

THE WHITE PASS TRAIL.

LIVELY SCENES ON THE ROAD TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

A Valley Filled With Tents—A Rough Path for the Eager Gold Seekers—The Little Cayuse More Useful Than the Big Horse—Accidents on the Trail.

Leaving the river, the trail leads on for some two miles. Tents have been met with scattered along the way, and one is never out of sight of men coming or going. Now suddenly a sight meets the eye. The space between the tree trunks has been cleared away, and the whole place is filled with tents on both sides of the trail, side by side, only a few feet apart, and extending back the width of the valley, which is here quite narrow. The men have set up their stoves and hung out hundreds of pounds of bacon, and the air is laden with the savory smell of smoking meat and the camp fires; for it is evening, and the men are returning from the trail. Weary horses are eating hay and oats alongside tarpaulin-covered piles of goods.

There are fifty or sixty tents in all, crowded together in a small space, and the roadway between is packed smooth hundreds of feet. There are more women here, and one is baking biscuit, and selling them hot for twenty-five cents a dozen. Every one we talk with is cutting down weight. Once through the tents, the wagon road stops, and then what seems to be only a foot-trail makes a sudden turn to the left and boldly climbs up the steep mountain-side. We hitch our horses here and proceed on foot. This is the Hill, and the crowds of tents and men make the town at the "foot of the Hill."

To convey an idea of the Hill one must have recourse to illustration, and I can find none more apt than that used by one who has been over the trail: "Imagine a mountain of goods-boxes, some of them bigger than the rest—the size of tents." Imagine them piled in a rough mass, cover them with moss and black loam and trees, with rills of water trickling down among them. The goods-boxes are granite boulders; their outer surfaces protrude from the mass, hard and bare, but nature has covered the rest with rich vegetation. The path—if indeed it can be called one—twists and turns and worms its way from ledge to ledge and between the masses of boulders. Here a tree has been cut down and we clamber over its stump. There a corduroy bridge lifts one over a brook. Men with stout alpenstocks, and with packs painfully struggle upward, stopping now and again for rest. It has been comparatively dry for a day, and the trail is said not to be so bad. Between the boulders it has packed fairly well, and but for its steepness, would be called a good path. We ascended a distance of several hundred feet—not quite to the summit, we are told. On every ledge and bench tents are set up or piles of sack, so near the path that one can reach out one's hand and touch them. Men in from the day's work are cooking or reclining beside their goods. Their rifles are in easy reach. Pilfering has been going on here too, and the men who are lying by their goods will shoot at sight. A string of horses and mules is returning down the hill, and we see now the difference in horses. The lank, big, clumsy horse is in danger at every step. He comes to a drop-off lifts his head in air, tosses his fore feet ahead with a groan, and trusts to chance for his hind feet to find a footing. He strikes a sloping rock, flounders for a foothold, and down he goes sideways and rolls over. A string of several dozen went past, but none did actually fall. The little cayuse, however, or Indian pony, like the mules, looks where every foot is placed. One cayuse got out of the train and came to a pitch-off of ten or twelve feet; we looked to see it break its neck, but it simply put its head down, slid over the face of the bowlder, and landed squarely and lightly as a goat. Another we just heard of went down a forty-foot bank, and was back on the trail working next day. We set out down the hill again. When we were near the bottom we met a small train coming up in charge of two men.

At the foot of the steep ascent the train stopped, and one horse went ahead. When he came up to a step-up of over two feet he got his fore feet up, gave a desperate lunge to get his hind parts up, slipped, and fell, his whole weight and that of his load square on top of a sharp stump, where he floundered and kicked pitifully, but helplessly. We helped out the load off, rolled him over on his back off the stump, and helped him to his feet, and he got up with scarcely a scratch. That was one fall, the first we had seen. We were told that fifty horses a day fell there. No one thought anything about it. The other horses were led up, one by one, the men choosing each step for them. This seems to be the only way to do with horses that are not like goats, used to looking where a foot goes down. Most of the falls come where two smooth surfaces of rock come together in a notch, furnishing no foothold. If there is soft mud in the notch, and the sides are wet and slippery, the horse goes down with a smash, and it is lucky if a broken leg does not result.—Harper's Weekly.

A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

It Appears and Disappears Regularly in a Michigan Lake.

C. Henri Leonard, a cottager at Orion lake, writes to the Detroit Journal concerning the mysterious "sinking island" in the lake there. Mr. Leonard says he has personal knowledge of the island in question, which is about an acre in extent, and has watched its disappearance and reappearance with much interest. At the opening of the season at Orion this year the island was about four feet under water. When Mr. Leonard left his cottage on September 7th the island had begun to emerge from the water, and he says it will soon be dry enough to allow one to walk over it with safety.

The island appears to be of a spongy texture, and contains several stumps of trees, a foot or more in diameter. Mr. Leonard says no one has yet fathomed the mystery of the regular disappearance and reappearance of the island, but he has a theory. It is that the tree stumps originally floated out together to the middle of the lake, taking with them some of the weeds, the vegetable growth of Orion lake being very rich and extensive. These weeds, he thinks, have been gradually added to year by year, with the addition of floating brush, until the island has approached its present size, and is firmly knit and bound together.

The specific gravity of the mass normally being a trifle heavier than water, it naturally sinks to the bottom. As the rich verdure of the weeds approaches maturity, however, and decomposition of them is aided by the increasing warmth of the water during the summer season, the gases arising from this decomposing state being retained in the plant cells, overcome the normal gravity of the island, and so the whole mass slowly emerges from the water. With the coming of cold weather, the vegetable growths being destroyed and decomposition checked, the mass again becomes heavier than water and gradually disappears. The water near the island is about thirty feet deep, so that the growth of vegetation cannot well be from the lake bottom, at least this is the opinion of those who have examined the island at various stages of its submersion.

Altogether it is a very interesting natural curiosity, and is well worth a trip to Orion by the curious. Just now the lake island will be at its maximum height out of the water, and can be easily seen from the shore near the station. During its submersion stage it is perfectly safe to row over the island. It can be seen below the water's surface, but the stumps are so far below the surface there is no danger of a boat striking them. At its present stage it would be possible to hold a picnic on the island providing the crowd was not too great.

Grape-Cure Gardens.

The happiest and most successful health seekers of our later-day world are probably the summer guests of the Trauben Kuren, or grape-cure gardens, that were established some fifty years ago in the neighborhood of Berne, and can now be found all over Switzerland, France, the Rhineland countries and southern Austria.

Guests eat a very light breakfast. Weather permitting, they then scatter in quest of a sharp appetite. The serious work of the day begins at 10 a. m., when the gates of the vineyard are opened for the forenoon lunch. Helping yourself is the order of the day. Gossipers stroll up and down the leafy avenues, culling tidbits here and there; business men gather a good supply and retreat with a book to some shady nook to spice their lunch with a utilitarian by-purpose. If a glutton desires to eat his money's worth to the last penny the landlord gives him a fair chance; nobody controls the proceedings of the lunch party, and the dinner bell does not ring before three p. m.

Grapes, it is true, are chiefly sweet water with a subtle flavoring from nature's own laboratory; but in no other form can the human organism absorb so large a quantity of blood-purifying liquids, with such a minimum of distressing after effects. The expurgative fluid reaches every part of the system, rinsing out morbid humors and restoring congested organs to a healthy state of functional activity, for reasons which, traced to their ultimate significance, mean that man, in a state of nature, is a frugivorous, not a carnivorous nor a herbivorous biped.—The Chauvaquian.

One of Columbus's First Impressions.

An interesting anecdote, indicating that in spite of our advances in civilization we have not changed fundamentally, is as follows:

On his return to the court, Columbus was asked by Queen Isabella if America was interesting to the tourist. "Quite, your highness," he replied. "The scenery of America is superb, but their public buildings aren't anything to brag of."—Harper's Bazar.

The saying that there is nothing new under the sun is illustrated by the fact that the design for the India shawl is supposed to have been copied from one of the commonest kinds of India butterflies, the design being almost exactly the same.



Sweetbriar For the Garden.

The sweetbriar is a delightful bush to have in the garden. Its foliage is invaluable in bouquet making. The new sweet briars, produced by crossing and hybridizing, give flowers that are larger and of finer color than the parent plant, and among them none is more lovely than the Austrian copper orner, that has blossoms whose petals are like scarlet velvet, almost the hue of a vivid scarlet geranium.

The Lettuce Seed Crop.

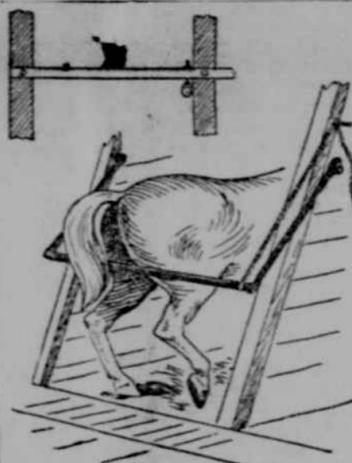
Always in saving lettuce seed, choose that which has most leaves, and which has grown without interruption from the seed. The practice in many families is to pluck the leaves three or four times, and when at last the leaves begin to be tough, let the plant send up its seed stalks. Usually the largest crop of seed will come from the plant that has fewest leaves. But it will not be worth planting. Grown as lettuce for seed should be without disturbing a leaf, each plant will produce very few seed. Yet seed from this nearly seedless lettuce is worth any amount of the seed which is produced in the usual way.

Nesting Material.

When the nests are located in perfectly dry situations, there is nothing better for a foundation than that of cheapest material, dry earth. A little tobacco dust added never comes amiss. For the upper layer, lawn clippings, hay or straw, excelsior, or moss may be used. The least desirable of all these is hay, as the presence of small seeds constantly tempts the hens to scratch it from the nest. If the owner considers it too much trouble to wash the eggs which may be soiled, the slight precaution of keeping the nest clean and dry will add at least one-half to the attractiveness of his basket of eggs.—New England Homestead.

To Prevent a Horse Kicking.

The illustration shows a device to be used where a horse kicks his stable companion. It is made from one-inch galvanized iron tubing. The two corners are screwed together with a re-



HOLDBACK IN STABLE.

turn coupler. Pins go through holes in the upper ends and are attached to the woodwork of the stall. A cord is fastened to the device for raising or lowering as required. When not in use it is raised and is well out of the way of everything. In use, it does not interfere at all with the animal's movements, except to prevent his being too free with his feet and legs.

To prevent thieves taking horses out of the stable place a bar of iron across the doorway, as shown in cut, one end (a) entering far enough through the doorpost to allow the other end (b) to fit into a socket. An iron key is put into a hole in the bar near (a) and padlocked there. These two devices are not patented and they are effective.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Private Dairyman's Opportunity.

Creamery butter is the standard in the markets because it is uniform and can be had in quantities sufficient to supply the retail trade, says F. W. Mossman, of Massachusetts. The creameryman, however, has his trials. The impossibility of overseeing the production and first handling of the milk is a serious difficulty, often causing a lower grade product. Unless a first-class buttermaker can be obtained, much loss will result in many ways.

It is because of these drawbacks that there is still an opportunity for expert private dairymen to make a butter far superior in quality to the average creamery product. There are people in almost every village and town who are glad to obtain for family use a strictly gilt-edged article at its true value. To a limited extent this demand has been met, but I am led to believe that the field is by no means fully occupied.

To succeed in this it will often be

necessary to lay aside preconceived ideas. Tempering cream by the sense of feeling or determining acidity by taste, will not answer. Butter owes its good qualities very largely to its treatment in the ripening vat and only to a small degree to the worker.

The essential features of good butter making are, a pure, sweet cream of proper consistency ripened rather slowly at a temperature of 58 to 62 degrees, or a little higher with or without a starter. The acidity at churning time should not be far from 0.7 per cent., preferably under than over, though the writer has recently made a sample of butter which scored ninety-nine points in a possible one hundred from cream which at churning time showed 0.745 per cent.

Churning temperature is governed by the per cent. of butter fat and degree of ripeness of the cream, also the character of the herd and period of lactation. The temperature should be such that from thirty to sixty minutes is required for churning. Cream ought never to be churned when it breaks in from five to ten minutes, as such treatment is ruinous in point of quality and economy.

Excessive washing of butter is always at the expense of the flavor. If in just the right condition, it requires very little washing. Some prefer a washing of brine at a temperature of fifty-four to fifty-eight degrees. Good results are obtained in this way. The flavor is supposed to be removed in a less degree than by the use of pure water. Color and salt of the best quality are to be used in quantities to suit the trade. Working is important, i. e., it is important to do just as little of it as will answer the purpose of evenly incorporating the salt and removing moisture.

Strict cleanliness is to be rigidly observed with every implement and in every operation from beginning to end, not one day in seven only, but every day in the year so long as the business continues.—American Agriculturist.

A Warning From a Medical Authority.

Some sound advice is given in a recent editorial article in the British Medical Journal, which gains weight by coming from so eminent an authority. The article begins by protesting with vigor against the use of ices and iced drinks when over-heated. It calls attention to the fact that men offend more than women against this physiological law, and claims that self-control in the matter of eating ices and drinking cold drinks would reduce the amount of discomfort from heat vastly more than does the gratifying thirst, which is the result of want of fluid in the blood. It advises slow drinking, and points out the fact that a pint of cold liquid can be taken into the stomach and less than one ounce absorbed by the blood, which is the seat of thirst, so to speak. In the matter of clothing, it calls attention to the need of changing clothing damp from perspiration at the earliest possible minute. No matter what the texture, damp clothing is the forerunner of bronchitis and rheumatism. Athletics demand a more general knowledge of the way to clothe and feed the body during periods of violent exercise. Certainly physical shocks must undo any benefits which may accrue from exercise. The difficulty is that our tendency is to consider but one thing at a time, and not to see the relation of that to the whole of life. The end of life is not muscular development, but a body adapted to the needs for which it was created.

The Figure-Head of the "Constitution."

In 1834 Captain Elliot, who had been second in command at Lake Erie under Oliver Perry, excited a violent political and partisan demonstration by decorating, at the Boston Navy Yard, the bow of the Constitution with a figure-head of President Jackson. One stormy night his Excellency was decapitated as neatly and deftly as if the best tools had with patient labor enlisted the brightest sunshine in the desecration. Marines and bluejackets were held under dark suspicion, and the country seethed in a ferment of keen contention. Rewards were offered, but in vain, and for years the secret was well kept. It is now said that a seaman named Dewey was the culprit, not for any political motive, but because of a cherished antipathy to the full-length image of a landlubber at the bow while three fine old sailors were compelled, with inadequate busts, to smile grimly at the stern. However, another head was secured to the trunk with copper bolts so tremendous that for many years age could not wither it nor custom stale the unshaken fortitude with which Old Hickory defied the breezes and the brine.—Harper's Weekly.

American pottery was recently shipped to Liverpool and Edinburgh from Kokomo, Ind., the first sent from the United States to the British Isles

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The number of stars pictured on the latest English and German photographic atlases is about 68,000,000.

Scientists tell us that every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form.

In the last publication of the Berlin Academy of Sciences Professor Rontgen has an article in which he confirms the observation of Dr. Brandes that it is possible to make the X-rays visible to the eye.

The durability of catalpa wood in the ground is well illustrated at the State House, Indianapolis, by a section taken from a catalpa post at the ground surface, where decay is always the most rapid. The wood is but slightly affected by its twenty-five years of exposure.

Evaporation is proportional to the velocity and dryness of the wind. Scientific experimentation demonstrates that when the temperature of the air is at 80 degrees F., with a relative humidity of fifty per cent., the evaporation, with the wind blowing five miles an hour, is 2.2 greater than at calm; at ten miles, 3.8; at fifteen miles, 4.9; at twenty miles, 5.7; at twenty-five miles, 6.1; at thirty miles, 6.3 times as much as a calm atmosphere of the same temperature and humidity.

For the filtration of liquids containing very fine precipitates which are apt to pass through the filter, such as barium sulphate, lead sulphate, calcium oxalate, etc., W. Busch recommends the use of powdered pumice stone. It is necessary to use a very finely powdered pumice stone which has been freed from acid soluble substances by boiling with diluted hydrochloric acid and washing with water. About two to three grams of this powder are placed in the bottom of a filter. After pouring back once a clear filtrate is obtained.

When whisky is used instead of water in making glue the mixture will remain unaltered for years, will remain perfectly liquid except in very cold weather, and is ready for use without the application of heat. Tight corkage to prevent the volatilization of the solvent is the only precaution necessary to keep the glue perfect. All that is necessary is to break the glue into small fragments, place these in a glass vessel, and pour sufficient whisky over them to thoroughly dissolve. After being tightly corked for three or four days, the prepared glue is ready for use.

Chinamen's Pigtail.

Among the real injuries that can be offered to a Celestial is to cut off his hair, which he wears in a plait down his back and to which disrespectful Western nomenclature has attached the name of pigtail. Sometimes the hoodlums in San Francisco and the Larikins in Sydney, N. S. W., in an overflow of animal spirits and in unreserved contempt of the heathen Chinese, cut off the pigtail and the unhappy victim of this outrage has to go, like the messengers of David, who, being shorn by the Philistines, were told to tarry in Jericho till their beards did grow, and, as the old Hebrews did, dwell apart until the pigtail became at least observable.

It is reserved for the administration of the Public Works Prison in Toronto to show consideration for the pigtail under circumstances not usually considered as sources of tenderness, and the Chinese who come there as convicts will hereafter retain their pig-tails. In this country in State prisons the hair is cut close, and no National custom will save it, though it be as sacred as a Chinaman's pigtail.—Washington Post.

Artificial Silk.

Artificial silk is now an article of trade and as it is advisable for buyers to be acquainted with the means of detecting it the following from the Decorator and Furnisher is worthy of note:

The most effective test is combustion. While natural silk burns slowly and turns up like horn, at the same time emitting a characteristic odor, artificial silk burns rapidly when once ignited and smells like burned cotton. Sometimes the two kinds of silk are mixed in the same article. Mention is made in an Austrian paper of a fabric, alleged to be of English make, the warp of which consisted of natural silk, weft of artificial. The origin of the latter could not be detected by the eye even by the most expert connoisseur. Upon the combustion test being applied, however, the material burned with extreme alacrity.

A Monster Check For Duties on Tea.

Lipton, the English tea merchant, whose name went round the world in the recent Jubilee season because of his \$25,000 dinner to the poor, has just added another item to the news of the world. He has drawn the largest check ever paid for customs duties. It was for £50,513 11s. 5d., or somewhat more than a quarter of a million dollars. It represented the duties on one week's importations, about 1300 tons. The weekly consumption of tea in the whole of Great Britain is about 2000 tons, so Mr. Lipton has a business that can afford a \$25,000 charity once in a while.