UNLUCKY MAN FROM POCHUCK

DRIVEN FROM HIS HOME BY AN ODD COMBINATION.

The Victim of Uncle Solon's Near-Sightedness, Aunt Sally's Tenacity of Opinion and an Amazing Cold Spell—Tells His Tale and Gets No Sympathy.

CHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 28.—The man who alleges that he belongs over toward Pochuck came into the Howland House, cast his eye over the assemblage there, as if to size it up, sat down in the easiest chair in the tavern, and said, wearily:

"My Uncle Solon Beckendarter slipped me four shillin' as I came away, to git him a pairo' specs with, and I'm goin' to git him a pair that'll make a 'skeeter look bigger'n a wild duck."

No objection was offered by any one.

"And, more particular, I want to find somethin' that'll take an all-sloshin' ink spot out of a green and yaller table kivver—the all-sloshinest ink spot you ever see, and the greenest and yallerest table kivver that ever was hand-knit."

He had the silent consent of all to find the ink-spot eradicator. The man cracked a finger on each hand, then said:

"I do suppose that my Uncle Solon Beckendarter is the nigh-sightedest man that ever put a plugged nickel on the collection plate."

No one disputed him.

"And if there is a woman in this wide, wide world that is more overwhelmin' sot in her ideas than my Aunt Sally Beckendarter is, then locomotives couldn't budge that woman!"

This declaration went without protest. The man cracked another finger.

"There may have been sudden and amazing cold snaps before," said he, "but if there ever was as sudden and amazing a cold snap as we had over our way last week, following a spell of balmy mildness, I never heard of it."

Nothing that could possibly be construed into the slightest cast of suspicion on the word of the man from over toward Pochuck was heard, but he seemed to bristle up and get warm.

"Well," said he sharply, "if you don't believe it, I can lay evidence of it before you! Evidence that would hang a man! And evidence, too, goin' to prove the tryin' and troublesome nigh-sightedness of my Uncle Solon Beckendarter!"

The evidence wasn't asked for, and the man went on.

"And I'd like to spread it on the records right now," said he, "that the sudden and amazin' cold snap and my Uncle Solon's nigh-sightedness went and het me all up, put me in a hole, and turned me out so to speak, a wanderer on the cold, cold world!"

Baldy, the landlord, kicked Terry, the Scotch-Irish terrier, till he yelped, but not another word was said. The man from over toward Pochuck cracked his left thumb, calmed himself and continued:

"Now listen," said he. "We burn quite some charcoal over on my Uncle Solon's place. Quite some. The day after that sudden and amazing cold snap Uncle Solon went down to where the boys were burnin' out a mess and he found that they had knocked off and gone to the pond after pickerel through the ice.

"Uncle Solon came back home pickin' his way by the help of a long black stick, usin' it for a cane. He was madder than tom cats a-fightin'.

"'Here,' said he, 'is as good an eight-foot piece o' wood as ever was made to be charred,' said he, 'and them triflin' boys hain't waited to give it half a chance, but have chucked it to one side, only jest charred on the surface—good and black, too—and have gone off a-fishin'. I'll jest keep this stick,' said he, 'to show them boys when they came home, and I'll give 'em ginger with it, too, you bet,' said he.

"Uncle Solon stood the long stick in one corner o' the settin' room. The fire was crackin' and blazin' in the stove to beat a burnin' perairie. Supper time was drawin' nigh, and Aunt Sally was in the kitchen gettin' things ready for it.

"Uncle Solon he went out there, too, and sot down, grumblin' and growlin' about the boys not finishin' the burnin' of that good piece o' charcoal stick. I hadn't writ to Corabelia in more than a week. By the way, gentlemen, I don't suppose you will have any difficulty in noticing that I have a wen on my nose?"

The wen was obvious to all.

"But you will have to take my word for it that if Corabelia was here the cast in her eye and her red hair, though cut short, would be just as noticeable as the wen on my nose is."

They took his word for it, and the man proceeded.

"I hadn't writ to Corabelia in more than a week," said he, "and I thought now would be a good time to take my pen in hand to inform her that I was well and hope that these few lines would find her enjoying the same blessing.

"I sot the ink bottle on the table with the green and yaller kivver on—the green and yaller kivver that cousin Keturah Ann Gimblane hand-knit and gave to Aunt Sally Beckendarter for handin' down. I sot the ink bottle on the green and yaller table kivver and writ away.

"I had'nt got noways nigh through yit when I went out into the kitchen rumpled and scrumpled all over, all het up and sweatin' like a butcher.

"'Aunt Sally,' said I, 'you've been sayin' for a good spell back that if I didn't written Corabelia, or if Corabelia didn't written me, somethin' would happen. Well, Aunt Sally,' said I, 'somethin' has happened. But it's Uncle Solon's darn fool short-sightedness that made it happen, not me and Corabelia,' I said.

"Aunt Sally was puttin' on a griddle o' buckwheat cakes, and she didn't say a word till they was ready for turnin' and she had turned 'em. Then she said:

"'Rhadamanthus,' said she, 'what's happened?'

"Uncle Solon only grunted.

"'Aunt Sally,' said I, 'there aint no sort o' sense of Uncle Solon bein' so darn fool nigh-sighted, not at his time o' life. Why' said I, 'grandfather didn't even begin to think o' bein' nigh-sighted till he was 93,' said I, 'and here's Uncle Solon, only jest past 78, and so darn fool nigh-sighted that he can't tell a hitchin' post from a stack o' hay, not till he hedges his nose agin it,' I said, for I was all het up and rumpled.

"'But Aunt Sally, bein' overwhelmin' set in her ways, she said to me:

"'Your Uncle Solon Beckendarter owns this place, Rhadamanthus,' said she, 'and he can be as nigh-sighted as a blind fiddler on to it if he wants to. Your grandfather mightn't even begun to think o' bein' nigh-sighted yit at 93,' said she, 'but where is he? Nobody knows where he is,' said she.

"'But I wasn't goin' to be sat down on that way as to grandfather, and I said:

"'Why, grandfather's dead,' said I. 'Everybody knows he's dead,' said I.

"'Yes,' said Aunt Sally. 'Everybody knows he's dead. But where is he? Everybody knows he's dead. But nobody knows where he is,' said she.

"I see that Aunt Sally was tendin' toward bein' a little more overpowerin' set than common, and I was willin' to quit and go out and bed down the cows, but she handed me off.

"'Nobody knows where he is,' said she. 'But your Uncle Solon thought he is quite a little more nigh-sighted, and him jest only past 78 to right now where I bin back and where he can hear my talk and that's better. I'm thinkin' than bein' a dead grandfather that probably knows where he is,' said she. But Uncle Solon hooted to me as if he wasn't so nigh-sighted sure about it. 'Rhadamanthus,' said Aunt Sally, 'what's happened?'

"And then I up and told on.

"'I was writin' to Corabelia,' said I, 'and I hadn't much more than got good and started when I heard somethin' off in the corner where Uncle Solon, and the black stick that the boys had singeed to the other end of it that way, I seem to remember for one lookin' mighty like a wildcat, with fire in its eye, and—'

Baldy, the landlord, moved to a chair a little farther away, and Terry, the dog, crawled under the table.

"'It had fire in its eye, Uncle Solon,' said I," resumed the man from over toward Pochuck, "and at first I was startled, but I turned glad at once.

"'"I'm glad o' this!" thought I. "I'm glad o' this, because now the boys won't ketch ginger when they come home!" thought I.

"'It was comin' faster and fiercer than I had any idea of,' I said to Aunt Sally and Uncle Solon, 'and before I had time to put the cork in the ink bottle it was on to me. And setch a rassel as it give me!'

"'First it had me down, a-chokin' me till my tongue hung out, and then I had it down thumpin' it till it squeaked. We pitched and tossed on to the table, and we rolled and tumbled under the table.

"'We banged over the chairs and thumped ag'in the wall. It looked to me for a spell as if I was a goner and I couldn't help wishin' that the cold snap hadn't ketched it so complete.

"'"I either wish that," said I to Aunt Sally, as it got an all-squelchin' hitch onto me, "or else I wish that Uncle Solon hadn't been so darn fool nigh-sighted!" said I.

"'But by and by it begun to git winded quite some, and I rolled it over and jumped onto its head. "That made it quiver, I want to tell you, Aunt Sally!" said I, and I jumped onto it again.

"'The way the ribs snapped, Uncle Solon, said I, "you'd a-thought fire crackers was bein' sot off! Then I jumped onto its head ag'in, and that settled it.

"'The amazing thing to me was,' said I, 'how quick it had thawed out, standin' there in the corner, froze the way it was!' said I, and it was then that Uncle Solon slipped me the four shillin' and told me to git him a pair o' specs that'd make a 'skeeter look bigger'n a wild duck."

Baldy, the landlord, got up and walked the floor. The man from over toward Pochuck rested a while, then cracking all the fingers on one hand at once, he said:

"I wouldn't a-been het up and rumpled so not for a side o' pork. Corn-fed and winter-killed, at that. And it wasn't a bit over seven-foot-nine, if it was that—not nigh as big as the one I got last fall over in our back stone lot. Not nigh. It was quite some blacker, though. Quite some."

Baldy, the landlord, opened the front door. The man from over toward Pochuck moved back out of the draught and resumed:

"As Uncle Solon slipped me the four shillin' Aunt Sally said:

"'You hain't said yit what happened, Rhadamanthus,' said she, 'but I know! The inkbottle was upset in the rassel, and spotted my green and yaller hand-knitted table kiver like a tar bucket! That's what happened! And you want to lay it to Uncle Solon bein' nigh-sighted, when I've told you all along that no good would come from a man with a wen on his nose sparkin' a cock-eyed red-headed girl that wore her red hair shingled!' said she. 'That's what's happened!'

"And from what else Aunt Sally Beckendarter said, unless I can find somethin' that'll take an all-sloshin' ink spot out of a green and yaller table kivver, I won't dast go back and live at Aunt Sally Beckendarter's any more. Not and have it comfertin'. Not and be like one o' the family again. No, sir-ee, I won't! No, sir-ee!"

No one said anything, and the Pochuck man seemed to think that it might be that they hadn't understood him, so he began again.

"I say that unless I can find somethin' that'll take an all-sloshin' ink spot out o' a green and yaller table kivver, I ——"

But Baldy, the landlord, shut him off and said:

"We heard you say it! We don't keep anything of that kind around here! Nothing that'll take out inkspots!"

The man looked sharply toward the bar and at the labels on the things behind it, and showed plainly that he thought the landlord must be mistaken—so plainly that Baldy, the landlord, frowned, took him by the arm, led him to the door and said:

"The spectacle shop is up the street yonder; and don't you come down here next week unless you fetch the green and yaller table cover with you, for you'll need it for a winding sheet!"

The man from over toward Pochuck went slowly up the street, stroking the wen on his nose thoughtfully. Baldy, the landlord, watched him until he disappeared around the corner, then went in, shaking his head sadly, and said:

"It beats corn a-poppin' what things fly in from Jersey!"

And Terry, the Scotch-Irish terrier, sneaked out of the door and barked joyously, as of a great danger escaped.

BARON TOLL'S ARCTIC WORK.

The Explorer is Wintering on the Coast of Asia Near the Lena Delta.

It was not expected that anything more would be heard from the expedition of Baron von Toll till the fall of next year. He has been able, however, to send a despatch up the Lena River to Yakutsk whence it was forwarded by telegraph to St. Petersburg. The despatch announces briefly that he has established his winter quarters on the coast of Asia near the Lena delta, has opened a meteorological station on Kotelnoi, one of the New Siberia Islands, and that last summer he reached latitude 77 degrees, 32 minutes north. The latitude he attained is specially significant in view of the purpose he had in view.

The main purpose of Baron von Toll's expedition was to explore Sannikoff Land, which has been seen at a distance but never visited. Many cartographers long declined to indicate this land on their maps because they thought the evidence of its existence was not reliable. It was first seen by the Yakutsk merchant, Jacob Sannikoff. While on the New Siberia Islands in 1811, he saw, on a clear summer day, from the northern island of the group, the coast line of this hitherto unknown land. No one saw it again until Baron von Toll, standing on Kotelnoi Island of the same group, in 1886, was rewarded with a distant view of it. Since then cartographers have not hesitated to indicate this land on their maps.

Baron von Toll specially desired to explore this region because he believed that Sannikoff Land might be a part of an archipelago to which the De Long Islands, discovered by the unfortunate Jeannette expedition, also belong. He thought it probable that he might find an archipelago of important extent, though it was not likely that it would include any islands of very large size.

So he purchased a Norwegian whaler, renamed it the Saria and sailed from St. Petersburg on May 5, 1900, accompanied by twenty men, including an astronomer, a zoologist and a physician. Steaming through the Arctic, north of Norway, it was not his intention to advance much beyond the Taimyr Peninsula the first season. In fact he spent the winter of 1900-01 and the spring of 1901 about half way between Novaya Zemlia and the New Siberia Islands, exploring the coasts and traversing across the landmass in the neighborhood of Cape Tchelusskin, which is the most northern point of Asia. He also crossed the wide Taimyr Peninsula, all the way pioneer work, for the interior of these lands, jutting far out into the Arctic Ocean, had never been visited. As soon as possible last summer he pushed on eastward to his main field of research, the first news since heard from him being the brief despatch above mentioned.

This short message leaves us in the dark as to what he has actually accomplished since that it records the important fact that he reached a point further north than any of the islands discovered by De Long or then the position occupied by Sannikoff Land on the map. The despatch also indicates that the voyage was made to the north of the New Siberia Islands in which case he probably accomplished at least a part of the work for both Sannikoff Land and Bennett Island are directly to the north of the New Siberia group. He did not have to winter on one of these two islands, for as he did not do so it seems plausible that he may have accomplished his exploration and so returned to the coast, the ice conditions, of course, may have prevented him from making the thorough survey he had planned and he may therefore have thought it best to return south for the winter and complete his work, if possible, next summer. It was no intention, if the region he visited proved to be the center of a considerable cluster of land masses, to map them carefully and learn as much about them as was possible with the time at his disposal.

EACH OF THEM NEEDED $1,000.

SO THESE FIVE MEN PLAYED A FREEZE-OUT GAME OF POKER.

They Had Each of Them $200, and They Left It to Luck and Skill to Decide Which Should Have the Sum Required—Hands That Eliminated All But One.

"I need," said Baggs, speaking very slowly and impressively, "the sum of $1,000, United States currency, to enable me to push a most important enterprise to a successful conclusion. What would you suggest as the best way to get hold of the actual money with the least possible delay?"

"All depends on how you look at it," said Naggs. "If you still retain a belief in the financial gospel according to Benjamin Franklin, in which all good New England people are taught to believe, you will undoubtedly follow his rule.

"Deprive yourself of one five-cent cigar every day and put the money out at interest. It would take only 20,000 days or a little over fifty-four years to accumulate the required sum without reckoning the interest, but I should say that it could probably be done in about twenty-two years if you looked after your investments carefully.

"If that seems too long to wait, I would suggest winning some bets on horse races. It is rather curious, though, that you should ask me that question. I have just been considering how I could add eight hundred to my bank account. I have $200 on deposit and I have a note for $1,000 to meet next Tuesday."

"What's that about $1,000," said Faggs, who came into the club café just in time to hear the last few words. "Queer you should mention it just as I came. I'm looking for some one to lend me a thousand. Can either of you follows——"

"Wrong shop," said Baggs, impatiently. "We're both looking for just that sum in the most earnest fashion."

Staggs came in at this moment, and seeing his three friends together invited them to drink. After they had ordered drinks he said earnestly.

"See here, boys, I'm in a bad fix. I've got just forty-eight hours to raise——"

"A thousand dollars," exclaimed the other three in unison.

Staggs looked from one to the other in surprise.

"How did you know it?" he asked. "I haven't mentioned it to a soul."

"It's in the air," said Naggs. "Each one of us three have mentioned the same solemn fact within three minutes and I haven't the slightest doubt that the next man who comes into the room will come looking for $1,000."

"Bet you 10 to 1 he doesn't," said Baggs, a little irritably.

"Take you for a dollar," said Naggs; and at that moment Jaggs entered.

Seeing the group, his face lightened up, and he came over with the certain expectation of the invitation which he promptly received. As he seated himself he said:

"I've had great luck to-day ——"

"One dollar, please," interrupted Baggs.

"Wait a bit," said Naggs.

Jaggs looked from one to the other inquiringly, but neither spoke again, and after a little pause, he resumed his story.

"You know," he said, "that I have been drinking rather too much lately, and I have suffered for it. In fact I lost my job a week ago. I didn't tell anybody, but it straightened me out, and I've been hustling ever since. To-day I was offered a partnership in a business that I know all about, and I can make a good income at it. The only thing is ——"

"You'll have to put up $1,000, and you haven't got the money," said Staggs, solemnly.

Jaggs's look of astonishment was a dream. The others watched him for a moment, and then burst out laughing. Baggs produced a ten-dollar bill and gave it to Naggs, who pocketed it in silence.

"What the devil ——" began Jaggs, but Faggs broke in.

"I have an idea," he said. "There are five of us here and each one wants $1,000. Wants it bad. Now, I have $200 in my pocket. Naggs says he has that much on deposit, and I reckon each of you can produce a like amount if you are put to it. That makes a thousand. Let's play a freeze-out for the whole amount. It'll fix one man all right, and the others won't be much worse off."

So bold a proposition might well have feazed the party, but they were all good poker players, and after a brief discussion it was agreed to. Each man produced his stakes, and within a half-hour the game was on.

It was table stakes, of course, being a freeze-out, and they agreed to play all jacks. White chips were $1, reds $5 and blues $25.

The very first hand came very near being a Waterloo for Jaggs. Sitting on the right of the dealer, he opened for five, the others having passed. He had three nines, and naturally had no fear of any one but Staggs, who dealt, as they had not opened. To his delight everybody stayed, and there was $40 in the pot before the draw.

Baggs took three cards, Naggs three and Faggs one. Jaggs figured that even if Baggs and Naggs bettered, his three nines were pretty safe, as they would not be drawing to anything better than tens and were probably drawing to less.

Faggs's draw was certainly dangerous, but even if he were drawing to a flush or a straight the chances were greatly against his filling, and if it were two pairs he would have opened. As the game stood he decided to hide his strength, and took only one card.

Staggs took one and for a moment Jaggs regretted that he had not drawn to his full strength. With two one-card draws against him, he threw in a white chip only. It was best to see what the others would do.

To his great relief, Staggs threw down his hand. Baggs also threw down, but Naggs raised it $10. It was bold play against Faggs, but he figured on Faggs's failing to fill, and sized Jaggs up for two pairs, so, having three sevens, he took the chance.

Faggs promptly raised it twenty-five and Jaggs had a pretty problem to consider. Of course, if Faggs had filled his three nines were no good, but Faggs sat in a good place for a bluff.

He might be figuring that Naggs's raise would drive out Jaggs if he had opened on two pairs, and that his own play might frighten Naggs. It would cost Jaggs $35 to call, but there was $90 in the pot already and a fair chance of his three nines being good. So he put up the money.

Naggs figured in much the same way, but fearing Jaggs more than he did Faggs, he laid down. Whereupon Faggs showed a flush and took the pot, leaving Jaggs with only the satisfaction of remembering that he had repeated a momentary impulse to raise back by way of a counter bluff.

For the next twenty minutes there was very little doing. For after pot was taken in without a struggle, but as the luck was changing itself all around the table, nobody won or lost any great amount.

Poker, however, is a game of sudden surprises, and just as the play was getting monotonous there came a hand that put two men out of business. Naggs dealt.

Faggs opened the pot and Jaggs dropped. Staggs raised. Baggs dropped. Naggs raised again. Faggs stayed and Staggs made good.

As it proved Faggs had aces up. Staggs had a flush, straight and Baggs had a flush. Faggs took one card and he a white chip without moving.

There was at that time not quite $100 in the pot. Staggs refused to move, for seeing that Naggs also stood pat he chipped along waiting developments. Naggs raised it $10.

Of course, Faggs had to look at his cards after this, and to his exceeding great joy he discovered that he had caught a third ace, so that he had a stack unless one of the others had stood pat on four of a kind. Strange, how extremely unlikely this was to happen. Reflection about parceling up the stage pots, such was about $150.

He was artful enough, however, to convey the impression to the others that he was bluffing, and they both called, Staggs with an uneasy realization that it was poor play on his part, but still believing his straight might be good, and Naggs with full confidence in his flush.

This narrowed the game to three players, for the two losers were already a little behind, and the call had been with each one a show-down for all he had left. The deal passed to Faggs, and he also served some good hands.

They made a two-dollar pot this time, and Jaggs opened it for six, having kings. Baggs found a pair of tens and came in, and Faggs, having a four flush, considered the odds good enough to put up his six, so that there was $24 in the pot when they called for cards.

Jaggs took three, Baggs three and Faggs one. Jaggs chipped before looking and Baggs skinned his cards down carefully. Finding a third ten he raised it $25.

Faggs reaped the just reward for betting 1 to 3 on a 5 to 1 shot, for he failed to fill and threw down his cards, so that it was up to the opener. Finding that he had three aces he threw in $75, and Baggs did some studying.

It was a doubtful situation, but he finally decided that Jaggs might very probably be playing on two pairs, and that three tens were worth a call. It was disastrous to him for he had lost the better part of $100 before that and the play brought him down to about $30, with over $900 against him in two piles.

He kept up the fight, but it was a forlorn hope and in four more deals he, too, was eliminated from the game, and the freeze-out became a duel.

Faggs had the larger pile of the two, but the luck from this time on ran toward Jaggs. Pot after pot went to him with almost monotonous regularity till the two were tired of the labor of dealing with nothing approaching a struggle to furnish excitement.

After more than an hour of this, Faggs was reduced to $210, while Jaggs had the balance, and the deciding hand came. The pot had been sweetened half a dozen times before either one caught openers.

Then Faggs opened on two jacks, and Jaggs relying on his luck drew to an ace and a jack. In the draw Faggs did not better, but fearing Jaggs, and hoping to impress him with a bluff he shoved his entire pile to the centre of the table. Jaggs examined his cards and found another jack with a king and seven in the draw.

"I don't know why I should feel so," he said, after thinking a bit, "but I have a sort of hunch that my jacks are good. I've got ace, king, next and I call you."

And the game was over.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

Your Nearest Fire Alarm Box, Nearest Doctor and Nearest Police Station?

"I wonder," said a city dweller, "how many people know where the nearest fire alarm box is? Not one in a hundred, I venture to say; and yet it's something that everybody ought to know.

"One flat that I lived in once had attached to the inner side of the front door a little placard giving the location of the nearest fire alarm. I and other tenants for that matter, thought at first that this was not a very sightly thing to put on the inside of an apartment house front door, where you were compelled to look at it every time you went out; but we all came, in time, to look at it as a good thing.

"It didn't stare at us any more after we got used to it, and it was no longer conspicuous, but we all drew from it a feeling of greater security. We all felt that if a fire ever did occur in the house there was one thing certain, and that is that there would be no time lost in giving the alarm; we knew right where to go.

"Perhaps it is so required now; but, if it is not, the placing of such a placard in every flathouse ought to be required by law. But, anyhow, as I said, I don't believe that one person in a hundred knows where the nearest fire alarm box is, though it is something that ought to be known to everybody.

"Another thing that everybody ought to know is the location of the nearest doctor. This we are more likely to know than that of the nearest fire alarm box, for there are more doctors. There is, more than probably, a doctor dwelling on the street that we daily traverse going to and from the cars that take us to our daily work.

"And we find ourselves, when we have moved into a new locality, instinctively taking mental note of this doctor's name and number. We know that we may have need to call a doctor in a hurry; and this emergency we guard against in this manner.

"But there could scarcely be a greater need for help in a hurry than in case of fire, and that we don't guard against, unless there is a box in, so to speak, our line of march.

"The other one of a trio of things that everybody ought to know is the location of the nearest police station; something useful to know in various emergencies that will readily suggest themselves. How many city dwellers know where the nearest police station is? Only a small proportion, I imagine.

"But these three things, I repeat, everybody ought to know, namely: the location of the nearest fire alarm box, of the nearest doctor, and of the nearest police station. It is knowledge that can be gained with very little trouble, at no money cost whatever, and knowledge that may prove of great value."

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CITY [illegible] STATE [illegible]

THE KLONDIKE QUICKLY WON.

CONTRAST BETWEEN DAWSON OF FOUR YEARS AGO AND NOW.

Rapid Conquest Made by Civilization of the Arctic When Gold Was the Prize—Modern Conveniences in the Yukon—Quick Communication.

When Foghorn George, the squaw man, with his Siwash brother-in-law, washed the first Klondike gold in the summer of 1896 he little realized the avalanche of civilization that his discovery would precipitate in the frozen North.

In 1896 the country was a wilderness known only to a handful of Indians and known to them only in outline. The wild game inland lived and died without knowledge of men, and not even the Indians were aware that one of the great navigation routes of the barren ground caribou led across the upper reaches of the Yukon.

In the fall the inrush of gold seekers began with the arrival of 300 men, mostly from the known gold country below. It was not till late in 1897 that its full proportions were indicated by the advent of a great fleet of boats which came floating down the Yukon.

The 5,000 men who wintered in the new town of Dawson were the advance guard of 50,000 more, held back for the moment by the icy barrier of the passes and upper river. In 1898 most of them reached their goal and through disapointment and suffering were the common lot, still the successful ones triumphed over their frozen environment, and now the wilderness blossoms with potted geraniums and the present day Klondiker knows as much about Mrs. Bonine as her neighbors in Washington living a block away.

Rudolph Kersting, who went to Dawson last summer by steamer and palace car, laughed when asked if he noticed any dead men on the trail.

"There isn't even a horse skeleton to be seen in White Pass," he said, "and this where in '97 3,000 horses perished in three months!

"In '97 I was seven months without hearing from my family. Now the Dawson newspapers complain that their mail service is not on a par with that of the larger towns in the States and Canada, and the rural free delivery system has its counterpart on the Yukon.

"Even Nome has never been so completely isolated as Dawson was in '97 nor is it likely that a city of 5,000 souls will ever again be cut off for an entire winter from news of the outside world, or pay hundreds of dollars to hear the account of Dewey's victory read from a paper printed a month before.

"Civilization in 4,000 years hardly made greater progress than Dawson accomplished in the four years from 1898 to the present time. The Cheecako has conquered and the sour dough miners have either succumbed to whiskey and the dance houses or moved on toward the Pole.

"Even the dance houses and gambling establishments have felt the effects of the new order and their old-time supremacy is only a memory. The cold and winter darkness are still in evidence but coal and its products, steam and electricity, have been called in to combat them, and modern methods have robbed those two spectres of their terrors.

"The gold dust currency is fast giving place to legal tender and just now its exit is accelerated by the discovery of wholesale adulteration with imitation nuggets manufactured in San Francisco. Cents are so rare, however, that Indians still accept the bright ones for five-dollar gold pieces. Change of less than 25 cents or two bits valuation is not common.

"But though the Dawson children cannot be advised to take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves, the children are there and so are the schools. Not counting the quota from outlying mining camps there are more than 100 school children in Dawson from kindergarten to the highest grades.

"The Canadian Government has just completed a handsome new schoolhouse for their accommodation. Beside the schools a new Court House has recently been completed as well as an administration building and a residence for the Governor, all of which are creditable architectural additions to the metropolis of the Yukon.

"Dawson has had the distinction of being the largest log city in the world, but the log cabin is giving way to the ordinary frame dwelling which is cheaper and more in keeping with the modern town.

"Many fine large two and three-story frame business houses have been erected and corrugated iron warehouses have been put up this season with capacity for perhaps 15,000 or 20,000 tons storage in addition to what there was in the city last winter. Several thousand tons of warm storage quarters have been added. One fine two-story brick building has been erected at a cost of $50,000. This, it may be mentioned is the second brick building in Dawson. Nor are these the only improvements.

"The Presbyterians are erecting a fine modern church after the style of the English country church, with seating capacity for several hundred. Three of the churches of this city will have pipe organs this fall."

A Dawson paper says:

"Potatoes, which for a while were scarce, are again becoming plentiful. Fresh grapes, peaches, apples, watermelons and other such fruits are common in the market. They are now rushed through from Seattle in six to ten days with ease. The first shipment of potted flowers ever brought from the outside arrived from Seattle a few days ago, including blossoming geraniums and the like. They came in good condition and sold well."

It is not a long time since Government aid was sought to succor the starving people of this same city, and relief expeditions with varying motive powers from reindeer to automobiles were being planned.

Many of the fresh vegetables for the Dawson market are raised in the immediate neighborhood, and so are barley, wheat, oats, buckwheat and rye. The latter crops are grown for the hay and fed to horses unthrashed.

That there are difficulties to be surmounted by the farmers and truckmen is not to be denied, as the prices paid for the commodities will indicate. The hay from a single acre of oats or rye has not infrequently sold for $1,000, and potatoes by the end of the winter reach 25 cents a pound, while turnips, beets and other root crops cost about the same.

Dawson now has an Odd Fellows' lodge under the direct dispensation of the Sovereign Grand Lodge at Baltimore. It has a district messenger service with electric call boxes, and the longest line to the outside world, which has long been in successful operation, will soon be in connection with a line to Skagway.

Native coal of good quality has available for Dawson in three separate mining localities above and below and is brought from each in considerable quantities.

Perhaps not the least significant of the signs of the times is the influx of women of educational attainments, intending clerks and the like, and the fact that they have been work finding employment, not because there is no employment for business women, but because the field has already been occupied.

The retail trade of Dawson, which was originally monopolized by a few large corporations, is now divided among several hundred business concerns of moderate capital, and aside from a single exception in the line of certain hardware staples and heavy supplies that were affected in the output by the steel strike there is no shortage in any of the goods handled and the miners and their families can shop with as perfect assurance of getting what they want as if they lived in Denver, Detroit or Duluth.

Dredging and damming are going on along the upper Yukon, chiefly during the past summer in the neighborhood of Lake Lebarge, and the beavers of the Thirty Mile, 200 in number, have been removed. Hell Gate will be tackled next and the last of the terrors of navigation removed.

Dawson will soon have a network of railroads radiating out to neighboring camps. One is projected across to the mining country on Stewart River, and railroads are also to be built to the camps on Eldorado, Hunker and Dominion creeks.

Dawson's present prosperity is not likely soon to wane. The known placers have in the aggregate many years of life and the quartz has not as yet been touched.

Though situated in Canadian territory most of Dawson's gold finds its way into the States, and a majority of the claims are owned and operated by Americans.

308,000 CANDLE POWER.

Strange Effects of This Intense Light on Human Eyes and Skin.

Fom the Buffalo Evening News.

In further proof of the often repeated statement that electricity, or rather the knowledge of electricity enjoyed by the people of the present age, is still in its infancy, the work recently carried on at the works of the Buffalo Union Furnace Company stands prominent.

Mr. Frederick D. Gatchell, chief electrician of the company, while working about the furnaces came to notice the immense amount of work necessary to remove a "salamander" from a furnace after blowing out. A salamander is a mass of iron and refuse in a blast furnace that accumulates when it becomes necessary to clean it out and reline it with firebrick.

A short time ago when the Buffalo Union Furnace Company's "B" furnace was blown out for relining the salamander proved to be exceedingly hard to drill. The regular tools used for the purpose drilled so slowly that valuable time was being lost. Mr. Gatchell then suggested burning holes in the mass by means of an electric arc. His suggestion was accepted, and the matter placed in his hands and he prepared an apparatus for doing the work. Mr. Gatchell in describing the undertaking said:

"The apparatus consisted of 00 B. & S. gauge cable for transmitting the power from the dynamos to the carbon and furnace, a switch for disconnecting the cable if anything should go wrong, a resistance coil of thirty feet of No. 8 climax resistance wire, immersed in a barrel of running water to keep the temperature at a fixed point, the carbon and holder. The carbon was made in Cleveland especially for this purpose, and was seventy-two inches long and two inches in diameter. The holder was made by our own man and was merely a frame of iron pipe to support the carbon, which was mounted in an iron collar, which screwed to an iron pipe covered with rubber and fitted at the back end with a candle for adjusting the carbon to position.

"It required all the power of the two dynamos that usually supply the electricity for lighting the works and operating an electric crane.

"At first, when drilling holes for dynamite in the salamander at 'B' furnace, I used the apparatus with no protection, and it was extremely hot in the neighborhood. You can see from the fact that we had a current of 350 amperes and a voltage of 220, which represents in the neighborhood of 100 horse power, that the heat generated at the arc was considerable. I connected the positive side of the circuit to the furnace, using a water pipe for a binding post, and the negative side to the carbon. This method of connection was used because the current flows from the positive side to the negative, and in passing through the salamander, jumping from these to the carbon, it would bite or nip at the iron in the salamander, and thus cut a hole much faster than if the current were jumping from the carbon into the iron, when it would only heat or burn a hole into the mass.

"When the current was turned on an arc was made that could be extended to between five and six inches, and a light was made that equalled about 308,000 candle power. To more readily comprehend the intensity of light, let us say it would be equal to about 160 of the arc lamps used for lighting Main street. This produced a heat of between 4,000 and 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

"We burned a hole with this apparatus 4 inches in diameter and 26 inches deep in about four hours. Into this hole dynamite was placed and the mass broken up into small pieces, which could be readily removed, and the work of relining the furnace commenced much sooner than if drills had been used to make holes for the dynamite.

"A curious thing about the work, and perhaps the most interesting feature was the fact that nearly everybody who looked at the arc, even for a very few minutes, was affected with inflammation in their eyes of a very severe character, the only exceptions being two men who wore plain white glass spectacles, and they suffered no inconvenience whatever, although one of them looked at the light a great deal. I was affected worse than any of the others, because I stood within ten feet of the arc and looked at it more than any one else. After the first trial I rode home on my wheel, and before reaching home was nearly blind and in terrible agony. I consulted a physician immediately, and he was completely puzzled to account for the inflammation. My eyes were bloodshot and the lids so inflamed that the eyes were completely closed. I kept my eyes bandaged and treated them with an eye wash, alternated with witch hazel baths, but suffered a great deal for four days. In addition to the trouble I had with my eyes, the skin on my face all peeled off, except where protected by the hair. Where my face was shaded by my hat the skin did not peel so badly, but came off quite badly, though.

"The doctor said he never had heard of anything like it, and did not know what could have caused the trouble unless it was that the light developed was too intense and of too great a volume for the optical nerves to accommodate it. He thinks, as do several other persons, that this light was some sort of an 'X' ray, because of the penetrating power. He was entirely at a loss to account for the peeling of my face.

"The next morning ten of twelve of the foremen and employees complained of similar trouble. In fact, every one who looked at the arc, except the two who wore glasses, were more or less severely affected. Some were laid up, totally blind, for a day or two. Others were laid up only half a day, while several who came to work the next morning worked under difficulty on account of the pain and inflammation in their eyes.

"A few days ago we were starting up another furnace that had been banked and some of the iron had chilled around the iron notch. I used the same apparatus to burn a hole through to let the iron out, but this time I made a shield of asbestos and cut a hole for the carbon to go through. The shield was intended to reflect the light downward, instead of allowing it to radiate directly out and toward the person operating the carbon. It required a man at the handle all the time, for if the arc should get too long it would break and the carbon would have to be brought into contact with the iron before it would form another. It worked fastest at about a three-inch arc and to keep it there required constant attention. I also made an asbestos mask to fit over my face and fitted it with a pair of white glass stone-cutter's goggles, as I wanted to get the benefit of the protection had by the men who wore glasses when looking at the first trial.

"This time I did not feel the heat so much as the first time and did not suffer so much from inflammation in my eyes, although there was a little inflammation in them.

"I do not think the heat is what affected us. I think it was the light. The last time, of course, we profited by our former experience and nobody attempted to get within sight of the arc unless they had business there. There was also a disagreeable gas, which seemed to be generated at the arc. It was a kind of a sulphurous smelling gas, but was not powerful enough to become troublesome.

"I do not care to experiment further, and not care to make any experiments, but only wish I had started through which the iron could run. After the molten iron once got started it would rapidly finish the work and enlarge the hole to the proper size without any assistance, but the trouble was to get the iron started. We fortunately spent a considerable time time for this work. The difficulty in the hole pipe is that it makes such a large hole it takes so long to get out of the way behind the iron before the iron comes out.

"Aside from the inconvenience suffered the work is very interesting from a scientific view.

"What do you think would be the effect if such a pair of carbons were used in a searchlight? Mr. Gatchell was asked.

"I think it would be possible to throw a beam of light on objects at distances that would seem much farther than we have yet straight line on earth to accommodate it, but a pair of carbons could not be used in lieu of ordinary searchlight carbons. The most powerful searchlight in somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,000 or 1,500 degrees would melt and ordinary carbon for long periods after the current was turned on. That would spoil searchlight work unless it could be stated. I don't think such a powerful light would be practicable in a lamp or searchlight although it would be a very powerful illuminating agent for some purpose. I am always asked with about a dozen people the question the result of the physiological effects of the light.

All Intelligent Women

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THE CAST NOW DEPOSITED IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

Considered a Fine Portrait of the Dead President—Marked Resemblance Between It and the Features of Napoleon—The Expression of the Face Peaceful.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.