

THE DAWSON TRAIL

Get down to your work, you dog of a slave dog!

Get down to your work, I say! It's a tough, hard trail we've come, dog.

Get down to your work, you dog of a dog!

Get down to your work, I say! Shall a man for a dog?

PRIVATE LANGFIELD.

WHEN the men of the service left Valdez to build the military lines through the interior of Alaska, Langfield went with them.

He was undeniably plain, undersized and over sensitive, and that was why he felt certain that Dolly could never love him.

Tom and Dolly had known each other in the States, and Langfield warched with hopeless pain the renewal of their friendship.

Langfield seldom joined the campfires, but when the fever broke out Langfield was the first to offer his services.

The top sergeant, on his rounds the next morning, found him sitting up in his blankets. His face was swollen and discolored, and he was talking excitedly to Shivers.

"You mustn't let Dolly get the fever," she said, "she's so little. Nor Tom—promise me you won't let Tom."

"You know she couldn't help loving him," Langfield continued defensively. "You know she couldn't help herself!"

"It'll be cool up there under the snow," he began again, "and I won't be heavy to pack. And say—"

"The men were very tender to Langfield after that, and Shivers led him to his bedside.

When, some weeks later, he became convalescent, he seemed smaller and sicker than ever, and his hair shone more vividly red against the pinched, white face.

In a month he was at his post again, doing the work of two men, with scarcely the strength of one.

He went down the mountain one night an hour behind time. The trail was slushy, and the early gray twilight lent a soft indistinctness everywhere.

Langfield made a trumpet of his hands. "Hello!" he shouted, and strained his ears for the reply.

Some ten feet down the trail a glacier stream had gullied out the bank. Its icy, slate-colored waters fell almost perpendicularly over the rocks.

A steep, shelving path was just visible, and he clambered down to it, scratched and torn by the brambles at every step.

The man proved to be a big fellow, but the light was too dim to see his face. The force of his fall had wedged one leg between the crevices of rock, and it took Langfield's entire strength to extricate him.

"It's no use," said the man at last, "I can't make it!" and sank limply on the bank.

The night wore on. Slowly the gray skirts of dawn swept across the eastern sky. The prospector could not see Langfield's face, but the slight, drooping shoulders seemed fallow.

Langfield started. "Yes, yes," he answered.

WONDERFUL BRAIN WORK

Mail Clerks' Memories Heavily Taxed.



RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS UNDER EXAMINATION OF SCHEMES.

THINGS that a railway postal clerk must remember have increased in such volume that one would think every cell of his brain would be filled with the name of a postoffice or railway connection, and the wonder is that the clerk's mind does not falter under the pressure.

A clerk on the New York and Chicago railway postoffice must know the correct location of every postoffice in a group of States made up of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska.

A clerk running between Chicago and Minneapolis underwent no fewer than seventy-eight examinations in fifteen years, learning 13,306 offices in fifteen different sections of the United States.

It is asserted at railway mail service headquarters that there are clerks who have reached the capacity of their minds in the matter of remembering names. They now remember so many that it would be absolutely impossible to learn another State or part of a State.

Another queer phase of the work is that not always do the clerks who stand the best examinations and make the best averages show the best records in the car. A man may have a State in the most exact manner, but lack ability in remembering railway connections or something else which he is required to remember.

The evidence of wonderfully retentive memories is found in the general run of examinations made at headquarters. In one year at the offices of the sixth division of the railway mail service in Chicago 2,427 examinations were made.

There were a few drops left in his canteen. He offered them to his companion, converted himself into a prop for the wounded side, and the slow, painful journey down the trail began.

Neither of them talked much. The mist hung midway on the mountain, and when they emerged from it the company's quarters lay on the ledge below.

The two men upon the path paused, exhausted. Langfield eased the sick man down and threw himself beside him.

Langfield mechanically slipped his hand to the sheath in his belt, stole a glance at his companion, and saw that his eyes were closed. He drew out the knife and held it behind him.

Just then Perry gave a stifled moan. The sound brought Langfield to his senses. What was this he had intended to do? A fit of trembling seized him.

"No one needs me," he thought, "and Tom—"

Periodically the clerks are examined at railway mail headquarters. Packs of cards, each card bearing the name of a postoffice, are furnished a candidate for examination. He takes a position in front of a case of pigeon holes labeled with the names of different railway postoffices throughout the country.

There are some features about the work that one would think would render it impossible for a clerk to maintain his "lay" of the States, which he is expected to work. He may have a run which lands him in Chicago to connect three leading railway postoffices running between Chicago and New York.

It is asserted at railway mail service headquarters that there are clerks who have reached the capacity of their minds in the matter of remembering names. They now remember so many that it would be absolutely impossible to learn another State or part of a State.

Another queer phase of the work is that not always do the clerks who stand the best examinations and make the best averages show the best records in the car. A man may have a State in the most exact manner, but lack ability in remembering railway connections or something else which he is required to remember.

The evidence of wonderfully retentive memories is found in the general run of examinations made at headquarters. In one year at the offices of the sixth division of the railway mail service in Chicago 2,427 examinations were made.

There were a few drops left in his canteen. He offered them to his companion, converted himself into a prop for the wounded side, and the slow, painful journey down the trail began.

Neither of them talked much. The mist hung midway on the mountain, and when they emerged from it the company's quarters lay on the ledge below.

Langfield mechanically slipped his hand to the sheath in his belt, stole a glance at his companion, and saw that his eyes were closed. He drew out the knife and held it behind him.

Just then Perry gave a stifled moan. The sound brought Langfield to his senses. What was this he had intended to do? A fit of trembling seized him.

"No one needs me," he thought, "and Tom—"

AUNT CINDY'S RECIPE

The Washington Girl Found Out How to Bake Sweet Potato Pie.

A Washington girl was recently visiting in Lynchburg, Va., and while there was greatly impressed with the perfection of the sweet potato pies that old Aunt Cindy, the cook, used to send up for the delectation of the company.

"Come in, honey, come in, make yo'self welcome," said Aunt Cindy affably, when her visitor modestly presented herself at the kitchen door.

"Law, chile, I des cooks out o' my haid; I don't go by no writin'," replied the old woman.

"Certainly, but your proportions must always be the same or your results would vary." The Washington girl was a cooking school graduate with "one cup" of this, "two cups" of that and "three cups" of the other fresh in her mind.

"Well, yo' know how aigs is, honey," replied Aunt Cindy, judicially; "some's big an' some's little; sometimes dey's skeerer, an' sometimes dey's aint. I des puts in de aigs 'ordin' to de size ob 'em an' how many I'se got."

"How many sweet potatoes do you use?" asked her questioner, somewhat bewildered.

"Dat's 'ordin' to de size ob de fambly, ob co'se," said the old woman. "When we all got company, as we mos' in generally has, I uses mo', an' when dey aint nobody but des we all, hit don't take so many."

"Right smart o' butter," responded Aunt Cindy emphatically, evidently thinking she was accurate at last. "Aint' nothin' good widout butter, an' I always puts in er plenty."

"How about sugar?" questioned the young woman.

"Sugar to tas', honey; sugar to tas'. Some folks likes 'em sweeter'n others; we all likes ourn tolerbul sweet."

"What else do you put in?" was asked before the book was closed in despair.

"Oh, des whatever's handy," answered the old woman. "Sometimes I puts in er little cream, but yo' don't haf to do dat; des 'ordin' to wedder yo's got any er not; an' er pinch o' spice, but dey aint no spechul rule 'bout seasonin'."

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

HAVE BEEN WEDDED FIFTY YEARS.



Mr. and Mrs. William Naber recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home, Enochsburg, Ind. Naber is a retired furniture manufacturer, well known in Cincinnati, where he and his wife resided for many years.

Our Nation's Dead. In seventy-five separate and distinct national cemeteries the bodies of nearly 300,000 soldiers who died during the civil war are interred, and the decoration of their graves with flowers on the fixed day has become a national custom.

Gave Him an Idea. "Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Peck. "This paper tells of a man who was declared insane and his wife got a divorce and now he gets the courts to declare him sane again. Now, what do you—"

Did you ever have a person tell you a lie and you knew he was not telling the truth? Think of it the next time you start to tell a falsehood.

HAPPY WEDDED LIFE.

MANY LIVE IT, BUT ALL HAVE THEIR DISAGREEMENTS.

When the Old Couple at Their Golden Wedding say They Have Never Quarreled, Do Not Take Statement as Literally True, for They Probably Have.

An old couple in New Jersey recently celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of their wedding. The newspaper reports closed with the statement: "They have never had a quarrel."

Never give any credit to such statements. The persons who make them may really believe them at the time, as warmth and kindness of infatuation intensified by the occasion corrupt the memory of aged couples and move them to boast of their good fortune.

"How many sweet potatoes do you use?" asked her questioner, somewhat bewildered.

"Dat's 'ordin' to de size ob de fambly, ob co'se," said the old woman. "When we all got company, as we mos' in generally has, I uses mo', an' when dey aint nobody but des we all, hit don't take so many."

"Right smart o' butter," responded Aunt Cindy emphatically, evidently thinking she was accurate at last. "Aint' nothin' good widout butter, an' I always puts in er plenty."

"How about sugar?" questioned the young woman.

"Sugar to tas', honey; sugar to tas'. Some folks likes 'em sweeter'n others; we all likes ourn tolerbul sweet."

"What else do you put in?" was asked before the book was closed in despair.

"Oh, des whatever's handy," answered the old woman. "Sometimes I puts in er little cream, but yo' don't haf to do dat; des 'ordin' to wedder yo's got any er not; an' er pinch o' spice, but dey aint no spechul rule 'bout seasonin'."

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

"I am very much obliged to you, aunty," said the Washington girl, politely, if insincerely, as she gathered up her book and pencil and left the kitchen.

But Aunt Cindy was not to be deceived. "Pears like folks dese days can't understand nothin' yo' tells 'em," she remarked when the young woman was out of hearing.

method of testing are one half-pint tin measuring cup, common in kitchen use, marked at the half and quarters, or a plain one-half pint tin measure, or an ordinary small tin cup, two and three-quarters inches in diameter and two inches in height, holding about one gill and a half, a common pan, about nine and a half inches in diameter at the base, and a small rod of wood the thickness of a match and of convenient length for stirring, and finally a clock or watch.

This process for distinguishing oleomargarine is as follows: Use sweet skimmed milk, obtained by setting fresh milk in a cool place for from twelve to twenty-four hours, and removing the cream as fully as possible.

Half fill the half-pint cup with this milk, or fill the smaller cup mentioned two-thirds, measuring accurately the gill of milk when possible; heat nearly to boiling, add a slightly rounded teaspoonful of butter or butter substitute, stir with a wooden rod, and continue heating until the milk boils up.

Remove the milk from the heat as soon as it has boiled up, and place in the pan, which has been prepared, containing pieces of ice with very little ice water, the ice to be in pieces the size of one to two hen's eggs.

Fragments of ice melt too rapidly. There should be enough of the ice to cover two-thirds of the bottom of the pan.

As the ice melts the water will, of course, rise to a higher level. Stir the contents of the cup rather rapidly with a rotary and a crosswise motion in turn continuously throughout the test, except during the moment of time required for the stirring of the ice water in the pan.

This stirring should be at intervals of one minute, and is accomplished by moving the cup about in a circle around the edges of the pan.

If the sample is oleomargarine, says the London Mail, by the time the stirring has been going on ten minutes, sometimes in a very much shorter length of time, the fat will gather in a lump or soft mass, and will harden quickly. If it does not gather it is either genuine or "renovated" butter.

Either of these two methods of testing will enable you to find out what sort of stuff you are buying for butter.

Other young couples, who are fond of each other and who get on very well together, though not without little quarrels, may behold how extremely peacefully the first young couple dwell together. Perhaps a young wife will accuse herself of being too quick of temper and too sharp of tongue.

Perhaps both will think that their marriage has not been as successful as it might have been. Then they may put their arms about each other, deplore past quarrels and past hardships, renew their vows of love and resolve to make the future atone for what cannot be undone.

Such self-eliminations will do no harm. Such renewals of the vows of affection will make a day or a week more pleasant, perhaps, than it would have been. It is well for husband and wife now and then to beg pardon of each other. But no young couple should believe that, because they fall out once in a while, exchange sharp words, lose their tempers and spoil a dinner by quarreling, their marriage is a failure; a failure, at least, by comparison.

Nothing could be more untrue or more unjust to themselves. All married couples have had their little bickerings, and when any couple say they have lived together fifty years, or even ten years, without a quarrel, they are either the one exceptional couple out of one thousand or they say what is not true.

True, the husband may never have attempted to stab his wife, nor the wife plotted to poison her husband, but he sure they have more than once scolded each other, taunted each other, been angry at each other and, in short, quarreled outright with each other. They have been reconciled, of course; their life together has been harmonious, except for occasional discords; they really love each other; but believe this, they have had their quarrels.—San Francisco Bulletin.

IS YOUR BUTTER GENUINE? No Need for Doubting When There Are Simple Ways of Testing It.

There are so many kinds of butter and butter substitutes on the market nowadays that the housekeeper is often unable to ascertain if she has really got the genuine article or not. Here are two tests that will enable anybody to discover whether spurious butter has been foisted on them.

One of the best ways to learn just what sort of stuff is being spread upon the family bread is known as the "boiling test." It was invented by a detective about ten years ago, and was, of course, used simply for the purpose of discovering whether or not merchandise being sold as the genuine article was spurious. This test consists merely in boiling briskly a small portion of the sample and observing its behavior while the sample is being tested in an old iron tablespoon, hastening the process by stirring with a small splinter of wood, as, for instance, a match with the phosphorus removed, or a toothpick.

Then, increasing the heat, bring to as brisk a boil as possible, and after the boiling has begun, stir thoroughly the contents of the spoon—not neglecting the outer edges—two or three times at intervals during the boiling, always shortly before the boiling ceases.

Genuine butter boils usually with very little, if any, noise, and produces an abundance of "foam." "Process" butter and oleomargarine sputter as they boil, and produce practically no "foam." The composition article may produce a little, but the amount is so small that it can easily be distinguished from the genuine article.

The utensils required for another

method of testing are one half-pint tin measuring cup, common in kitchen use, marked at the half and quarters, or a plain one-half pint tin measure, or an ordinary small tin cup, two and three-quarters inches in diameter and two inches in height, holding about one gill and a half, a common pan, about nine and a half inches in diameter at the base, and a small rod of wood the thickness of a match and of convenient length for stirring, and finally a clock or watch.

This process for distinguishing oleomargarine is as follows: Use sweet skimmed milk, obtained by setting fresh milk in a cool place for from twelve to twenty-four hours, and removing the cream as fully as possible.

Half fill the half-pint cup with this milk, or fill the smaller cup mentioned two-thirds, measuring accurately the gill of milk when possible; heat nearly to boiling, add a slightly rounded teaspoonful of butter or butter substitute, stir with a wooden rod, and continue heating until the milk boils up.

Remove the milk from the heat as soon as it has boiled up, and place in the pan, which has been prepared, containing pieces of ice with very little ice water, the ice to be in pieces the size of one to two hen's eggs.

Fragments of ice melt too rapidly. There should be enough of the ice to cover two-thirds of the bottom of the pan.

As the ice melts the water will, of course, rise to a higher level. Stir the contents of the cup rather rapidly with a rotary and a crosswise motion in turn continuously throughout the test, except during the moment of time required for the stirring of the ice water in the pan.

This stirring should be at intervals of one minute, and is accomplished by moving the cup about in a circle around the edges of the pan.

If the sample is oleomargarine, says the London Mail, by the time the stirring has been going on ten minutes, sometimes in a very much shorter length of time, the fat will gather in a lump or soft mass, and will harden quickly. If it does not gather it is either genuine or "renovated" butter.

Either of these two methods of testing will enable you to find out what sort of stuff you are buying for butter.

Other young couples, who are fond of each other and who get on very well together, though not without little quarrels, may behold how extremely peacefully the first young couple dwell together. Perhaps a young wife will accuse herself of being too quick of temper and too sharp of tongue.

Perhaps both will think that their marriage has not been as successful as it might have been. Then they may put their arms about each other, deplore past quarrels and past hardships, renew their vows of love and resolve to make the future atone for what cannot be undone.

Such self-eliminations will do no harm. Such renewals of the vows of affection will make a day or a week more pleasant, perhaps, than it would have been. It is well for husband and wife now and then to beg pardon of each other. But no young couple should believe that, because they fall out once in a while, exchange sharp words, lose their tempers and spoil a dinner by quarreling, their marriage is a failure; a failure, at least, by comparison.

Nothing could be more untrue or more unjust to themselves. All married couples have had their little bickerings, and when any couple say they have lived together fifty years, or even ten years, without a quarrel, they are either the one exceptional couple out of one thousand or they say what is not true.