

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept 10, 1897.

HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU?

Is someone like I'd like to go? Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow, Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound, And I'd have stillness all around—

Boating Upon the Bosom of Yukon River.

Joan Miller's Story of the Steamer Examiner's Trip Toward Klondyke—Broad, Noble Highway—Weather as Mild as the May Season in Glorious California.

At the head of the Yukon, Dominion of Canada, Aug. 6th, via San Francisco, Sept. 1.—Yesterday this great river, the greatest in volume and length on the globe some say, was almost unknown.

We started in our barges on the morning of August 2d. The "Examiner," manned and equipped for our party, carries a captain of 15 years' experience, four boatmen, a cook and five passengers, besides a full cargo of miners' supplies.

The weather has been beautiful, mild as a San Diego May, all the time, save a single night; so warm even the day preceding it and the day following that the boatmen were in their shirts sleeves all the time, and the passengers courted the shade of the sails.

But let us take up the quiet incidents of the voyage, and things to be noted in their order. Our business was to get forward as fast as possible, and so it was that we had to take the first thing afloat, no matter at all about discomfort, or anything at all but the one objective point and purpose, the Klondyke mines and the situation at the scene of excitement.

REPORTING MUCH GAME.

Slavin, the Australian prize fighter, appeared in camp at the head of a gang of stalwart road makers through an entirely new region, and his report of wild game, fish and fowl had filled us with expectation and we prepared, notwithstanding the haste, to have much sport descending the great river. The river here where we embarked was full to its banks from melting snows and quite equal to the Hudson, and yet only a few miles from its deep, blue and most beautiful fountain head.

You will never really and truly know this river until you have seen it or have read a true description of this section of its mountain wall. And who can pen that description? Surely not I. You can imagine the cold, blue waters, bottomless, the strong runs in many places, the bluest of all blue waters, the coldest, clearest, sweetest in the world, but you cannot imagine these massive ice-crowned and granite-built mountains.

The mountains, those massive, fearful mountains, are alike; as exactly alike as the stars in a little ways further above the snow. Mountains in line with mountains, mountains in line with mountains, a monotony of sky-companioned mountains. But it is the monotony of the stars, a monotony of majesty and magnificence.

In camp now, tin snappers, tin snappers, our folks whittled and fragrant pine sticks, our tin snappers in our laps, fish in our fingers. But were ever trout so sweet? Were ever such hungry, hungry men? The mountains have gone back a little, as if to repose; some seem to have laid down to sleep. It is 10:30, San Francisco time, the sun is almost down, and we tie up, and in the small pines of the sand we repose till dawn, 3 o'clock.

IN BRITISH WATERS. You must know that we are in British waters with our American flag, and so have been since we took to water, and so we shall be till we reach the open Tagish bay beyond. And it makes me impatient to see this artificial line between the two great nations of the earth, when nature has made this mighty river as if for that use and purpose.

Here the wind dropped out, "took to the woods," the captain said. Then the wind came back and banged us in the teeth. Then we tied up at the end of Caribou pass, and at the edge of Tagish sea, and took tools and went out among the pines. And dug for gold. Only two colors, too. You all know that a "color" is gold. Briefly a color is a particle of pure gold. If you had colors enough you could pay up the national debt. I say this much for readers in other lands, for all on this seabank know this much of gold.

Again at sea, sailing under a stiff breeze into Tagish. Now this sea of Tagish is a terror, one of the terrors that continually loom up before us forward and pass over it. A wind plunges down from out the snow peaks and ploughs the arm of the sea to the right of us, and then furrows the main sea to foam and drives boats ashore. The captain tells us to look out for squalls.

PASSING THE TAGISH. All the smaller boats have furled sails, and are creeping close up shore and trying to get to the lee of some little islands ahead. We have the open Tagish and—spat, bang, boom! As we turn a granite-nosed headland, as if in ambush, the mighty arm is thrust out for us and lays hold terribly. Our larboard trace is parted the mainstay gets loose, and our topsail is a big, white bird away up yonder, hunting for the clouds. But we get through, of course; wonderful what dreadful things we pull through; for it really did look for a time as if we would be wrecked.

Now we see great big moose tracks in the mud as we go to and from the boat for the coffee can. The head of the expedition is in his rubber boots, gun in hand, in a

minute. He wants a moose. We tramp and we tramp, but we see no moose. We, that is the "Pack" expedition, took to the snow and winds blew us on and into Meadow lake. Then one rose up and said: "As for me, I go fishing." He fished as we passed an empty Indian town, and blew into a wide, wild mountain section, or arm to the right, that reached away out of sight. And here is about the only trouble in regard to sailing here alone. You may take the wrong way. I observe that all the boats kept in sight of or time themselves with the Examiner, as far as possible, as our captain knows the way of old.

Looking back sometimes when the sun falls fairly on them, I can see 20 following us.

SPORT WITH TROUT. "Say, bring that boat hook! See what a trout!" He fights for half an hour, then he fights in the boat, and bounds and even bites like a beast at the stick that is put in his mouth in order to get the hook. We fish with the spoon and triple hook. No other bait or other sort of hook has been used. Yet we have not only surfeited ourselves with the trout, mountain trout, lake trout, salmon trout and salmon, but we have shared loads of fish with others who have not time or free hands to fish. And such solid, sweet fish in these, cold, blue snow waters!

I am advised not to give the weight of this fish, but as there are quite a dozen men present and watching the scales when this fish was weighed, and as others may not doubt write of this marvel, I will set down the single fact that the shapely and most beautifully colored fish, speckled in blue and gold, weighed exactly eight pounds as he came from the water.

Sailing down the river through what is called Meadow or Marsh lake, we have a fairly good current. We land on a sand bar, among beautiful aspen and the balsam of Gilead. There are pines away up the pretty hills in the rear, and a man getting wood up there in the twilight comes tearing down hill, hatless, crying: "Bear! Bear! Big black bear!"

IT WASN'T A BEAR. Away go the guns up that pretty pine-set slope, the hatless man a little behind, so as to point out the black bear. "There it is, see, see, standing up!" Bang! bang! but the man with the gun does not run! He only bangs away again and again, and the hatless man picks up his hat and his wood, and we all promise to not tell or say bear to him, as we sail down, the great Yukon whenever we happen to see a big black stump standing out in the clearing on the bank.

The captain tells us that we are getting nearer and nearer to the Yukon canyon, where so many good men have perished, having been drawn in before knowing their peril.

We will come to this canyon and the dread White Horse falls—a part of the dangerous canyon—in a few hours. We hope to have our bold and skillful captain dash right on through without stopping at the portage or paying any attention to this terror of all boatmen.

The Sleep of Plants.

Like animals, all plants require intervals of repose, during which the vital functions are slowed down and the organism structures undergo repair. Some plants repose during the rainy season, others during periods of drought, but while some plants sleep during the cold or the comparatively cold season of the year, others again take their rest when the average temperature is high. It occurred to a Norwegian observer to investigate the sleep of plants, more particularly with the object of shortening the period of repose, and this he claims to have attained by subjecting the bulbs or buds to the action of chloroform vapor. He asserts, indeed, that plants thus treated subsequently develop more rapidly than those whose repose has not been intensified by the narcotic action of this drug, and the observation is not without considerable interest.

If his observations are trustworthy, it follows that sleep in plants is not strictly comparable to that of animal life, for we do not suppose that the period allotted to sleep by animals could advantageously be shortened by the administration of an anesthetic. Sleep, on the other hand, is a relative rather than an absolute condition. Its value as a restorative depends in a very marked degree on its intensity, and certain individuals derive more benefit and recuperate their jaded energies more effectively in five or six hours than others do after twice as long. This recuperative energy is asserted to be an indication of a high standard of vitality, and our observation certainly lends color to the view that diminished recuperative power is indicative of physiological deterioration.

What Wm. Singler Says. "Next year there will be a Governor to elect, a State Legislature (which will choose a United States Senator) and members of Congress. Sufficient unto 1898 and 1899 and 1900 are the issues which shall then be topmost in State and Federal politics. To-day is the time to deal with the things of to-day."

"Had it been a matter of design carefully planned in advance by the enemies of the Republican party they could not have bettered a condition of things in Pennsylvania better calculated to secure Republican defeat. No party at any time in the history of the States was ever before clothed with such complete power that attained by the Republican party; and no party ever before SO SHAMEFULLY ABUSED THE POPULAR CONFIDENCE. They have stopped at no extreme of corruption or extravagance. It is a libel upon the intelligence and upon the integrity of the voters of Pennsylvania to suppose that such gross maladministration will be condoned at the polls."

"The office of the Democratic party at this juncture is to give the people the opportunity of rebuking the political machinists who have disgraced the Commonwealth. Parties are of no service to the people if they be made simply the instruments of personal ambition or personal resentments. They should be the conservators of the public welfare."

OF Interest to Gunners. The following is taken from the new game law which was passed by the last state legislature and approved by Governor Hastings on June 4th: "Wild turkey, pheasants, grouse, quail, partridge and prairie chicken from October 15th to December 15th; woodcock, month of July and from October 15th to December 15th; elk, deer or fawn during the month of November; hare or rabbit, November 1st to December 15th; black, gray or fox squirrel from October 15th to December 15th."

A man has just died in St. Louis from lock-jaw, brought on by tight shoes.

Commissioner Fowler, of the New York board of health, is the authority for the statement that many New Yorkers are suffering with the grip, which caused many deaths two years ago. "Summer grip" is the name by which the present form of the disease is designated, as differing from the more serious form in which it has heretofore made its appearance in the winter months.

The symptoms are a cold in the head, sneezing, a condition of physical exhaustion and "that tired feeling." There is no immediate relief to be had, say the doctors and discomfort must simply be endured until the disease wears itself out, which may not be for four or five weeks after the first attack.

Locomotor Ataxia. Taking the Kinks Out of the Patient's Backbone. A new method of treating the malady known as "locomotor ataxia" has been introduced into the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, by two pupils of Charcot. The patient is laid on a small table and clad in a kind of harness, which enables him to bend his back and elongate the spinal cord. It will be remembered that Charcot long ago prescribed the suspending of the patient, with the weight of the body bearing on the sides of the jaw and the back of the head, as a cure for certain forms of spinal disease. Popularly speaking, Charcot's idea was to take the kinks out of the backbone.

Republican newspapers say the tariff on coal for the benefit of the miners. The Dingley bill increases the coal tariff 27 cents a ton, but the miners are receiving starvation wages, and thousands of them are on a strike. The same papers say the sugar rates in the Dingley bill are a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at F. Potts Green's drug store.

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Drawing the Line. "No," said the young woman with the standing collar and the lawn tie, "I cannot follow the dictates of my heart. I cannot marry him."

Appearance of Great Generals. Gen. Miles is the most soldierly looking commander since the days of Andrew Jackson. Gen. Sherman looked much like his brother John, now secretary of State, and for several decades known as the homeliest man in Congress. Phil Sherman was a fat, round, chubby clubman to look at. Gen. Schofield looked more like a well-kempt, retired banker than anything else.

Where have you been? inquired the wife of the man whose clothes were torn and spattered. "Making few investigations." "On what?" "Bicycling." "You seem to have found the subject interesting."

His Identity. Stranger—Who is that gentleman coming up the street? Village lad—That ain't no gentleman—it's my pa.

Professors. "I wrote to the editor of this paper asking what kind of writing paid best." "Yes. And what did he reply?" "Cheques."

The late Ogden Goelet left a fortune estimated at about \$30,000,000, but it is not recorded that he left a penny of it for any public purpose. This is the way great family fortunes are frequently built up now-a-days.

Pennsylvania will be the banner state for peaches this year, while Ohio should not complain after having had such a plump crop.

"Only nervous" is a sure indication that the blood is not pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.

New Advertisements. WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Pennsylvania, Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference enclosed, self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept., Chicago. 42-33-26.

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Travelers Guide. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect May 17th, 1897.

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