POOR MAN'S ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 21.—There is a poor man's route to the Klondike as well as the route which costs an indefinite number of hundreds of dollars. It is true it has never before the publication of this article been pointed out, and it is true that thus far only one man has gone over it bound for the Klondike. Yet it is there—a plain, direct road involving no dangers and miseries of a long sea voyage in a crowded steamer, no Chilkoot pass, no bitter struggle for existence by the way, and no prince's ransom prices for transportation of supplies over the last stage of the journey.

The Klondike gold fever is not dead by any means, notwithstanding the fact that less is heard of it now than a few months ago. It is only sleeping, hibernating, as it were, and all ready to break out afresh in the early spring. There is probably not a town or village of any size in the Northern states at least that has not from one to a dozen or more young men who are planning to go to the Klondike at the earliest moment in the coming year when the road thither will be open. To thousands of these gold seekers the news that there is another, a better and a cheaper route to the new El Dorado than has yet been generally known, will be a piece of information that is, at least, worth careful investigation.

Put in a nutshell, the route in question begins at Ashcroft on the Canadian Pacific railroad; follows the Cariboo stage route to Quenelle; from Quenelle follows the trail of the old Great Western overland telegraph line to Hazleton; from Hazleton to Telegraph creek, on the Stickeen river, and from the Stickeen river to Lake Tes-Lin. Lake Tes-Lin is the very headwaters of the Yukon river, and from its extreme upper end, where the travelers will land, it will be an easy matter to transport themselves, their horses and their supplies by flatboats to Dawson City or to any other point along the Yukon where they may think there is a better chance of finding gold.

All this without the aid of a map and without information concerning the stretch of country to be traversed is very vague and meaningless. It requires, however, only a glance at the map to grasp the general features of the route, and as I have just returned from a journey over part of it, and as I have talked with people who have traversed more of it, I am able to supply information which will be common enough no doubt a year hence, but which at present is comparatively little known.

Starting at Ashcroft, which is a little trading town on the Canadian Pacific railroad somewhere between two hundred and three hundred miles east of Vancouver. I went to Soda creek, one hundred and sixty-five miles due north in the old-fashioned six-horse stage coach which makes the journey twice each week. The road is in excellent condition and there are capital inns at intervals of thirty miles all along the route. It is over this road, of course, that the Klondike caravans of the near future will be passing, and although it runs for miles along the sides of high mountains it is nowhere dangerous to a rider or driver of any ordinary degree of skill or caution. At Soda Creek you have an option of two routes. You may continue on the stage coach or you may take the comfortable little steamer Charlotte down the Fraser river to Quenelle. The distance is sixty miles.

Now all of this is an old and well-known road, and in that section of the country—a road over which commercial and other travellers think no more of going than they do over any of the beaten tracks of the Eastern states. But it is at the end of this two hundred and twenty-five-mile journey that the real trip to the Klondike begins. Quenelle is in reality "the jumping-off place"—the last white settlement until you reach the Skeena river at Hazleton, three hundred and sixty-five miles away.

You cross the Fraser river at Quenelle by a steam ferry boat, and then, only a few hundred yards from the river's brink, you plunge into the great silent wilderness of lofty pines and rugged mountains, which continues unbroken for hundreds of miles to the north. There is an interesting bit of romance about your road after leaving Quenelle. It follows what is known as the "old telegraph trail"—a great swath 120 feet wide cut straight through the forest and intended originally to reach to Behring straits opposite the continent of Asia. It is the scar left by a great commercial failure, this old telegraph trail. It is at once a scar and a memorial to the persistence and genius of Cyrus W. Field. People who jeered at Mr. Field's idea that electric signals could be transmitted by a wire laid under the Atlantic ocean set about building a telegraphic line to Europe, while Mr. Field was tinkering with what they regarded as his day dreams. So they plunged into the great Northwest woods to build a line to Behring straits and so to Asia, and so on again to the civilization of Western Europe. But while they were still cutting timber Mr. Field got to sending telegraphic messages between New York and London, so they shouldered their axes and came out of the woods, leaving the telegraph poles behind them as a monument of the hundreds of thousands of dollars they had sunk in the enterprise.

The great 120 feet wide swath is now much overgrown, of course, but through the center of it there runs a wide, smooth path, over which I myself rode a great many miles; and when I say that it is not an uncommon thing for a man to ride a bicycle from Ashcroft to Quenelle, and that the telegraph trail from Quenelle northward would make a smoother and better bicycle path than the stage road from Quenelle southward. I do not know that anything further need be said about this particular stretch of the poor man's road to the Klondike. Furthermore, I can say, as bearing upon the condition of this part of the road, that Mr. J. D. Devereux, a young surveyor, left Quenelle on Sept. 4 last, and made the trip alone to Hazleton—365 miles—in thirteen days. He had two horses, and he writes me that he was delayed a good deal by fallen timber. The only difficult part of the journey between Quenelle and Hazleton, then, is Mud river. In the early spring Mud river is a roaring torrent, hard to get across just now, but it is probable that this difficulty will be overcome by government or individual enterprise early next season.

After leaving Hasleton, which is a Hudson Bay company's trading post, the first stage of the journey northward is fifty miles to Nasse river, which you cross by an Indian ferry. Then you are only 100 miles from Telegraph creek and the Stikeen river, with a good trail all the way and Indian ferries for all the streams of any size or difficulty. From Telegraph creek there is a fine government trail over the route surveyed for a railroad by the Canadian Pacific company, a distance of 129 miles, to the head of Tes-Lin lake. Here the worst part of the journey ends, for getting down the lake and from the lake down the Yukon river to Dawson City is only a matter of plain boating. It is not unlikely that a steamboat will be plying on the Tes-Lin by next spring, and even if that is not the case, the construction of flatboats capable of carrying travelers with their horses and supplies is a simple matter, with all the fine timber there is at hand for the purpose.

From this general outline it will be seen that there is here open a perfectly safe and comparatively easy route to the Klondike gold fields, which heretofore has not been in any of the columns of matter which have been printed in newspapers and books since the excitement over the gold discovery began. It is not to be understood, however, that the people along the route—the people who inhabit the region between Ashcroft and Quenelle—are not alive to the fact that at no very distant day their country is destined to be on the line of a much traversed route to the north. But the Canadians are nothing if not a conservative race, and the Canadians of British Columbia are no exception to the rule. Had such an opening to the country which so many thousands desire to reach been through any part of the United States, it is perfectly safe to say that steam and electric railways as well as steamboats for the navigable waters would have been far advanced in construction. The trail from Quenelle to Hazleton and Telegraph creek has been traversed for years by carriers of the Hudson Bay company, and the route from there on to Lake Tes-Lin and the head waters of the Yukon is equally familiar to hundreds of surveyors and adventurous spirits who have traversed it time and again. That it is a perfectly clear open route to the Klondike has been generally commented upon by the people up there, but there has been what, in the United States, would be considered a curios apathy in turning the fact to a profitable account; not, however, that there are wanting men up there with a keen appreciation of the situation. Dr. F. S. Reynolds, publisher of the British Columbia Mining Journal, the only morning paper printed in British Columbia, was an early advocate of this overland route, and has done much work in connection with it. Senator James Reid and Representative Adams, of Quenelle, two of the leading men of the province, have also taken much interest in the matter. But it is not to the advantage of the Canadian Pacific railroad to divert travel in that direction, for it is away from the region in which that company's great government land grants lie. And it is obvious that the people on the coast are not going to exert themselves to point out how the argonauts may give them a wide berth on the way to the gold fields.

So with this and the languid attitude of the Fraser River people this excellent overland route to the Klondike has been totally overlooked by all who thus far have gone or talked of going to the gold fields.

The general plan to be followed by those who may contemplate experimenting on this route is very simple. They should be in Ashcroft about the middle of April, and then buy their supplies. A party of four or five would probably get along best. Each person will need two cayuses, and cayuses are tough little Canadian horses. They are very cheap in Ashcroft. Two good ones may be had for $50. One would be used, of course, as a beast of burden, and the other to be ridden. By starting in the early spring good grass and feed for the animals will be found all along the route from the starting point to the Yukon.

Supplies likewise can be bought to advantage at Ashcroft, although they may be renewed at Quenelle, Hazleton and Telegraph Creek. As for the time occupied in the journey, it may be roughly estimated, as the conditions now are, at about six weeks. As the route becomes known and as the British Columbia people awaken to the situation, the trails and the river crossings and the steamboating facilities will be so improved that this time limit from Ashcroft to Dawson City will be much diminished.

And right here in this connection it may be said that a very important feature of this route lies in the fact that the travelers will arrive at their destination with a very valuable property in the horses which have carried them there, and which will be sold readily, up where means of transportation are in such demand for many times their original cost.

And a further very important point is that the country all the way up will not only supply the horses with fodder, but will give all the food in the way of game that is wanted for the travelers themselves. Wild fowl and fish are in bewildering abundance all along the route. Furthermore, plenty of Indians will be met with, and if they are properly treated they will be found obliging and very useful. There are several Indian villages between Quenelle and Telegraph Creek, and, in fact, all the way over to the headwaters of the Yukon.

But the most important feature of all lies in the fact that there is gold all the way from Fraser river north. The route lies right along the great gold and silver belt which extends from Mexico to Alaska. Chinamen manage to make a profit by gold washing right in the vicinity of Quenelle, although that region was pretty well cleaned up by the forty-niners who followed the gold thus far up into the North. But very valuable finds have recently been reported from the Skeena river, and the Argonauts would find promising fields for prospecting all the way on the Yukon, and might strike their fortune even before they reached the golden Klondike.

But even if they did push on to the Klondike they would arrive there pretty well-seasoned pilgrims and not the bewildered, flabby tenderfeet who are dumped, with their year's supplies, on the bank of the Yukon, with no means of transportation to get to their destination and utterly unbroken-in to the rough life before them.

W. H. Griffin, who made the trip from Dawson City up to the head of Tes-Lin lake last fall, made the following statement to me:

"Tes-Lin lake is about 240 miles long, and averages about three miles in width. A large but sluggish river empties into it at its upper end, and here the Indians have their canoe cache, where they leave their boats during their absence while goingf to and coming from Juneau on their annual trips to dispose of their furs.

"Here, at the head of the lake, we built our boats and started on our prospecting. There are three streams emptying into the lake from the north. Two of these, the Oklohene and the Netticene, are quite large and very swife. There is only one river running in from the south. There is no part of the lake that is not navigable for light draught steamers, and the greater part of it is extremely deep. In some places we were unable to find bottom with a 100-foot line. The shores are for the most part rocky and precipitous, but beautiful camping places can be found along the north shore. As you approach the lower end of the lake the banks are of clay, quite high and coming down into deep water.

"The lake gradually grows narrow, and before you are aware of its proximity you are entering the Hootalinqua river, which is the outlet of this large body of water. We expected to find a narrow river, but instead of that there was no current to speak of for some miles. As we proceeded down the river, which is 180 miles long, the speed of the current increased until it was running at the rate of about five miles an hour. The Hootalinqua is perfectly safe for any rowboat and navigable for light draught steamers through its entire length. The same can be said of the rest of the route to Forty-Mile with one exception. This exception is the Five Finger rapids, which any boat can run with ordinary caution without unloading.

"While on the lake we met J. Colbreath, who had just come through from Telegraph Creek with his pack train of thirteen horses. He informed me that the trail was in good condition."

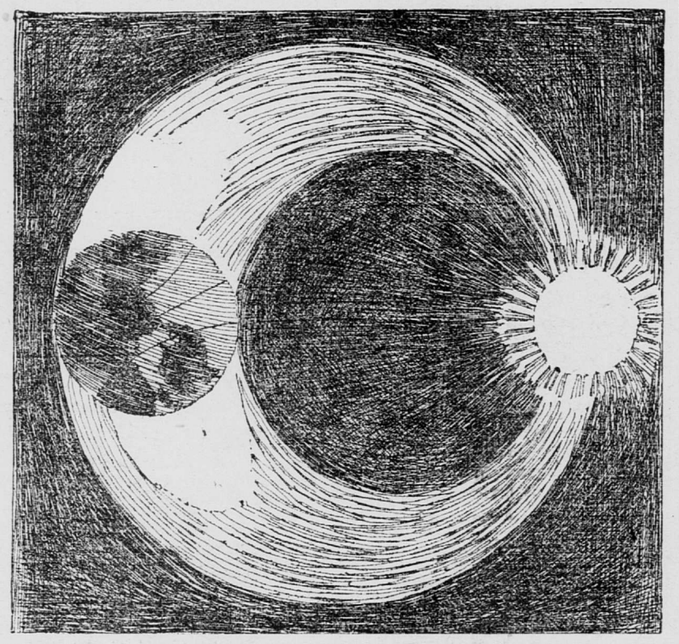
—"W. M. Pindell."

Sun and Earth Huge Magnets.

Discovery That Explains the Periodical Disturbance of the Magnetic Needle.

That the sun and earth are two superficial magnets; that the sun's great magnetism, issuing from a permanent magnetic state in its interior, reaches out to the earth in rays, and there combines with the earth's magnetism, that the earth has an outer shell which is permeated by these rays; that magnetic changes shown in variations of the magnetic needle are in truth effects of the sun's action—such, in short, are the propositions advanced by Prof. Frank H. Bigelow, of the national weather bureau.

Although known only to men of science, Prof. Bigelow's researches, resulting now in this interesting story, have been in progress at the weather bureau building for a number of years, and are still being carried on. His deductions have been drawn from data furnished him by all of the important magnetic observatories which exist—about fifty in all—distributed over both the northern and southern hemispheres.



IDEAL SKETCH ILLUSTRATING NEWLY DISCOVERED MAGNETIC CURRENTS BETWEEN EARTH AND SUN.

A New Theory by Prof. Bigelow, of the National Weather Bureau, Which May Materially Assist Meteorologists in Forecasts.

MAGNETIC NEEDLE'S DISTURBANCES.

For many years magnetic observers have noticed that on certain days the magnetic needle suffers great variation and disturbance. For instance, if the needles at a given moment are pointed in certain directions at the several stations, they will all suddenly tilt upward and stand more nearly perpendicular. This is due to the strengthening of what is called the external magnetic field surrounding the earth. Such changes come at irregular intervals, and are spasmodic. Furthermore, there are other impulses which move the magnetic needle back and forth through certain well-defined periodic curves.

All of these effects, in Prof. Bigelow's opinion, depend upon sources outside the earth. In the observatories co-operating with him, instruments of precision have measured and recorded the directions and forces of these impulses, both horizontally and vertically. The records of the instruments have been reduced to tables and diagrams, from which the new theory has been deduced.

Prof. Bigelow believes that the sun's tremendous magnetic force, flowing in upon us, is turned out of its course on reaching the earth's surface. It does not appear to penetrate the entire body of the earth, but to permeate only a comparatively thin shell on the outside, as suggested. It appears as though the magnetic force, coming thus from the outside, were trying to avoid a large nucleus inside the earth, but readily permeating the upper layers of the crust.

A SIMPLE ILLUSTRATION.

"Suppose," said Prof. Bigelow, "that you have a ball fixed in a stream of water. The lines of flow will pass around the ball in such curves as correspond to some extent with these magnetic lines. The outer shell of the earth seems to gather the magnetic rays into itself, like a piece of soft iron, because it is a better conductor of the magnetic force than is the surrounding ether. One system of the deflecting rays in the northern hemisphere points toward the sun, and in the southern hemisphere away from the sun, as if trying to turn the earth so that the northern hemisphere should point more directly toward the sun. Furthermore, the angles at which these rays touch the surface of the earth indicate that they are refracted like rays of light entering a surface of glass.

"Another system of forces shows that the north pole of the sun is, in all probability, positive, and the south pole, negative. These other rays, coming from the sun, become concentrated in two belts, upon the earth, one on the northern and the other on the southern hemisphere. The northernmost forms a rude oval around the magnetic and geographic north poles of the earth, and constitutes the area within which the auroras are observed.

DEDUCTION FROM THESE PHENOMENA.

"It is well known that the auroras are less frequent near the North pole, that they are most frequent at from eighteen to twenty degrees below it, and that they fall off to the minimum, southward. It is also known that the years in which the auroras are most frequently seen correspond exactly with those in which are observed the greatest number of sun spots, as well as with the years when the greatest disturbances have been detected in the magnetic field of the earth. These three phenomena have persisted so long in acting together as to leave no doubt that they result from the same fundamental force.

"Now, when the variations of the magnetic needle are examined minutely through a series of years the data being recorded from day to day, at as many places as possible, in both the northern and southern hemispheres of the earth, as has been done, it becomes evident to even a casual observer that these variations recur with a definite periodicity. On comparing the dates of these periodic repetitions, it is readily computed from the tables that they occur once in 26.68 days. Now, from the observations on the sun spots it is known that the visible surface of the sun rotates with different velocities. At latitudes 12 deg. north and south on the sun, which is the middle of the sun spot belt, the average period of the sun's rotation—as determined by the spots—is about 27.25 days. From the same phenomena the sun's rotation at its equator has been determined to be about 26.70 days. This period corresponds almost exactly with that of the forces detected within the earth's magnetic field—26.68 days. This agreement is in harmony with the supposition that the true period of the sun's rotation is that at its equator and not at the mean of the sun spot belts.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF THE DISCOVERIES.

Although new to the popular mind today, this interesting theory that the sun and earth are magnets was discussed by scientists forty years ago, but discredited and discarded on what Prof. Bigelow says were insufficient grounds. It was argued that the sun, to exert magnetism as far as the earth—93,000,000 miles away—must be a magnet of greater strength than could be admitted within the category of probability. Recent observations, however, indicate that the sun's magnetic force at the surface of the earth is normally one-half as intense as that of a saturated steel magnet, and occasionally ten times as great.

When asked as to the effect his interesting discoveries might have upon weather forecasting in the future, Prof. Bigelow said that he had found an interesting connection between magnetic laws and weather conditions. Temperature and pressures in the Northwestern part of this country have been found to possess the same period and the same semi-annual inversion of the type curve—explained before—as those estimated for the magnetic forces. The magnetic period, which as been deduced with great care from data dating back fifty years, will give to meteorologists a new method of classifying the apparently lawless sequences of "highs" and "lows" of pressure which enter the country in a constant procession from the northwest.

VALUABLE LUGGAGE.

Bonds Worth $4,000,000 Carried Across the Continent.

SAN FRANCISCO Oct. 30.—In order to facilitate the settlement of the estate of the late James G. Fair, the executors recently obtained an order of court permitting the transfer of $4,000,000 in bonds from New York city to this city. Wells, Fargo & Co. demanded nearly $5,000 expressage on the bonds, which amount the executors decided to save. Accordingly, the bonds were placed in three dress-suit valises, and in care of W. F. Marshall and Charles F. Neal, were brought across the continent on the ordinary passenger trains. The precious baggage was carefully guarded, but its value was not known, and no attempt at robbery was made.

It's Not Necessary

for the wise members of the Chamber of Commerce to congratulate the people of St. Paul on the establishment of a people's popular emporium, for the great number of the wise and the economical know that this is the great institution of the city, where all their house furnishing supplies can be had at the lowest prices, and where they get the most liberal and courteous treatment. We furnish homes, and the people are made happier thereby.

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Past the Century Mile Post.

Aunt Betty Dowling, of Sparksville, Ind., and Her Long Career.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—A Chronicle special from Anderson, Ind., says: Hidden among the tangle and briars of the "knobs" of Jackson county is a wee settlement which is known to the passer-by as Sparksville. Here, since 1816, has lived a maiden lady known for miles around as "Aunt Bettie." Aunt Bettie is the town's reputation. Her name is Elizabeth Dowling, and she has the distinction of living 101 years without knowing the soothing influence of a lover's kiss, without dreaming love's dream, without, in short, having married. For years she has laid claim, or rather her friends have been claiming, that she is the oldest old maid in America. Every day she can be seen hobbling around the little old log cabin that stands upon the hill, doing little chores and feeding a few pet Shanghai roosters. Those roosters are her greatest care; the brambles that bound the horizon very near to the little home are the limitations of her world. A mile distant the cars whistle and fly by. She has seen them once or twice, but she has never sat in one of the cars. In fact, she vows that all the people of Sparksville could not get her into the contraptions. Down the hill lies what there is of Sparksville, but she has not passed beyond that gate for twenty years. She sees the sun come up and she sees the sun go down out of her own good eye as she sits pulling away at her old pipe.

But Aunt Bettie Dowling's greatest reputation lies in the fact that she is an old maid. Her conversation is somewhat incoherent, but she can remember, with the aid of an eighty-year-old sister, that she had two beaus. That was many years ago. They took her to one or two husking bees and log rollings, but that was the extent of her attentions. She objects to being interviewed on the matrimonial question, and is decidedly touchy on all such questions. She, however, goes far enough occasionally to raise her bony finger and, while shaking it, warn girls not to get married. But for all that the subject is one she does not delight to linger on very long. Those who claim to know by reason of hearing their parents and grandparents talk about her state that at one time she was quite good looking and could have had many of the fellows as her suitors if she had encouraged them.

"Aunt Bettie" was born in Kentucky, Aug. 17, 1796. She was twenty years of age when Indiana territory was opened in earnest and she came North with four families and settled within three miles of where she lives now and where she will die. She has never been outside of Jackson county since then. She was one of eleven children. All lived to ripe old ages, but she survives them all but one. Her parents lived to be past eighty years of age and her grandparents on both sides also lived to a ripe old age. Education was an unknown science to them and she cannot read or write. When her memory brightens up she talks very entertainingly on pioneer life, telling of her father and brothers killing bears, panthers and other wild animals which have not been known in Indiana for over half a century. She never had her picture taken until three months ago. There is only one copy of it, and the accompanying cut is a reproduction of that one. Miss Dowling is good for a few years more. She will probably be able to pull through into another century. She knows nothing about time, distance or the world.

PIONEER OF INDIANA.

In Tyrone county, Ireland, in 1785, Elizabeth Ferguson first opened her eyes. They are growing dim now and her mental faculties are failing. She is lying in a bed at the home of a son-in-law at Frankton, Madison county, Ind., loaded down with a burden of years. Death is expected to come and relieve her any moment. She has a most interesting history, which covers more than a century. Her father and two brothers came to this country in 1800 and working through the East, accummulated enough money to bring the mother and Elizabeth over. They then managed to get five more of the family of twenty children over and started West. She was in the East and well remembered the war of 1812. She saw the living presidents of that date and she later saw Lafayette when he visited this country. Along about 1819 the party started West. They crossed the Alleghanies on foot and coming down to about where the great city of Pittsburg now is located built canoes and launched them in the Ohio, floating night and day with the current. One morning they stopped on a sandbar and seeing a nice looking hill on the opposite side of the river decided to make it their home. It was located about twenty miles up the river from where Cincinnati now stands. A few years later—about 1825—they started for Indiana, coming through by aid of a compass. They all located in Madison county and were among the first and best known of Eastern Indiana settlers. Elizabeth was married once and had a family of thirteen children, most of whom are now dead.

"Aunt Bettie Ferguson" comes from a remarkable family. Her mother lived to be eighty-six and her father ninety-six. She has a brother now living who is 107, and one died last year after attaining the age of 115. She had another brother who lived to the age of 103 and another hit the 100 mark, while another lacked one year of making a similar record. Until two years ago, when she began to fail, she was intellectually and mentally strong and did work about the house. Her seemingly strong constitution seemed to give away all at once, however, and she is now nothing more than flesh and bones, in which there is but a faint spark of life. It is possible, however, that she will live through the present year. Her brother, who is 107, is mentally and physically sound and has the distinction of not having been married until he was sixty. He nevertheless raised a family of twenty children and they are all living. Though the brother and sister live only ten miles apart, they have not seen each other for fifteen years. She never had her picture taken but once. It was ten years ago, when she looked as if she was eighty, notwithstanding the fact that she had just passed through a century of life. She never rode on a railroad train.

MARRIED FOUR TIMES.

Underwood, Clark county, Ind., occupies a promontory which commands a view of the Ohio. Here Sarah Buffin, a much-married woman, lives, who was born Dec. 5, 1796. She has had four husbands and has given birth to twenty children. She survives them all. Mrs. Buffin was born at Etowa, Ga. She was married early, but her first husband died after a few years. She married again, but was again left a widow. She was married a third time along in the '30s, and that husband went to the Mexican war. He also fought in the Civil war, but with the North. Later he died a natural death. During the rebellion, while he was fighting in the North, their home lands were made the battle-grounds of several conflicts. Gen. Sooy Smith was in command of the Union forces in one engagement, and there he met her. She gave him her house as headquarters and for that and other kindnesses she showed the northerners her home was confiscated by the South and she was turned out penniless. Her husband died in the meantime and by accident she again met Gen. Smith. He procured a pension, and, boxing her things up, put her on a boat and started her for Indiana. She landed near where Underwood now stands and began to make her home. While en route all of he possessions had been stolen by deck hands, and when she landed in Indiana she was practically penniless. She went to work, however, and a few years later was married a fourth time, the groom this time being Mr. Buffin. They lived happily until he died a few years ago. In the meantime she had buried all of her children. She is now dragging out her existence on a little eight-acre farm which she directs and makes it give a return sufficient to meet her actual wants. She is one of the most highly respected ladies in her section of the country, and is known for miles around by reason of her charity. She is holding up well under weight of years and indications are that she will live to see the dawn of the new century.

Margaret Anne Bailey, aged 112, residing in Huntington county, is probably the oldest maid in America. She can give the 101-year-old Miss Bettie Dowling, of Sparksville, fully ten years and then have some to spare. She too is a product of Kentucky, and an interesting one. Though she has never known what bliss lies in the ties that bind, she nevertheless has had many "fellows." When she was a young lady she was very popular, and, though she does not say so herself in that many words, she probably could have been married if she so desired. She too is touchy on the subject of matrimony, but gives some advice to young girls. She says: "Gettin' married is a desperate thing, and I never wanted to take chances. I never saw a man I would marry." She is still in possession of her mental faculties, and talks entertainingly of the past.

She did not come to Indiana until 1863, when the Northern sympathizers began leaving their old Kentucky home and taking up their abode in the North. She passed over the knobs of southern Indiana, where Aunt Bettie Dowling stopped, and came up into the rolling lands of the north. Since then she has been living with relatives and enjoying life. She has been an inveterate smoker ever since she was eight years of age. She can be seen almost any day sitting around her little country home smoking and caring for the chickens. She also runs chores, goes to see the neighbors, assists in the cooking, does the milking, hunts eggs and occasionally splits up a little wood for the fire. She is a good cook, having received her training in her old Kentucky home. She is really a most remarkable woman and, though her flesh is shriveled, there is still a good rugged constitution which will carry her through several years more. She has not been sick since her 100th birthday. She attributes her long life to happiness and being content. She never worries. She was the eighth of eleven children. But one of the eleven, aside from herself, is living. It is a brother named Washington. She does not know where he is, but she did learn of him being alive a year ago. He is a little past the 100 mark. She is now making a home with her grandniece.

AUNT BETTIE FERGUSON, AGED 112 YEARS.

She has met and was personally acquainted with many of the great men who came from Kentucky during the last century. She knew Henry Clay, and she knew James G. Blaine when he was a school teacher in the backwoods of that state. She met many of the Union generals who were carried into the South by the Civil war. She has seen Jefferson Davis and other prominent men of the cause of the South. She was deprived of educational advantages, but nevertheless accumulated a wonderful store of knowledge, and talks entertainingly. She was born March 10, 1785.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

To California Via "The North-Western Line."

Tourist sleeping car through to Los Angeles, via the "North-Western Line," leaves Minneapolis 7:40 p. m.; St. Paul 8:15 p. m., every Thursday night in charge of a competent representative whose duty it is to look after the comfort of passengers. Hundreds of the best people have patronized these cars during the past two years and appreciate being accompanied by one of our own employes, as it relieves them of many petty cares of a long trip. For tickets, berth reservations, and other information call at city ticket offices, 413 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis; 395 Robert street, St. Paul; or address T. W. Teasdale, general passenger agent, St. Paul, Minn.

There are lots of different kinds of Furs and Fur Garments, but there is in St. Paul and the West only one place where you can get the original Albrecht

and that's at **20 East Seventh Street.** Since the day of the founding of this store in 1855 until the present time, it has been and will be our aim to so treat every customer that the fame of **Albrecht Work, Albrecht Value,** will travel as far as the garments we sell.

Isn't it worth your while—if you're thinking of Furs—to bear us in mind? If you can't call, write for our big catalogue of the newest and latest in Furs.

Ladies' Capes from $16. Collarettes and Wraps from $5. Jackets and Sacques from $25.

E. ALBRECHT AND SON
20 EAST 7th STREET

If you are ill you need a doctor in whom you have confidence.

If you need a remedy you want one that has been tested for years; not an obscure, untried thing that is urged upon you, or on which you save a few cents—that is no consideration as against health.

For wasting in children or adults, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites has been the recognized remedy for twenty-five years.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

GRAND
TONIGHT.
MATHEWS AND BULGER
"AT GAY CONEY ISLAND."
Next Week—"A Milk White Flag."

FLOWERS IN THE
HEART
OF ST. PAUL.

Our mammoth conservatory is to be formally opened Tuesday, Nov. 2. It will be filled with the choicest and latest novelties in Cut Flowers and Plants. The display of Palms and rare Tropical Plants will be worth going miles to see.

L. L. MAY & CO.
64 East Sixth St.,
cordially invite every one to attend this magnificent Floral exhibition. Don't forget the location and date.