

HORRORS OF THE SKAGUAY

Hardships of Men Who Have Gone Over the Trail.

One Man Works Eight Weeks Over the Difficult Pass and is Compelled to Give It Up and Turn Back.

The horrors of the Skaguay trail have only half been told. A number of men have recently returned from the White pass (which will henceforward be known as the Black pass) with stories fit to sicken the stoutest heart and subdue the hottest courage. One man, L. J. Rickard, of Seattle, a bright and intelligent young fellow, with plenty of pluck and perseverance, used his very best efforts to get over the trail, but has returned to a more friendly land for the winter, and will make another trial in the spring. He will then go by another route. He has had all of the Skaguay trail that he wants. To begin with, the trail was never ready for travel, and the "promoters" who are responsible for all the waste of time and money should be prosecuted. Rickard arrived at Skaguay on the Islander, which deposited its passengers on August 1, and so was among the earliest comers. He had an ordinary miner's outfit, weighing 1,200 pounds, two horses and \$200. He considered himself fairly well equipped. He helped the others corral the trail and bridge the rivers. By the time this necessary work had been done crowds of wayfarers had arrived, and soon the trail was worse than ever.

In eight weeks of the hardest work he had ever done Rickard managed to get his goods to the summit of the last hill. Then his money was gone, his horses exhausted, and he had the choice of wintering in the timber by the lakes, while his food supply diminished, or of returning to California and earning more money to again attempt the trip northward. He figured that if he camped the winter, as so many are counting upon doing, he would have an early start in the spring, but would by that time have only two months' provisions left at the outside, and he was already penniless. Rickard spent his money for food and shoes for his horses. He says the difficulty of feeding horses on the Skaguay trail is enormous. It was necessary to go all the way back to Skaguay for hay, and by the time it was brought back to the hungry animals waiting for it the other animals met on the trail, by each taking a passing nip, had reduced the quantity about 50 per cent. The horses are fond of birch leaves, but they soon contract mad fever, and as they are insufficiently fed and not sheltered at all, they soon become worthless. Not so many are lost on the trail as is supposed. They really die from lack of care. Horses are a good deal better on the Skaguay trail than burros, although the best thing of all would be an ox, which is very good for muddy traveling and can carry a big load. The burros taken up are almost a failure. They are good over the rocks, but no good at all in the swamp, which forms about two-thirds of the distance.

Rickard reports the packers have lost money on account of the mortality among the horses. They would start out with 20 and return with 17. The most trying place below the summit has been fittingly named Dead Horse gulch. Instead of one short, steep hill, as at the Chilkat, there are five long hills, and Rickard thinks it is harder than the Chilkat itself.

Hundreds of disappointed men at Skaguay in September were making herculean efforts to reach the timber that lies beyond the summit with their goods, there to spend the winter and get a very early start down the river in the spring. They must make haste, for snow had already fallen on the summit, and they must make their camp and build their log huts before snow flies, otherwise they cannot procure the moss with which to wedge the chinks of their houses.

It takes a strong back and a weak mind to become a successful packer. Rickard says. It also says that, though quiet and orderly, the Skaguay country is the meanest in the world. It rains there all the time except when it stops long enough to snow.—Mabel C. Craft, in Leslie's Weekly.

AD TO SUBURBANITE MEMORY.

Desires Employed by Wives to Remind Husbands of Errands. "Talking of memory systems," said the suburbanite on the accommodation train, "I can't for the life of me see how a man who is unable to remember one thing is helped by having to remember two. If I tie a string around my finger I must recall the purpose of wearing it—which I never can do. If I must always think of rain when I want to carry an umbrella, I have double work. Now, my wife wanted me to remember something to-day and she gave me a word to say over to myself. And I've forgotten the word."

"Pooh. It's easy enough to remember things if you give your mind to it," said another suburbanite. "My wife told me to be sure to order some—now, what the mischief was it? Soap? Blueing? Well, that's funny. I thought I would be sure to remember!"

He plucked his hands into his overcoat pockets to cover his chagrin, and pulled out of one a rough bit of scant-

ling, with a memorandum in lead pencil attached.

"Well, I vow! My wife must have stuck that thing in there. Oh, yes, I see. It was a load of kindling she wanted me to order. But one could hardly be expected to remember a thing like that."

"I wish I could find a reminder of what I am to get as easy as you did, but my wife doesn't believe in giving a sample to help out a poor memory. He'll, old fellow, how's that?"

He had pulled a little rubber shoe out of his pocket and was regarding it with loving eyes.

"Sammy's overshoe, by all that's queer! And here's something inside. Length, five inches. Bless his little heart, I'd have forgot all about them if it hadn't been for this memory lesson. There's something in the system after all."—Chicago Times-Herald.

MODERN SCIENCE.

Predictions for the Twentieth Century Are Broad.

It may be that we are, with respect to the coming century, in the same immature mental condition in which the people of the eighteenth century were with regard to the nineteenth, says the Popular Science Monthly. If some one in the preceding century had dared to predict the wonderful achievements of the nineteenth, he would probably have been declared a fool, and treated as was Robert Mayer, in Germany, in this century, who, after the discovery of the law of the conservation of force, was put into an insane asylum. A like fate might befall the man who should dare now to cast a horoscope for the twentieth century, and to predict the progress of the human mind in the various domains of scientific research. After all, those may be right who, in spite of all those acquisitions on which we so justly pride ourselves, are of opinion that we are still moving in only the initial steps, in the leading strings of evolution, and that we are yet very far from the goal of those material and ideal aims which the human race in its unremitting onward struggle is destined to attain, or to show its capacity of attaining. The great Sir Isaac Newton used, perhaps, the most appropriate simile when he compared men with children who on the seashore are picking up here and there a curious pebble or colored shell while the great sea of truth lies still unexplored before them. We can only conjecture as to the probable progress, as we cannot know which position we occupy in the course of human evolution, whether we are still in its beginnings or well advanced. This lies hidden in the bosom of the future.

STRICT BOARDING SCHOOL.

Three Callers a Year at Twenty Minutes a Call for Girl Students. The young ladies of the normal school in Winona were lately thrown into a flurry of excitement, says the St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch. They were called into one of the recitation-rooms and put through a rigid examination about the number of callers each had and a description of each caller. They were told that it was highly improper to receive a caller from out of the city, and that many of the young men of the city were not proper persons with whom to associate.

It was also considered highly improper to receive a call which was of more than 20 minutes' duration. In all over a dozen questions were required to be answered, all of which were in regard to the subject of gentlemen callers.

A number of rules were given to the young ladies, which they were told they must obey. Among them was one forbidding the same young men to call upon them more than three times a year, and then the call must be purely formal and not exceed 15 or 20 minutes. The young ladies were also requested to furnish a list of their callers and their characters, and as to the general subjects of conversation when calling or riding, and if the landlady where they boarded approved of the young men.

Some of the young ladies are indignant, and say they will not submit to such rules, while others believe they are all right, and propose to follow them.

Little Attention.

If husbands only realized what the little attentions mean to their wives there would be many happier unions. It is not the cost of a gift that makes it precious to the recipient. A tiny bunch of violets brought home at night betokens the thought given to her even while business occupies his attention, the most trifling souvenir of a wedding or birthday anniversary becomes a sentiment underlying its proffering. Women may be foolish, they may be all heart and very little reason, but the man who understands their nature and caters to it is the one who stands higher in their estimation than the one who acts as though all they cared about was material comfort given with any sort of brusquerie. Of course there are many mercenary women—thousands and thousands who can marry for a home and for rich raiment. These pooh-pooh the violets and value only the diamonds, but the average feminine heart, the sort which a man wants to beat beside his own, the foundation of truest sympathy and love, is moved more by the little attentions in which sentiment is involved than by the great offerings representing only a stupendous sum of money involved.—N. Y. Ledger.

SHEEP KILLED BY DOGS.

Facts Ascertained Through Official Census Figures.

The Damage Done by Worthless Curs Exceeds That Resulting from the Fury of the Elements—Showing by States.

The dogs in the United States kill nearly two per cent of the sheep in the country every year. They killed more than 600,000 sheep in the year ending June 1, 1890, when the last statistics in regard to the flocks were gathered. The damage done by them is greater than that from any other cause except unexpected storms, in which whole flocks of sheep are killed, and disease. In six states more damage was done to the flocks of sheep by dogs than by anything else. In Florida 2,833 sheep were killed by dogs, and only 4,750 by the weather and disease. The number killed by dogs was about nine per cent of the total number of sheep in the state. The Florida sheep are not exposed to such changes in temperature as those on the farms in Nevada, where 128,850 died of cold and disease. Only 7,372 sheep were killed by dogs in Nevada in the census year. The enormous number of deaths from changes in the weather was due to unprecedented storms, which caught the breeders unprepared and almost halved their flocks.

In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas dogs do more damage to sheep than anything else, and more than weather conditions and disease combined. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut the number of deaths in the flocks due to dogs is almost the same as that due to disease and the weather. This is true in Mississippi, too. In this state, Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Arizona and the Dakotas, one-fifth as much damage is charged to dogs as to the other chief causes of loss.

The dogs made the best showing in Vermont, where they killed 3,000 sheep, against 28,000 which died from disease and exposure in an average winter. The Ohio and Michigan dogs have good records, too, for they killed only one-sixth as many sheep as storms and disease. North Carolina and Tennessee dogs are red with the blood of sheep. They killed four-fifths as many as the other causes of death combined. In Kentucky, Texas, West Virginia, Indiana, Minnesota and Iowa the dogs did one-half as much damage as other causes combined; in Virginia, Missouri and Oklahoma, two-thirds as much; in Illinois and Wisconsin, one-third as much, and in Delaware, Maryland, Kansas, California and New Hampshire, one-quarter as much.

If the winter of 1889-90 had not been a bad one for sheep in Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, the dogs would make a worse showing in the census tables than they do. In these states whole flocks on certain ranges were exterminated, and thus the percentage of deaths due to exposure and disease was raised to 6.95 for the whole country. The dogs killed nearly two per cent of the total sheep population.

The sheep raisers don't like dogs as a general thing. Many states use the money received from dog taxes to pay for the damage they do. In these states some of the farmers are not unfriendly to the dogs. If a sheep dies or is killed by a wildcat or falls from a ledge of rock, the thrifty farmer returns it to the proper officers as a sheep killed by dogs. Then he gets paid for it. Sometimes a New England farmer, when he loses a sheep, will collect the value of it from the county and from the owner of the dog that killed it. Sheep-killing dogs become well-known in the community where their masters live. Sometimes the dogs are such good hunters that their masters refuse to allow them to be killed, and try to keep them from doing any damage. Such a dog owner is an easy mark for the unscrupulous sheep breeders. Every time a sheep is killed, dies or disappears, the owner will go to the dog's master and demand pay for the dead animal, threatening to have the dog killed if its owner does not pay up. The dog may be innocent, but because it bears a bad reputation its owner submits. If there are more owners of sheep killers than one, the farmer may collect from each and make a good thing of his sheep. He may collect from the county, too.

Most dogs that kill sheep are bad dogs all the way through, and sportsmen and farmers unite in trying to get rid of them. A sheep-killing dog is usually a tramp, untrained and worthless for hunting. Many of the dogs that kill sheep are ownerless. The farmers shoot them when they can, and sportsmen, anxious that their dogs shall not be accounted for because of the misdeeds of ownerless curs, help them. Some farmers set traps for sheep killers. The traps are like wolf traps, and are set where a sheep is killed, the body of the sheep being used for bait. Sheep-killing dogs usually visit the scenes of their depredations as a murderer is said to haunt the spot where he commits a crime. The farmers and breeders, content on this, and set their traps accordingly. Sometimes they put arsenic in the carcass to make sure that the guilty dog shall not escape. When a real sheep-killing dog gets into a flock of sheep he kills as many as he can. He does not kill for food, but for fun, apparently, and he finds his work easy, for the sheep can't fight

back, and don't know enough to run. They don't run fast enough to escape, anyway, and their only hope of salvation lies in scattering. This the sheep won't do, but persist obstinately in following the bell wether while the dog kills them.—N. Y. Sun.

THE WOLF AND THE EAGLE.

A Legend of Two Young Saranac Indian Warriors.

When we think of the Indians, we are apt to remember only the harsh and cruel traits that they have shown; but in their stories and legends many noble qualities are hidden under their cruelty, like pearls in the uncouth shell of the oyster.

In one of these legends we are told that there used to be a great many warriors among the tribes, or sachems, as the Indians called them, who were counselors in the camp, but whose chief delight was in doing evil. They worked so much mischief in the hunting grounds that at last the Great Spirit locked them in the hollow trees that grew along the trail.

Some of them, in their struggles to escape, thrust their arms out of the trees, but the closing wood imprisoned them, and they may be seen to this day, twisted and distorted in agony, as gnarled roots and withered trunks and branches.

Others survived this terrible transformation, and among them was Oquarah, a bent, decrepit, aged sachem, cruel and evil minded, and jealous lest his power should wane, or be eclipsed by that of a rival. The fate of his brother sachems did not arouse pity in his heart, nor did it soften him to know that he had been spared.

Oquarah lived with a tribe of the Saranacs, in which were two young warriors, whose bravery and truth commanded the admiration and love of their companions. One of these braves was called the Wolf, the other the Eagle, and they were friendly rivals in all deeds of valor.

One day, in the moon of great leaves, when the hunting grounds were starred with flowers, and the soft south wind blew over the land, the Wolf and the Eagle left the camp and set out upon a hunt.

The hours passed, and the Wolf returned alone. Loud and angry cries greeted him as he appeared thus, but he stood silent, till, by the sternness of his look, he quelled the tumult. Then he told them that he and the Eagle had hunted for hours together, but at last had become separated; and that when the time came to return, he had searched in vain for the Eagle.

His words were received in silence; but presently Oquarah spoke, Oquarah, the cruel sachem.

"I hear a forked tongue," he said. "It says that the Wolf was jealous of the Eagle, and that his teeth have cut into the heart of his friend!"

"The Wolf cannot lie!" answered the young chief, and then he stood passive, quiet.

Then the sachem clutched his hatchet, and cried in rage:

"Where is the Eagle?"

"The Wolf has spoken," answered the young chief.

At that, Oquarah raised his hatchet and struck at the Wolf, but the Wolf's wife threw herself before her husband, and the hatchet sunk into her head. Then, with a cry of rage, the Wolf drew his knife, and a moment later the sachem fell with a mortal wound in his heart.

Great excitement and discord followed these tragic events, and finally the tribe divided, half of them following the Wolf down the Great Sounding river in search of new hunting grounds. But the Wolf was very unhappy. He had lost his friend and his wife, and his tribe had been broken up; all through the evil suspicions of the cruel sachem.

Many years passed, and the Wolf became great in his tribe. But whenever his tribe met the other, the ground between their hunting ground was wet with blood.

One day the tribe on the Upper Saranac saw a canoe appear on the Lake of the Silver Sky, and in it was the Eagle. He told them how he had been separated from the Wolf, and had fallen into a cleft of a great rock, from which he was rescued by some soldiers from Canada. They had taken him with them, and he had fought with the British against the French. As the years passed, and he grew old, however, his heart yearned for the people of his tribe, and he had come back to die among them.

When he heard that the Wolf had been accused of his death, he was very sad, but he called a meeting of the warriors of the two camps, and peace was made between them. So the Eagle died, at last, happy in the knowledge that he had cleared his friend and reunited his people.—Philadelphia Times.

The Gold Product.

The preliminary estimates of the director of the mint indicate that the world's gold product for 1897 amounted to about \$240,000,000. This is an increase of nearly 20 per cent, over 1896. All of the great sources of supply show a gain. The United States leads the list, with a product of \$61,500,000; but is closely followed by Africa with a product of \$58,000,000, and Australia with \$51,000,000. Russia, Mexico, Canada and India follow in the order named—Russia with \$25,000,000, Mexico with \$10,000,000 and Canada and India each with \$7,500,000.

NOW THE TURKEY FOOT.

A New Charm That is Worn by the Superstitious.

The Rabbit's Foot, So Long Popular, Has Been Displaced by the New Mascot—An Old Negro's Talk.

The rabbit's foot is not in the race any longer as a charm. What has caused the downfall of bunny's hind foot as a protection against all evil and an assurance of perpetual good luck for its happy possessor is rather a puzzling question and one which the fair sex and the advocates of the new fad would find it hard to explain. Perhaps the late presidential campaign may have had something to do with it. Every one knew that the silver candidate was presented with a rabbit's foot immediately upon receiving his nomination, and that the mascot complied with all the requirements of the case, for it was "the left hind foot of a molly cottontail, that had been killed in the full of the moon, at 12 o'clock at night in a graveyard, by a red-headed nigger."

Well, the rabbit having enjoyed so great and so long a run of popularity, in the natural course of events, the time has come for him to step down and out. He has done so, and his place has been taken by one of the kings of the farmyard—the lordly turkey.

Fashion decrees that in order to be lucky one must wear in some manner or possess in some shape or other a turkey's claw.

This fad is so new that it has hardly reached the counters yet, except in one or two shops, which pride themselves upon bringing out all the most exclusive novelties. Of course, it will eventually become as common as the craze for rabbits' feet, but to-day it is a very difficult thing to find a turkey's claw prepared in the proper style for a charm against bad luck.

The most popular style at present is the natural claw, properly treated by a taxidermist, its shank covered by a silver or gold cap set with an amethyst, turquoise or the new green stone, which resembles an emerald. The tip of the nail is covered with a gold or silver cap, with a fine chain to match the cap from the shank to what one might call the wrist of the claw, and a pretty scarlet ribbon bow with long ends tied just below the shank.

These new mascots are so arranged that they can be hung up as ornaments, or used as paper weights or table ornaments. In one case I saw one profusely bejeweled, which was intended for a cabinet. As dress ornaments they are, so far, but little used, though I was told they were being fashioned into clasps for fastening golf caps at the neck.

I asked an old colored man if he had ever heard of the turkey's claw as being an unlucky or lucky charm.

"Why, yes," he replied. "Down south, where I come from, it is better and luckier to steal your Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey. I don't hold with the fashion of stealing anything, but if you can only steal your turkey for the holiday dinner you will have good luck all the rest of the year. In the old days the 'massa' would put away a lot of turkeys, and the darkies would go in the night, just at 12 o'clock, and steal the birds."

"But what about the claw? What good luck does that bring?"

"Why, bless your heart, don't you know that the turkey's foot is an awful lucky thing? You must take the claw after you have cleaned your turkey—a stolen one, mind you—dip it in salt, bury it, you better say, in a dish of salt for a whole week, and let it lie there, so that all the bits of flesh which stick to it are cleaned away, and your foot is just as sweet as a nut. Then you take it out and scrape it and clean it and polish it, until it just shines like a piece of stone. Then you put it up over your door, and no bad luck, sickness or anything can come in during the year."

"Will it keep out death?"

"No, ma'am, it will not. Don't you know sometimes death is the biggest piece of good luck that can happen to you?"

"But do you know why turkey's foot is lucky?"

"I never heard but one reason, and that was that after the devil had tempted Eve and was crawling away after getting her to eat the apple, he came across the turkey's path and the turkey lifted up his right foot and struck at his head. The blow was so hard that the devil was stunned for a moment. And that is the reason of the turkey's right foot being lucky against bad fortune."—N. Y. Herald.

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