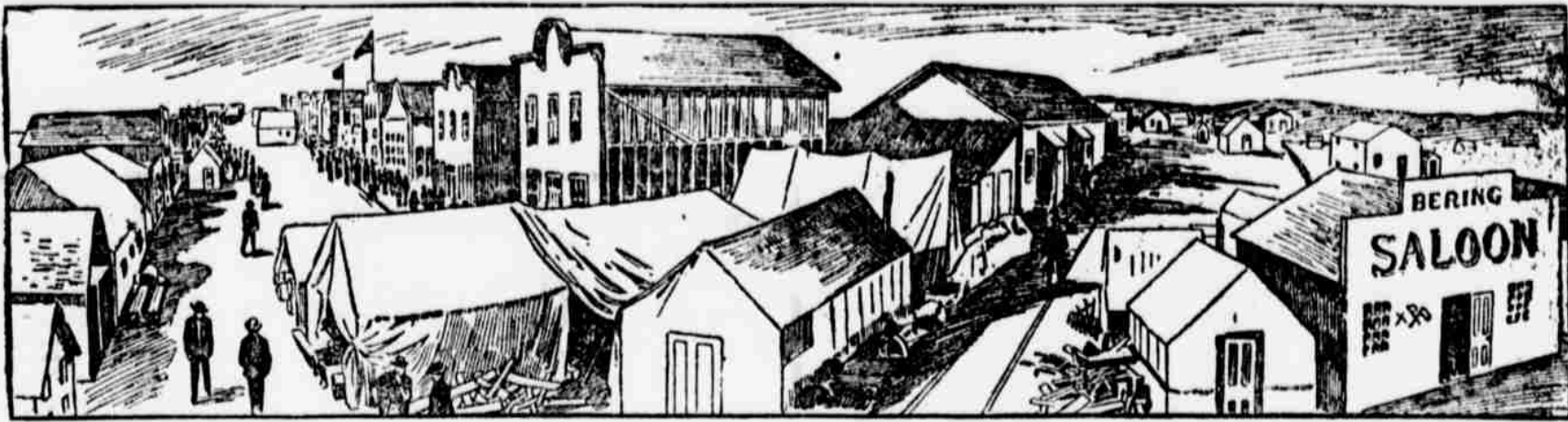
Mrs. Adair is well known in the fashionable society of New York and Newport. Her first husband was a Mr. Ritchie, of Boston. In 1867 she married John Adair, who was one of the



MRS. CORNELIA ADAIR.

great land magnates of Ireland and high sheriff of the County Donegal. She is very wealthy in her own right. Mrs. Adair, in an appeal to the Irish in this country, mentions the fact that years ago, when famine was raging in Ireland, her father chartered a ship, filled it with corn from his lands at Genesee and sent it across the Atlantic to help the starving peasantry.

Misery loves company, but the company seldom returns the compliment.



CAPE NOME CITY, BUILT IN A WEEK.

the soil to be prospected lies but a few feet below the surface, either on the beach or back in the foothills.

There is but little non-producing dirt to remove, as bed rock is found five feet below the surface. Men who have suffered with the gold fever for fifty years aver that the inland mines of this district are very similar in geological formation to the early placer mines in California. During the mining season at Nome almost all the operations were confined to beach diggings. This was due chiefly to the accessibility to water and to the fact that little was known of the interior mining regions.

Two million dollars have been extracted from the beach already and no estimate can be made of what lies hidden there. Prospectors have gone over sixty miles of this beach and say that in every inch of it there is precious metal.

The beach for many miles is dotted with mining claims. The particular sand in which the gold is found is ruby red in color and lies in strata from two to nine inches in thickness.

Labor is the greatest item of expense, but this when taken in proportion to the net gains dwindles into insignificance. Perhaps one of the greatest advantages of these fields lies in their accessibility. The greatest difficulty is manifested in the landing of both passengers and freight from the vessels to the shore. The gold itself has been pronounced by experts to be of an exceptionally pure quality. It is clean and bright, is easily retorted and amalgamates perfectly on the bottom of each rocker. The specie is found in fine particles and small grains in the pay dirt along the beach, while in the interior and along the numerous creeks the product contains nuggets of exceptional size and weight. These nuggets are generally smooth worn, showing that they have at some time been washed about or worn by the friction of ice in some prehistoric period.

This is the district into which the new gold seekers must plunge. The miner on his arrival at Nome may pitch his tent any place until he locates his claim, either upon the beach, the four stakes, one for each corner of the rectangle. As soon as a piece of land is decided upon by the prospective miner the district recorder is notified, who, for the small sum of \$2.50, examines the records to find out if there are any previous claimants, and, if none are found, places the location on record.

The area allowed is 500 feet in width and the length depends on the geographical formation. The width may vary from a hundred feet to half a mile. The creek on the borders of which the claim is taken up generally passes through the claim. What is known technically as the rim, or rims, forms the boundaries on either end of the claim. The rim is nothing else but that place in the formation of the land where the hills forming the water shed begin to rise. It is estimated by the transportation companies that there will be a hegira of gold seekers, numbering some 25,000, to these new gold fields within the next few months.

## Naming of Nails.

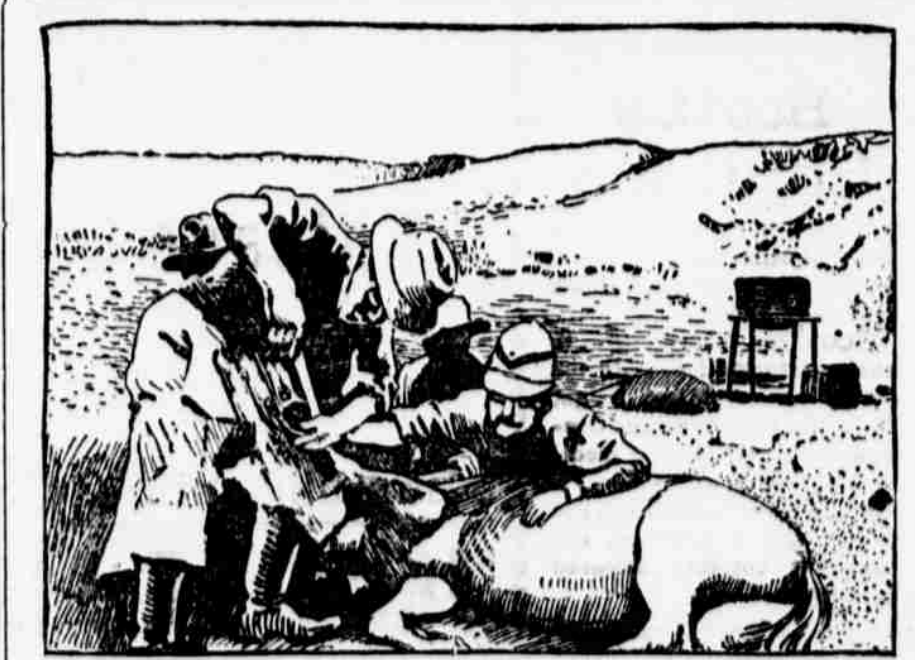
Many children and some grown persons have found it in order to ask why nails were called tens, eights, sixes, and so on. There are various explanations for this, and the scholar can ac-

quainted with the history of the shoe. The army shoemaker goes to work and has the charger shod before he could eat a feed or oats. A small portable bellows and forge enables the farrier to travel about the lines and do his work wherever wanted. The accompanying illustration shows one of these army shoemakers putting shoes on an obstreperous officer's mount in South Africa.

them in all the banking business I did when I was abroad a couple of years ago you will no doubt look for the dark lantern and jimmy to complete the set. My experience, however, was not burglarious, and the story, in a word or two, is this: I had never been in Europe before, and wasn't posted as to the best way to carry money, so on the advice of a friend who ought to have had more sense I got an old-fashioned letter of credit in New York—one of those idiotic arrangements that have a photograph of the holder pasted in a little circle at the top of the page. When I procured the letter I was wearing a full beard, which, I am told, changes me very materially, but while staying in London I got tired of it, and one day, on a sudden impulse, I had it taken off, never thinking of that confounded letter of credit. I had no occasion to use the document until I arrived in Paris, and when I presented it at a bank there was turned down hard. The teller, or whoever he was, told me he couldn't think of paying money to a man who bore no resemblance whatever to the official photo, and when I explained the situation, shrugged his shoulders and advised me to come back after I grew another beard. Going out I chanced to notice a costumer's shop, and was seized with an inspiration. I rushed over, bought that curio now on the wall, returned to the bank, clapped it on my classic mug, and said, "Now gimme that money." There was some talk, but I got it, and afterward I worked the same scheme from one end of Europe to the other. The bank people regarded it as an amusing American eccentricity. Without it I would have lost at least a month, laying up somewhere, waiting for my bristles to break out.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Hardship.—The native soil of manhood and self-reliance.—J. Neal.

## SHOEING ARMY HORSES IN WARTIME.



One of the necessary adjuncts of every military camp which counts cavalry among its forces is a corps of farriers. Horseshoeing at the front, however, is not performed as it is in the well-stocked blacksmith shop. The cavalry horse requiring a shoe is seized by two or three soldiers, promptly dumped over on his side and, while it is held down by a number of Tommies,

the army shoemaker goes to work and has the charger shod before he could eat a feed or oats. A small portable bellows and forge enables the farrier to travel about the lines and do his work wherever wanted. The accompanying illustration shows one of these army shoemakers putting shoes on an obstreperous officer's mount in South Africa.

made to drain the wet parts and carry the water to the dry. Thus did one man, by patient effort, turn a dreary desert into a home for an industrious and healthy population. It was an instance of triumph over fate.—Philadelphia Times.

## IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Table Mountain Marks the Tip End of the Continent.

You land in South Africa at the foot of a mountain 3,600 feet high. They call it Table mountain, and the valley of mist that, excepting on very clear days, overhangs it, South Africans are pleased to term the "table-cloth." Presenting a front of solid rock 1,000 feet in height, perpendicular at a wall, and for half a mile on top quite level, this mountain offers the best natural sign board on earth. Time and again have English firms attempted with fabulous sums to secure it for advertising purposes, but as yet there has been no such defacement. Table mountain marks the tip end of the dark continent. Below it nestles the city of Cape Town, a beautiful bay stretching out in the foreground. On the west the mountain breaks off abruptly, and the railroad skirts about it to the interior. On the east it slopes into a hilly, picturesque formation known as the "Lion's Back," and then gradually rises into the Drakensburg mountains. This is the only great mountain range south of the Zambesi, and by noting its location one may understand in a trice just what South Africa is geographically. Steaming along the east coast from Cape Colony northward, you have the Drakensburg in view nearly all the way to Beira, a distance of 2,000 miles. In Cape Colony and Natal the mountains in many places dip to the water's edge, and with a field glass one may see on their crags and peaks smoke curling up from the native villages.—Ainslie's Magazine.

Big Things in Providence.

Providence has the largest silverware factory in the world, the largest screw factory, the largest manufactory for small tools and the largest file works. Perhaps it is especially unique in producing more jewelry than any other city in the United States and nearly as much as the rest of all the country combined. There is no city which possesses so many separate and distinct shops for the manufacture of a single commodity as Providence does for the manufacture of jewelry. There are at least 250 separate factories devoted to the making of gold, silver, rolled plated, electroplated, and brass jewelry and novelties. In addition the auxiliary industries for furnishing supplies of special labor to the jewelry factories number more than 75. Many of the jewelry shops are small, employing only ten or a dozen hands, while some employ as high as 300, and in one case 1,400.—Nashville American.

## Takes a Snow Bath.

Ed Dietz, a prominent athlete of Northwestern university, is acquiring considerable celebrity in Evanston for his snow baths. Every evening before retiring Dietz plunges head first into a snow bank. After floundering about vigorously for a few moments he throws his robe about him and rushes into the house. Dietz says a snow bath is not so bad "after you become used to it," and he speaks in glowing terms of the exhilaration that follows it.—Chicago Times-Herald.