



Country Folks City Folks... "What Funny Things You Do See!"

—Cincinnati Post.

FORGOTTEN.

Belinda soon will be a bride; Her gown is white, writes she; A crepe de chine of finest kind, And fits entrancingly.

The bodice has two hundred tucks And fifty yards of lace, Put round the yoke and down the front And every other place.

Teh skirt is shirred all round the top And flares out at the feet; The whole thing, so Belinda says, Is just too simply sweet.

Belinda writes me pages ten, And all are much the same; She's told me everything except The happy bridegroom's name. —Washington Post.

A SPINSTER'S WOOLING.

It is not to be denied that a rich old maid, who has accepted her age and her spinsterhood, has about the best of things as they go in life. She has, at once, all the financial independence of a man, and the privileges of a matron without her incumbrances, and may do pretty much as she chooses in a necessarily limited state of society. Miss Ashton belonged to this enviable class, and was wont to make the most of her opportunities. Her sister, she abused them, but when they lifted an eyebrow over some quite impossible person or had she had taken up, she merely shrugged her shoulders. "At my age, my dear," she would say, "a woman may know anybody and hear all there is to tell," which was one of the reasons, perhaps, that at her house you always found the most interesting people—people whom you might never meet elsewhere, in society, but who were never banal or tiresome.

In truth, Miss Ashton's insistence on her age was a trifle premature. Her forty-five years sat lightly upon her and only showed a drift of gray in her abundant dark locks, and in giving to eyes and mouth that expression of sympathy and comprehension that is the final charm to a woman's face. For the rest, she had a certain mature luxuriance of beauty that made younger women look as pale and colorless as a spring daisy beside a gorgeous fall chrysanthemum.

She had been one of the women to whom the flowering time of life came back. She had had a starved youth, without joy, without beauty, or anything that belonged to her years, passed in slavish attendance on an old uncle. Then one day when she had already grown into a mature woman the old man died, and she found herself not only free, but rich beyond her wildest dreams.

It always seemed to Miss Ashton that she was born again, with the change of fortune, into a new personality, and a new world. She turned her back on the old life with all its hard grinding ways, and with a frank paganism gave herself up to enjoying the hour. Rich foods and luxuriant living did for her body what travel and society did for her mind, and from having been angular, unbecomingly, she suddenly bloomed into a grande dame—daring, original, a little eccentric, perhaps, but with a fascination none denied.

To enjoy a feast to the fullest, one must have starved. Certainly Miss Ashton drained her cup of pleasure to the very bottom.

She had had enough of shadow, and would have nothing more but sunshine. She hated poverty, and she gave with a generous hand to those about her. She adored cleverness, and so she surrounded herself only with those who amused and entertained her, and no social prestige was great enough to open her doors to a bore.

It was in this way she came to know David Horton. He did not belong to the great world of fashion. He was merely a poor inventor, shabby as to clothes, but with great thoughts struggling for expression in his great brain. Shy as a schoolgirl, he was, too, and it took all of Miss Ashton's tact to draw him into her charmed circle. Once there, however, and the barriers broken down by her sympathy, the man showed her his whole soul. He fell into the way of dropping in, in the quiet dusk, at the hour when she was oftenest alone, and, sitting before the big fire in the library, he would tell her of his dreams, his hopes, and aspirations, and disappointments, while his eyes grew tender, and his voice took

on that cadence that a man uses when he talks to the woman he loves and trusts.

Part of Miss Ashton's power had always been that she understood other people—and herself. She knew that for the first time in her life love had come to her, in all its beauty and glory. She knew equally as well, with a woman's intuition, that David Horton loved her, but she was absolutely certain he would never tell her of it, or ask her to be his wife. She had so much. He had so little, and his pride would not let him go empty-handed as a beggar to the woman he adored. It was then that Miss Ashton proved that she had the courage of her conviction, and made her resolution.

"It isn't as if I had had any spring-time of life," she said to herself. "I was cheated out of that, and I will not let myself be robbed of my happiness by a mere convention."

So that night, sitting in his dingy room, bending over models and blue prints, David Horton was startled by the apparition of a tall woman, who dropped her rich fur cloak from her shoulders as she entered, and moved slowly toward him.

"Miss Ashton!" he cried, "you here!" She sank into a chair with a sudden faintness. "Yes," she said, and then she added, desperately: "I have a friend in trouble, and I wanted your advice. I have come to tell you her story. She is not a young woman, and she has had a sad life, and has been very lonely. Always she has hungered and thirsted for companionship without finding it. Lately something beautiful has come into her life. All the comprehension and understanding of which she dreamed. It is love, David, and she loves, not like a silly school girl, with a passing fancy for any handsome face, but with all the great love and passion of a woman's desire. Something has happened that makes her afraid she might lose this companionship, and she is in sore trouble and anxiety. When one has found a priceless jewel one wants to keep it, doesn't one?"

"Yes," the man answered her, with white lips, and Miss Ashton hurried on, as if she were afraid to stop: "The barrier between them is so flimsy, David, just a little money, a little false position in society—and yet the woman is beating her heart against it, and bruising and breaking it. Perhaps the man doesn't realize how cruel it is to sacrifice her to his pride. David, what shall she do?"

The man was trembling in every nerve. "It is for the queen to give," he said, with his voice breaking over the words, "not for the suppliant to demand. Let her tell him that she loves him."

"Oh, David, you stupid," she cried, holding out her hands to him. "I have I have," and in a moment more she was in his arms.

Hours later Miss Ashton turned to him a face grown strangely young and timid, and fair. "David," she said solemnly, "if you ever tell I had to propose to you, I'll—I'll deny it!" —Utica Press.

TALLEST GERMAN SOLDIER IS A FRIEND OF THE KAISER

The German army is celebrated for the remarkable average height of its soldiers, but very few, if any, can come within six inches of the altitude of the tallest one in all the many branches of the German army.

The man who enjoys this distinction is Corporal Tappilcoff, and in his stocking feet he registers six feet and nine inches. The tall corporal finds that his extreme height draws to him far more attention than his innate modesty thinks necessary, and he is made the butt of many a joke perpetrated by his shorter companions. Life has its recompenses for him, however, for he is greatly admired by the Kaiser, who frequently calls upon him for special duties which bring with them a measure of pleasure, and relief from the routine of army life.

Tappilcoff recently had the pleasure of accompanying the Kaiser on his trip to Rome, where the tall soldier attracted much attention among the comparatively small soldiers of Italy.

Though the fool tries to kill two birds with one stone, the wise guy uses a shotgun.

The less wit a man has the more others may appreciate it.

A circus can pull a sick boy out of bed after three doctors have failed.



CORPORAL TAPPILOFF.

BRIDE OF KANSAS' "BACHELOR GOVERNOR."



Mrs. Willis J. Bailey

The Kansas City widow who was engaged to Governor W. J. Bailey, of Kansas, for two years without any one knowing it, and while he was receiving thousands of letters of proposal following the publication of stories that he was a confirmed bachelor and that the executive mansion at Topeka might be without a hostess during his administration. Mrs. Bailey, whose marriage to the Governor took place recently, was Mrs. Ida Weede, and was employed as a clerk in Kansas City after the death of her husband and until Governor Bailey's election last year. She has two sons, the elder being 11 years old.

WITH A PACK TRAIN IN IDAHO

By OLIN D. WHEELER.

A trip into the mountains with a pack train under moderately favorable circumstances is, for the man who can thoroughly enjoy nature and unconventionality in traveling, a rare treat.

In the hope that readers of "Wonderland 1903" may enjoy a brief sketch of a pack train journey into a little known and very mountainous region in Idaho, this sketch is written.



The Divide between Montana and Idaho is the summit line of the Bitterroot mountains. This range is justly reputed one of the most forbidding and difficult ranges on the continent through which to travel. The engineering obstacles to railroads and wagon roads are extremely hard to overcome, but eventually these will necessarily yield to human persistence and ingenuity.

Until then the trail and pack train is the only practicable way of traversing these grand and lofty defiles, where the forests bend, the rocks are washed out by the clouds, the mountain streams roar their way into the sea, and the fish and game thrive in seclusion.

Stretching across this region of tremendous distances, high elevations, and abrupt declivities, runs an old Indian trail of historic renown. It was originally known as the northern Nez Perce Indian trail, in contradistinction to the southern Nez Perce trail farther south. It is now and has long been known as the Lolo trail, and it extends from a point about eleven miles south from Missoula, Mont., westward to the Clearwater river in Idaho. It was over the western part of this well-worn trail that the writer essayed to make his way in the summer of 1902, having been previously over the eastern portion.

I have said that this trail is historic. In a general way it is the route used by Lewis and Clark in crossing the watershed between the Bitter-root and Clearwater rivers—both being branches of the Columbia—in 1805 and 1806, and the story of their experiences there reads like fiction. In 1877 Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce Indians, after beginning the well-known war of that year in Idaho, retreated across this trail into Montana, followed by General Howard and the United States troops in a long and for that part of the army, a fruitless stern chase.

Mr. W. H. Wright, a thorough mountaineer with whom I had before campaigned had provided for our trip a pack train, outfit, and cook, which were rendezvoused at Kamiah, Idaho, on the Clearwater Short Line of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Kamiah is in one of the most attractive valleys I have ever seen. The valley is rather circular and oblong in shape, has a delightful climate and is surrounded by high, most gracefully carved and grassy mountain slopes. Above these slopes to the south stretch the wide, fertile plains of Camas prairie. Here live the Nez Perce Indians and, sandwiched among them, many white settlers.

The Indians have taken up the old lands of their reservation in severity, and the surplus acres have been sold to the whites. The Indians have fine farms along the Clearwater and even high up among the hills, and both red and whites appear to thrive with little or no friction. Grain and vegetables grow to perfection here, and grapes, cherries, peaches, and other fruits find a natural soil and a congenial climate that cannot be surpassed.



PACK HORSE READY FOR PACKING.

Through this valley, its mountain walls mottled by the grain fields of the Indian farms in varying degrees of ripeness, flows the Clearwater river, fresh from the junction of the south and middle forks, and a rapid and clear-water stream indeed.

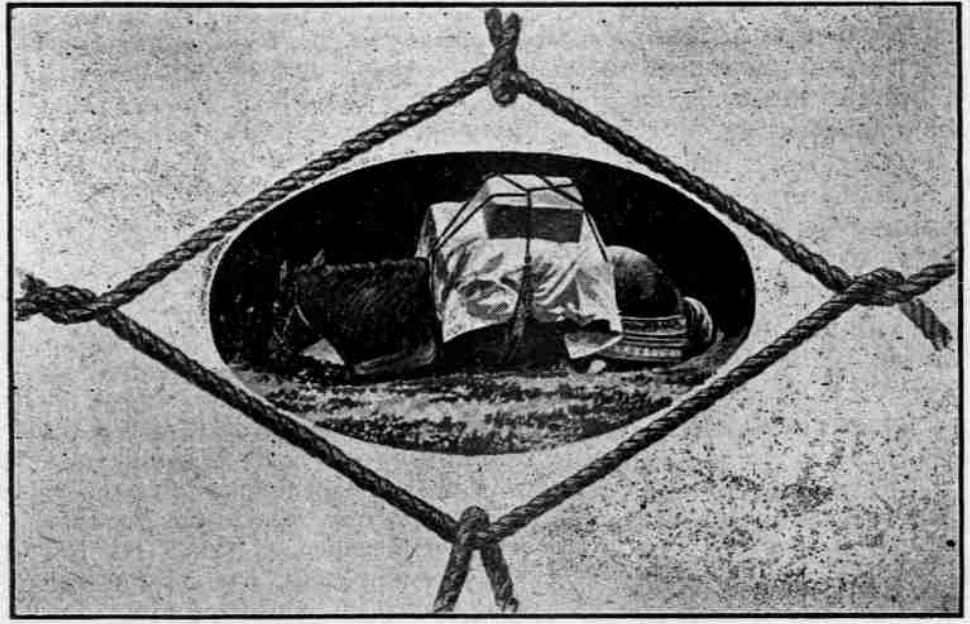
Up a long, brown slope from the stream, and just across from a fine ferry owned and managed by an Indian, wound the trail we were to take, and a mile down stream was the spot where Lewis and Clark camped for some time in 1806, when on their return from Fort Clatsop at the mouth of the Columbia river.

There were four of us: Wright, whose detailed knowledge of the region was most thorough; Casteel, the cook and a master of his craft; Mr. De Camp, a painter and photographer of Helena, Mont., and the writer. We left Kamiah at 9:00 o'clock one morning, crossed the river on the ferry and started up the trail. In packing the horses some time was lost in adjusting packs, and two or three animals had to be blindfolded while packing them. One horse, buckskin, developed great disinclination to thus being made a beast of burden, and was disposed of to cavort around and "buck."

A pack saddle is much like an old fashioned saw buck. Over the horns side ropes are swung, with large loops hanging down the sides. With these, side packs—the heavier packs always—are fastened securely well down on the horse's sides, and above and between the saddle horns and over the horse's back the top and lighter packs are placed. The whole is then covered with a heavy canvas pack cover and lashed on with a pack rope in a form known as a diamond hitch, from the diamond shape formed by the tightened rope over the top of the pack. A regulation pack rope with broad canvas cinch is thirty-two feet in length. Two men are required to pack a horse or mule, but one can do it when necessary if the animal be tractable.

Our route was up an unshaded slope in the blazing sun until we had climbed 1,000 feet, and the latter part of the way was very steep. At such places the wise climber and trailman climbs afoot and relieves his horse. This we did as much as possible, but two of us were fresh from offices and had to be gradually broken in. The legs of Wright and Casteel might as well have been of wood or steel so far as any feeling of fatigue went. Wright was not in the saddle once during the trip, and this is his usual way of doing; he loves walking and appears tireless.

After reaching the summit we traveled for a mile across a pine and tamarack tree divide, which is being gradually cleared by settlers, and then began



PACK HORSE LYING DOWN, SHOWING METHOD OF TYING ON PACK.

the descent to the crossing of Lolo creek, flowing into the Clearwater and, unfortunately, a duplicate in name of another creek on the eastern slope of the same range. Heretofore the old trail and modern wagon road had been more or less commingled, but now the road disappeared and the trail became one of those fine old Indian trails, wide, plain and deep, winding down through the forest and along the mountain side in the usual sharp zigzag fashion. At last we reached the Lolo, a clear rushing stream thirty feet wide and knee deep, in a wild, secluded spot. Other visitors had just arrived. A fine looking Nez Perce Indian; his comely squaw and her mother, perhaps; a black headed, black eyed youngster, five or six years old and stark naked, and a tiny miss clad in a very dirty calico shift, were there. About a little fire the women were preparing a noonday meal. To the young squaw's credit, she carefully washed her hands and face at the border of the stream before beginning her culinary duties. This is not strange, however, for the Nez Perces are a superior tribe of Indians in all respects.

After some bantering conversation back and forth, we climbed slowly out of the canyon, over a hard, firesome trail, and then, down a gentle grade through the deep cool forest, made our way to the eastern side of Weippe (wee-pee) prairie, where we bivouacked for the night under a pine tree in a forty-acre pasture and near people who know how to treat travelers in a hospitable manner.

We made our first camp at 4:50 p. m., very tired and hungry, having eaten nothing since our 6 o'clock breakfast. The benefits of a good cook were now manifested.

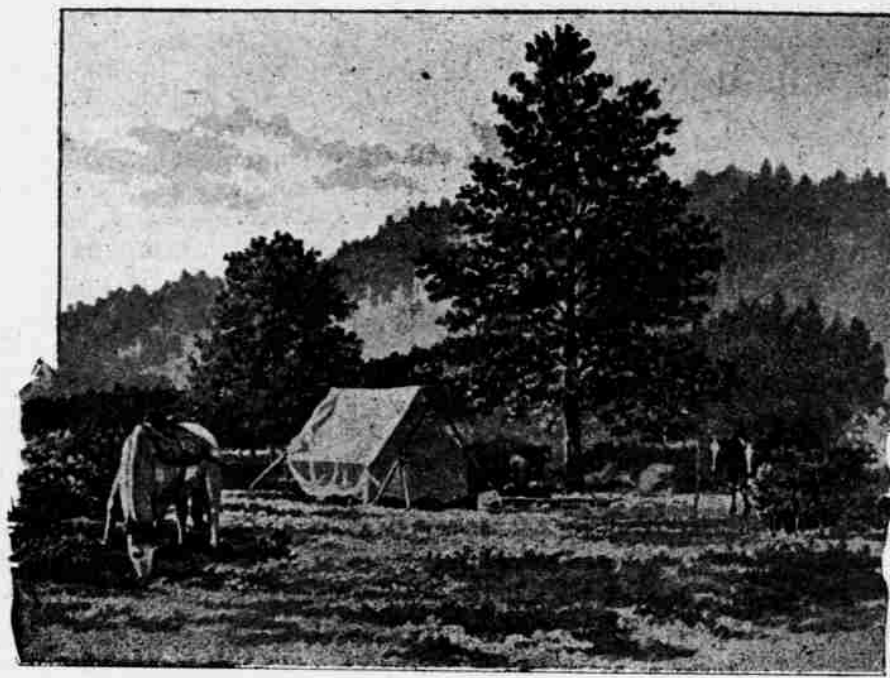
We slept in the open air, and how I did rejoice in it! Our next day's journey followed a wagon road for most of the way and about at right angles to our first day's course. The country, level at first, soon became undulating, and finally we jumped, fairly into the mountains.

The Weippe prairie is a wide, level stretch of country watered by Jim Ford creek, which flows north and west into the main Clearwater river. Grain, including winter wheat, and the hardier vegetables, grow luxuriantly, but melons, cucumbers, etc., have not yet been successfully cultivated. The nights are cold, heavy dews fall, and frost is quite common. In winter the thermometer

seldom drops below zero, but there is a good fall of snow, and live stock must be fed for several months. The stock throughout this locality were of good blood, fat and sleek.

Timber and fuel are found in inexhaustible quantities. The country is quite well settled and the people seem satisfied and contented.

We had given the animals all the timothy hay they could eat during the night, and when we came to pack them, Buckskin was very topknotical and imagined his neck was clothed with thunder and that he breathed fire from his nostrils; Roan was in a mood to climb trees and play a tattoo with his heels, but the others were very well behaved, and submitted to packing with good grace and the inevitable groanings characteristic of old-time camp meetings and tight cinchings. Old White and Sorrel were old timers as pack horses, were thin as rails, unweildy and awkward as a pair of crows, but tough as mules, as steady as old maids, old as Methuselah, and of a sternly moral cast of counte-



CAMP AT WEIPPE PRAIRIE.

nance. In trailing, Wright led the way, leading Roan; one of us followed, and then the other horses were divided as well as possible between us, so as to keep them well up in line on the trail.

Up and down we went, passing three small creeks trilling their way amid the dense timber, and we waited for the night at the forks of Lolo creek where solitude reigned supreme. There were no bottom lands, no grazing, but the spot was otherwise suitable for a night's camp, and beside a beautiful trout stream, and we had brought along oats for the dumb brutes who were necessarily tied up during the night. Roan and Buckskin had evidently never acquired a taste for oats, for they refused to eat them and seemed suspicious as to our motives in offering them.

Our day's trailing had been longer than anticipated and two of us at least were very tired. DeCamp, however, got out his rod and line and was soon wading the creek and whipping the rapids, and he secured a mess of trout for breakfast. I bathed my fevered feet in the cold stream, changed my shoes, and, after the royal supper provided, felt like a different man.



ALMOST PACKED.

We erected, usually, only the cook's tent, our canvas bedcovers being all needed protection except in case of a heavy rain.

Towards morning, of this night, it began to rain and by the time we were packed and ready to start the rain was steadily falling, and as we got well into the forest the trees dripped moisture, the bushes alongside the trail deluged our legs and feet with crystal drops beautiful but coldly wet, and in the open spots the mists floated, baptizing us plentifully as we rode along and hiding from view the country about us.

On this day, too, one of the riding horses, apparently in fair condition, gave completely out and had to be left behind. Our erstwhile bucking friend, put under a pack for the first time, lost all interest in our proceedings, and was driven into camp long after the others reached there, almost exhausted.

Our camp was at a clearing in the mountains shown on the maps as Weitus meadows. It is a fresh, green bit of mountain meadow-land in the depths of the range, a fine camping spot where clear, pure water, green grass, and fuel are more than abundant. The meadows, while being much higher than Kamiah, so much so that the change in temperature was easily noticeable, were yet at the base of the highest parts of the range, and were twenty-five miles from the next camping ground.

The special object of the expedition was thoroughly accomplished despite our forced delay, and on the third day we again gathered the horses, placed the packs upon their backs after some snorting and cavorting, and started to retrace our steps. Buckskin pulled up his picket pin and led Wright a long chase through the swamp and wet grass, but was finally corralled, thrown, and blindfolded, and, once finally packed, trudged along like a good and subordinate soldier, occasionally lying down in the vain hope of being released from his pack.

The rain ceased long enough to enable us to get our packs on without getting everything wet, and then began again in an aimless fashion, but finally we rode out of it entirely. But the mists and clouds remained about Weitus for a week afterwards. The first six hours' travel were through dripping foliage, and we became thoroughly wet. From the higher divides we now obtained glimpses of the region around us. Ridge after ridge, heavily timbered, extended from east to west, with deep, yawning ravines and canons between.



BUCKSKIN.

To the north the north fork of the Clearwater could be traced, with white, heavily massed clouds lying motionless in the depressions, a most beautiful sight. We were now reduced to one riding horse for four men. By noon our equine friend with the bucking propensities, again laboring under a pack, gave evidences of nervous or other sort of prostration, and his pack was transferred to the one remaining saddle horse who assumed the burden like the tramp that he was. Later in the day the "bucker" gave out entirely, and we abandoned him.

Every man must needs make the entire distance to Kamiah afoot, and the two "tenderfeet"—in more senses than one—faced the alternative with the best grace possible.

The day's tramp was a hard one, truly, and we reached the forks of the Lolo once more, very tired and hungry.

Just before reaching there, old Sorrel, who at times was the embodiment of awkwardness, slipped at a bad point in the trail and rolled over and over in picturesque fashion down the steep mountain-side. His pack saved him from injury, but it required fifteen minutes to work him back to the trail, for it was an awkward place for such a mishap. Sorrel cut an interesting figure as he lay sprawled on his back for a time, his feet pawing the air in an effort to right himself.

Lewis and Clark had passed along here a century before, and we were bivouacked at the forks of the Collins creek.

Our last day's tramp into Kamiah began early and was ended by three o'clock. It was absolutely a pleasurable one. Through the cool forest we trudged, gradually ascending, the day clear and balmy, crossed the divide and descended to Lolo creek, where we took the packs from the pack animals and gave them a three-hours' rest, and ate our luncheon. Not a horse raised a serious objection to the work demanded. Even Buckskin was less obstreperous, and they all followed the trail in better fashion.

We forded Lolo creek, which was knee deep, and the cold rushing current was most grateful in its cooling effects, and then began our last upward climb. We stopped at intervals of about 200 feet vertical advance and rested the horses. It was the easiest, most enjoyable climb of the sort I ever saw made, and it was almost astonishing the ease with which our nondescript outfit did it. The heavy timber shielded us from the hot sun and we were refreshed by distant views of Rock ridge over which the clouds still hung.

With a little more time and a little less rain this jaunt would have been thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end. As it was, it is a good illustration of what may result, in such an enterprise, from a slight derangement of plans or incompleteness in preparation, whether by neglect or forced by cir-



PACKING UP.

umstances. It illustrates, too, how much hardship and exposure one unused to it may endure without serious results ensuing. Fresh from an office and without any preliminary practice, I lunged into mountain travel, for two days was wet to the skin, and with no other unpleasant consequences than extreme but healthy fatigue.

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