

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Mar. 11, 1898.

MARCH WINDS.

Far herald from the frozen North
The green of grasses bringing,
With violets on the wondrous slopes
And sounds of bluebirds singing;
How shall we joy to find thee here,
When spring has slipped her tether,
Swift scattering from her, far and near,
Winds, and the windy weather.

By night the wild goose phalanx lone
To polar zone is flying;
By day the hillside plover thrills
The pastures with his crying;
The white light flung from far-off skies
Drifts downward like a feather,
And tending marsh-grass signifiers
Winds, and the windy weather.

The orchard sap begins to stir
As swift the March wind passes;
The primrose and the wild flower meet
Where cool wood shadow masses;
And o'er the hills the rain and sun
Troop on the days together,
With waving many blossoms span,
Winds, and the windy weather.

—Ernest McGuffey in *Woman's Home Companion*.

J. H. MYERS TELLS OF THE KLONDIKE.

An Old Bellefonter Now at Dawson City.—An interesting letter from a man many of you know, telling of his fight against snow, ice, wind and current on the Yukon River.

The WATCHMAN is permitted to publish the following interesting letter to his family from J. H. Myers, the inventor of Rochester, N. Y., who with his son, Dr. Oscar Myers, left that city last fall for the Klondike gold fields, and is now safely lodged for the winter in a comfortable log cabin within easy walking distance of Dawson City, the metropolis of the new gold fields.

Mr. Myers is well known to the older Bellefonters, for he was once a resident of this place and proprietor of the Bush house. He is the inventor of the Myers American halting machine now in use in many of the precincts of New York.

DAWSON CITY (so-called), Alaska, January 1, 1898.

I have waited in hope that I might be able to write you a good long, respectable letter, but events crowd so fast, and my physical infirmities mend so slowly that I must make my poor effort, and ask you to pardon my struggle and uncounted letter. Circumstances are very unfavorable—days only three to four hours long—dim cabin with (or slush) lamp (candles are 50 cents each)—and my glasses are broken and unsuited.

All alarm will be dispelled when I write you, as I do, that son and I are both now settled in a warm, comfortable log cabin winter house, with plenty of suitable provisions and clothing, good appetites and good general health.

I now will endeavor to carry your attention with us, in all of the details, incidents, and the sufferings and hardships of our long and terrible journey here.

Sketch "A" gives our general course from Rochester to Chicago, St. Paul and Seattle by rail; thence by steamer Queen northward through Puget sound and Pacific ocean coast to Skagway, a wild, newly formed village of tents and eager rushing adventurers, situated at the mouth of Skagway river, which heads away northeast on the summit range of the highest mountains in the interior of Alaska. Skagway river is not large or navigable, hence we can only follow its general course by a newly discovered and newly made pack trail, for men and horses.

We traveled over the swamps and mountains adjacent to this river, crossing and re-crossing the river from Skagway bay to the head of Lake Bennett, where we erected the Mabel, our sturdy craft, and where our boat navigation began.

At Seattle R. J. Dignin of Rochester and A. O. Williams of Toledo, O., a sailor and river boatman, joined us for the trip through the Queen steamer left Seattle on the 7th of August, and arrived at Skagway on the 12th.

We waited the arrival of our first four horses and pack saddles by steamer Ajax, and then began, on Aug. 20th, the journey on that terrible trail, which proved the worst and most dangerous the world has ever known—so pronounced by old experienced trailmen.

We had two hired men, and, in all, fifteen horses, although starting with four horses, and seven was the most we had on the trail at any one time.

Our entire outfit, exclusive of hay, oats and boat lumber, weighed about 3,800 pounds, and required several trips back and forth over each section of the trail.

We moved all goods to an advance "cache" only a few miles at a time, hence several daily round trips were necessary to move all goods and tents, and feed, to a given cache before beginning on the next advance link which we varied in distance, according to the severity of the trail. The only satisfactory moments were during the last trip over each section, and this was sometimes marred by the loss of a faithful horse or two over a precipice, or cut down by the jagged rocks.

A few places where the trail was over a steep and almost impassable mountain we would take but one light load (or pack) with the horses, in order to get our horse train advanced over the mountain, and then we hired men (packers), who together with ourselves packed, on our backs, the balance of our outfit through the rock bound and rock strewn river canons, to the advanced base of the mountain.

With our heavy packs we climbed over and from rock to rock, sometimes edging our way over a slender pole, clinging to the sides of huge rocks to avoid tumbling down the abyss into the turbulent torrents below.

his pack—sometimes falling, the horse carried over side-wise in the mass of filth, when his entire pack had to be removed, and the poor, helpless beast pried out by levers, and his load replaced before our part of the rushing, motley, general caravan could proceed. The mad rush and scramble of groups or trains crowded past all such unfortunate, bent only on reaching the meen of gold. Each group, however, had these misfortunes, and they sometimes occurred on steep mountain sides where the trail was too narrow to permit passing by, hence the whole caravan would be delayed for hours, unavoidably.

In one instance one of our horses in attempting four times repeatedly, to climb a steep, rocky cliff of the mountain, fell or tumbled back somersaults, landing on top of his pack each time at the bottom uninjured, and we only succeeded by the aid of ropes in assisting his renewed faithful efforts. Others again would fall headlong, in leaping from rock to rock, descending the mountains. At these difficult places the sagacious animals would pause, view the situation, extend one foot repeatedly, as though feeling the way, and leap with both feet onto some part of the rock below, exposed from the surrounding pool of mud, and when not exposed, taking their chance in the pool of mire, often to sink deeply, and again to strike some concealed jagged rock, and emerge with limbs torn and bleeding; in one instance, one of our horses cut an artery, making it necessary for us to shoot him then and there, to end his misery. We had to shoot several of our horses, by the very side of, and in the trail as did many others. I have stood many times in one spot and counted from five to seven dead horses, often necessarily stepping from one to the other in the trail.

Perhaps the most interesting sight was when the mountain side, by a zig-zag course of switch-backs, opened up a considerable panorama at one view, when, in several instances, I have, at one glance, seen a straggling caravan of over 100 pack horses, with half as many mules, leading and driving them, cursing and hurling epithets at the poor brutes, while others were patient and cheerful. However, nearly all men had an accommodating "mind your own business" spirit, the general exception being when some returning loaded train met the advancing caravan on a narrow trail on some steep mountain side or cliff, each contending for the upper or safer side, when disputes engendered much ill-feeling and made every man see that his revolver was in his belt and holster.

For the interests of our little ones I will try to make a few hasty imperfect sketches, first of our pack train of seven horses. One of our six packages of boat lumber is shown. The other four horses follow, led by Mr. Dignin, Mr. Williams, or by our two hired men, Messrs. Everts and O'Brien. One of us generally remained in camp, but our advance cache was generally left unguarded, depending on the rigid silent code of honor, and fear prevailing. We did not have anything stolen from us at any time.

You remember each relay of from six to eight miles, had to be traversed five or six times, of course returning empty-handed each afternoon. Some of our caches, at terminal of canons, were only about one mile apart. Our camp stations were, in order, Skagway Bay, Skagway River crossing two miles, foot of first mountain, five miles, top of first mountain, one-half mile; first river bridge, eight miles; Skagway River ford (foot of Summit mountain), six miles; head of Summit lake, five miles; head of Middle lake, eight and one-half miles; foot of Shallow lake, eight miles; head of Lake Bennett, ten miles, making fifty-one miles in all of horse travel, of which we struggled just forty-two days, and parts of the nights, constantly wearing hip-rubber, boots or heavy hob-nail shoes, and almost incessant rain compelled us to wear oil-coats. Rain and snow storms were about even during the last half of the trail.

Strange to say, we enjoyed good health, and grew fleshy. Arriving at the head of water navigation—Lake Bennett—we were detained about two weeks in getting our goods forward from last cache—six miles back—and erecting our boat, on the bow of which the name Mabel was painted. The greatest care was observed. I personally attached every nail, drove every screw and caulked and pitched every joint. She stood every test, and weathered every gale during our long and perilous journey northward to Dawson. She was built of light cedar lumber, which we purchased at Fort Wrangle, before reaching Skagway bay.

There we had cut, fitted and erected her in skeleton and then had taken her apart for packing. We had brought three small canvas boats from Chicago but wisely concluded they were unsafe for our purpose and sold them at Skagway for \$135, they having cost us \$45.

The Mabel was twenty feet long by 5 feet beam and two feet in depth. This we increased to 2 feet 8.8 inches by attaching eight-inch splashboard above her gunwales. Had we not done so we could not have weathered the gales, we subsequently encountered in the lakes, for we were loaded down nearly to the gunwales. She was provided with stern steering rudder and two pairs of eight foot oars; but we only used one pair, one man at each oar, one to steer and one off duty one hour out of every three hours. The man off duty, while resting, generally suffered most from inactivity in the cold, head winds and icy wind storms. She had an eight by five foot sheet sail, which aided much in favorable winds. The Mabel rode the highest winds like a bird and breasted the stormy billows and never creaked or faltered.

We arrived at Lake Bennett with our first pack load, on our three remaining horses, on September 26th. Our horses were nearly as exhausted as ourselves, and there we bought five more horses, and on October 3rd delivered our last load, having in the last five days lost five more horses, and that night we sold our last three faithful horses for \$25, taking a fifty-pound sack of flour in payment.

We launched the Mabel, loaded in all our stores, including 313 pounds of beef and tallow (a hind quarter of a large young trail-ox, which cost 20 cents a pound, of which we sold forty-nine pounds at Dawson for \$1.25 per pound).

I should have stated that soon after camping at Lake Bennett a terrific snow and wind storm set in which frightened many back into the timber to be hid from and defer their journey down the remaining 600 miles of lake and river travel through the wild uninhabited interior of Alaska. We, however, were prepared for a freeze-up anywhere en route, and despite the storm, we finished our boat and set sail at 4 p. m., one hour before dark, and camped two miles down the lake bank.

Next day, Tuesday, October 12th, we had head winds to row against and camped seventeen miles from the head of Lake Bennett.

October 13th—Rain and cold. Camped at head of English lake.

October 14th—Camped nineteen miles below, at foot of Tagish lake.

October 15th—Midway on Five-mile river we were hailed by Canadian tariff collectors and told to pay unwarranted tariff duties on every ounce of our provisions, tools, blankets, all clothing new or second-hand, even those worn on our persons—amounting to \$55. Continuing, we camped midway on Marsh lake. That evening had an elegant supper of stewed young swan weighing six and a half pounds, shot and dressed by the writer the previous day on Marsh lake. That day we were pitched about at a dangerous rate by a severe gale suddenly rising on the lake.

October 16th—Rowing hard against head winds on lower half of Marsh lake and camped at foot of same lake.

October 17th—Entered Lakeena river and floated and rowed twenty-two miles and camped at the head of Miles Canon rapids, into which we were nearly drawn by our unexpected sudden approach around a rocky cliff.

October 18th—We packed on our backs, over one mile portage, half of our stores to the foot of this canon to lighten our cargo so as to run our boat through Miles Canon. The next morning learned that Judge Miller and three others of our fellow passengers on steamer Queen had wrecked their boat on the rocks in this canon, lost their boat and entire outfit, and barely escaped drowning by swimming and being picked up by another boat which only happened to be starting from the foot of the canon. Our man Williams was a master at the helm and next morning we ran the canon safely, then reloaded our boat, ran the intervening two miles of dangerous rapids to the head of the terrible White Horse rapids, made our boat fast and again began packing half of our cargo at the foot of these rapids, where we camped for the night.

October 19th—We ran the famous White Horse rapids and the Mabel dashed over and between the raging billows at a fearful rate, pitching several times six or seven feet high. I had securely canopied the boat with rubber canvas, and she shed the water like a duck when she dipped either fore or aft. After dinner we reloaded the other half of our cargo, and starting down the river, camped ten miles below.

October 20th ran the remaining fifteen miles on Lake La Barge, and camped opposite to the Klondike and its tributary, October 21st. We ran nearly to the foot of Lake La Barge and camped.

October 22nd—Ran balance of Lake La Barge and about ten miles down the Lewis river, and camped, having thus run the four lakes without any mishaps, while several other boats were wrecked in the gales we encountered.

October 22nd—While reloading our camp outfit to decamp we shot, with Mr. Dignin's rifle, at 175 yards distance, another large young swan; dressed and froze it and kept it for Xmas dinner, at Dawson. We camped twenty miles further down the Lewis river.

October 23rd—We ran about fifty miles, having good current, but we rowed ever anxiously to avoid the expected ice jam now due farther north. We camped ten miles south of the Little Salmon river. We passed and left behind all other boats.

October 24th—We passed the mouth of Little Salmon river, and here saw the first log raft, thirty miles further down we made a short stop at the old McCormick Indian trading post. We here met Joe Boyle with his pack train of dogs and seven horses, on his way out overland. He told us the ice float was great 100 miles below, and doubted our ability to reach Dawson, without being jammed in the ice-floes, and about fifty miles that day and camped five miles above Five Finger rapids.

October 25th—We ran the Five Finger rapids, also Rink rapids safely, and camped about thirty miles above Fort Selkirk, having made about fifty miles, by the aid of the current and by hard work at the oars. The river was very shallow, and we escaped sand-bars and hidden rocks, while other boats have been much troubled in that way.

October 26th—We reached Fort Selkirk at 12 noon, and there registered our names on the numerical register of persons en route to the Klondike, making 2,950 persons registered. The agent said about 4,300 had gone through. That day we made but forty-three miles on account of obstruction of floating ice and camped about twenty miles down the famous Yukon river.

October 27th—By hard work, made but forty miles down the Yukon, progress being retarded by increasing floe ice. October 28th—Traveled about forty miles down the Yukon, and camped about two miles below the mouth of White river, a large tributary of the Yukon, which greatly augmented the ice-floes, the ice cakes already large, and from two to five feet thick freezing or uniting together made rowing and mule-pulling ice blocks, or pike free our boat, a severe labor for all.

October 29th—Passed mouth of Stewart river about 11 a. m. Saw a young bear running along the coast, outside of rifle range, for two or three miles above Sixty Mile post.

October 30th—On arising to start at 4 a. m. we were surprised to find the Mabel frozen fast in solid ice which had frozen along the edge of the river for over twenty-five feet out from the river bank, to a grating ice-floe, to reach which we had to cut an oblique channel with axes to enable our craft to float into the seething vortex.

When we moored the Mabel the night before we had launched a long six-inch pole boom, made fast above our boat to the shore, having it project and slant outside the boat to shield it, and thus force the floating ice boulders outward from the Mabel, to prevent her being crushed and torn to pieces while we slept, either in the boat, or in a tent on the adjacent elevated river bank. We fought our way through and with the ice and cold for about thirty-five miles, and camped about twenty miles, above Dawson.

Tuesday, November 2nd—Ice was running very thick, and was forming very fast in the severe cold weather, many blocks uniting together into areas twenty-five to thirty feet across, each between which we had to fight our way in dense fog, with temperature 17 degrees below zero. We reached Dawson—or rather Klondike City—so called on the opposite side of the mouth of the Klondike river—at 3 p. m., one hour before dark, camped at our journey's end, and gave thanks "to Him from whom all blessings flow." The Mabel was the last craft that landed, many of our sojourning crafts were left behind, being frightened into winter camp far up along the Yukon river, fearing being crushed between the grinding ice-floes, or being wrecked in early expected ice-jam. Our determination to avoid this fate, possibly led us to pole against ice blocks, or pike our way to the right hand shore and hug it for several miles, floating with the ice. Finally, the last mile above Dawson, we reached shore, and lined the Mabel down our journey's end, in safety, and with triumph. The Mabel was increased to four times its real weight, by the daily increas-

ing crust of ice on the bottom, sides and ends. The ice on the bottom was nine inches thick.

On the way we had all slept four nights on our moored boat, and one man did several other nights, to insure the safety of the Mabel and our cargo, the loss of which meant starvation to all, on this barren, uninhabited route.

The Yukon is deeper, swifter, and as wide as the Mississippi is at St. Louis. It is the third longest river in the world.

Wednesday, November 3d, we arranged our temporary camp tent, on the cold beach, unloaded and cached our cargo in our A tent beside our wall or sleeping tent.

We windlassed our Mabel out on the beach, having thus by moderate work, rested our weary bodies, and our sore and aching hands due to arduous and anxious rowing.

Next day we inverted the Mabel, and by fires underneath thawed and removed the ice, to take her apart, that the lumber might be available for finishing the inside of our log cabin, that we expected to build for a winter home several miles up the tributaries of the Klondike river, in the actual mining district.

We found no letters for us here, and can only think of and pray for the loved ones at home. We had hope that, as was intended, the vessels via St. Michaels water route, which left the Pacific sea ports at same time we did, would anticipate us here, and bring mail to us, but they froze in far below on Yukon—or rather they Yukon connecting steamers did—and never reached here, and cannot, I deeply regret to say, until next June. An international mail is on the way (by dog teams) over our overland and river route, and is now being sent down the river, being, we are informed, as far down as the Little Salmon river. They will surely bring us some of your letters. Not a word have we received since leaving home, a name that never seemed so dear before.

We wrote several letters home while on our way, and since our arrival, but can only hope that some of them may have reached you. This letter will be carried out by a reliable man (cost one dollar) and mailed at Seattle. He goes by sled and dog team over the ice on the same route over which we came.

"But to return to our mutton."

November 4th, leaving Mr. Williams to take our boat apart, we walked sixteen miles up to the Klondike and its tributary, Bonanza creek, on the trail, generally on the ice covering the creek bed, to the forks of Bonanza and Eldorado, the two principal streams on which most of the mining is done. At the "Forks" we found quite a settlement of log cabins.

On our return next evening to our camp we found that Mr. Williams had taken only about one-third of the boat apart, and that night about 2 p. m. we were awakened by the crushing of the several boats on the beach and discovered that the ice had jammed and was piling high in front of our boat, and the damming back of the Yukon brought the water's edge within ten feet of our tent, and only ten feet lower. We hurriedly awoke all the tent owners and more hurriedly struck our tents, and before we got our bedding and stores up on the high water bank the river covered the space were we had slept. The night was bitter cold, but we saved everything except the tent, and lost in ice jams.

The next day we dissolved our companionship association, Mr. Williams and Mr. Dignin going their way, while son and I caught our stores in a storehouse, excepting a load or starting outfit of about 400 pounds, which we loaded on our "Yukon sled" (bought in Seattle and packed through).

The next day we started up the trail for our destination, it being the forks, where we intended to build a log cabin.

The day was very cold, and the load heavy. We lodged one night this side of the forks, and then learned that building logs must be carried in two miles, even in the best seasons. We began to seriously consider our ability to encounter the deep snow, and the twenty-five below zero weather. We also considered buying out our host's cabin and his "lay," (lease on a mining claim which he was prospecting).

In a word, our better information led us to leave our sled and load there and return by trail to Dawson to buy a cabin. This meant another day cold there and ill-cooked food, and when about exhausted, we secured our present comfortable log cabin home, at a little more cost than the storing and safeguarding of the owner's cache (provisions), as the gentleman is absent.

We then, by a two days' trip, brought our sled load back here, where we are in the best of business, centre (Dawson). Dawson has about seventy-five buildings, houses, stores and saloons, mostly log cabins. Klondike City has about fifteen ditto. The river is constantly frozen, and covered with two feet of snow, and has good solid trails across, and up the river.

Our cabin and several others near it, are sheltered in the woods, with firewood and water handy and free. Dawson pays \$35 a cord for wood.

After arriving here and securing a cabin, we soon collapsed in physical strength, and found that the arduous and almost superhuman effort made by us inspired by the hope of reaching, and the fear of not reaching, had injured us bodily—especially myself. My hands or knuckle joints became swollen, sore and weak, my limbs weak and inefficient, and I suffered generally at loss of vigor, except in appetite. Son was, and is effected similarly only in a less degree. We had hoped that rest and the moderate work of improving our cabin, would permit us to recover, but our recovery is slow. I am still painting all my knuckles twice daily with iodine. However, we do considerable light work, and have recently taken several long tramps prospecting for mining claims, and have secured several, from which we hope to be rewarded, either by mining or selling. It is lottery, however, with all, and therefore our silence about business should neither discourage or encourage anyone.

Our unfortunate lateness in arriving here in the midst of deep snow, and cold varying, so far, from 17 degrees to 63 degrees below zero, makes it difficult for us to do the preparatory work for actual mining, which involves building a cabin on the claim, cutting and assembling thirty-five to forty cords of wood, with which to thaw the frozen earth, daily, to permit digging, as the frost extends to a depth of fifty feet. Besides we are now daily liable to have increased fall of the mercury, when men cannot stand outside work. We may slip in some where some time soon, but we will assume no hazardous risks.

Many who arrived just before us, were discouraged, sold their outfits here at the fabulous prices prevailing, and started back on foot with hand sleds over the ice, on the same route we came in, on a trip few will endure, and one I never could or would undertake.

When the first boats go down the Yukon next June, or July, we will, if spared, surely begin our long journey of nearly 5,000

miles homeward, via St. Michaels, which is wholly by steamer from here to Seattle.

Our cabin is 14x16 feet, with sides of log laid walls seven feet high. The roof is made of three inch poles laid side by side, and covered with moss sixteen inches deep, upon which is thrown three inches of earth, the whole roof being supported by four log rafters, or beams, running lengthwise. When we took possession, there was but one small window of two (8x10) lights. Not being any window lights in the market here, we made a window, on the opposite side, of light quart bottles set in a frame and packed with moss, canvas and tallow. It is three feet by eight inches clear light, and far superior to window glass. On the same side, to the right as we enter, we erected a full height case of shelves, containing a long commissary box, filling the space between two shelves, about two feet from the floor, and divided off into several compartments for groceries, all under lock and key. There are other shelves behind the stove for utensils, etc. Also a side wall table nearly in front of the stove. The stove stands just in the front of our bed, about one foot from the floor on a four inch deep box, supported on four wooden legs, and filled with sand. It is a heavy sheet-iron two feet long and one foot square. The wood, one foot long, is fed in at the end door, and the oven door is toward the rear on the side. I write on a three foot permanent square table, which surrounds the central post to roof support, on which hangs our revolvers, your nickel 6-inch shears and your small 4-inch scissors, a ball of candle wick, for the wick, our little mirror, and about that next the roof, our loaded shotgun, and George's 16-shooter Marlin rifle. Across the rear end are erected our sleeping berths, under and above which are stored our bags and boxes of provisions, and clothing bags. We sleep together in a double berth for warmth and comfort.

Let your imagination supply the log side wall with exposed moss packed between the logs. Behind the stove hang the frying pans, big fork, cake turner, large all crowded with cans, kettles, sacks, coffee pots, etc., etc. Thus you see us as we see ourselves. On this same side is a small side table, by the little window, and the water barrel, sugar barrel, and "dining room chairs." Over the front door, inside, is fastened our "library box" on which are our gold scales and compass, and holds the photographs of the dear faces at home, which never appeared so sweet before, and to which we frequently resort. The projecting end of third shelf, is for Son's pipe and tobacco. The six roof rafter logs and the roof, project six feet in front of the cabin, forming an outside open, and sack of salt. The shelves are secured by a barrel of cache for our barrels to keep it continually frozen. The ice binds us here inflexibly until June or July next. I have on account of my broken down constitution, and the slight chance of sending letters out, refrained from writing frequently, but hope our occasional letters, or some of them have reached you. This letter will be taken out by a man named Thomas O'Brien of Portage, La Prairie, a rich merchant who goes with three dog teams of five dogs each, and with basket sleighs, attended by several hardy men. I am confident this will reach you, but such a safe opportunity may not occur again before the ice breaks up, and the first logs go down the Yukon river.

Our daily walk when not absent prospecting is to the centre of Dawson, and is about as far as from our house to the seven corners, so that we become thoroughly acclimated as the winter becomes colder.

Dawson and Klondike City are backed by high broken mountains with narrow table lands. Our cabin is between the Klondike river bank, and the base of a high mountain, and is sheltered by woods. The snow is now about two feet deep here, and accumulates a trifle daily from a constant mist of the dry cold frost which always befalls the air. There have been no snow storms, and rarely what might be called a snowfall. Two inches is the greatest daily increase we have noticed. Upon the windy lakes, which we came in over, it is different. The extreme cold here is unadulterated cold.

J. H. MYERS.

A Boy Again.

I'd like to be a boy again without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseed in my hair. I'd like to rise at 4 o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and take the milk; and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring the wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn and churn and churn; and wear my brother's cast-off clothes and walk four miles to school and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule, and get home again at night and do the chores some more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and carry mules galore, and then crawl wearily upstairs to seek my little bed, and heard say: "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again—a boy has so much fun in his life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun. I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors and herding hens and chasing bees and doing evening chores.

Jimmie's Fizzology.

Hearts is located in yure insides rejun of yure stumck. The fizzleology says they works like pumps, which is the milkman's best friend. The heart is a very important organ, but it doesn't make no musick.

My brother which is a poick, says: "Wint' harnny when 2 hearts beets like 1. I wish pa would take a lesson from 2 hearts. He beets like 60."

Pa told me once his heart was back in the old village where he was born; but I am afraid it is a lyre, becos when Katie was married he said: "My heart is 2 full 2 much, and he didn't get no telegraph from the birthplace. Byneby he fell under the tabul, and some one arksarkstically remarked that it was very full."

King Richard had a lying heart; but I have a broken heart, which is worse. Dear reader, ain't a girl heartless to give me the old stare becous my hare is red? Can I avert the decrees of the Fates, which has got a hold on mortals? I guess there's no I am a cynic now, which means every-one is a foole butte me.

Sunday School Teacher (illustrating the "still, small voice")—What is it, dear children, that makes you feel so uncomfortable and unhappy after you have done something which you ought not to do?

Dear Child—A lickin'.

Humors, pimples, boils are very annoying. They quickly disappear when the blood is purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Frances Willard has been eulogized and her death mourned as a public loss by leading people, societies and newspapers all over the country. On the occasion of her burial in Evanson, Ill., schools and business houses were closed, flags placed at half-mast and the city went into mourning; memorial services were held simultaneously in many cities, while almost every State and many foreign countries were represented in the floral offerings laid on her coffin. They represented the sincere mourning of the civilized world for one whose life was devoted to good work. Miss Willard was only a woman, and the law treated her merely as such, but to how many of the present day statesmen will equal honors be paid at their death?

The best manicure acid is a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cup of tepid water. This not only whitens and removes all stains from the nails, but it loosens the cuticle much better than scissors do. A dash of lemon juice, too, in a glass of water is an admirable tooth wash after the use of onions or anything that affect the breath.

The new bicycle hat is quite the prettiest one that has fallen to the lot of the wheel-woman. It is a round affair, with upward rolling rim, and a crown which curves outward in saucy fashion. A twist of maline is about the crown, catching a bunch of curled quills on the side. Gauntlets of dogskin are the correct gloves, insuring protection to the wrist.

Always clean the teeth at night just before retiring, for particles of food collect between the teeth during the day, and if left there all night will decay, causing the breath to become offensive, and also prove very injurious to the teeth. If artificial teeth are worn, cleanse them thoroughly with borax, and when convenient, let them remain in borax water (every night if possible), it will purify them and help to sweeten the breath.

There seems to be a tendency to revive the terra-cotta shades that were so popular several winters ago, and a new rich tint that promises to become popular is called Maudslayi. The shades of blue are all very much in evidence, especially the gray blues and stone blues.

Rather a youthful gown was built of stone-colored cloth and was trimmed in the most striking way with narrow black braid. The skirt fitted close over the hips and the slight bit of fullness there was at the back, being disposed of in two small underlapping plaits. The braid was arranged in rows of five. It came from the back of the skirt and crossed at the front to form a point. A second trimming of five rows was placed below this and took the same general form.

The corsage was a blouse of the stone-colored cloth that opened in an invisible way at the left shoulder and under-arm seam. It was trimmed with the black braid that formed a "V" at the front of the corsage. The braid trimmed the front of the skirt so that it gave the effect of being continued from the corsage in unbroken lines. The high straight collar was mounted by a tiny flaring collar of black moire. It was trimmed around with bands of the braid. The narrow neck was of velvet. The sleeves were perfectly plain with only a suspicion of fullness at the top.

A tailor gown that boasted a pretty striking color note was made of sage-green cloth, shot with petunia. The skirt was made with a narrow panel of green bengaline at the left side, strapped across with heavy military-looking frogging.

The corsage was a blouse of the shot-green cloth, opening over a vest of green bengaline. On each side of the vest the cloth was laid in two broad box-plaits that were piped with petunia satin. The frogs came from the under arm seams and, crossing over, fastened on either side of the vest. At the front the corsage boasted a triple over the narrow centre of green bengaline. The toque to be worn with this gown was a tiny affair of green velvet built to crown the high pompadour. It was trimmed with full choux of petunia satin in drier shades.

With utter disregard to becomingness, fashion has decreed that we arrange our hair so as to form a frame for the face. The woman who is extreme in this particular looks indeed like a saint with a halo around her head. Pompadour it must be, whether or not it is curled, though to be really in the fashion the hair must be crimped and combed out so as to be fluffy. A roll may be used that extends from side to side, being a little higher just over the middle of the forehead. To arrange the hair this way the front and side locks should be well forward. After arranging the back hair in a soft, loose coil or a series of puffs, the front locks are crimped and combed back over the pompadour roll, which must be securely fastened to the hair. If the effect is too severe to be becoming, a few stray hairs may wander over the forehead or temple, but in no instance must little curls or frizzes hang around the face. The looser the hair is arranged over the roll the more likely one is to look well with the hair arranged in a pompadour, says a writer in the "Woman's Home Companion."

Braids should never be worn with pompadour front, but always with soft loops, puffs or loose, fluffy curls. To be strictly up to date, the back hair should be waved in large waves and well combed out, then pushed downward with pompadour combs, made for that purpose. Women with heavy suits of hair wear close knots of braids for the morning, and during the day, combing it back plain from the forehead without the exaggerated roll. The part is seldom seen, and never on women who make any pretensions to fashion; but a soft bang, worn very short, is still worn by women who have never given up this style. Side combs are more worn than ever, and come in sets of three and four. The most stylish ones are hinged together. In sets of four, one goes above the knot, one below and one on either side. In sets of three, the middle comb is generally used above the knot, and is a trifle higher and more ornate than the two side combs. The left side of the combs are coarser and placed farther apart, and curve to fit the head. Many of them are plain, others are ornamented with narrow bands of silver or gold, and still others are beautifully carved. If jewels are used they are sunk in the bands. Combs of polished jet are pretty for blondes, and are cut so as to give the greatest possible sparkle. These should be hinged together, and are beautiful when worn with gray hair. Combs have made fancy hairpins unpopular, and the wire hairpin is again having its day.

The return of frills, flounces and skirt draperies was inevitable. There is always a correlation between these matters. So long as the stilly lined skirt of exaggerated width kept its ground it was impossible to further distend it with trimming, but no sooner are the flaring breadths reduced to sheath-like proportions than the trimming appears as a natural consequence, as they have done often in times past.