

WAGON ROADS IN KLONDIKE.

They Are Already More Than Three Hundred Miles.

There are many miles of good wagon roads in the Yukon territory, especially in the region immediately adjacent to Dawson. The construction of these ways of communication is entirely to the enterprise of the government and assists materially in opening up the country.

The building of roads in this immediate region has reached a total of about 300 miles, not including the White Horse trail, which is improved only for winter use and is not a first-class carriage road.

Stage lines are maintained on several of these roads, but they are open for the free use of vehicles of all kinds and are in constant use.

They greatly facilitate not only the regular travel between Dawson and the creeks and between principal points on the different streams, but they assist greatly the movement of heavy machinery and afford a distinct economy in the working of properties.

The roads will not be less appreciated now that a railroad is being built through a part of the Klondike region.

This railroad has now been completed as far as Grand Forks and will be extended if the promoters carry out their plans.

NO STRIKING CLOCKS FOR HIM.

He Had One, but Its Erratic Methods Made Trouble.

"One thing I have always wanted is a clock that strikes," said Robert Mateer of the Wabash, according to the Kansas City Star. "Such clocks were a necessary part of household furnishings when I was a boy. Well, I found one on the table Christmas, bearing a card upon which was written my name. Before I got the clock I was in trouble trying to see the time in the early hours without setting fire to the house. Of course, I expected the clock to put an end to my woes. The next morning after Christmas it worked all right and as I lay awake I heard it strike six and hustled out for work.

The next morning I was awakened by hearing the clock strike six and without further ado packed myself down to office, only to find it was three hours ahead of time, after waiting 20 or 30 minutes for an owl car to come.

The following morning I again heard it strike, but as I counted only four strokes I turned over for another snooze. When I awoke I found I had overslept two hours.

"I've reformed on the clock proposition," concluded Mr. Mateer, "and all I desire now is a strong, sharp ax."

Knitter's Romance.

Romance may certainly figure in many of the knitted waistcoats and gorgeous stockings worn by our undergraduates today, but these have not so romantic an origin as the first of these articles produced in this country, says the London Chronicle. For tradition has it that William Lee, who in the sixteenth century invented the knitting frame on which both stockings and waistcoats were produced mechanically, was driven to this piece of ingenuity by the cruel flouting of the lady he loved, who happened to be a stocking knitter.

Enraged at his failure to make an impression on her heart, he sought to make it on her purse by killing her means of livelihood, and one is glad to read that all stocking makers continued to frustrate his cruel purpose, with the result that he fled with his invention to France, where he finally died of a broken heart, whether for love of his lady or of his spotted invention, tradition does not say.

Too Many Interested.

"I never get weighed in public places any more," said a thin woman in New York. "The ceremony draws in a crowd. Just as sure as a person begins to dially around a weighing machine she becomes a magnet for all the idlers in the neighborhood. They cease their chatter and their aimless staring and crowd around to read the figures. Then they keep up a fire of comments. 'Well,' says one, 'I didn't think she'd get that high.' 'I thought,' says another, 'that she'd weigh a little more than that.' For the person who strikes a happy medium these criticisms are perhaps not unwelcome, but for the one who overshoots or undershoots the mark the ordeal is not pleasant."

A Horrible Example.

"Can you work a simple example in percentages?" Freshman—Certainly. Freshman—Well, get yourself ready. Freshman gets paper and pencil. Freshman—There was a 120-pound pig before a rough, and into that trough was poured 150 pounds of corn, two bushels of bran and four gallons of slop. Freshman—That's down. Freshman (figuring feverishly)—Yes. Freshman (jeeringly)—Well, how did it taste?

Her Perversity.

"Come out this evening," said Subbs. "And I'm sure you'll get a good dinner." "I thought you had no cook now," rejoined Clitman. "She doesn't leave until to-morrow. So I'll do her best this evening just to make you realize how much we'll miss her when she's gone."

WANTED TO KNOW IT ALL.

Kentuckian Thought of New York as a Farming Community.

A traveler in the more thinly settled mountain districts of Kentucky, as a rule, will meet with hospitality wherever he encounters the natives, but insular mind and character abound, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

A backwoods host and his guest usually sit before the door with the visitor and family in the early evening. One recent sojourner in the land endeavored, in return for rapt attention, to picture at length the superior attractions of city life and scenery.

"In New York," he said impressively, "there are buildings taller than the highest pines and sycamores of these mountains. In one block alone are a dozen called skyscrapers each containing a larger population than this county. On one avenue there are miles of millionaire mansions. At night the busier streets are bright as noon. One called Broadway has more electric lights than there are stars in a clear sky."

A pause to note the effect of his account was followed by a long silence. Presently, when it seemed that the subject was about to be forgotten, a voice from the stillness inquired with deep interest:

"Say, mister, in that New York city is thur much corn and oats?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Much lumber?"

"Great quantities."

"How 'bout gingseng?"

"Plenty. More of everything there than any other one place alive."

"But thur ain't much live stock?"

"Oh, yes, there is."

"Poultry?"

"Flocks."

A sigh of reluctant capitulation from the earnest questioner and another deep silence ensued. Finally the same voice broke the silence again:

"Plant early or late?"

HE WAS AFRAID OF GHOSTS.

Negro Wouldn't Dust a Table Upon Which a Man Died.

There is a large table in one corner of a police station in an eastern city which the police themselves have had to dust off lately. Recently a negro that was stabbed was carried into the station and died on the table. It is a part of the negro trusty's duties to dust the table every day. The day after the death the sergeant noticed that the table had not been dusted and he called the trusty.

"Dust that table," he said.

The trusty took off his hat and made a low bow.

"Look heah, sergeant," he said. "Ah always does what you tells me. Now, a niggah done die on dat table, and if Ah must take my choice of dustin' it oh broken rock, Ah ready tuh de rock pile. Ah doan want take no risks with dem gostas."

Why the Haste?

Mrs. Clews Parsons, whose brilliant and daring book on marriage has created so much excitement, said at a dinner in New York:

"They who are happily married are shocked at the idea of trial marriages, but they who are unhappily linked together are yet too proud and sensitive to get a divorce must see much in my idea that is of value.

"How many marriages would be dissolved if the dissolution could be accomplished without shame? How many married people feel toward each other like a husband I heard of the other day.

"He said to his wife at breakfast crustily:

"I dreamed about you last night."

"What did you dream?" she asked.

"I dreamed that I caught a chap running away with you."

"And what did you say to him?" she inquired, listlessly.

"I asked him what he was running for."

Boys' Four Seasons.

"Spring, summer, autumn and winter; these are the four seasons as the man sees them," said a school teacher a few days ago.

"The boy has another way of dividing the year, however, and, while he does not watch the seasons of his year on a calendar above his desk, he never forgets them. His division is marbles, ball, skinnies and skating. Marbles come in place of spring, baseball in summer, skinnies in the fall and skating in the winter. You can tell what season it is by watching a group of boys at play just as well as by an almanac."

His Favorite Subject.

A clubwoman who has for some years been an active worker in the Sunday school of the denomination to which she professes allegiance told recently of one of the boys who belonged to her class, but upon whom she did not seem to make much of an impression. One Sunday when the rest of the class had found the lesson particularly interesting, she asked Bobby why he was so indifferent.

"Aw, why don't yer talk about the devil?" was Bobby's query. "I know something about the devil."

A Beautiful Devotion.

"How beautiful," we exclaimed, "has ever been your wife's devotion to her flowers!" "Beautiful!" he grunted. "Yes, it's been all of that; especially on them cold nights when she's dragged the blankets off my bed to keep her measly little geraniums from getting frost-bitten."

HIS HAT MAN'S WEAK SPOT.

IN Nothing Else Do Conventions' Iron Laws Show So Strongly.

There are things, it is a comfort to know, which even a man cannot do, and a man is supposed to be able to do almost anything.

Now a novelist may put his heroine's hat on her head at any angle he chooses—it is one of the few privileges of womanhood—and leave her not a bit less charming or dignified, but I defy him to put his hero's hat at a rowdy angle over his ear at a crucial point in his career and leave him still heroic!

The Achilles heel of a man is his hat. He must guard that as he does his reputation, for it is at once his strength and weakness, says a writer in Putnam's Monthly.

It would hurt an archbishop less in the eyes of the public to commit a crime than to wear his hat on the back of his sacred head—real back!—and so exhibit himself to his distressed diocese.

Still, if he is so inclined, why should not a good and great man wear his hat over his nose without creating unfavorable comment? The fact is, he cannot. He is ruled by convention, and convention is red tape of society.

The castiron laws of fashion, which is only another name for convention, are such that if the greatest man in England were to walk with all his accustomed dignity from the Marble Arch to the bank with a trailing peacock's feather attached to the band of his silk hat he would be followed by a mob in two seconds and by the time he reached Vere street the outraged majesty of the law would take him into custody as a suspicious character.

HAD A PAYING BUSINESS.

Street Sweeping Not Altogether a Bid for Charity.

A merchant in a Scotch city used to give an old crossing sweeper sixpence every Saturday. One day he discovered he had given him half a sovereign by mistake. So he hurried back to the crossing. The sweeper said in reply to a question: "Will you come, sir, after four o'clock to this address, and I will see if you are right about the coin."

The merchant did so, and found a small office and two clerks busy at work. Presently the sweeper appeared, but oh, so altered. He was dressed neatly and looked a business man.

"Oh, yes," he said to the astonished merchant, "you were correct. Our receipts to-day were about ten shillings more than usual, so here is your half sovereign." As the merchant left the office, vowing he would never give to the rogue again, the sweeper called after him: "You've forgotten your usual sixpence, sir."

Where Cannibals Abound.

Cannibalism exists, in spite of the dictum of the report of the inquiry commission. Dr. Hinde has told that after one particularly murderous battle, in which the fierce Botetota tribe of Congolese negroes had been used against the Arabs, every member of these cannibal allies had at least one body to eat.

"All the meat was cooked and smoke-dried, and formed provisions for the whole of the force and for all the camp followers, for many days afterward." Dr. Hinde presents a somewhat novel point of view: "During the war in which we were now engaged for two years, we reaped, perhaps, the only advantage that could be claimed for this disgusting custom. In the night following a battle or the storming of a town these human wolves disposed of all the dead, leaving nothing even for the jackals, and thus saved us, no doubt, from many an epidemic."—Everybody's.

Rescue Work for Fireman.

Horseman Fred Dobrats of engine company 34 of Brighton says that while his company was fighting a fire in Aliston the other day an old man pushed his way through the crowd, and grasping a fireman by the shoulder begged him to go back into the house and save the old man's glass eye.

"It's worth \$20 to me," yelled the loser, "and I can't afford to lose it; and while you're up there you might bring down a box of curls which a little fellow who lives in the house says were cut off some years ago."—Boston Herald.

The Instinct to Play.

A scientist attached to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington will shortly publish a report wherein he undertakes to show that the desire to indulge in play is a true instinct among the lower creatures. As in man, the tendency to play is stronger in young animals. The scientist in question divides animal sports into a number of classes. Among them are "play-hunting," in which the prey is sometimes such as the animal naturally chases, and sometimes a "make-believe," "play-fighting," "building-play," "nursing-play," "plays of imitation" and others.

Held Her Tongue.

"Miss Antek has such an unfortunate disposition; so disputatious and so sensitive about her age." "Yes, she was in perfect agony the other day while Col. Bragg was telling some reminiscences. She knew he was wrong, but it was something that happened 30 years ago."

TOO EXPENSIVE FOR HIM.

Cocktails Were a Luxury He Couldn't Afford Too Often.

A well-known promoter was invited by a friend to have a cocktail before dinner the other night at the Waldorf, says the Saturday Evening Post. "Cocktail!" snorted the promoter, indignantly. "Did I hear you say cocktail? Don't use that word when you talk to me, if you wish to remain my friend. Cocktail? Do you think I'm Rockefeller?"

"No, but—"

"Did you have a notion that I hold it a disgrace to die rich? Well, if you do, don't. I can't afford to pay a million and a half for a cocktail often—more than once a month, and that's what one of those devil mixtures cost me last week. Yes, Bill, \$1,500,000, in this same identical cafe, talking business. Explain? Cert! The other day I was here with a party of men from Canada who had a mine to float. I listened to their story, and, as they had been vouched for by friends whom I trust, and besides which I wasn't separating myself from six cents, I believed them. I told them I'd turn the trick for them. They wanted only about \$750,000 for it. I became quite enthusiastic as I thought of the fat and juicy curb market in our midst, and I suggested a 600,000 share company, par value of same five dollars each. Those bloated Canucks demurred at this. They said they didn't want any water in theirs, and asserted that 300,000 shares, at five bricks per, was ample in their estimation. Did you ever? I stuck out for 600,000—it was only \$3,000,000—but they insisted that 300,000 shares were enough. There was a deadlock, and I suggested cocktails—I ordered them. It was not my first drink and it made me feel so good-natured that I gave in to them. The stock went in a week. I could have sold a million shares, leave alone 300,000 the cocktail made me consent not to issue. Cocktails? Take one with a strong dash of prussic acid, will you?"

As Others Saw Him.

The artist possessed a strange talent. It was to depict a face as it will look after the years have gone by and made it old.

At dinner with him sat an old man, old enough, in all conscience, and unbecomingly. The artist at once busied himself with drawing a sketch of him, which so exaggerated his age and ugliness that the lip of the old man trembled at the sight of it and a tear rose to his eye.

A woman who sat at the same table took pencil and paper and began to draw not the old man but the artist, who, though young, was quite as unbecomingly. She fashioned the uneven line of his profile, the small, crooked nose, the unstable chin, the high bald forehead, the fringe of hair around the edge of the baldness, the neck, the collar, and handed it to him.

"The likeness is perfect," cried the others. "We didn't know you could draw. When did you learn, and how?" "I can't remember when I learned or how, I have drawn so long," said she, "but, as she saw the chair of the artist, I seem to have been educated in art for the triumph of this moment."

Woes of a Drummer.

"I'm just a little discouraged with my work," said the tall New York boy who had started out on the road. "I was making my second trip west when I met an old drummer who had been on the road for more than 30 years. He sat with grip between his knees and talked to me.

"Chuck, my boy," he said, "if there is anything else in the world you can do, do it. Look at my gray hairs. I don't know what it is to have a home. For 30 years I have seen my wife about once in five weeks. I know that I've a wife and children in a flat in New York, but that's all I do know about them. The children have grown up and married, but I have not had time to attend their weddings. My wife has grown gray, too, but she has had the best of it. She has had a home and the children. If there is anything else in the world you can do, my boy, he repeated, 'quit drumming and do it.'"

A Fool Question.

A witness from the country had been sworn and taken the witness stand, and the prosecuting attorney, settling down for the examination, asked as a starter:

"What is your name, sir?"

The old man instantly became angry. Leaning far forward he exclaimed:

"Now, see here, you can't run any of this monkey business in on me. I heard you tell the clerk to call my name, and so I know ye know it all right, blame ye, anyhow!"

Interruptions.

"I suppose you heard," said Lowe Comedy, "that Danter made his debut in vaudeville last night?"

"Yes," replied H. Tragedy, "it was a monologue, wasn't it?"

"Not quite; he intended it to be, but the audience chimed in with a few choice remarks before he got fairly started."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Last Word.

"Aw, gon, Mike," said the British soldier, attempting to end the argument, "you're a lobster." "Ye lobster!" retorted Mike, "shure a lobster's a wise animal, fur green is the color fur him as long as he lives, an' he'll die before he puts on a red coat."

DIFFICULT TO STEER A SHIP.

Man at the Helm Works with the Currents Tightly Drawn.

The work of steering a great ship, even with the aid of all the machinery, is much more delicate than one would imagine. The larger and faster the ship the greater is the difficulty. It is not enough to hold the wheel in the same position to keep the ship on her course, for the wind and waves and the currents of the ocean tend constantly to knock the ship off her course. The great wall of steel—60 feet high—offers a broad target for the wind and waves.

The art of steering is to humor the ship to these forces and when she is deflected to bring her back quickly by her course. If you could watch the binnacle, especially in bad weather, you would see the needle of the compass constantly shifting from side to side, which means that the great steel prow is not going forward in a perfectly straight line.

The most astonishing thing about the bridge is to find the wheelhouse with all its curtains tightly drawn, as often happens, and the man at the helm steering the boat without seeing ahead at all. At night or even by day, if the light of the binnacle is confusing, the wheelhouse is often completely shut in. The man at the wheel, it is explained, does not need to look ahead. The lookout high up in the "crow's nest" and the officer on watch on the bridge will keep him informed if any object is sighted. The duty of the man at the wheel is to keep the ship on her course. Throughout his watch of four hours he must keep his eyes on the compass and nowhere else.—St. Nicholas.

RUNNING FARM WITHOUT WORK.

Not Quite That, But a Creek Does Many Things by Electricity.

A progressive farmer in New York state heralds the era of kid glove farming, according to the Technical World Magazine. He has made business a success, and can now do his farm work without a backache.

There is a little creek running through his farm. This he has harnessed and forced to run a dynamo, which in turn gives light and heat for the house and outbuildings.

But Mr. Miner was not satisfied with his accomplishment. The hardest task about the farm, the one which everyone most dreaded, was turning the milk separator at a speed of 7,000 revolutions per minute. This had been done by hand.

So Mr. Miner installed a motor which turned the milk separator every morning and evening satisfactorily without any hard labor on the part of the progressive farmer.

The next job to be hitched up to the new horse was turning the big barrel churn. Then came the grindstone which is the farm hand's bugbear during the harvest season. The millstream was next made to pump the water for household use up to the roof, where there was a large reservoir for storing it.

But wood had to be used for the cookstove, and the sled-length logs had to be cut down, so a circular saw was added to the outfit and a new use was thus found for the electric current.

Bees Died from Overwork.

The bee-man, as he is gently removed a tawny cluster of bees from his beehive said:

"Above all things, never set a bee-hive near an arc light. If you do, your bees will die of overwork within a week."

"An arc light emitting a powerful illumination was put up last spring near my beehives. The night it was put up the bees, mistaking its light for daylight, worked like beavers, though dead tired."

"When the dawn came and the light was extinguished the bees, quite worn out, turned in; but in a few minutes the sun was shining, and out the poor, bedraggled little creatures hurried again, for no bee will consent to pass the daylight hours in idleness."

"They got through the day somehow and at dusk, after 36 hours of unceasing toil, they once more turned in. Alas, the arc light began to hiss and glow again, and the poor bees, worn to shadows, bent, pallid, staggered forth for another round of labor."

"They were all dead by the end of the week—victims of overwork, every mother's son of them."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Cost of Cotton Picking.

It requires something like 1,500,000 cotton pickers, each picking 100 pounds of seed cotton an average for each picker and working 100 days, to pick a 10,000,000-bale crop. Of course some pick more than 100 pounds of seed cotton and some less. There are days when, on account of rain, no cotton can be picked. The average of 100 pounds a day for 100 days is not far wrong as an estimate of the picker's work.

At 60 cents a hundredweight the cost of picking a bale of cotton is \$9. At 75 cents a hundredweight the cost is \$11.25 a bale. Therefore the cost of picking the entire crop will range somewhere between \$90,000,000 and \$112,000,000.

Commercial.

"I see a young man has raised \$60,000 on bad checks," he remarked, looking up from his paper.

"Is that so?" responded his wife, indifferently. "I'd call such checks good myself."

Then he reflected that she didn't know much about business, anyhow.

WHEN JEFFERSON WAS HOST.

Formal Dinners at White House Partaken of in Glow.

Jefferson was a methodical man, keeping account of all his expenditures, and he allowed accounts kept while he was in the White House show that he spent \$12,000 for liquors alone during his term of eight years, says a writer in the Home Magazine. When we take into consideration the fact that glasses clinked merrily around the cabinet table as well as the dining table, and that an open buffet was kept for all callers, this amount is not surprising. Notwithstanding the low prices, Jefferson often spent as high as \$50 on his small dinners, wine list not included, and he was most particular about his wines and brandies.

Jefferson's state dinners were usually limited to about 40 guests. The large dining room was not considered finished, so when his guests were numerous he had a long table placed in the center of the great east room, and dismal enough it must have been, with its bare walls, many windows and draughts, which dropped wax tears at every wind which blew up from the Potomac. No wonder Jefferson and several of his successors looked forward dimly to the state affairs and cheerfully to the informal dinners.

HUNT FOR A HANGMAN.

Difficulty in Finding Some One to Execute a Murderer.

The British army was once in difficulty through the lack of a hangman. Murder was committed by a soldier in the Crimea, but nobody could be found to carry out the sentence of the court-martial.

It was announced that £20 and a free discharge would be granted to the man undertaking the task. At last a man volunteered. He was a newcomer to the army.

On the night prior to the date fixed for the execution they locked up the hangman in a stable to keep him safe. In the morning the party at the gallows waited, but there was no hangman. He had gone mad during the night, or else he was now simulating madness.

The officer in command turned to one of his captains with: "Captain, you will have the goodness to hang the prisoner." The captain changed countenance, but he pulled himself together, and appealed to the sergeants with: "Which of you will hang this man?"

And to spare his captain, one of the men volunteered. He afterward had the satisfaction of hanging the man who had volunteered and failed.

Falcon as Ship's Mascot.

Ohio Fred is a large falcon with a curved and wicked-looking beak and claws which command respect from all. He was captured by Chief Officer F. G. Mills when the vessel was about 100 miles inside of Unimak Pass, on the voyage north.

Mr. Mills only secured Fred after a hard struggle. The bird alighted on the foretop of the steamship one afternoon. There was a heavy wind and the big bird was tired out. Mr. Mills climbed aloft and after a struggle succeeded in bringing Fred to the deck. Fred, however, almost took them both overboard on the way down from the foretop. He struggled with his large wings and nearly took the officer from the rigging.

Mr. Mills, however, clung to his prize, and the result was that Fred became the pet and mascot of the ship. It was only with his captor that he would become friendly. To anyone else approaching he shows his beak and threatens them with his claws and they keep their distance.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Non-Barking Dogs.

"To teach a dog not to bark would seem to be as impossible a task as teaching a child not to cry or a boy not to talk loud, but there is a case on record where a dog was so taught, although it took the trainer three years to accomplish it. Then he thought he had a dog that differed from all the other dogs in the world, but in this he was mistaken, for there are at least three varieties of dogs that never bark—the lion-headed dog of Tibet, the shepherd dog of Egypt and the Australian dog. The law in some countries is quite severe on night-barking dogs. In Japan, for instance, the owner of the dog is liable to arrest and to a penalty of one year's work on the complaint of anyone who has been disturbed by the barking. There would be a good many arrests made if a law of that kind should be enforced in any of our suburban towns."—N. Y. Herald.

Where Curfew Should Ring.

The father who is chasing the dollar to the sacrifice of his boy must also answer for the worthlessness of his offspring. He not only chases the dollar all day, but must needs go out to his club at night and thereby deny the boy even this short time before retiring which might be made of great value to the boy.

As we stated in an article last week, we believe the greatest curse to this country to-day is not the bar rooms and other temptations that lure the boy astray, but the great and growing deficiencies in home ties and home sacredness. Let the proper influence and guidance be thrown around the boy at home and there need not be so much fear from these others. And further still, there would be not so much demand for the curfew ordinances.—Blackstone Courier.