

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

Of course there's city papers here, but I don't get the time. To read a dozen pages every day, and then these pesky dailies air so chook-a-block with crime. That they just give me shivers, anyway. I'm pretty busy 'round the place, I can't be settin' down. And leavin' all the chores and things to do, but when the Weekly Clarion comes, that's printed in our town, I gin'rally contrive to read her through. Them dailies give yer furrin' news and tell yer all the woes. And troubles of the folks across the sea, The Clarion tells what's happened to the folks a feller knows. And that's the kind of news that pleases me. 'Victory's had a jubilee.' Well, what of that? She ain't. No more ter me than the Pop of Rome; But 'Luther Wixon gives his barn a brand new coat of paint.' Why, thunders! now you're gittin' home. And as for Cuba and Japan, I'd never care a darn About the rows and squabbles that they've had, But I know 'Luther Wixon will, b'gosh! and know the barn. And know it neither 'Polly mightly had, I like to read 'An't Polly Hedge is visitin' her son.' And 'Juddkin's' sorrel mare is goin' lame.' Of course I knew it all afore, but still it's kinder fun To see it in the paper jest the same.

And there's the "Poet's Corner." Well, my old-est darter, 'Liz. Most alters heads the column with a verse, And though I ain't no judge myself, I'm told by them that is, That better poets than her are pretty scarce. And, 'Luther Wixon, I'll set, yer know, a-readin' news out loud, And down across the pages chance to squint, And see my name, and though, b'gosh! I ain't by no means proud, 'Most any feller likes his name in print. So, as I say, I seldom read them city papers now, Their editors and me are out of touch, For scandals, yew, and murders, (those of strangers, anyhow) They ain't the things that interest me much, Maria owns them journals up for patterns for her gown, The children they make pipe-lights of 'em, too, But when the Weekly Clarion comes, that's printed in our town, I gin'rally contrive to read her through. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

OLEANDERS.

"Margaret! Is it possible? After so many years! Tell me you are not a dream, Margaret! Margaret!" John Stair put out his hands as he spoke and caught both those of the women firm in his hold. She arising from her seat, gazed at him with startled eyes and parted lips, while the flowers in her lap were scattered in a mass above her feet. "I was thinking of you," the man went on in a soft voice of entire gladness. "In all these years, the long ten years, since we said goodbye, you have been in my remembrance always, always. At every little pause in the life which has been so full and yet so empty, your face has come before me, and I have been looking at the sea and the sunlight, the pain was more than I could bear. I turned to leave the terrace, and there you were among the flowers, Margaret. In all my life it is the first good turn that fate has done me. Tell me you are glad to see me again." Margaret drew her hands from his with a sigh, still looking up at the thin, keen face, the gray eyes bent eagerly upon her. "Glad—yes, I am glad," she said, but her voice was sad with the remembrance of long pain and much weeping. "It will be worse afterward—but for the moment—ah, John, how long the years have been! How lonely!" There was a pause between them, and he sat beside her on the low bench, each afraid to break the silence, while he gathered up the flowers and laid them on her knees again. "Around them azaleas and oleanders grew in a glowing array of rosy color, shimmering out the length of the terrace. Before them, beyond the glitter of the white houses on the beach, lay the sea, blue and salt flecked, meeting the curves of the cloudless sky in the serene mood. "Tell me of yourself," he said at last, leaning forward and touching the black ribbons on her white dress. "I know so little—just a few meager lines in the paper or a chance remark in a man's letter. I know that he is dead, that you are free, but that is all. Tell me Margaret."

The spell of his entreating voice was upon her, and the long sorrow of her lonely life came to her in a vivid stroke, which caught her by the throat in a sob and drowned the blueness of her eyes in tears. "There is not much to tell," she answered, leaving her fingers in his clasp. "Six months after you left me for India, I was married to him, as you read of, of course." Her brow knitted sharply in an instant's contraction of pain, but he did not turn away. "Yes?" "Well, there it is—the story of my life," Margaret said, with a little smile sadder than her tears. "I was twenty, penniless and pretty. I married a millionaire of 60, and you—you went to India." A silence, while the eyes of both were bent upon the sea, and the sound of music from the hotel terrace above came faintly over the flowery screen around them. "He was generous in his way," Margaret went on after a little. "He freed my father from the money he owed him and the boys got on all right and Dolly made a good match. Father and mother got their part of the bargain, and he—well, he got his too."

John Stair flung her hand from him suddenly and turned away sharply. "Ah, you wince?" said Margaret, bitterly. "But for me—think of it—he was hard and miserly and coarse, and I was his wife and loved you." Stair turned to her again. "But now? You are free?" "Yes," she answered. "I am free. Two years ago he died and left me free and rich and childless. Tell me now, John—tell me about your wife." "No, no; not now," Stair said eagerly. "Let us forget for a few hours—forget all except that we have been so long apart, that we have met again, Margaret." "No, no, you shall tell me," Margaret cried sharply. "Why, why did you marry? You were a man, and strong, and there was no one to torture you. You shall tell me." The eager look on Stair's keen face faded, and his face grew white.

"It was in India. I was ill, down for months with fever, and she nursed me at the risk of her own life and good name. I could do nothing else but marry her. Poor Martha!" "Yes?" "What is she like—your Martha?" There was a ring of scorn in Margaret's voice, but her eyes saw the sea through the glitter of her unshed tears. "What is she like?" "A homely little body, very small and very plain. Her whole soul and affection, I think, is centered in her boy. She worships him!" "Ah, she has a child?" "Yes. The little one was born in India, and grew up very delicate, and two years ago she brought him home. He is all right now, I believe, and she seems happy about him at last. I got leave about a month before I expected. She does not know that I am in Europe. I wandered out of my way—not being in a hurry to get home to Martha, and found you, Margaret."

The thrill of gladness softened his voice again as he uttered her name, so long unspoken, and his eyes noted tenderly every little detail of her beauty, the glitter of her fair hair, the curves of her lovely face, the folds of her soft white dress. "From the terrace above the sound of the music came faintly in a dreamy air. A warm, light breeze touched the faces and ribbons of her dress and swayed the leaves above them till the little lights and shadows danced to and fro over her figure and the flowers in her lap. The years had only added to her beauty, and they had been so long apart. "Better that you had not—in the end better a thousand times. We must pay for it afterward with such a heavy price! Fate has been a heavy usurper to us, my dear."

"If I could only pay for both of us," said Stair, "but, in spite of the price, tell me, Margaret, you are glad that we have met. Let fate exact what price she will, tell me that you are glad just for one minute,—glad to be together and alone dearest." His lips touched hers, and for a moment her head lay on his shoulder. The music wafted above them and the breeze gave a shivering sigh and left them alone, about for a minute's space life and time and the universe itself were forgotten. "Then with a footfall as light as the leaves which the breeze stirred, a woman came round the curve of the flowery screen and stood before them. She was very small and plain, with a white face, from which the pale hair was parted in sedate smooth bands, and her dress fell in sombre folds upon the rosy blossoms which the wind had scattered from Margaret's knees to the ground. Her empty hands were interlaced, one upon another, and pressed against her bosom. "I—heard—you—little while ago," she said after a moment, while Stair and Margaret sat dumb. "I was on the seat beyond. I heard John's voice and what he said. I am Martha."

Stair had sprung to his feet and stood looking down at her. Margaret buried her face in her hands. "I am Martha," the level, toneless voice went on gently, "and—the child—my little son is—dead." Stair made a step forward, but she motioned him back with a gesture. "He was ill again a month ago, and the doctors said I should try a warmer climate. So I brought him here to the sun and flowers. He died a week ago, my little son, and I came to gather the flowers he was so fond of and take them to him. He loved the color, and the earth is so brown and cold upon his grave. Again she clasped her hands upon her bosom and looked at Margaret with her sad eyes that were tearless. "I heard you John," Martha went on, "and what you said. It is true, I know. I am plain and homely, and you married me for pity. No, indeed, I do not blame you. You were very good. Many men would not have done so much. And now—the child is dead! And you—she turned to Margaret with a break at last in her level voice—"You have gathered all the flowers I could reach!"

Slowly Margaret lifted up her face and looked at John Stair's wife—wan, with hanging black garments and hand stretched out toward the blossoms on her lap. "Almost without knowing it, Margaret lifted the mass of rosy color and laid it in those empty hands. Martha held them gently and stood looking at the two for a moment—the man who was her husband and the woman that she loved. "I will take them to the child," she said. She turned away. In one moment the sunlight darkened to her eyes, and before her husband could catch her she had fallen on the marble of the terrace. She had taken them to the child.

Ogden Goelet Dead.

Ogden Goelet, one of New York's multimillionaires died, on the Isle of Wight, England, on last Friday, after an illness of two months. He was only 46 years of age and had entertained most extensively during the town house in London leased for the season but died on board his yacht. Ogden Goelet, who was one of the two sons of the late Robert Goelet and a grandson of the late Peter Goelet, was with his wife very prominent in the society of New York, London and Paris. The Goelet estate is one of the most valuable in New York, due to the increased value of the old town Goelet farm. The latter, originally, ran from that section of the city where the Windsor hotel stands, to the east river. The possessions of the Goellets include many other valuable pieces of real estate, for instance, the land on which Sherry's establishment stands and the land on which the Imperial hotel is built. The Goelet name is also known in Philadelphia where they own much property among which is the Walton hotel.

The Truck Ran Away.

Three Italians, employed by the Glen Union Lumber company, at Lock Haven, boarded a truck to go down the heavy grade of the narrow gauge road to their shanty, five miles distant. The men lost control of the car and after running two miles at great speed it plunged into a car loaded with pop timber. Barney Sallio had both legs crushed and a scalp wound. He died a few hours later. George Gulian had his skull fractured, both legs broken and was injured internally; but cannot recover. Nick Figo received a contusion of the hip and was internally injured; may recover.

The Finest Complexions.

The finest complexions in the world are said to be in the Bermudas. This is accounted for by the fact that the inhabitants live chiefly on onions, of which they export over 17,000,000 pounds annually.

Joaquin Miller Tells of His Trip to Sheep Camp, in the Chilcoot Pass.

Alaskan Miles are Long. The Foot's Pack Grains Heavier as the Difficulties Crowd upon Him. He Keeps up His Spirits. His Description Powers Are in No Way Diminished by His Toil. Some of the Scenic Surprises.

IN SHEEP CAMP, CHILCOOT PASS, ALASKA, Aug. 10, via San Francisco, Aug. 27.—Here you are, Mr. Merryman, here you are. I think I was about shouldering my bag of traps and tricks for the Klondyke, looking away up the stary bluff at our lines of white sacks and the men, who looked in the far distant end of the line like creeping white mice under a black steep bluff, in my last hurried scree. Well, I trudged along over the slippery rocks and sea slime and sand; no shells under foot; fishes leaping in the air all along by the dark green sea bank. Half a dozen men with 70-pound bags and I began to get out of slim, and onto a solid land. Then a bank of mammoth English primroses; my boots became yellow from the primrose blossoms reaching almost to my knees. Think of blossoms like that in Alaska! A kingfisher, such as you see almost anywhere in America, flew by screaming wildly as he went, and a white bird, strange to me; then I saw come a tall red honeysuckle. I saw no bees, though I turned aside and searched eagerly.

I can only say that it was a splendid pace for bees. Pretty soon I came to tall, green grass, and saw that it was feeding—and fat, too. Then I met a white fat horse and white driver. He wanted a load. I rested, sat down on my bag, as the ground here was warm and dry, and the grass and flowers most pleasant, and looked back at the City of Mexico still unloading. There was a big boat-load of women landing now, and I picked them up and I again shouldered my load. It was a little heavier now, and I did not walk so fast. The fact is, I had more than 70 pounds, having agreed to carry a Winchester rifle for a man while he went back to look after his pack.

PRIMROSES GALORE.

A mile or so, and I came to the outer edge of a canvas city; piles on piles of primroses. A wild, swift river puts in here—a river sent rolling ahead and plenty of buds and blossoms. A prettier walk than I found here on the bank of this swift river of birds and blossoms could not be found in the United States. It reminded me of our walk on Hill camp at Los Gatos, Cal., this last 17th day of June. The air was quite as warm as at Los Gatos, and the scene quite as flowery on the hillside. There were great gardens of snow instead of gardens of grapes and prunes. A great many Indian families live all along here. The children look much like Chinese children, and are clean and industrious. These Indians nearly all have pretty cabins, stoves and beds. Some old women sat by the doors knitting socks. I bought two pairs of good socks, such as mother used to knit in Oregon, for 50 cents. When I paid for them and was picking up my pack, an Indian wanted to help, as teamsters and packers black and white and red and brown, had offered to do all the morning, and I declined. When I declined to let them carry the pack the old women were delighted and cheered me as much as our Indians allow themselves to cheer.

This made me feel that perhaps I look out of place and eccentric with a big pack on my age; and maybe was overdoing things. I fell to thinking, as I trudged along, on the beautiful and sunny river bank of blossoms, through the city of tents Indian cabins and people—people as plentiful as grass in a city. The kodak man of torture and impudence was all along here. HIS PACK GREW HEAVIER. My pack got heavier and heavier. I took off my necktie and tied it to my handkerchief and put the two around the bag and the strap over my shoulder. In a very few miles of this pleasant walk in the sweet air I began to feel all right, to rest, as it seemed, under my load. I felt that the Klondyke question, so far as a poor man getting there and back, was settled for me in the affirmative.

And now I must record a change to some extent. I have melted into, or been absorbed, if you please, by the "Examiner-Journal-Post," special expedition. That is I go along with the "Examiner-Journal-Post" party, but only on condition that I carry a pack, such as any poor man must, who goes or comes this way. But we will camp, eat, sleep, do all things in common as other parties and partners do all along here. Even poor men, the poorest, are rarely, if ever, alone along here, and I see no practical good in doing that which no poor man would do or will do under any stress, be he ever so poor and friendless. Do not be displeased at this or disappointed. As I said at setting out, I am not doing this for fun, but having heard and seen it said and written so often that "This is no place for a poor man," I wanted to prove that a poor man has as much right here and as many opportunities as any man. I shall not forget the purpose of my venture, and shall not be diverted from it at all by being in company with other scrives, even though they should be equipped as the agents of a Rothschild.

HE CUT DOWN HIS LOAD.

The head of the "Examiner-Journal-Post" special party turned back upon the ship at Dyea and I, after rearranging my pack and cutting it down from 75 to 55 pounds, came along with the packers that he had employed. Three white men, a Japanese and one Indian. He pays 20 cents per pound to have provisions carried over to the headwaters of the Yukon, 24 miles. Leaving Dyea, we tramped along in line almost through the pleasantest of flowery woods, summery and sweet, with shadows as high as my head on either hand. Pretty log cabins, with Indians about the door and women knitting, girls drying fish men mending nets and boats—a brighter scene or humdrum or more of white tents, piles of bacon and flour, and lots of little stoves, and men cooking. Truly, if this had been Mill valley or my own woods on the heights, the scene would not have been more pretty and homelike.

Tall cottonwood trees moaned and moaned in the evening winds, clouds gathered, and it began to threaten rain. I also began to feel the dread mosquito as we struck the thick weeds. Pretty soon a swift and shallow shifting river, exactly like the old Platte in color, was reached. Two Irishmen kept a boat, as the bridge had gone down before the flood, and into it I put my people and packs. MILLER NEARLY IN A FIGHT. "Hold the boat, Kelley. Let her go, Kelley. There, now, I told you, Kelley, to hold her." And so! The Irishman at the stern kept yelling till I told him to shut up. Kelley was doing all the work, and the boat had

already twice been nearly upset in the confusion. I told Kelley to go ahead and not mind the other man, and so I had a chance to fight when we got on the shifting, shelving sand, but I did not like to fight just for fun. I told the man that we could make much luck if we fought over on the Klondyke, and that I would sign articles to fight him there, Queensbury rules.

He got in good humor at once, for a moment, but when I handed Kelley, the other man, \$3, and took up my pack, he wanted to fight more than ever. By the strangest of luck I was carrying what had been given to me in the morning, and I got in shape for action; else that fellow would have tried to bang my head. Only a few miles of walking up the wooded valley of wild flowers; then glaciers looming over and hanging down out of the clouds on either side, and the trail becomes tantalizing. It leads over fields of small granite boulders so plentiful that your feet do not touch ground. The round little rolling rocks are alike in color, character and ugliness. You must keep your eyes to the work before you or fall. And be careful of the ground man's times.

When he had done a mile this we were in a minute upon another mile, and so on for hours. Then woods and steep rocks, right into the heavens. The valley faced us now, and the walls of granite shut out the sun and winds. The water came tumbling down out of the clouds, as at Yosemite, only here the great cataraets are so many to even count them, much less name them. CATARAETS ARE NUMEROUS. We have truly a hundred Yosemite, a string of Yosemite for 10 miles, except that the walls of granite literally hang over us in places. Dense woods of small growth now; many wild flowers, some of giant growth; grass as high as my shoulder—a sort of Kentucky bluegrass, and in blossom—only there is not much of it. I found a few strawberries and some of the best huckleberries I ever ate, and, like everything else in Alaska, they are the biggest in the world.

And now how heavy my pack began to grow. All the party had passed me. True, I was never out of sight or sound of people, all of them in camp now; but my people were still going and were far ahead, I passed all sorts of people, three pretty women, one of them in men's clothes, made of buckskin. I passed a party of colored men, and met one giant black man, along with a fat bear, carrying the outfit that indicated their calling as packers. All sorts of people pack here. It is a good way, if it is a hard way, to earn good money. The Indians are the most numerous packers. They work their squaws and dogs and children, and do well at it. The Indian told me that he makes \$50 per day. All his household is dressed as a packer. What largeness, largeness all about and above! Such glorious, such unending distances! And now I begin to feel, under my pack, as if I trudge, often to my knees in the freezing water, that the miles of Alaska are in keeping with the rest of her.

ALASKAN MILES THE BIGGEST.

I tell you that an Alaskan mile, with a 50-pound pack on your back, and the mud and ice water to your knees, is the biggest mile, the broadest mile, the thickest, longest and hardest to go through of any mile on earth. You see, the Russians measured these miles on sleds on the snow, where you slid up or down a stream that is buried in snow and ice; and that is swift and easy enough, but when we have to wade over little round boulders, on round blocks of granite, or to climb where it is difficult to get a foothold, it is another thing, and the miles in the mud are nearly twice as long as in the frozen and level snow.

Often I sat down to lift my face to the scenery, feeling that I must rest or drop in the mud. Man never was so weary, as I was when I looked at last into a city of tents. The head of the "Examiner-Journal-Post" expedition, who, like a gentleman had carried only a rifle all day, met me at the suburbs of the city and led me to the hotel. Hotel—yes. Right here in the heart of the dread Chilcoot pass is not only a city, but it is with two hotels. They are not big, but they are good. The more you strike the palace hotels, it is true, but I will have a meal eaten with more relish than that dinner of mine at the hotel in the city of tents in the heart of the Chilcoot pass, Alaska. And the bed. "Yes," said the good landlady. "I will give you Mr. Johnson's bed, in his tent, but he has gone over by summit, and maybe won't get back to-night. You can all three sleep in there."

Did you ever hear of such kindness? Her heart, too, like all other things in Alaska, is big, big. But if Mr. Johnson should get back? I modestly asked the head of the "Examiner-Journal-Post" expedition. "Oh, you can all four sleep in his bed all the same."

WILD BEES IN ALASKA.

I open this letter again to say that we saw the bees in Johnson's tent, and on asking our landlady I learned that there are plenty of wild bees in Alaska. I mention as a remarkable thing that there is a city without a graveyard, a fact that speaks mightily for the healthfulness of this climate, and also testifies that the dread pass is not responsible thus far for any fatalities. The hurried letter goes over by summit, to-morrow morning we settle on the summit, and you shall know with what results. No news from beyond, but we are passing right along, coming nearer and nearer each day. We must know something good or ill pretty soon.

The above letter was written a day earlier than the letter that was received on Monday morning. Both were published in San Francisco on Saturday, but the letter of August 1st had become almost obliterated in some parts evidently by rain, and several days were required for the translation for the post's handwriting. Mr. Miller's chirrup is entirely original, and the difficulties of it are often ingenious and varied, but when an Alaskan storm is contributed by nature to assist in obscuring the written thoughts, the difficulties become appalling in their Chilcoot grandeur. The letter here presented describes the first day of the journey over the pass to the lakes.

Fell Thirty Feet.

Ollie Campbell, of Clearfield, superintendent of the telephone exchange at that city, met with a serious accident Friday afternoon. While at work on a high pole he missed his footing and fell a distance of 30 feet, sustaining very serious injuries. He was carried to his home on a stretcher and medical aid summoned. While his injuries are of a very serious nature, yet the physicians say there are no bones broken. The injured man is a son of Frank Campbell, of this place, and up to a short time ago was connected with the exchange in this city.

Rich Alaska.

The eyes of the nation are turned toward Alaska. The discovery of gold in fabulous quantities is the sensation of the hour. Hence, facts about the far-away land are eagerly read and talked about.

Do you remember what Alaska cost us? The price paid was \$7,300,000. The \$7,000,000 was for the land. It is not often that one hears what the \$200,000 was for. That sum went to Russian trading companies who had received concessions from their government. To them it was so much money picked up in the middle of the road since it did not cost them anything. They were out of pocket all the same. While the price paid for Alaska is generally known, few people are aware of the tremendous returns from the land of snow and seals. It has paid for itself many times over, and its career as a revenue producer is set in its career as a revenue producer. The fact is that Alaska has given back more than its purchase price in whalebone alone. The returns from this article were \$7,000,000 in 1890. They are now something like \$9,000,000.

Alaska has paid us to date \$103,000,000. This enormous sum has been derived from furs, herring, salmon, cod, iron, whalebone and gold. At the time of the last census the United States had taken out \$76,000,000. Since then we have been enriched by \$27,000,000. Of this \$20,000,000 has been gold, and the remainder from other products. These are giant figures, but they are the exact truth. The actual settlement of that wonderful country will begin next spring. The sum total of what it will add to the world's wealth in the coming years passes conjecture. It will be a pile of money, mountainous and sublime.

It is a singular fact that the existence of gold in quantities along the tributaries of the Yukon was known to few men a century and a half ago. The truth has been held back by the fur-trading companies. They were not after minerals, and they feared the ruin of their industry, which was in itself a gold mine. Trappers, explorers, and men who lived with the Indians were forbidden to tell what they knew on pain of death. The Russia Fur Company did summarily shoot one man who grew excited and blabbed. That death is still remembered in Alaska, having been passed from mouth to mouth, as the manner of unlettered peoples. Other fur companies have done nothing to develop the country, and have kept their lips sealed. They foresaw the effect of a torrent of immigration. Such things cannot be hidden, however. The secret is out at last.

It is a prevalent idea that the Alaskan territory produces only gold and things of the sea. But this is wrong. Even in Klondyke hardy vegetables grow in profusion. Hay is as high as a man's head. When the country comes to be better known it will be found capable of making many things for humanity now unthought of. Although reports have gone abroad that there is no game, the fact remains that there is plenty of it. Moose, elk, and caribou, or the American reindeer, abound. Every river is stocked with fish.

The newspapers have sounded a warning, and the rush to the gold fields has somewhat subsided. It is said by those best qualified to judge that those who attempt to get into the Klondyke region before next spring do so at the risk of death by starvation. Winter begins in earnest about Sept. 1st. Early next spring, however, crowds of eager men will rush in. It is predicted that when the diggings are worked for a year or two there will still be greater significance to the term "Rich Alaska."

Do People Have a True Conception of Their Looks?

It has been said by one who ought to know that no man has any other conception of how he himself looks. The expression of the face is continually changing. No artist, no camera, can catch this changing, fleeting, evanescent expression. When you look in the glass, the very instant you look out how your look is depicted on your face. The more you strive, the more the intent is intensified, and such an expression is not natural to your face. How often do we look at a photograph and find only disappointment in it? Why is this? The camera depicts the sinner just as he is at the moment the picture is taken, but very seldom can the instrument catch and record that subtle thing called "natural expression," because few persons are natural when seated before the camera. Well, what of all this? Simply this. If you are noble, loving and true, such virtues will light up your face; if you are selfish and unselfish, your face proclaims modesty and pride. Anything in your life that is active for either good or evil will impress itself upon your personal appearance. Pride, scorn, hate and lust write themselves indelibly in the physiognomy. When such ignoble qualities rule the life and have become habitual, they are impressed on the face and finally become habitual to the countenance, and the features themselves become permanently changed to accord with such expressions. It has often been remarked that persons who have been married for a long term of years come to look something alike, nor is this surprising when we call to mind that their life and environment is one, made up of the same joys and sorrows, the same hardships and trials, and the same successes and pleasures in short, the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of both is to a considerable extent identical, and we know that these things affect the physiognomy often to such a degree as to mould the physical features of the face into the same shape.

Where Destitution is Great.

NELSONVILLE, O., Aug. 29.—The destitution among miners here is very great. Mayor Buckley says 1,200 persons, the entire mining population of the town have absolutely nothing to eat, and one hundred of these are sick. In this immediate vicinity there are 7,000 destitute people, a large number of whom are children. Local charity has helped them until its means are gone. Gardens supplied the wants of these people until recently, but that resource is now exhausted. Relief committees have been appointed for the entire district, but they are powerless on account of the lack of supplies. Nothing in hand or supplies had been reached here this week, except \$5 in money. A citizens' special committee is exerting itself to secure temporary relief by to-morrow. If outside help does not come soon the consequences will be appalling.

—Harry Burns the ex-chief of police, and constable of Osceola, intends trying his luck in the Klondyke gold fields, and, together with three other venturesome spirits from Osceola and Panxstaway, will leave for the frozen North about the first of January.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Bertha Stoneman, a student in the botanical department of Cornell University for several years, who received the degree of doctor of philosophy there in 1896, has been appointed professor of botany in the Huguenot College in Cape Colony, Africa.

The charming woman is not in the habit of talking about herself and her peculiar troubles and affairs. She has her "bad days," like everybody else, but she takes care that others shall not suffer on her account, and when she has an attack of the dumps she isolates herself in order that the infection may spread no further. She is, above all, a sympathetic woman and knows how to make people feel that she takes an individual interest in them. She is never too busy to lend assistance, and a shake of her hand is as good as a number of words from anyone else. She is a woman who adapts herself to the varying circumstances of life and who prefers to look on the bright side of things. All disagreeable and unkind remarks that she hears made about others die with her, and she knows how to say the right word at the right time. In conversation she studies the sore points of her acquaintances, studiously avoids them and adroitly introduces subjects on which they can talk best. She is content to be in the shadow if she can make another shine. Such is the description of "the woman who charms." These characteristics have not been acquired in a flash, but by careful study of herself and others. She is by no means a paragon of perfection, but, with all her shortcomings, she possesses the valuable art of charming.

The stylishly made gown must be carried off with a stylish air, else all good results in the manufacturing are lost.

Many women ruin the most faultless creations by a poor carriage and ungraceful walk, or by sitting down all in a heap, which crushes and twists the best hanging which was their original shape. Some women are hopeless so far as style goes, while others are a great success no matter what they may have on, says the "Woman's Home Companion." But if we will observe, the woman utterly devoid of some natural style is, as a rule, slovenly, having her clothes pitched on any way to get into them. Her hair is stringy, gloves ill fitting and soiled, veil looking as though it had blown toward her and by accident found a lodging place on her millinery.

Her general air is one of neglect, and usually in keeping with the ungainly walk seen in so many women who give their personal appearance little or no thought. The stylish woman has a good posture, stands well, walks well, and her clothes take on just the correct swing. Put these same clothes on the woman who shambles, and stands on her heels with shoulders forward and abdomen thrown up, and the style of toilet is swalled up in the lack of style in the woman herself. It is safe to say that more style is lost in the way a woman carries herself and wears her clothes than in any other way.

Sleeves will continue to be self-trimmed with tucks or ruffles with lace insertion, and baby ribbon where the material is of silk or very soft. The heavier ones will have a small leg-of-mutton with the indispensable epaulet in various shapes.

The newest French skirt—is circular shape, designed expressly for cutting wide waists—measures three or four quarters yards at its widest circumference. It is plain in front, with all the fullness at the back, and is fitted closely over the hips by means of a very deep, curving dart on each side, these darts being necessary to hold the skirt in perfect shape over the hips. When finished they are covered with ornamental stitching or trimmed with ribbon and fastened under a fly, as a means of getting in and out of the skirt, which is not opened at the back.

Scotch and French plaids, the difference in designs being slight, are popular for ribbons. Belts and stocks of these have odd gilt, or enamel buckles.

The gown of grenadine or ladies' cloth with soft silky surface in navy blue is a great favorite, the trimming consisting of "old grass green in the form of belts and closely-placed chiffon ruffles.

Too much brushing causes the hair to fall. In the spring we shed our hair as birds shed their feathers. This—shall we call it human moulting?—is the result of hair maturity. As the hairs die and fall out they are replaced by new ones. Ignorance or brushing is a great mistake, especially it is likely to cause baldness. A soft brush and a comb with rather blunt teeth are the only proper things to use and these must be considerably applied to the locks, whether they are scanty or flourishing, or scaly irritation and undue stress upon the roots will bring about a troublesome state of affairs.

Here is a list which housekeepers should paste up where it would be handy when the query comes, advises an exchange: "Oh dear, what is it that takes out milk-dew stains or peach stains? I've read it somewhere, but I can't remember to say my life!" For fresh tea and coffee stains use boiling water. Place the linen stained over a large bowl and pour through it boiling water from the tea kettle, held at a height to insure force. Old tea and coffee stains which have become "set," should be soaked in cold water first, then boiling.

For peach stains a weak solution of chloride of lime combined with infinite patience. Long soaking is an essential. Grass stains may be removed by cream of tartar and water.

For scorch, hang or spread the article in the sunshine. For mildew, lemon juice and sunshine, or if obstinate dissolve one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts of cold water and soak the article until mildew disappears. Rinse very thoroughly to avoid any chemical action upon the linen.

For wine stains sprinkle well with salt, moisten with boiling water and then pour boiling water through until the stain disappears. For blood stains use cold water first, then soap and water. Hot water sets the stain.

For chocolate stains use cold water first then boiling water from the tea kettle. Fruit stains will usually yield to boiling water; but if not, oxalic acid may be used allowing three ounces of the crystal to one pint of water. Wet the stain with the solution, place over a kettle of hot water in the steam or in the sunshine. The instant the stain disappears, rinse well with the stain with ammonia to counteract the acid remaining. Then rinse thoroughly again. This will many times save the linen, which is apt to be injured by the oxalic acid. Jaycle water is excellent for almost any white goods. It can be made at home or bought at any druggist's.