

WITH A YARD STICK.

REWARDS OF THE GOLD-SEEKER

GAVE HIS RIVAL A FAST RIDE

How Klondike Freight Is Weighed on Board Steamers.

A Klondiker was surprised one afternoon when he was asked for rates on his outfit. His boat was sectioned by being divided lengthwise, and then each half cut into sections about eight feet long. Two of these sections were put together "spoon fashion," and securely crated, and when ready for shipment the boat was about as bulky as a buggy, although it perhaps did not weigh more than 50 pounds, says an exchange.

The accommodating freight clerk came out with his three-foot rule and proceeded to take the cubic dimensions of the crate, the shipper looking on in amazement. Never before had he seen freight weighed with a yard stick, says the Seattle Times. The freight clerk took the length, breadth and thickness of his pocket and proceeded to figure. Like an expert at such calculations, he promptly announced that the thing weighed three and a half tons.

"What will the freight be?" asked the miner, who by this time was almost out of breath.

"The rate is \$11 per ton to Skaguay," "Geheim!" exclaimed the miner and his partner in one breath.

"Yes," said the clerk, "the freight will be three and a half—\$38.50. You see, freight is carried according to displacement, and not weight."

The Yukoners held a council over the matter and concluded to ship their boat in a different form.

Most of the boats that the miners are taking with them for descending the river are not put together at all, the lumber being so cut and fitted that it can be readily put together after they get over the summit.

ISAAC BELL'S GENEROSITY.

How He Fed the Messenger Boys in Broad Street.

The late Isaac Bell's popularity with all sorts and conditions of men and women was large. In social, political and financial circles he was esteemed and respected by all, but he was beloved by men in the humbler walks of life. He disliked publicity in his charities, but many stories could be told of his generosity, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. "He had a heart as big as the side of a house, God bless him!" said an elevator man in one of the big Wall street buildings, when he heard of Mr. Bell's death. He then told a few stories of Mr. Bell's kindness to more than one poor man. Years ago Mr. Bell's popularity among the "brokers' boys and district messengers" in Wall street was secured. It was due to his habit of supplying them with lunches.

WASTED INDIGNATION.

A Diner Makes a Mistake in His Waiter.

The man with the florid face and the bald head grew more and more uneasy as he sat at the restaurant table, says the Detroit Free Press. He tried to read a newspaper, but every now and then he would drop it, adjust his glasses and glare up and down the room to find the waiter to whom he had given his order. At last he managed to detain him, at the risk of being scolded by the sloop he carried, and inquired:

"How about that dinner I ordered?"

"It will be here immediately, sir," was the answer.

The guest tried to read his newspaper once more, but as time passed his uneasiness increased until he was glaring up and down the room as fiercely as ever. He found his waiter again and the same conversation was repeated. After two or three more similar attempts he arose and went over to another waiter who was gracefully leaning against a pillar.

"Look here," said the guest, "I want to know something."

"Yes," responded the waiter.

"What I want to know is this: Am I ever going to get my dinner, and if I do get it, when will it be?"

The languid young man looked at him and replied:

"Excuse me, I'm afraid you have made a mistake. I am only a waiter; not a prophet."

WHY WE LOSE HAIR.

Our condition of hairlessness has been a subject of study by Dr. Erner, a German biologist. Our ancestors, he holds, were soothly covered with hair, and its disappearance may be accounted for by the fact that its absence was regarded as a beauty, preference being given in aboriginal mates to those having the least of it. The hairs are modified sense organs, which have lost all connection with the nerves. Primitive man was probably clothed in an irregular covering of hair, which varied in length, color, structure and thickness with the functions for which it was intended. The hair now remaining was left for a definite purpose. Certain hairs serve as organs of touch, notably the eyelashes, and in some cases the eyebrows. Both serve to protect the eyes. In animals the hair serves to maintain and regulate the body heat, but in man the hair of the scalp alone has such purpose.

A Whale's Weight.

According to Nilsson, the zoologist, the weight of the Greenland whale is 300 tons, or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of 38 elephants or 430 bears.

Some "times a man finds gold," said an old miner who had been talking Klondike, "but more often he finds rheumatism and backache and semi-starvation and misery. There is a fascination about the pursuit, however, and many men stick to it purely from a love of the gambling there is in it, and not that they care anything about the pleasures that money will buy.

"I remember an old fellow who lived in Looper's Hollow in California away back in the '60s. There was quite a camp near him, but he did not mix with anybody. He washed dirt all day, cooked his own meals and never stirred from his cabin after dark. This cabin was built on the summit of a hill, and about 300 yards away was a small spring, from which he used to pack his water. He was asked often why he did not live nearer to the water, but said that he liked the exercise of climbing. He never drank or gambled or wore good clothing or ran after women, and as he was always at work the boys figured that he must have had considerable money in his hut. One night a couple of rustlers tried to scare him out. He killed both of them, and after that bad men and good men alike let him alone.

"After a while the recluse died and about a dozen of the boys came up the hill from Looper's Hollow and buried him. Then they began to look for the gold that they knew he must have hidden. In all the years he had never been to the county town, so they knew that he could not have put his dust in the bank. Among the searchers was George Hearst, afterward a senator from California, and the father of the present owner of the New York Journal, then a very poor man. Hearst was a big fellow and an expert miner. He was more industrious than any of the rest. For a space of three acres the ground around the old fellow's cabin was torn up, and even the walls were taken down and the logs riven apart, but not a cent's worth of metal was found. The treasure seekers finally gave it up, the yield played out in Looper's Hollow, the men went elsewhere, and in a little while there was not a sound in the once busy camp save the harsh call of the jay bird or the owl's hoot at night.

"Three years afterward a boy who was out hunting squirrels stopped at the spring to rest. He bent his lip to the cool water and cut his hand slightly upon some sharp, hard substance buried at the edge of the spring. Digging the sand away, with a boy's curiosity, he found that it was a piece of tin, and going deeper he found that the tin belonged to a three-gallon kerosene can sunk into the ground under the edge of the spring. Burrowing deeper, he finally loosened it and with much effort pulled it out. It contained the miser's dust, neatly tied into half-pound sacks made of rawhide. They were all retaken, but held together. There were 40 of these sacks, worth in round numbers \$125 apiece, or \$5,000 in all. As the old miner had no relatives that anyone had ever heard of, the boy got it all.

"It had taken the old man something like five years of the hardest kind of work and the hardest kind of living to amass that sum, so you see that the rewards of washing gold are not always excessive."—Chicago Times-Herald.

HAVE MOUTHS OF GOLD.

Thousands of Dollars of the Metal in Teeth of London.

The expression "He has a heart of gold" will soon be changed to "He has a mouth of gold," if the opinions of a London dentist are not exaggerated. He says:

"From a variety of causes teeth appear to decay much earlier and much more rapidly than they used to do. In consequence the study of dentistry has progressed by leaps and bounds, until now it is really astonishing what can be done in the way of arresting decay and in surmounting the affliction when it has run its course.

"In one sense there are people whose mouths are veritable goldmines. Speaking broadly, the people of London carry no less than £40,000 or £50,000 worth of gold about with them in their mouths, representing something between two and three hundredweight. It comes in books, each set being hampered to the thickness of a tissue paper. The books cost about £1 each, but each book represents a tremendous amount of dental work—work which might be estimated at about £20. The demand for gold filling and stopping is increasing year by year. In spite of other substances which have from time to time been tried for economy's sake, gold still stands supreme. Aluminum was at one time spoken of as a rival which threatened to oust the more precious metal from use, but the demand for gold has steadily increased, and no doubt will continue to do so. The amount annually spent by the people of London on their teeth is very little less than half a million sterling. A member of the profession recently volunteered his opinion that in two or three years' time the people of London would be carrying in their mouths gold to the value of £50,000. Just think of that! Then bear in mind that such an amount of gold represents nearly half a million sterling in dental work."—Chicago Chronicle.

NOTES OF THE FASHIONS.

A Variety of Modes Which Are Greatly in Vogue This Season.

Applique vines of lace are used for trimming the front skirt seams and corsage of evening gowns of white, yellow, turquoise, pink, lavender or Nile green silk.

Becoming neck arrangements show a high Medicol collar effect at the back and in front a large bow of tulle or a lace cravat. Dotted gauze or tulle is more becoming than the plain.

The willow plumes or "plumes de soleil," which were accorded high favor last fall, will appear again this season on high grade millinery. They are particularly graceful on velvet hats.

Among new fall models there are very lovely empire jackets of green, brown, gray and blue velvet, some light plain, others embellished with edgings of black or gray astrakhan.

Several of the very latest hats show thick Turkish twists of pelisse or silk muslin encircling the crowns or resting well out on the brims. At the front or left side these twists are knotted and finished with a bird with outstretched wings.

Materials for tailor costumes and all of similar make are to be comparatively quiet in tone, with touches only of bright color, and vigorous twills, whips, cords, covert cloth, serge and Bedford cords in a number of varieties can be relied upon as correct.

Rows of black satin ribbon in graduated widths, laid in bayader effect from hem to waist line, are an ultra-fashionable trimming for black skirts in the newer weaves. It is, however, hardly necessary to say that such a skirt is becoming only to very tall, slim figures.—Philadelphia Times.

Good of the Oaten.

Onions are really sweeteners of the breath after the local effects have passed away, says one learned doctor. They correct stomach disorders and carry off the accumulated poisons of the system. They provide a blood purifier that may freely use. As a vermifuge the onion cannot be surpassed, and eaten raw will often check a violent colic in the head. One small onion eaten every night before retiring is this well-known doctor's prescription for humorous affections of the head and is highly recommended for sleeplessness. It acts on the nerves in a soothing way, without the injurious effects of the drugs often applied. The heart of the onion heated and placed in the ear will often relieve the agony of earache, while the strip produced from sprinkling a sliced onion with sugar and baked in the oven is said to work wonders for croup.—Troy Times.

THEY TAKE THE GOLD.

The conductor of a California conductor brought to a sudden termination. On the Southern Pacific railway in California, not far from Mojave, is a little station, a "spur track," a box car for a telegraph office and a section house composing the whole. The station house is, or was, presided over by a handsome and hearty Irish woman, who kept house for her husband. The "hands," being Chinese, cooked for themselves. The duties of the agent consisted of reporting the passage of trains (none of them stopped) and feeding himself. Two or three miles to the west was what is termed in that section a milk ranch. This ranch contained a widow and three buxom girls, her daughters.

One might have supposed that the agent, being "Johnny on the spot," and being, stood a better chance than the rest of the railroaders, but such was not the case. There was a certain conductor, Hardy by name, who leaned in the direction of the widow, and he was equal to the occasion. His plan of operations was unique and daring. He would send his train ahead, leaving the caboose at the station. Then, of course, taking account of other trains due, he would wander over to the ranch and spend all his spare cash in milk and his spare time in blarney. Returning he would station himself on the front platform of the caboose, like a trolley man, and "let her go, Gallagher," down 40 miles of grade, while he controlled the car by means of the brake, catch his train at the next station and proceed.

The agent did not like this very well. Unfortunately for him his duties were such as to confine him to his box car office almost continually, so that he had no chance to prosecute his suit, except when the ladies paid a visit to the station house. After much brooding he decided to put a stop to further proceedings on the part of the conductor and awaited his opportunity. It was a bright day in June when the train pulled in, and as the conductor gave the engineer a joyful and significant "high ball" the latter pulled out, leaving a caboose at the station. There was a short salute and a hurried departure as the conductor left the agent and the latter proceeded to business. He first placed a "chock" against a wheel of the car and then disconnected the brake chain. He placed the connected chain in such a position that a touch would displace it and then awaited the return of his hated rival.

Like a triumphant gladiator Hardy returned. With scarce a look at the agent he ascended the platform, kicked off the "dog" that held the brake, and with mingled feeling of security and pleasure felt the car move down the grade. That car carried to say afterward that nothing had happened, it was but lightning. The inhabitants of Mojave tell to this day of a yellow streak which flashed through their town and was gone almost as soon as it arrived. That was Mr. Hardy and the caboose. As luck would have it the train had gone into a siding, so that the track was clear, and after a drowsy flight of about 50 miles the wild caboose came to a stand. Mr. Hardy "never came back any more," so far as the widow was concerned.—Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

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Counting of a California Conductor Brought to a Sudden Termination.

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