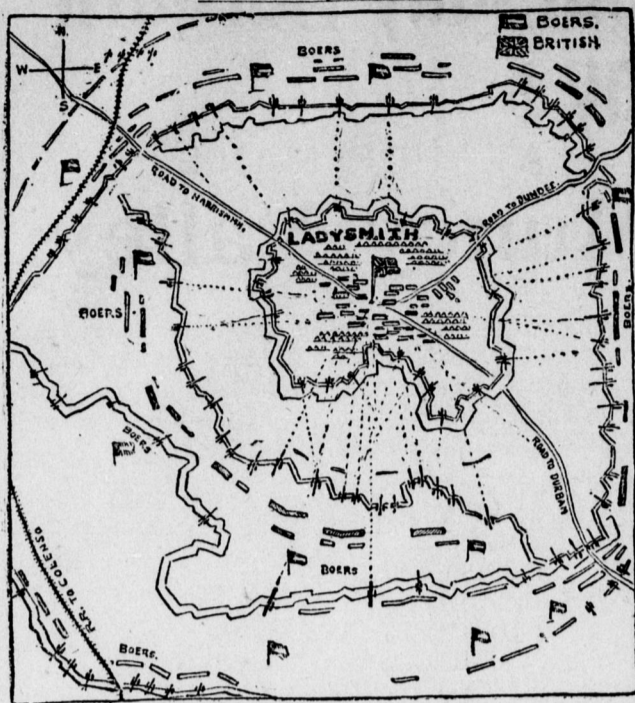


FORTS AND SIEGE TRENCHES AT LADYSMITH.



Ladysmith was invested by the Boer forces under General Joubert. The besiegers completely surrounded the position. The town lies in a bowl-shaped depression. On every side but one there are hills or kopjes, very convenient for the placing of artillery, and from these eminences the enemy shelled the city from time to time. The Boers constructed two lines of trenches—one facing the town from all sides, the other facing from the town in order to repel attacks from the outside. The plans shown in the chart are drawn after rules of Vanban, the greatest of French engineers.

THE KLONDIKE OUTDONE.

Marvelous Richness of the Cape Nome District, Alaska.

ALL WITHIN THE UNITED STATES

"There seems good reason to infer that substantially the entire southern half of this large peninsula (on which Cape Nome is situated), covering more than 8000 or 10,000 square miles, is gold-bearing, and much of it rich. It lies in the Yukon gold belt, extending from the Klondike westward, and probably continues across Bering Sea into Siberia." So writes F. C. Schrader of the United States Geological Survey, one of two experts sent out by the Government last fall to report upon the Cape Nome gold district, of whose wonders rumor had been heard



in Washington. Mr. Schrader gives a brief account of his trip in the latest number of the National Geographic Magazine, and has also addressed the National Geological Society on the same subject. The reports brought back by him and other explorers, like Lieutenant Jarvis of the revenue cutter Bear, indicate that this newly opened district, over the national ownership of which there is no dispute, far exceeds the Klondike in importance as a source of the world's

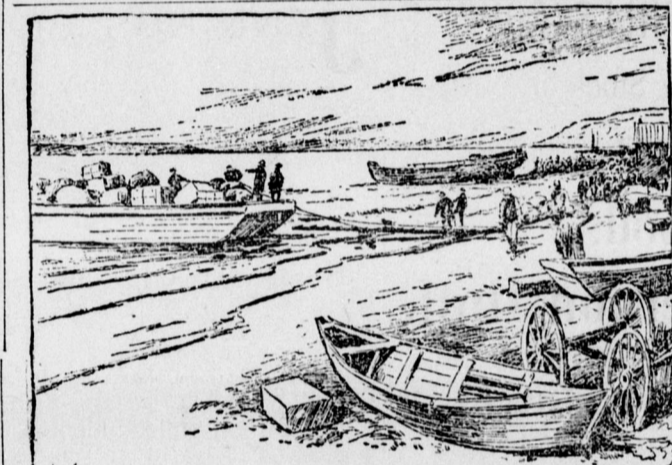


CRADLING GOLD ON THE BEACH AT NOME.

gold supply. This is partly on account of the distribution of the gold in area and richness, and partly because of the better means of getting people and supplies in and the product out.

The Cape Nome district is situated on the northwest coast of Alaska, the southern promontory of a peninsula extending westward toward Siberia, between Kotzebue and Norton Sounds, and largely separating Bering Sea from the Arctic Ocean. From Cape Nome westward for thirty miles or more the shore-line is comparatively straight and smooth, but between this line and the base of the mountains occurs the well-known tundra—a strip of treeless, moss-covered marine gravels, forming a coastal shelf. Along the beach this is about thirty feet

above sea level, but it slopes gently upward till at the base of the mountains, four or five miles back, it reaches an elevation of 150 to 200 feet. Quartz veins and veinlets, traversing the rocks in the mountains, are supposed to be the source of the gold in the marine gravels.



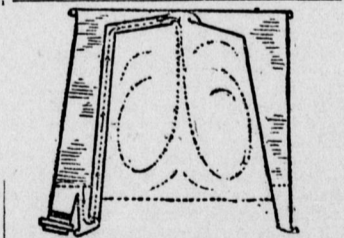
LANDING FREIGHT AT NOME CITY.

The first considerable discovery of gold in the Cape Nome district was made in September, 1898, by a party of Swedes, who found it in the creeks and gulches. They were sent out and told where to look by a Swedish missionary, N. O. Hultberg, who had persisted, in spite of every discouragement, in believing that there was gold along the edge of Golofnia Bay. Not till last summer was the beach gold discovered. In the gulches along the edge of the mountains the diggings are coarse gold, nuggets valued at \$350 being found there six or eight feet under the creek gravels. Along the beach the gold is as fine as bird shot or finer. Its occurrence is mostly under two or three feet of gravel and sand, on the bottom layer of clay or argillaceous sand, called by the miners "bedrock." Thin layers of ruly sand interstratified with the gravel near the "bedrock" are often found to be rich. The production of



SELF-STIRRING BOILER.

that is generated in the jacket has no other avenue of escape except through this tube. Naturally, then, as the water begins to boil, the steam in seeking to escape passes through the tube and up through the food. It is asserted that the agitation thus pro-



THE OPERATION OF THE SELF-STIRRING COOKER.

duced by the steam is sufficient to prevent burning, even though the usual stirring is neglected.



FIGHT AROUND LADYSMITH—COLLECTING THE WOUNDED ENGLISH SOLDIERS AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

The tundra has not infrequently yielded from ten to thirty cents to the pan. Capital will doubtless be required to develop the tundra deposits, and those of high quality which have been found in the benches in the lower mountain region. Only a comparatively small strip of coast has been prospected thus far, but there is no reason to suppose that the gold discovered is more than a fraction of what will show itself later in response to systematic search. All signs point to the placer mining of the Nome district as surpassing that of any other part of the world.

This country is cheerless, and not naturally adapted as to climate, soil, vegetation or animal life, for the abode of white men, but it is at least readily accessible, which is more than can be said for the Klondike district. In the Klondike there is growing timber for building houses, constructing sluiceways, furnishing a part of the necessary fuel, etc.; at Cape Nome there is none, and every board, beam and post must be brought from elsewhere. The sea is open, however, from some time in June till about the first of November, and steamships and sailing vessels can ply to and fro freely. The temperature never falls so low as in the Klondike, but the fierceness of the winds which sweep the coast makes the cold harder to bear. There is not game enough to speak of, and no natural food for horses and mules, so that provisions for man and beast, coal for heating and industrial purposes, as well as building materials, must be brought up from the south.

A Self-Stirring Cooker.

An automatic self-stirring cooking-pot is the latest development in the kitchen utensil line. This, it is asserted, does away with the necessity of constantly stirring while cooking the porridge or oatmeal that forms such an important adjunct of the average breakfast. The pot, as shown in the sectional drawing, is double, and consists of an inner receptacle, to contain the oatmeal to be cooked, and an outer, or water, jacket, with a spout opening. This jacket is first filled with water, and the cap on the

FACTS ABOUT AGUINALDO.

His Origin, Training and Characteristic Oriental Methods.

Aguinaldo was born at Cavite Viejo thirty years ago. His father, Don Carlos, was a truck farmer of the native class, but rose to some importance among his fellows, and was thrice elected Mayor of Cavite. Aguinaldo's education was of the most limited



AGUINALDO'S WIFE. (She was recently captured by General Otis's force.)

kind. For a year or two he attended the school of Santo Tomas, in Manila, but the death of his father called him to Cavite, where he took up the work of the farm. Here he soon made himself prominent and troublesome by his connection with the Katipunan League, organized by Rizal against the friars. The Governor-General, to win his sympathies, appointed him captain municipal of Cavite in 1895.

Aguinaldo's mentor and tutor in the art of revolutions was Andres Bonifacio, a schoolmaster of Cavite, and the original conspirator in the revolution against the Spanish. Bonifacio influenced Aguinaldo to join the revolution of '96, acquainting him of the intentions of the Spaniards to secretly murder the members of the Katipunan. Upon Aguinaldo, grasping the opportunity of leadership, had Bonifacio secretly killed, and placed himself at the head of the movement against the Spanish. The Spanish drove Aguinaldo to the mountains, but ultimately compromised with him. His career from then till now is current news. Aguinaldo is not a pure Tagalog. His maternal grandfather was a Chinaman.



AGUINALDO'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

Aguinaldo's wife is a Chinese Mestiza, and made herself conspicuous in the revolutionary army by organizing a "Red Cross" hospital corps, and placing herself at the head of it. She was captured by American troops recently and is now a prisoner in Manila.

As London Learns Things. New York policemen have been served with a new kind of club. It has a swivel handle, which prevents it from being twisted from the grasp of its holder.

The novel feature of the club is the arrangement by which sixteen saw teeth, each half an inch in length, pop out of sixteen holes, dig into the hand which grasps it and give one strong pull.

The teeth remain concealed until an attempt is made to wrench the club from the policeman. The united pulls in opposite directions lacerate the evil-doer's hand in a jiffy.—London Weekly Telegraph.

The finest red coral is obtained from the Mediterranean; the large pieces of a pale color are said to be often worth twenty times their weight in gold.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Foolish Chicken. Once a naughty chicken Wouldn't go to bed. When his mother called him This is what he said:

"What a silly mother, Always in a fright. Let something eat her chickens— Can't bear us out of sight."

"I know more than mother, I feel that I can go In safety round this corner. To where the pumpkins grow"

"That's the place where mother Took us all one day, It was cool and shady, I'll go there and stay."

"I know the sun is setting, And I ought to go to bed; But our coop is hot and stuffy, I'll sleep out here instead."

But two bright eyes were watching, They'd seen the chicken come, Two ears had heard his foolish words, About his happy home.

And so the hungry wensel, A supper had that night, And chicken's mother clucks in vain Her son is lost to sight. —Frances G. Bush, in Chicago Record.

The Iceland Dinner. In Iceland the native's dinner usually consists of dried fish and butter. The fish is the ling or cod, which, when caught, is split open and then hung up on lines by the seashore to dry in the cold winds and hot sun. When thus preserved, they will keep for years, being as hard as the nether millstone. When wanted for dinner the fish is well hammered by a stone mallet and then cut up into strips. In this state they are eaten, but it is said that it needs an Icelander's teeth to get through the meal. The butter is not spread on the fish, but the two are taken alternately, first a mouthful of fish, then a mouthful of butter. It may easily be supposed that the Icelander is thankful to have his jaws well greased between every mouthful of the tough morsel.

Lessons in Stamps. The child who possesses the beautiful set of Columbian stamps will learn from their designs much of the career of Columbus. If he has acquired the curious stamps of New South Wales, he will not fail to admire the map of the continent that adorns them; if he forget which country is inhabited by the kangaroo, his Australian stamps will duly inform him, and should he desire to know where his cod liver oil comes from the Newfoundland stamps will teach him. Stamps are instructive at all points. For instance, any child knows from them that Salvador is volcanic, that Egypt has pyramids, that Holland has a little queen and Spain a still more infantine king.

Ah, if stamps and printing had not been such very recent inventions, how much more would not history have had to tell us! Think of having the portraits and accessories of all the emperors of Rome! Not as worn designs on rusty coins, but engraved on parchment by skillful workmen and carefully preserved in ancient archives. They would teach history indeed!

A Sea Bird. The guillemot is a sea bird of the genus alca, or auk.

Its legs are set very far back on the body, so that its usual attitude is a nearly upright sitting posture. Its three toes feet are strongly webbed and their structure gives it great facility in swimming and diving. In these operations it is greatly aided by its short wings, which are of more use for these purposes than for flight, a mode of progression of which it is, however, capable, though in a somewhat clumsy fashion.

From the position of its legs and the flat surfaces of its webbed feet the guillemot's walk is very awkward, but in the water its movements are lively and graceful. The male bird measures from fifteen to eighteen inches in length and the female from twelve to fifteen inches.

Guillemots are found in high latitudes on both sides of the Atlantic, in America breeding as far south as the Bay of Fundy. On the British coast they exist in countless millions, the Scottish cliffs and the rocky islands to the north and northwest being their chief resorts. They also extend far to the north of these points.

Like many common birds, fishes and other animals, the guillemot is known by many names, these varying in different districts and not always being limited to the guillemot alone, but including its allies, the penguins, razor bills and puffins. Thus it is variously known as the frowl, kiddy, langy, lavy, marrock, murre, scout, sea pigeon, skiddaw, strany, tinker, tunkershire and willock.—E. E. T., in Teachers' Magazine.

True Story of Laddie. Few dogs have had a wider circle of personal friends and have been more sincerely mourned when they have died than Laddie Boss, an intelligent Scotch collie of ancient lineage.

To some of Laddie's friends, indeed, it seemed an insult to call him a dog. He knew by name the various visitors at his home, and would go upstairs in the morning and call any member of the family whom his mistress told him to awaken. This, indeed, was a particular delight, for he had discovered that his cold nose, thrust unexpectedly against a neck in the early morning, created a sensation that ensued was always unbounded. But Laddie, although fond of a joke, was never rough and ill-mannered. He was, in fact, as one of his friends always insisted, "a true gentleman."

Laddie understood all about closing doors, bringing the paper, fetching his dish, saying his prayers, singing and all other ordinary dog accomplishments. But aside from these, Laddie understood the English language, and did things every day that surprised his family by his intelligence. One sultry evening Laddie showed an indisposition to retire as usual to his rug in the kitchen, and his master said, "You think it is cooler here, Laddie? Well, bring your rug in here if you want to."

Laddie, to his master's astonishment, for he had never before been told to move his rug, went promptly and brought it into the dining room, and laid himself contentedly upon it. In the morning, when he was told that he had better take it back to the kitchen, he picked it up in his teeth and dragged it back.

Laddie had his own friends, many of whom his master and mistress did not know. These were mostly business men and women who passed the house night and morning, and whom Laddie met regularly, as if by appointment, at one corner of the doorway, and escorted inside the yard as far as the fence would permit. These people were known in the family as "Laddie's friends."

Laddie died the death of a hero, and lost his own life in saving another. He had been spending the summer at the kennels, and immediately upon the return of his master and mistress to their home after their vacation his master had telegraphed for him to be sent home on the next train. On the way to the train a mad bull attacked the wagon in which he was riding, and but for Laddie's intervention the driver, as he afterwards said, must have been killed. Laddie died from the frightful wounds which he received from the enraged animal, and great was the grief of his friends when they received the sad tidings.—New York Tribune.

Saving Four Hundred Lives. It is a beautiful story told by Lafcadio Hearn of an old man whose great deed belongs to Japanese history. He was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse stood on the verge of a small plateau overlooking the bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits; and from the outer verge the land sloped down to the sea. Below were ninety thatched dwellings and a temple; these composed the village.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gobei was looking down from his balcony on the preparations for some merry-making in the hamlet below. All the villagers were out, and he would have gone with them, had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

Suddenly there came an earthquake shock—not a very strong one; but Hamaguchi, who had felt many before this, thought there was something odd in its long, spongy motion. As the quaking ceased, he chanced to look towards the sea; and there he saw the strangest possible sight; it seemed to be running away from the land.

Apparently, the whole village had noticed it; for the people stood still in wonderment. Only Hamaguchi drew any conclusions from the phenomenon and guessed what the sea would do next. He called in his little grandson, a lad of ten—the only one of his family left with him.

"Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!"

The child kindled a pine torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks stood ready for transportation. One by one he lighted them in haste, and they caught like tinder, sending skyward masses of smoke that met and mingled in one cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, weeping and calling, "Why? why? why?"

Hamaguchi did not answer. He thought only of four hundred lives in peril. He watched for the people, and in a moment only they came swarming up from the village. And still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon. The first party of sneerers arrived—a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once, but Hamaguchi, stretching out both his arms, stopped them. "Let it burn, lads!" he commanded. "Let it be! I want the whole village here."

The whole village came, mothers and children last of all, drawn by concern and curiosity. "Grandfather is mad. I am afraid of him!" sobbed little Tada. "He set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it."

"As for the rice," said Hamaguchi, "the child tells the truth. I set fire to it. Are all the people here?" "All are here," was the answer. "But we cannot understand this thing."

"See!" cried the old man, at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say if I be mad!"

It was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coming swifter than the kite. There was a shock, heavier than thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore, with a flame-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning.

Then a white horror of sea reaved over the village itself. It drew back, roaring, and tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times, it struck and ebbbed, each time with lesser surges, and then it returned to its ancient bed, and stayed there, although still raging. Of all the bones about the bay nothing remained but two straw roofs, tossing madly in the offing. All lips were dumb, until Hamaguchi observed gently: "That was why I set fire to the rice."

He was now poor as the poorest in all the village, but he had saved four hundred lives.—Christian Register.