

COMPASS AS A PROSPECTOR

Peculiar Antics of the Needle on Lynn Canal.

Rich Body of Ore Causes Variation of Several Points—The Vein Located.

As announced recently, the U. S. R. C. McArthur is in the north to discover the cause of the compass deviation at Battery point, down the canal. The origin of the trouble has been discovered, according to the Dispatch of Juneau. Capt. J. G. Davis, the mineralogist of that city, first brought the attention of the government to the magnetic disturbance at Battery point, and also along Gastineaux channel, where for a long time captains of vessels running to Alaska have noticed a serious deflection of the compass at a point about opposite Sheep creek, as at this point they take their course from the lights of Treadwell and Juneau.

Not much attention was given to it, and some then thought it might be from the large amount of tailings, containing magnetic iron, that are discharged into the channel from the mines at Sheep creek.

Dr. Bauer, chief of the magnetic department of the coast survey, has charge of the investigation. Upon reaching Juneau he called upon Mr. Davis, who piloted him on the steamer Thistle to the location where the compass begins to cut up capers. The boat was then run up and down the channel, by the point of attraction, and the compass showed a variation of six and one-half degrees. Then the boat turned with the bow to it, when the needle swung immediately with the point directly to the place, but when disturbed it would break away and swing backwards and forward, under the double attraction of the earth's north pole and Alaska's north pole, until, by what seemed almost human preference, it would finally back to our own north pole and there remain. In the further testing of the magnetic power of the location the marked 88 degrees—90 degrees being a perpendicular—beyond which it cannot go. This gives a pretty correct conception of the force of the attraction.

On Battery point a large deposit of ore has been discovered as a result of the investigations, and undoubtedly a deposit, in the form of a lode, runs under Lynn canal, along through Douglas island, with a very large body of it at or near the surface just below the Treadwell powder house, and nearly opposite Sheep creek, which deposit causes the magnetic disturbance.

She Was Superstitious.

"Superstition has not entirely died out, and often is found where least expected," said a conductor who runs into Galveston, in telling of an incident of his latest trip. "This was brought out very plainly yesterday. A well dressed, intelligent looking woman, a woman whose appearance and speech indicated that she was highly educated, was the one who exemplified this.

"At a station where we wait about 10 minutes the incident occurred. We stopped as usual, and I left the train and went to the ticket office to speak to the agent. While there I noticed this woman as she was leaving the ticket window to board the train, having just bought a ticket to the next station.

"As she went out on the platform she bought a daily paper from the news agent, and, just glancing at it, saw that it was dated Friday, August 17, whereupon she rushed back to the agent and asked that he cancel the ticket and refund her money, saying that upon the receipt of a letter that morning she had decided to visit a friend at the next station, but had forgotten that it was Friday, and, as she did not care to travel on that day, said she would wait until the next, and asked that her money be refunded or the ticket be extended.

"She was getting her money back just as I left to go on the train. She waited until Saturday, and no doubt has been thinking ever since of the great danger she escaped."—Galveston News.

Queer Vocations.

There can be no better illustration of the truth of the moss-grown expression that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives," than is found in the discoveries made by a number of census agents of this city. Occupations that were never known to exist have been unearthed by these questioners, and have given the students of odd jobs and unique livelihoods food for much thought.

For instance, a man's sole business is the making of monstrosities. He turns out sea serpents and mermaids as readily as the tailor cuts a pair of trousers.

One of the census takers in East forty-fifth street found a professional spanker. His advertisement in a German paper said: "Unruly and wayward boys disciplined at parents' residences."

There was discovered close to Fort Greene park, in Brooklyn, a man named Brenner, with a sign reading: "Cockroach killer to the United States navy." The cockroach killer made his reputation when he removed 21

barrels of cockroaches from the old, wall-sided Pensacola. He does it with a sort of paste and is an expert.

Another queer occupation discovered is conducted by a man who "calls people." His chief customers are those who have to get up at unusually early hours, such as bartenders, policemen, motormen and the like.

The woman whose business it is to collect corks, and who is said to make \$10 a day, is another queer one on the long list of oddities. She gathers all the whisky, champagne and mineral water corks, through a number of employes, and sells them to the firms that originally cut them.

Close to Bellevue hospital is a woman who sells bottles. The poor who go to the dispensary for medicines usually fail to take bottles along. The "bottle woman" sells for 1 or 2 cents each glass bottles of all sizes, ranging from the half ounce vial to the one big enough for the horse liniment.

Still another odd business is that of an east side firm which is down in the books as an "ejection company." The firm does nothing except get rid of tenants.

Up on Broadway, near Fifty-seventh street, is a man whose business it is to bite off dogs' tails. He says the animals must be of an age at which their tails are tender. He doesn't believe in a knife, because every dog's tail has a worm in it, and the only way to remove it is to bite the tail off.

A man named Kelly charges \$2.50 for destroying bad trees, a woman in Harlem trains college men for plays, three firms furnish clean jackets for bartenders and charge them from 50 cents to \$1 per week. Even the women on the east side, who make a business of lighting fires on holidays, are remembered in the list.—New York Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

To India by Rail.

All that is wanted is an agreement between Britain and Russia as to Afghanistan. Already the enterprising Muscovite has extended the scope of the Trans-Caspian railway to such a degree that Russian cars are actually running well inside Afghan territory. Kushk, an Afghan frontier town, is practically in Russian hands, and a light railway is already under construction to famous Herat.

This is the situation on Afghanistan's northern frontier. On the south British India is apparently not less active. The Beloochistan railway system, terminating at Gulisthan Karez, on the Afghan border, is to be extended, and already work is being pushed forward in order to connect Kandahar with the Indian railroad system.

In Central Asia Russia is actively engaged in surveying and constructing. When this is completed all that will remain in order to make it possible to go by train from Calais to Bombay will be to link up the chain between Herat and Kandahar—an insignificant distance of 585 English miles.

That link being made, and the Central Asia railway finished, London to Bombay will mean that the only chance for seasickness will be on the 21-mile strip of channel between Dover and Calais.

By the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez canal the distance is 6500 miles, and the time occupied by the fastest peninsular and Oriental steamer is 21 days.

By the land route, allowing the average approximate speed to be 25 miles an hour by the express trains, the journey would occupy only 11 days, four hours over a distance approximately estimated at 6700 English miles. This speed is on the average considerably exceeded even on Asiatic railways, and, of course, doubled on European lines.

Two changes of cars would be necessary on the journey from Calais—at the frontier on entering Russia and at the Indian frontier. This would be occasioned by the fact that the Russian lines have a gauge nearly a foot wider than the rest of European railways.—London Mail.

What Ruled the Engineer.

The old engineer had finished grooming his engine for the night's run and was whiling away the half hour before train time in swapping yarns with his fireman. It was his turn at a story. After puffing reflectively on his pipe for a moment or two, he said, half questioningly: "I don't believe we've ever run over anybody, Big, since you've been in the cab."

"But it isn't the running over that scares you," he continued, "though that is bad enough. It's the coming so all fired close to it and missing that takes the tuck out of a man. After you once hit anything the worst you can do is to plow right along, but when you see a man on the track and blow your whistle and shut off steam and put on brakes and then the man turns out to be deaf or drunk or something of the kind, and you know you can't help striking him, then's the time you wish you were running a steamboat or a fire engine."

"The closest shave I ever had was when I was pulling the president's special up to Albany. We were trying to make a record run. We had passed the Poughkeepsie bridge and were doing better than a mile a minute when I saw a man walking down the track toward us. The fireman blew the whistle, but the man never budged from between the rails. As we got closer, I saw he was walking with his head down and paying no attention to what was going on. I shut off steam, jammed on the brakes and reversed her, but we slid along at a pretty fair gait. He never stirred until just as the engine was going to hit him. Then he jumped out of the way, grinning up at me and put his fingers to his nose.

"Get after him," I yelled, but before the fireman could climb down from

the cab the man was running down the track for all he was worth—and that wasn't more than 30 cents. We didn't have any time to spare, so we hustled on again, and I've been trying ever since to decide whether our friend was drunk or crazy, or had a darned peculiar idea of humor. Anyway, I wish I'd had a little more time. I'd like to have taken a chance at him with coal shovel."—New York Mail and Express.

"All the Sky."

A lady went to read to a woman's club at a social settlement in Chicago, and she chose for the subject of her reading "The Vision of Sir Launfal." But no sooner had she got within the door than she was seized with the idea that her selection had not been a wise one. The weary, unresponsive faces offered little promise of appreciation.

"I'm almost afraid you will not enjoy what I am about to read to you," she said, with very honest apology, as she rose to address them. "Much of this poem is about the country, and it is very likely that some of you have never been in the country, and so do not care about it."

When she had finished, the women came to thank her, and among them was one who ventured upon a timid reproach.

"How could you think we would not understand about the country?" she asked. "It was the easiest part of the poem to understand—that part which was about the country. We knew perfectly what was meant."

"Then you must know the country. Probably you have lived in it."

"No, I've not lived in it, but I know what it is like. There is a vacant lot next to us, and sometimes you can't speak for the colors in it—and there is a row of trees and all the sky!"

That is what she said, word for word. That was her simple and exquisite epitome of nature's message.—Youth's Companion.

The Boy Lied.

Danny, who is an errand boy in a broker's office, got a job in the same office for his chum Harry. Danny set himself the task of making Harry appear to the best advantage during the probationary period of his job, and he found it necessary sometimes to use means that were only justified by the end, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Every afternoon Danny had to run with messages from one of the exchanges to the office, a distance of half a mile. When Harry came Danny had to "break him in" to do this. The first day that he made the trip from the exchange Harry staggered into the office, gasping with his eyes starting from his head. For a moment he couldn't speak. The broker looked at him in astonishment, and said:

"You ran pretty fast, didn't you? How long did it take?"

"Four minutes and 17 seconds," Harry panted, looking at the clock.

"That's pretty good time," said the broker.

"No, sir," said Harry. "Not very good. Danny says he does it every day in a minute and a quarter."

Wart as a Barometer.

William Creiger, of Northville, Mich., is a human barometer. He has a large wart on one of his cheeks, and during the dry weather it is small and rather dry. When a storm is coming 20 hours' notice is given Mr. Creiger by this wart swelling to two or three times its normal size. During the late drouth Mr. Creiger was the object of much prominence, as everybody wanted to know when rain would come, in order to save their corn and potatoes. The day before the rain did come the wart began growing larger and Creiger was sure the drouth would be broken, and it was. He is looked upon as better than the government guessers of weather probabilities.—Ex.

Rhymes of the Months.

The following characteristic rhymes of the months are said to have been written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan:

- January—snowy.
- February—flowy.
- March—blowy.
- April—showery.
- May—flowery.
- June—bowery.
- July—moppy.
- August—croppy.
- September—poppy.
- October—breezy.
- November—wheezy.
- December—freezy.

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