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ROUTE FOR CATTLE

Way to Drive Stock to Dawson.

AN OREGON MAN WHO TALKS

He Butchered 1000 Beef Steers on the Klondike and Raturns to Tidewater.

PORTLAND, March 10. — C. M. Walker, of Salem, who has recently returned from the Klondike, after having driven in and butchered 1000 beef steers, is at the Perkins, while preparing to go on another trip of the same kind. He acts as foreman in charge of the cattle, which belong to a Canadian corporation, known as "Syndicate No 1." The stock were purchased in Montana and shipped from Deer lodge over the Northern Pacific to Seattle, thence to Pyramid harbor by steamer. At this point they were unloaded and driven over the mountains, striking the Upper Yukon at Selkirk, where the cattle were slaughtered as soon as the weather became cold enough to keep the meat in a frozen condition for the remainder of the season. This was in October. The venture paid its promoters very well, as less than 2 per cent. of the steers were lost on the route, and most of the beef sold in Dawson, by the side, at 50 cents a pound. Selkirk is 182 miles above Dawson, and the fresh beef was rafted down this distance with comparative ease. The company still has some sixty beeves frozen in the warehouse at Selkirk, and as the price has dropped to 25 cents, these will not fetch much over the expense of purchasing and bringing them in.

Mr. Walker says the Pyramid harbor route is the only feasible one on which to take stock into the northwest territory, as those droves attempting to reach the Klondike overland from some point on the Canadian Pacific have all met with disaster. One man, who tried the all-land route, has now 400 tons of beef stored at the mouth of the Hootalinqua, and as this cannot be brought out to Dawson, there is no way of preventing its becoming a total loss when the weather turns warm again.

Harris Bros., of North Yakima, started with a band of 250 three year old steers from Edmonton, early last spring, and the outfit has never been heard of since. He thinks that both men and animals have been overtaken in some blinding storm and that all have perished.

His company has 100 head of horses wintering very well, so far, on the banks of the Yukon, opposite Selkirk. When he left there last month, the horses were still fat, there being browse enough within easy access, and the snow, which was only about twenty inches deep, was soft enough for the animals to paw through in search of the shorter grasses. These animals will be sold to prospectors in the spring, as they cannot be taken back to Montana without heavy expense. A new lot of horses, will, therefore, be purchased when he starts the second lot of beef steers from Montana this spring.

While beef is down to 25 cents a pound at Dawson, mutton is worth $1.25, as very few sheep have been taken in. Pork is never lower than $1.50, owing to the difficulty of getting live hogs down the river. Recently a scowload of porkers belonging to a Portland man named Courtney sank below Five-Finger rapids, and the cargo became a total loss.

When to Shake Hands.

Here are some simple rules for a hostess to observe in the matter of shaking hands:

A hostess should shake hands with every guest who comes to her house, whether her own friend or the friend of her friend, both on arrival and departure.

A young girl introduced to an older woman should await the action of the elder, who, if kindly disposed, will shake hands.

Any man presented to a woman, unless he is decidedly elderly or distinguished, must wait for her to make a movement toward shaking hands, and when one woman presents to another the man accompanying her, it is the duty of friendship, as well as hospitality, for the man to be met with a cordial handshake.

Ordinarily, however, women are not supposed to shake hands with men when they are presented to them. This holds good even at a dinner party, where a woman for the first time meets the man who is to take her in to dinner.—N. Y. Herald.

STOOD HIS GROUND.

How One Fearless Suitor Met an Angry Attack.

There recently visited in Detroit a military man whose beautiful wife was an instantaneous favorite with all those who had the pleasure of meeting her. She was tall, erect, graceful, with a positive wealth of health and color. The romance of her courtship was entirely out of the usual, according to the Detroit Free Press.

"A hard-headed and rugged old Southerner suddenly became rich through the discovery of coal in hills so steep that they defied all efforts at cultivation. He was a widower with one daughter, and nothing was left undone that money would do for her. She was worthy of this lavishment of riches and added the charm of intellectual attainments to those bestowed by nature. As a result the father became possessed of the idea that there was not one man in a million worthy of such a daughter and resolutely set himself the task of driving away the other 999,999 as they might present themselves.

They came, but when they asked of the old gentleman the privilege of becoming suitors he promptly created a hurricane. He gave the sighing swains to plainly understand that they were too utterly unworthy and that their presence in the future would be the signal for opening up from an ambuscade vaguely hinted at. Lover after lover had ridden desperately away from his door before the son of Mars appeared. Upon him the stern parent opened up after the usual manner. The military man was characterized as presumptuous, mercenry and impertinent. The soldier smiled and declined to blush. He laughed and snapped his fingers when the old gentleman followed up with another outburst.

"Keep it going," he said, "you do it admirably. What an actor you are. You have driven away a score of craven youths. I decline to be terrified. But you are superb in the part."

Then the old man wilted, sung low and surrendered, subject to the approval of the daughter, which was promptly given.

Life In Siberia.

The five years that I spent in Siberia were for me a great education in life and human character, says a writer in the Atlantic. I was brought into contact with men of all descriptions; the best and the worst; those who stood at the top of society and those who vegetated at the very bottom—the tramps and the so-called incorrigible criminals. I had ample opportunity to watch the ways and habits of the peasants in their daily life, and still more opportunities to appreciate how little the state administration could give to them, even though it were animated by the very best intentions. Finally, my extensive journeys, durwhich I traveled over 50,000 miles in carts, on board steamers, in boats and especially on horseback, had a wonderful effect in strengthening my health. They also taught me how little man really needs as soon as he comes out of the enchanted circle of conventional civilization. With a few pounds of bread and a few ounces of tea in a leather bag, a kettle and a hatchet hanging at the side of the saddle, and under the saddle a blanket, to be spread at the camp fire upon a bed of freshly cut spruce twigs, a man feels wonderfully independent, even amid unknown mountains, thickly clothed with woods and in winter time.

Siberia is not the land buried in snow and people with exiles only, that it is imagined to be, even by many Russians. In its southern part it is as rich in natural productions as are the southern parts of Canada, and, besides, half a million of natives, it has a population of more than 4,000,000 as thoroughly Russian as that to the north of Moscow.

RECENT DECISIONS

The right to shoot at a person who is merely running away from an officer to escape arrest for a misdemeanor is denied in Brown v. Weaver (Miss.) 42 L. R. A. 423, and, if the officer does shoot wrongfully, it is held to be an official act covered by his bond.

An attachment on intoxicating liquors shipped into a state for an unlawful purpose is held, in Lanahan v. Bailey (S. C.) 42 L. R. A. 297, to be invalid under the South Carolina dispensary law, by which any sale of such liquors is unlawful.

The courts have been in conflict as to the right to bring action in another state to enforce the liability of a stockholder in a Kansas corporation, but the authorities which support the right are reinforced by the decision in Hancock National Bank v. Ellis (Mass.) 42 L. R. A. 396, holding that the right of action to enforce the liability created by the Kansas statute is transitory.

To picket the premises of a person boycotted, in order to intercept his teamsters or to prevent persons going there to trade, is held unlawful in Beck v. Railway Teamsters' Protective union (Mich.) 42 L. R. A. 407, on the ground that it is an act of intimidation and an unreasonable interference with the right of free trade.

The power of a judge to suspend the execution of a sentence imposed in a criminal case is denied in Nel v. State (Ga.) 42 L. R. A. 190, and the words suspending the sentence are held surplusage.

Evidence of the trailing of an alleged criminal with a bloodhound is held, in Pedigo v. Com. (Ky.) 42 L. R. A. 432, to be inadmissable unless it is proved that the dog by which it was done possessed the power of discrimination and acuteness of scent sufficient for the purpose, and it is insufficient to show that the dog belonged to a breed which possessed those qualities.

A proprietor of a public resort who employed an independent contractor to make a balloon ascension to attract visitors is held, in Smith v. Benick (Md.) 42 L. R. A. 277, not to be liable for an injury to a visitor by a pole which fell because of the negligence of the balloonist while he was endeavoring to raise the pole for use in inflating the balloon.

Misrepresentation by a proposed buyer to a commercial agency, respecting his financial condition, is held, in Poska v. Stearns (Neb.) 42 L. R. A. 427, insufficient ground for rescinding a sale made by one who relied on a report of the commercial agency, where that report included other matters beside the statement of the buyer.

Story of Joseph H. Choate.

A good story about Joseph H. Choate tells of the only time his serenity was ever ruffled when cross-examining a witness. It was during a famous will case, and Felix McClusky, formerly doorkeeper of the house of representatives, was the witness.

"Now, Mr. McClusky," insinuatingly asked Mr. Choate, "isn't it true that you are the modern Munchausen?"

"You're the second blackguard that has asked me that in a week," roared McClusky, "an—"

Laughter drowned the remainder of Mr. McClusky's retort, and it was fully five minutes before it was resumed.

HOW IT STARTED

Spokane's Present Smallpox Scare.

ONLY ONE CASE IS REPORTED

How It Was for Three Months Ten Years Ago at the Falls City.

SPOKANE, March 9.—The present smallpox scare was due to a circumstances that might have been astrous, but has not yet been attended by any bad results beyond a fright When Frank Daniels was here, his cornetist fell ill, and, developing symptoms of small pox, he got away from his keepers and was about the city a whole day mingling with the crowds, and was finally found in bed at his hotel

The only important outbreak of smallpox in Spokane was during the winter of 1888-89, when the disease was epidemic for about three months Between 25 and 30 people were attacked, and 14, or about 50 per cent., died. The exact figures are not to be had, as the reports of the municipal health department were all burned in the great fire that followed soon after the smallpox.

Dr. C. G. Brown, although not city physician, was in charge of the sufferers. "The outbreak of the disease was marked by an incident similar to that of appearance yesterday in the city," said Dr. Brown last evening. "A racehorse follower came up from Salt Lake, I believe it was. He was not feeling well and he loafed a good deal around the old O. K. livery stables, where a half dozen other horsemen were established. Instead of getting better he grew worse, and a rash became noticeable on his face

"Wandering up town, he dropped into the drug store in the little frame building where the Ziegler block now stands, and asked for some sort of a salve for the eruption. The drug clerk, fortunately, was acquainted with smallpox, and recognized that the man was suffering from a well developed case of it. He called in the city physician, and the patient was removed at once to an improvised pesthouse in an old frame building near the fair grounds. The contagion spread by the original patient during his incubation was effective, and it was three months before we had the pest stamped out.

"The trouble in handling smallpox is that while the disease is developing in a sufferer, he may spread the contagion, although ignorant that he himself is ill. The persons so infected continue to distribute the plague even before it makes its appearance in them, and in that way the disease is difficult of handling. Ordinarily, the contagion is distributed only by direct contact with the person afflicted or with some of the clothing or utensils which he has used. It is unusual for one to be infected merely by having been near a sufferer."

Dress the Social Gauge.

The girl who has a definite social standing, says Jane Adams in the February Atlantic, who has been to a fashionable school or to a college, whose family live in a house seen and known by all her friends and associates, can afford to be very simple or even shabby as to her clothes, if she likes. But the working girl, whose family lives in a tenement or moves from one small apartment to another, who has little social standing and has to make her own place, knows full well how much habit and style of dress have to do with her position. Her income goes into her clothing out of all proportion to that which she spend upon other things. But if social advancement is her aim, it is the most sensible thing which she can do. She is judged largely by her clothes. Her housefurnishing, with its pitiful little decorations, her scanty supply of books, are never seen by the people whose social opinion she most values. Her clothes are her background, and from them she is largely judged. It is due to this fact that girls' clubs succeed best in the business part of a town, where "working girls" and "young ladies" meet upon an equal footing, and where the clothes superficially look very much alike. Bright and ambitious girls will come to these downtown clubs to eat lunch and rest at noon, to study all sorts of subjects and listen to lectures when they might hesitate a long time to join a club identified with their own neighborhood, where they would be judged not solely on their personal merits and the unconscious social standing afforded to good clothes, but by other surroundings which are not nearly up to these. For the same reason girls' clubs are infinitely more difficult to organize in little towns and villages, where everyone knows everyone else, just how the front parlor is furnished and the amount of mortgage there is upon the house. * * * In some very successful downtown clubs the home address is not given at all, and only the "business address" is required. Have we worked out our democracy in regard to clothes farther than in regard to anything else?

Like Mahomet's Coffin.

"I've been in the fire and burglar proof safe business for twenty years," remarked the veteran drummer to a Washington Post reporter, "and I guess I have sold my goods in nearly every state in the union, but until I visited a month ago a Western town of 5000 people, I had never seen a really safe safe—one that was proof against any and all forms of assault. It was the first time I had struck the place, and I went there because I had learned they had opened a new bank, and I'm always on the lookout for that kind. I got into town about 5 o'clock and, without stating my business, I strolled around before supper to where the bank building was located just to have a look over the situation. It was quite a modern building for the size of the town, and the owners had put in a boiler and engine to give the power for water and electric light and steam heat.

"There was nothing remarkable about this, but at the rear of the building I found something that was at least novel. It was a plain brick addition twenty feet high, with big windows on its four sides, giving a full view of the interior, and right in the center, between heaven and earth, five feet below the ceiling and ter feet above the floor hung a big safe suspended to a heavy anchor chain. It was an entirely new wrinkle to me, and after studying it a while I went back to the hotel determined to ask a few questions befor letting any one know what I was there for. The hotel clerk, after the manner of his kind, knew it all, and after he had finished his elucidations I had learned that the bank people, instead of spending their money on a high priced, timelock, burglar-proof, stone-walled vault and safe that might be dynamited full of holes, had simply bought a good big cheap safe and, having put it in the high room they had built for it, had rigged a chain and pulleys and attached the combination to the engine downstairs.

"At closing time the safe was drawn up between the floor and the ceiling out of reach from above or below and left to swing until time to begin business again next morning. The steam was down by 11 o'clock, and then the only possible way to get at the safe was to raise steam and let it down within easy reach, a job the most skillful burglar could not perform without detection, because steam engines are not run on silent schedules, as a rule. The next morning, after I had taken another look at the working of the arrangement and saw how easy it all was, I never said a word about having safes to sell, or even that I was in the business, but slowly and sadly packed up my traps and got out of town."

AN ENCHANTED GROVE.

The Mystery of an Ancient Shawnee Village.

Away back in the 70's there was a Shawnee Indian village on the South Canadian river, about eighty-five miles west of South McAllister, but the old village has long since disappeared. On the spot where the young Shawnee buck sung his kiowala to his dusky maiden and courted his best girl by the light of the full moon, only an occasional rock hearth and a few graves are left to indicate the former hunting grounds of the red man, says the Galveston News.

Near the old village site now lives a white man. Just on the border of this man's farm is a spot which seems to have been the thickest settled part of the Shawnee village, and here is a grove of black oak trees. In this grove are two very large postoak trees, one in the south and one in the north end of the grove. In the grove can be heard most any day the buzzing of a swarm of bees so plainly that the noise has fooled many old bee hunters, but all their search has never revealed a single bee.

Now comes the most peculiar part of this most peculiar tale. The large postoak tree standing at the north end of the grove is the curiosity of the bunch, for not long ago a young man, hearing of the bees, went to the spot and proceeded to look carefully up each tree in the grove until he came to the north tree. He was within two feet of this tree, looking up, when he heard a noise just like a carpenter at work nailing on boards, and trying to locate the hammering, but it still seemed to come from the tree. The hammering continued until he happened to touch the tree with his hands, when it suddenly stopped. The man then went away amazed. A day or so after this man had occasion to again pass that way. He slipped up to the tree and listened for the hammering, and, sure enough, it was as plain as ever. He touched the tree with the end of his finger, and, as before, the noise stopped at once. This man and several others have tried touching the tree several times since, with the same result.

They say that the humming of bees and the curious hammering can be heard any day, but no one has been able to explain the mysteries of this enchanted grove.

Walking as a Beautifier.

"What is the exercise most conducive to physical beauty in women?" a celebrated physician was asked the other day, and he replied, very decidedly, "Walking."

Tennis, he declared, to be too violent, and too much of it is likely to lengthen the arms and make the height of the shoulders uneven.

Cycling has a tendency to render women awkward in their walk. They gradually come to move with a plunging kind of motion, the reverse of graceful, and frequently cultivate weakness of the back, which makes them hold themselves badly.

Riding is one-sided, and women who have ridden for years usually have one hip higher than the other.

Such games as croquent really do not give exercise, and after a survey of all the ways he knew in which women take physical exercise, he considered none so conducive to health and beauty of form as walking.

It ought to be persevered in and done in all but the worst weather, and particularly in winter.

It is the cheapest and safest method of taking outdoor exercise, too.

A woman may be hurt with a ball at tennis, injured by a horse or bicycle, or receive a blow on the head from a club at golf, but there is very little danger of injury from walking, unless it is on very slippery pavements, and even then by choosing the sunniest hours of the day and wearing overshoes one will be comparatively safe, and the benefits of the walk will overbalance the risk of a fall.

Emperor William never played cards excepting for very low stakes. Yet in a game with a Leipsic lawyer once upon a time the latter lost twenty marks. He laughingly exclaimed: "I have got into a regular robber's den." Everybody roared with laughter, the emperor as heartily as the rest. When his majesty was staying the following year at Barby and noticed the lawyer, he went up to him, handed him a 20-mark piece set in diamonds in the form of a scarf-pin and said: "Restored by the robbers."

HIS LATEST EXCUSE

Esterhazy Makes a Statement.

WROTE THE DREYFUS BORDEREAU

Champion French Scoundrel Has Another Yarn Which He Sells to a Paper,

LONDON, March 10.—Considerable interest is taken in what may be considered a new phase of the Dreyfus case, emanating from London. The first installment of ex-Major Esterhazy's latest yarn, which has been hawked in the newspaper offices and among correspondents here for a fortnight, appears in the Chronicle this morning, filling a page and a half of that paper. It is unnecessary to explain that nothing this precious scoundrel puts out is entitled to the slightest credence It suits his present purpose to deny that he was the author of the bordereau in the Dreyfus case, although he freely confessed it six months ago, related in the Sun at the time. His present contribution is of interest, perhaps, as additional evidence, of what a smart rascal, who a year ago was acclaimed as one of the heroes of the French army in Paris, is capable of doing, but its quality hitherto is disappointing to those who expected new and sensational evidence

More Effective than Medicine.

If you cannot understand why your toothache grows as the sun sinks below the horizon, and why, when you are lying in your bed, tearing pains in your ears, head and eyes are added to your miseries, read what Dr. Goldscheider has to say in the Journal of Nursing:

"Light," says the professor, "has a quieting effect on the nerves; hence it heals more and quicker than do medicines. It plays a very important part in the pathology of pain. This is especially noticeable by persons addicted to worry, or those who are in any way oppressed. Their seemingly jolly disposition in the day is completely transformed as night draws on; while in bed they become greatly distressed and insomnia is the result. Such persons usually find temporary relief by lighting the gas or sitting up till the gray light of the morn begins to break.

"There are any number of persons who cannot sleep without the sun's rays beaming directly down upon them. These persons have acquired this as a habit from their youth.

"But it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. The darkest night has its good qualities, for there are headaches which will not disappear until all the light is excluded from the room the patient is in. Nervous, excitable persons, when this state of excitement become unendurable, will find wonderful relief if they will only sit for a quarter of an hour in a room completely darkened. Therefore, in such cases, a total relaxation from work several times during the day is especially to be recommended."—New York Herald.

How to Clean Garments.

A woman of wonderful resources has discovered a very sure way of renovating and restoring to their former appearance spotted, soiled or faded cloth or serge gowns.

Pick about twenty ivy leaves, young green ones by choice, wash them carefully and place them in a jug or basin. Add about one pint of boiling water, cover up the basin or jug, and leave all to soak for two or three hours, when the cleanser will be ready for use.

Meanwhile the garment must be thoroughly brushed, 'nside and out, and all untidy braid or lining removed from the body. When ready spread it on the table and carefully sponge it with the ivy water.

It must then be wrung out dry, when it will be found to have recovered its former color, and to look quite like new.

Black silk may be cleaned in the same manner, but it needs more care. If the silk is in breadths it must be lightly sponged and then tightly rolled over a cloth wound round a roller and left to dry.

Black lace may also be renovated when soiled or brown with age by sponging it with ivy water and then rolling it over a cloth wound round a roller. It should not be ironed.—London Mail.

Bliss on the Mountain Tops.

Some people are so far out of touch with modern life that they surprise and disappoint others who, without intimate acquaintance, try to give them assistance. I recall a breezy mountaintop and a young hunter, whose woodcraft had won my admiration. Delicately I touched upon the question of education.

"Can you write numbers?"

The answer came slow and guarded. "Reckon I can write some numbers.

Then on a piece of bark I drew the nine digits. He read them all. Next came the combination of figures, and I included the date 1897.

"I don't guess I can tell that thar."

I explained it. And then a new test occurred to me.

"Do you know what 1897 means?"

"Hit's the year, hain't hit?"

"But why is this year called 1897? It is 1897 years since what?"

"I never heard tell."

So, too, it is pitiful to see how helpless these people are in esimating the things of the outside world. The story is quite credible of the mountaineer in Georgia who inquired why the folks of the county town were not more "tore up" over the Spanish war. "It hav been giv out in our settlement," said he, "thet them Spanish has flyin' squadrons, and we 'low thet if one of them things should light in our parts they would be as hard on us as the rebs."