

GATE TO THE GOLD FIELDS.

Wonderful Growth of the Town of Skaguay.

Skaguay is a modern wonder. Not many weeks ago the place practically did not exist. To-day, with its carefully laid out streets and its scores of well stocked and cosy private dwellings, it presents all the appearance of a thriving Northwestern town. Houses are being rushed up with astonishing rapidity, while merchants are so numerous and enterprising that competition has already reduced their wares to almost bottom prices. The starting up of a steam laundry has caused the "billed shirt" to be accepted as good form in this out of the way settlement, while the establishment of thirteen saloons plainly indicates the prevalence of a generous atmosphere of conviviality.

The New York Herald's special correspondent, in an entertaining article published herewith, gives a graphic description of Skaguay as he found it entering the fourth week of its municipal existence. He says:

Nothing in the history of Western boom towns will compare with the mushroom growth of Skaguay. Ben Moore, the man who located the town site, left for the Sound on August 10, at which date there was his own log cabin, the store and the bunkhouse of the Alaska and Northwest Trading Company and a number of tents. When he returned there were whole streets of wooden dwellings, which the owners had themselves located and had paid a registry fee to United States Commissioner Smith of five dollars. Not only were these newcomers permitted to locate on Captain Moore's land on payment of the fee, but it is said that Mr. Smith accepted the fee and gave a registration receipt to half a dozen different people for the same plot of land. The newly appointed Land Commissioner and Register, Mr. Dudley, will therefore have some difficulty in unravelling the conflicting real estate ownership on the town site.

Skaguay is on a tide flat, with a tide running over twenty feet, and therefore has a stretch of half a mile below tidewater mark. All the passengers



SKAGUAY BAY.

by big steamers are taken off in row boats, with a pull of from one to two miles, according to the state of the tide, when they are carried on the backs of the boatmen to comparatively dry land. It is amusing to hear the shrieks of the women when on the back of the boatmen splashing through the water.

Only a month ago, when the Williams landed her couple of thousands of gold seekers, all the freight and passengers' luggage were landed in these small boats, or small scows, and dumped on the shore pell mell, higgledy piggledy, from which each owner had to hurry to secure his particular goods before the rapidly incoming tide ruined them or swept them away. Immense scows are now in use, big enough to take the whole of a ship's cargo. These, when loaded, float to shore on a high tide, and each owner gets out his own goods as soon as he can, and woe to him whose belongings chance to be near the bottom of the huge pile.

I watched the steamer Queen unload in this way. There was a good deal

been disturbed and that the money was gone.

Another Seattle man at once gave him \$100 with which to take out his feed, for he had already gotten his goods some distance along the trail. But this was only the beginning of Davison's bad luck. He was one of the first on the trail, and worked beyond his strength. Just past the summit he had an attack of pneumonia, and, getting worse instead of better, had to give up. He is now here waiting for



BROADWAY, SKAGUAY.

the next steamer, having left his outfit with his partner, who hopes to sell it to some one who will pay for the difficult journey they made with it up the pass.

There does not appear to have been any pilfering of goods left on the beach from the steamers. In a short time there will be no chance for this. The two long piers are hotly competing for the honor of being first completed and early next month both will be in operation. That of the Skaguay Wharf Company is already piled to its ocean end, a length of over fifteen hundred feet, in a curving line from the northern to the southern side of the bay, thus blocking off all further competition in this line. This will be known commonly as the Juneau Pier, its promoters being J. P. Jorgensen, hardware merchant; E. Valentine, jeweller and E. D. Sylvester, editor of the Searchlight, all of Juneau. The other pier will be known as the Seattle Dock, as it is largely backed by capital from that Sound city. This starts from the street south of Broadway and runs straight to the completed dock under the cliff. Both will have warehouses, to which goods will be taken direct from the ship, and there await the proper claimants.

These two great piers are impressive to the incoming stranger, who knows that the town is only a month old, but as to the rest he can see but little from the steamer's decks. Tents dot the shore the whole of its width, with here and there a small wooden building. The latter are rapidly taking the place of the canvas homes and stores, for the reason that cold weather and heavy rains have set in, and more especially very high winds. Captain McKinney, the Chairman of the Vigilance Committee, estimates that there are now one hundred and fifty buildings of wood, and that there would have been many more but for the scarcity of lumber. There is a sawmill hard at work now, lumber is coming in by every steamer, and nearly every one having the purpose to winter here is putting up a habitation of wood. Many are erecting larger and more substantial buildings than their needs require, as a speculation, hoping to sell at a large profit when the rush is renewed next



THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL.

of hustling, necessarily, but I heard no complaint of any goods being stolen or lost—except temporarily. In fact, the whole community seems wonderfully honest considering that the black sheep of the continent are herding in this direction.

Merchants in tents leave their goods hanging outside all right; pilgrims leave their camps on the trail, with all their belongings scattered about; yet but few cases of pilfering have been heard of, and only one theft of money. This was in the case of a man named W. H. Davison, of Seattle, who for twelve days had \$1400 in his kit under a pile of feed in his tent. He left his tent often in perfect confidence, but one day he found his belongings had

spring and when they once more pack up for the Klondike.

Probably as many as fifty of such substantial dwellings are going up. A curious phase of the situation among those who have decided to winter here is that nearly every one of them believes that he has just the natural gifts necessary to make a successful merchant. They are all putting their great stakes into goods, which they hope to turn into money again, with a large profit, by the spring, and then sell out an established business when the weather permits them to leave for the gold fields. Thus is the new city building up. There are thirteen saloons, a majority of their proprietors having plans for getting to

the Klondike as soon as possible, and there are between three and four hundred merchants of whom the same thing may be said.

Not only on Broadway, but along the intersecting streets and among the big timbers on each side of the trail, are these merchants' tents and stores, little and big, and all sorts and conditions of men are interested in them, from the spectacled, muscleless store clerk, clumsily handling the saw and the axe on his new building, to the stolid backwoodsman, to whom the making of change is a difficult mental operation.

One would think that the town would be overdone with so many merchants, and perhaps it will be soon, when the steamers are fewer and passengers on them not numerous enough to be worth mentioning. But there is a population of over five hundred still in tents, and it is believed that there will be continual coming and going until the beginning of December, to

be then renewed the month following. So many merchants, however, has had the effect of bringing down prices, which, considering the freight charges, are now rapidly getting to the bottom, making it nearly as cheap to winter here as at Juneau or any other northern point.

But the visitor must not expect luxuries. He must be content with a bunk and provide his own bedding. The bunk will cost him from seventy-five cents a night up. Meals at cheap restaurants are fifty cents each. He will, however, in all probability, hire a tiny shack and learn to cook for himself if he is to be a gold hunter. Then, as before stated, he will find the price of the bare necessities of life no higher in proportion than Seattle. Flour is \$1.50 per sack, potatoes \$1.25, bacon twelve to fifteen cents per pound.

The infant city is well laid out, and not only on Broadway but on most of the side streets on either side up to where the trail turns off to the left into the timber there are new stores and residences. Among the timber also there are many merchants, in tents or rough shacks. In the early history of the city—that is, three weeks ago—boiled shirts were publicly derided, as were also shaven chins. Now there are four barber shops and two or three signs reading "Troy Laundry." There is also a bath house in course of construction, and this is a luxury that tired men coming off the trail will appreciate. Lumber is still scarce, rough lumber at nine dollars per thousand feet at Seattle selling for about twenty-five dollars here. There is little doubt that a hundred or more buildings will be erected during the next thirty days.

Now, what are the prospects of Skaguay's permanency? The men who are building the wharves and the three-story hotel and other buildings evidently believe in its future growth and prosperity. Yet there is nothing to give it the slightest hope of permanency except as an entrance to the gold regions. That they do not at the present time possess any such entrance that is at all what a highway for the expected crowds in the spring should be is conceded. But the intention now is to build a wagon road along the Skaguay River to the foot of the mountain. This will cost a great deal of money, but it will in all probability be carried out, for every one who has made an investment here understands the situation. It is estimated that from 100,000 to 150,000 gold seekers will flock to Alaska next spring, and that they will begin to come in in February. Skaguay must be able to announce long before then a better trail than the present one or the trade will pass her by and the town boom will be "hushed." She will also have others besides the Dyea trail to compete with, and, in short, her future depends entirely upon her making the best inland route to the Yukon territory that can be made. Her citizens are remarkably public spirited and liberal. A town meeting two nights ago subscribed \$1500 for fire protection in a few moments. A surveyor is now mapping out a route for a wagon road along the river. Money will have to be raised to meet the cost of this road and work on it be started immediately to insure the permanency of Skaguay as a port and as a town of even its present proportions.

American Woman Honored.

Mrs. May French Sherman, the African explorer, recently elected a member of the English Royal Geographical Society, is the only woman ever thus honored. She is an American by birth.

Equipped For War.

It has always been Lord Wolsley's boast that when starting upon a campaign his equipage is of the lightest, consisting of little more than a toothbrush and a clean shirt.

Numerous Big Cities.

There are known to be 209 cities in the world with populations of over one hundred thousand persons each.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Guano From Hens.

The manure from hens, unless grain-fed in summer, is usually less valuable than it is in winter. But it is none the less well worth taking care of. It will heat very rapidly in hot weather if kept in piles. As it is usually deficient in phosphates, it is a good plan to mix some of the commercial phosphate with the manure, as it is heating. It always contains enough sulphate of lime or land plaster to absorb the ammonia, while the phosphate with the nitrogen, which the hen manure abounds in, will make a fertilizer very nearly equal to guano.

Hollyhocks on Waste Places.

A correspondent of the Garden and Forest tells of some hollyhocks planted five or six years ago on land enriched by an old wood pile and since left to themselves. They have increased and multiplied in the rich soil, sending up many seedlings and grouping themselves in beautiful colonies. All shades of bloom are now seen from white through pale flesh tints to deep maroon, varied by buff and lemon tinted flowers. They have crowded out the weeds that disputed territory with them, and now own the soil. Hollyhocks are ideal flowers for such waste places.

Foxgloves.

Foxgloves are best planted away from scarlet flowers, as their purplish pink spikes do not harmonize with that color. The pure white foxgloves are effective against a background of dark foliage, when planted in large clumps, having a stately effect. They remain in flower a long time. They can be planted in April and only ask a thinning out if too thick and an occasional stirring of the soil. The dwarf, otherwise known as the California sunflower, is a variety which well deserves a good word and a good place in the garden. Its foliage is clean and of an attractive dark green; its blossoms of a clear bright yellow, the hue of sunshine, and they are very double and about the size of a well-grown dahlia. In fact they resemble the old form of that flower to a considerable degree. As a low hedge a row of dwarf sunflowers is literally "a blooming success," and we incline to give it preference over the zinnia for the purpose. It is difficult to think of sunflowers under this compact, clean, bright-faced double flower.

A Good Old Rotation.

The six-year rotation so long followed in this section, the Shenandoah valley, has some strong points in its favor. The crops during the six years are in this order: Corn, followed by wheat, the ground being harrowed and the wheat drilled in. Immediately after the wheat is cut the next year, the ground is plowed thoroughly, prepared by harrow and roller, and sowed again to wheat, this time accompanied with about a bushel of timothy to six acres and the same quantity of clover in the early spring. Then three crops of hay are mowed, making the six years. Very often four crops of hay are made. I have not counted the second crop of clover usually cut and hulled for seed the first season. Since western seed generally can be bought at low prices, many think it better to pasture, or cut this second clover for cows. It will be noticed that this rotation, running six years, calls for plowing only twice during that time, and gives three crops of hay, which we think pays better than other crops. Farmers who follow this old-time way are not getting rich, but they are probably holding their own about as well as others who follow newer and shorter plans. Try all and hold fast to that which is good, is not a bad motto.—New England Homestead.

Roup.

The cold fall rains will soon set in, and with them will come the dangers of that most dreaded disease among poultry, the roup. Old fowls will hardly be through the moult and young fowls will not be sufficiently protected with feathers, therefore, unless extra care be used, the disease, which in its first stage is nothing more than a cold, will rapidly spread and the entire flock will soon be affected.

Roup, when fully developed, is so nearly incurable that no remedy has as yet been discovered which will justify the expense and time employed in trying to effect a cure.

It can readily be seen that under such conditions, a preventive is the proper remedy to apply.

Carefully watch the fowls, and when the first symptoms appear, check the evil at once.

A cold can easily be detected if a trip is made to the poultry house when the fowls have all gone to roost.

Those that are affected will find trouble in breathing, and will make a rattling sound.

If such are examined, the eyes will have a feverish appearance and be slightly swollen and watery.

Take them gently from the roost, bathe the head and eyes with warm water and castile soap, and anoint with vaseline; then with a small machine oil can, inject a few drops of kerosene into their nostrils and mouth, and place them in a warm, dry place, free from draughts and dampness. Inside of thirty-six hours all signs of cold will have disappeared and freedom can again be allowed.

A few drops of kerosene added to the drinking water will act as a preventive.

Should the disease be so far advanced that the eyes and mouth become cankered, kill the bird at once and bury the carcass, as such fowls, if eventually cured, will be absolutely worthless.

Brick Houses Most Durable.

It is a mistake to suppose that stone houses are the most durable. A well-constructed brick house will outlast one built of granite.

WILL USE NO LANGUAGE.

How Coming Generations Will Look and Act, According to a Scientist.

This is the way Dr. R. M. Burke, President of the psychology section of the British Medical Association, says



HEAD OF THE MAN OF THE FUTURE.

the head of the man of the future will look.

The new race, he says, will use no language because it will need none. The interchange of thought between individuals because it will be simply a mental effort on the part of each unaccompanied by any physical manifestation whatever. As one person evolves his idea the other will instantly grasp it by means of a subtle telepathy, which even now is the gift in a more or less modified form of many people who are only vaguely conscious of their strange power, and, in many instances, too timid and fearful of ridicule to publicly confess it or attempt to develop it. With future generations this gift will become more and more frequent in individuals and of greater and greater power, until this silent interchange of thought is at last as common as is now speech and writing. Nor will his powers stop even there. He not only will be able to exchange thoughts with people thousands of leagues away, but will be able to see them as distinctly as though they were physically present and even see if he chooses what is passing anywhere in the world. There will be an end of eyes and ears, the gross physical channels through sensations now must pass to the mind. They will all go, for they will all be useless—as useless as the mechanism of the voice, by which sensations and ideas are now conveyed from the mind outward. There may be some scar or meaningless excrescence where these organs once were, just as now there are physiological suggestions of man's ape origin—humiliating reminders of the brute ancestry from which the godlike being was evolved. But that will be all, and even that will melt away and disappear at last.

Locomotive Built In Ten Hours.

A locomotive was recently built in ten hours at the Stratford works of the Great Eastern railway. It was a main line goods engine with a tender. Before the actual construction commenced the various component parts were placed close at hand, ready for fitting together. The workmen began early in the morning, and continued briskly till the breakfast bell sounded. After half an hour's rest the workmen returned to their task, and labored steadily until the dinner hour, and thus the work proceeded until the engine was at last completed, with the exception of a coat of paint. This was quickly laid on with a spraying machine, and in less than half an hour was perfectly dry. The locomotive was then sent on a trial journey a few miles on the line, and all proved satisfactory, so it was sent with a luggage train to Peterborough. It has been in active service ever since, and is proudly displayed as a marvel of engineering quickness.

Hard on Pat.

Gentleman (to an Irishman)—"Well, Pat, I see you have a small garden." Pat—"Yes, sir."

"What are you going to set in it for next season?"

"Nothing, sir. I set it with potatoes last year and not one of them came up."

"That's strange; how do you explain it?"

"Well, sir, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions."

"Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?"

"Yes, sir. Bedad, them onions was that strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow for their eyes watering."

Thousands of Miles Arrow-Pierced.

Some years ago H. N. Clement, an Indiana farmer, shot at a flock of wild geese in the Kan Ka Mee marsh and bagged several of them. One of them wore as a breastpin an arrow nine inches long. The arrow was so unique



FLYING FROM THE YUKON PIERCED BY AN ARROW.

information that it could be ascribed to no tribe of Indians in the United States or in any other country. Finally Professor O. T. Mason, of the National Museum, said the bird and arrow could have come from no other place of the globe than the Yukon Valley. Thousands of miles the goose had flown with an arrow in its breast before turning up its legs at the shot of a Hoosier farmer.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Turtles and tortoises have no teeth. The Roman penny was valued at about fifteen cents.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes.

The greatest ocean depth ever found by measurement was in the Atlantic near Puerto Rico—4651 fathoms.

Of the 400,000 Christian hymns that have been written it is said that Charles Wesley alone wrote 6500 and Isaac Watts 400.

Within the Antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant; in the Arctic regions there are 762 different species of flowers.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks from the earth about 123 tons of water.

The horse, when grazing, is guided entirely by the nostrils in the choice of proper food, and blind horses are never known to make mistakes in their diet.

Vegetables, suffering physical injury, are thrown into a state of fever. Potatoes showed a rise of temperature of a little over two-tenths of a degree at the end of the second day, falling to the end of the fifth day.

The Russian photographers have a strange way of punishing those who, having received their photo, do not pay their bills. They hang the pictures of the delinquents upside down at the entrance of their studios.

Rats often leave a building before it falls down, because, it is probable that the settling of the beams and bricks causes noises that, inaudible to human beings, may be perfectly so, and very alarming besides, to the rodents.

Spanning an inlet of the Yellow Sea near Sangang, China, is a bridge five and a quarter miles long, with 300 piers of masonry, and having its roadway sixty-four feet above the water. This work is said to have been accomplished by Chinese engineers 800 years ago.

One of the largest banks in New York makes a searching examination of each department at least three times a year. It is not announced, but begins at a minute known only to the President. He summons three heads of departments, and they take charge of a clerk's books and firm assets so quickly that nothing can be changed or concealed.

Tenement-House Fires.

There is an article in St. Nicholas on "The Fire Patrol," written by Charles T. Hill, who has contributed a series of papers to that magazine on the New York Fire Department. Mr. Hill says:

At fires in the homes of the poor these detachments of the patrol work just as earnestly and conscientiously to save property as they would in the expensively furnished mansions of the rich. At tenement-house fires they are of great service. First they aid in getting the people out; then, gathering the goods together, the patrolmen protect them from water with tarpaulin covers. The majority of these fires break out in the basements or cellars; then, following the air and light shafts to the top floor, they spread, and do the greatest damage in the upper stories. To extinguish these fires, the other floors below have to be flooded, and were it not for the Fire Patrol in many cases the poor families would lose everything they owned.

One of the captains of the patrol remarked: "Why, it would do your heart good if you could hear how profuse these poor people are in their thanks, and the blessings they shower on us when they find we've saved their things. They go running around, wringing their hands and crying: 'Everything's lost! Everything's lost!' and then, when the fire is out, we lead them back and show them their things, as dry as a chip under the covers, and—well, say—there isn't anything they wouldn't do for us! Half the time they're not insured, and it isn't our business to protect people who are not; but we're not supposed to know everything, and our orders are to protect property first and find out whether it is insured afterwards; and it is not our fault if we save the little of a lot of poor creatures who half the time haven't a change of clothes to their back. You bet, we get to work just as quick in a tenement-house fire as in a big house on Fifth avenue, and we do the same work in both places, no matter whether it's for the rich or the poor."

Great Hunter of Moose and Bears.

Nathan F. Moore, of Bingham, Me., has probably the most remarkable record as a hunter possessed by any one in this generation. He is seventy-nine years old, and for seventy-one years he has hunted and been a guide in the Maine woods. Two hundred and seventy-six moose, eighty-four bears and deer unnumbered have fallen before him. The most wonderful part of the matter is that until recent years he has carried a rifle that weighed only four and a quarter pounds and using a bullet no longer than a buckshot. He scouted the idea that a large bullet is necessary to bring down large game. A buckshot planted in the right spot will, he says, bring down the toughest animal that ever roamed in Maine.

His knowledge of the woods is as wonderful as his skill as a marksman. Every inch of northern Maine up to the Canada line is as familiar to him as the streets of Bingham. It is said that he can be blindfolded and taken to any place in these immense Maine forests and in less than twenty minutes after removing the covering from his eyes he will tell exactly where he is. He is equal to a thirty-mile tramp any day and expects to be a hunter till he dies.