The Jumping Frog of Calaveras.

By Mark Twain.

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that "Leonidas W." Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous "Jim" Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it would be useless to me. If that was the design it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angels, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angels Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gently flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he'd bet on any thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll resk two and a half she don't anyway.'

"This-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race, she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

"And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the jint of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed upon, and how the other dog sorter had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that didn't have no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for himself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n and the way it turned out.

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog turning in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

"Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

" 'What might it be that you've got in that box?'

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog.'

"And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round, this way and that, and says, 'H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?'

" 'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

"The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

" 'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. 'Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only an amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

" 'And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—git!' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so— at Dan'l, any says again, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley, he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck and hefted him, and says, 'Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set that frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——'

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just stay where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond "Jim" Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. "Leonidas W." Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

"THE BIGGEST AND RICHEST BELT OF GOLD IN THE WORLD."

THE MOTHER LODE OF CALIFORNIA—By HAROLD W. FAIRBANKS.

MINING first brought California into prominence as the El Dorado of the West. The foundations of the State were laid with the beginning of the golden flood which poured from almost every canyon through the length and breadth of the mighty Sierrra Nevadas.

Of necessity the days of the rich surface placers were brief. Men were at first lacking in experience, but little by little as the most profitable bars were worked over they began to search for the original source of the gold. In the placers gold had often been found with pieces of quartz adhering, and the attention was consequently directed to the veins which thickly intersected the country. While these veins were found to contain gold over a great area of the Sierra Nevada foothills, it was soon recognized that there was one remarkable mineral zone stretching from Mariposa County northward.

For over a hundred miles the prospector traced this remarkable lode, sometimes able to walk on its croppings for miles at a stretch. For long distances the fissure occupied by the most important vein had the appearance of being continuous, and while contracting here and there was characterized at certain spots by great "blowouts" of quartz, affecting even the topography of the country. The greatest body of quartz exposed above ground is found on the Mariposa grant in Mariposa County. It rises 80 feet with a length of 100 and a thickness at the base of 20 feet. It is known as the May Rock and presents a most striking appearance. Carson Hill, Quartz Mountain and other eminences are due to the aggregation of quartz veins. The lode does not always occur as one great vein, for through much of its length it consists of numerous veins scattered in a belt of black slate, through which course dikes of greenstone parallel to the stratification. Thus it has happened that while the whole western slope of the Sierra Nevadas is more or less mineralized, the geological structure is such that it has favored greater development of fissures and subsequent quartz veins along a comparatively narrow line.

Much has been said about the depth to which the gold ores of California extend. The question arises in every new camp, Do the veins go down? What reason have we to doubt that they go down? The veins certainly go down, and if rich on the surface experience of many years has shown that they are not likely to grow poorer in depth.

With the growth of experience in dealing with quartz veins the reputation of the lode for extent and richness became world-wide, and now the mother lode of California stands as the finest example of the great gold deposits of the world. Here have been developed the most systematic methods of underground exploitation, the most precise and economical treatment of low-grade ores, so that now California leads the world with her skilled mining engineers.

The continuous and prominent fissure system is one of the most striking features of the lode. In many places in Calaveras and Tuolumne counties the ground up wall rock forming the gouge is five to eight feet thick, and in one mine reaches the enormous dimensions of forty feet, being filled with bowlders of the partially broken quartz.

The characteristic quartz of the mother lode has a well-marked banded structure, and is that which the miner most likes to meet with. The great ore bodies of the larger mines which have been found so profitable have generally possessed this character.

Different views have been advanced to account for the formation of these great masses of quartz. One is that they were deposited in open cavities which were formed thousands of feet below the surface during the mountain-making movements, whereby hollows and protuberances of the walls were brought opposite each other. The second view does not admit that the great masses of quartz of the mother lode could have been formed in this manner, but rather by a gradual replacement of the crushed material along the walls with silica from the percolating solutions. On this theory we can account for the finely banded structure of the ore, the alternating layers of quartz and chlorite formed during the successive opening and tightening of the fissure.

For many years from the commencement of quartz mining along the lode the nature of the veins and ore bodies was not understood. This resulted in a lack of confidence in carrying on underground development when the ore body was found to pinch, as they all do at times in the most permanent of mines. Many a mine in this region which is to-day proving a bonanza for its owners has been abandoned at one or more periods in its history. Long years of experience has now changed all this and created such a belief in the permanency of the veins that undertakings of great magnitude are carried out in faith that what has been found to be true in many cases will be found to be so in all the larger and more important deposits.

When it is realized that several thousand feet of the surface have been eroded in past geological ages, and that now some of the mines of Amador County are down more than 2000 feet without any apparent weakening of the veins, it must be appreciated on what an enormous scale these gold deposits were formed.

The system of veins constituting the mother lode was formed subsequent to the folding and upheaval of the slates, and subsequent also to the intrusion of the eruptive rocks, so that they have been little disturbed and faulted and are easily followed.

The ore of the veins constituting the mother lode is generally quite simple. Those ores in which copper, silver and gold are mixed, and which are so difficult to work and so generally associated together, especially in the granite regions of the State, are not found in any quantity along the mother lode. Here, as in all other regions, the ores are oxidized down to the water level, but, in marked distinction to the veins in the granite, they still carry below the line of oxidation a large amount of free gold. When combined the gold is almost always associated with iron pyrites, from which it is extracted with comparative ease.

Much has been said about the wall rocks of the mother lode and its richness ascribed to their peculiar character. A careful study of the lode has convinced me that no combination of wall rocks will insure a rich vein. It does not seem reasonable that the gold should have been derived from the walls, for the mines are equally rich whether in slate or at the contact of slate with greenstone. Good mines as well as poor ones can be found under any of these conditions. It seems more reasonable to believe that the deposition of the metallic particles is dependent more upon chemical reactions of a certain kind. Of two veins lying side by side in the same mine one may be barren and the other constitute the pay rock. The rock forming the walls upon the surface or at any depth which can be reached is no indication of the nature of the deep-seated rocks from which the hot waters abstracted their mineral contents. The numerous dikes of diabase or greenstone so characteristic of the mother lode have given opportunity for the formation of extensive and well-defined fissures, and this I believe has been the chief part played by them.

The mother lode of California will probably never be equalled in the world. While the great mines now open are gradually penetrating deeper into the earth without diminution of their output, new and now hidden ore bodies will continue to be found and the product of gold increased for years to come. The permanency of the lode and the ability to work its low-grade ores have both been fully vindicated.

IS ALASKA A GOOD COUNTRY—

For Women

TO STAY AWAY FROM?

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

SO large a percentage of the people bound for Alaska are of the gentler and physically weaker sex that the question naturally arises in the mind of one deeply interested in woman's welfare, "Is Alaska a desirable country for women?"

Having been asked for my opinion on this subject, which is one that grows in importance as the number of women pioneers to that inhospitable country increases, I am constrained to give a conservative reply. From all that I have been able to learn of existing conditions in the far north, I am led to the conclusion that Alaska at the present time is an excellent country for women—to stay away from.

Not alone do women in that region have to encounter physical hardships of almost every description in their eager rush to keep pace with men in search of gold, and endure the rigors of a climate that tests the endurance of the hardiest man; unless accompanied by husbands to protect them, they are compelled to sacrifice much of the dignity and reserve that are woman's natural birthright, and certainly her chief charm. The method of travel overland is now such that women should think very seriously before undertaking it. In every way it is extremely trying upon the physique of men. What must it be for women? The mere matter of moneyed gain should not, it sems to me, so enthuse them as to make them lose sight of graver things at stake.

I would not be understood as taking a gloomy view of the Alaska question. It is undoubtedly a most wonderful country so far as its mineral riches are concerned, but there are few women who can encounter the privations and primitive conditions there without seriously impairing their health. Even those who go as companions to their husbands and in their watchful care run a great physical risk. And yet I am one who holds to the good, old-fashioned belief that a woman should, if need be, follow her husband to the uttermost ends of the earth. To me Alaska certainly is typical of the world's "jumping-off place," the most cheerless and unsuitable spot that a woman could select for even a temporary abiding place.

But Alaska is not irreclaimable, though its climate may be, and the time may come, and that soon, when capital and civilization will have made it a habitable land for women. I would have the way paved for them. It does not seem to me either safe or wise for women to emigrate beyond the ordinary comforts of life. When the capitalists have made improvements there; when the civil engineers have brought their skill to bear upon the rugged and dangerous surface of that far-off country; when physicians are at hand in case of illness, and houses are built that are suitable for women to live in; when there is nothing left to contend with but the climate—and that will always be quite enough—then Alaska will be a reasonably habitable place for women.

For the women who have the courage requisite to take such chances as now present themselves in Alaska, I have much respect. Fortitude and bravery are always admirable. But one may be pardoned for questioning the judgment of even the brave. Mining is an alluring industry, but I have a theory that for every dollar taken out of the earth some one had to put one hundred cents in.

Women pioneers should bear in mind that vastly different conditions prevail between the gold fever of '49 and this of '98. Women were not only in better physical condition than now, owing to the greater simplicity of their lives, but in coming to California they entered what was a veritable paradise. They could live in a cloth tent nine months of the year and at the door could be grown almost anything they desired to plant, be it tree, flower or vegetable. California's welcome to woman was a smiling and propitious one. Alaska's is, to say the least, decidedly repelling.

Mme. Diaz, wife of the Mexican President, has founded a home where girls can always find employment, a nursery where children of working women are cared for, and a Magdalen home for repentant sinners.

MILLIONS FOR MERCHANTS

In

THE KLONDIKE RUSH.

By Louis Sloss.

AS the season advances, the interest in Alaska becomes almost daily more intensified. I apprehend a tremendous increase of trade throughout this city and the entire West during the coming months. The traffic will undoubtedly be so great that transportation hither by land and sea will tax both ships and railroads to their utmost carrying capacity. It is, of course, impossible to say how long the excitement will remain at fever heat. The eyes of the world are turned upon Alaska, and although many of the gold hunters may fail, their misfortune will not deter others from making the same attempt. Should 75,000 out of every 100,000 gold seekers be disappointed in their dreams, those who follow in their footsteps will cherish the belief that they will be numbered among the lucky 25,000. Hope springs eternal in the miner's breast.

I am told by those who claim to know whereof they speak that the emigration from England alone will reach the 100,000 mark. Our firm has received hundreds of letters of urgent inquiry from France, Japan and many other foreign countries, showing that the interest is so widespread it has practically encircled the globe. The benefit to California will be inestimable. Alaska produces gold, but its soil is barren. The thousands upon thousands of persons going there must be provided with the food necessaries of life, which this State will be called upon to furnish. Thus Alaska gold will come to us in payment for the numberless tons of supplies which this country will furnish to the prospectors.

We are now preparing to run all our river boats up the Yukon and will add four fast express boats, besides launching a fine steel steamer of 2500 tons burden, accommodating 260 first-class passengers.

There is every indication that the rush to Alaska from Australia and New Zealand will be extremely great, but the class of gold seekers from these quarters will be of a less mixed character.

HOW TO OUTFIT FOR ALASKA.

BY A MINER WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

I MADE a prospecting trip through Alaska last year and had the usual rough experiences of a prospector in the far north. All you people who are figuring on going there this year have had all sorts of advice thrust upon you by all sorts of people, chiefly by those who have gained all their information from books and papers.

I am going to tell you what a year's rough experience taught me were the absolute necessaries there, the cheapest cost and how best to prepare for the trip. It's a hard trip at the best, and you will find that practical advice will be of inestimable service to you.

The usual estimates are made upon the basis of the expenditure of sums of money ranging from $300 to $1000. These of course are all very well for those who have the money to lay out in such a manner. But the greater share of the men who will set out for Alaska this spring will doubtless be of limited means, who are compelled to make every dollar go as far as possible.

The first and most requisite is, of course, food. For a year's supply the following will fill the bill. It should be stated that the prices and goods are the actual ones charged and supplied by a downtown retail store and can be duplicated at any time:

PROVISIONS FOR ONE MAN FOR A YEAR.

75 lbs sugar	$4 20	20 lbs salt	15
250 lbs bacon	25 00	1 lb pepper, blk.	25
100 lbs beans	1 75	¼ lb pepper, cayenne	.....
50 lbs rice	2 50	¼ lb cinnamon	20
25 lbs rolled oats	75	½ lb mustard	25
50 lbs cornmeal	1 00	2 lbs soda	10
100 lbs flour	2 30	5 lbs baking powder	2 00
200 lbs flour, whole wheat	4 55	5 boxes yeast	30
10 lbs evaporated onions	4 00	¼ case of pilot bread	1 00
25 lbs dr'd apples	1 15	51 gross matches	20
25 lbs dr. peaches	1 90	50 candles	70
25 lbs dr. apricots	2 15	10 bars Ivory soap	75
10 lbs raisins	60	4 oz beef extract	1 20
10 lbs tea, black	2 50		
25 lbs coffee	8 75	Total	$70 30

It is expected of course that considerable additions to the bill of fare will be made in various ways. For two months in the year berries of half a dozen kinds are abundant everywhere. There are huckleberries, salmon berries, raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries, cranberries and service berries.

As for clothing, there is an equally wide range in the published estimates. In one respect, however, they are nearly all alike—they all provide for more or less expensive furs. These articles are of course all very well in their way, and when money is no object they may be obtained. But they are not essential. There are many men who have been in Alaska for years who corroborate this. None are included in this estimate, which is as follows and is on the basis of one year's supply, though many of the articles will be just as serviceable at the end as at the beginning of the year:

CLOTHING FOR ONE MAN.

2 pr heavy blankets	$12 00	1 heavy cap	1 00
1 waterproof oil sheet	1 25	1 sheepskin hood	1 50
2 suits heavy woolen underwear	6 00	2 pr woolen mittens	1 00
2 Mackinaw overshirts	5 00	1 pr sheepskin mittens	1 00
1 heavy sweater	2 50	2 pr working gloves	1 00
6 pr heavy wool socks	3 00	1 suit oil coat and souwester	3 00
6 pr cotton socks	1 50	1 pr leather sole snagproof gum boots	6 50
1 pr Mackinaw pants	2 50	2 pr heavy shoes	8 00
1 pr blanket lined overalls	1 00	1 pr felt boots and arctics	3 00
3 pr overalls	2 25	1 pc mosquito bar	40
1 fleece lined canvas coat	6 50	Towels	50
1 wide-brimmed hat	1 00	Eye-goggles	25
		Total	$71 65

For camp outfit and tools the estimate is made on the supposition that two men go together. That is the only correct way to do. Very little more is required for two than for one, and there are so many things that require two sets of hands that the traveler should in the first place select a partner of congenial tastes and one with whom he is measurably certain to agree and get along without disputing. But one thing should be borne in mind. No matter how many may elect at the outset to go in a single party, the outfits should always be prepared in sets of two. Provisions, tools, etc., should all be arranged in that way, giving each two men a complete outfit. Then when parties break up, as all comprising more than two men are certain to do sooner or later, there will be no difficulty in dividing supplies and tools.

For two men the following tools and camp outfit will suffice:

1 sheet iron stove	$5 00	1 jack plane	85
1 bake pan	20	1 10-inch drawknife	70
1 8-qt. camp kettle	60	1 1-inch chisel	45
1 6-qt. camp kettle	50	1 brace, ½-inch and 1-inch bits	1 25
1 8-qt. heavy tin bread pan and spoon	30	2 files	30
1 4-qt. camp coffee pot	50	1 Tam o' Shanter whetstone	25
1 2-qt. galvanized dipper	10	100 feet ⅝-inch rope	1 65
2 frying pans	45	150 ft. ¼-inch rope	1 00
1 butcher knife	40	10 lbs. pitch	40
2 granite cups	25	6 lbs. oakum	50
2 granite plates	25	20 lbs. nails, 6, 8 and 10b	80
2 knives and forks, 2 granite spoons	35	Chalk and line	20
1 ax	1 45	2 gold pans	1 50
1 hammer	50	2 picks and handles	2 20
1 broad hatchet, No. 3	85	2 6-ft. shovels	1 70
1 6-foot whip saw	7 00	1 gold scales	1 50
1 4-ft. 1-man crosscut saw	2 00	1 compass	2 00
1 hand saw	1 00	1 10x12 tent, 10 oz. duck	12 00
1 rip saw	1 25	2 Yukon sleds	18 00
			$84 80

In this list again there is room for amplification, and there are many other articles which would be found very convenient and pleasant to have. But those articles are not absolute essentials, and it is with the essentials and not superfluities that we are dealing in this article.

Another essential is the medicine chest, and here, too, is quite a wide range, though not so wide as in the other features. The following, however, are the articles that were found useful, if not essential, during a season's sojourn in Alaska:

Sun Cholera mixture.	3 surgeon's needles and silk.
Comp. Cathartic pills.	Surgeon's plaster.
Quinine pills.	Absorbent cotton.
Tincture of iron.	Cotton bandages.
Antikamnia tablets.	Antiseptic powder.
Morphine pills.	
Citric acid, 2 pounds.	

In the way of arms, where two men are going together, one should have a 10 or 12 bore shotgun and about 200 reloadable shells. The other should have a 38-56 Winchester or other lightweight rifle, carrying long cartridges, with 100 rounds of ammunition at least. Pistols are not needed. Sheath knives are handy to have. Some fishing tackle is also essential.

The various items of the complete outfit foot up as follows:

Provisions	$ 70 30	Medicines	5 00
Clothing	71 65	Weapons	30 00
Tools and camp outfit	64 80	Total	$241 75

The total weight of the entire outfit will be about 1500 pounds.

Then comes the expense of the journey to Dyea. The present fares from San Francisco to Dyea are $29 second class and $48 first class. The economical man will elect to undergo a little hardship as a sort of breaking in for the journey across the mountains and will take the second class fare, thereby saving $19. It will cost him about $15 for freight and drayage on his goods, which will land them at either Dyea or Skaguay, on the wharf or beach. Then he must take care of them himself.

With his partner he will at once commence moving his goods to higher land and getting ready to start across the mountains. If packers are hired it will cost from 18 to 50 cents a pound to get the outfit to the lakes. If they are not hired the partners will load their sleds and start out, going to a suitable camping place, leaving their loads, and going back for the remainder of their goods. This will not involve the expenditure of any money. The only cash outlay required will be when the Canadian customs officials are met, which will be at Lake Taguish, where duty of about 25 per cent of the value of the goods will be demanded and collected. Once past that point no money will be needed.

WEEKS.

Not that there will not be abundant opportunity for spending money if one desires, but there will be no necessity for such expenditure, and beyond a doubt thousands will make the trip to the Klondike without using any money except as stated herein.

THE ONLY WOMAN IN CAMP.