

Hobbies of Rich People.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie not long ago announced that his one and only hobby was the distribution of his forty millions of money, every penny of which he intends to give away before his death. Judging by his benevolence in this amusement to be indulging in this amusement to the full and glancing at the home life of other equally famous millionaires one is struck by the usual simplicity and occasional eccentricity of their recreations.

Engine-driving seems to hold a fascination for many money kings, especially those of the other side of the "herring-pond." Among them is Mr. Jacob Astor, who, in addition to having driven engines in almost every state, has built several locomotives himself from his own designs, which he runs on a railway he has laid down for his own enjoyment. The Duke of Sutherland is likewise the owner of a private railway, whereon he enacts the part of engine-driver and stoker combined. Mr. George Gould, son of the famous Jay Gould, besides being an engine-driver of considerable skill, is an enthusiastic fisherman, and spends all his spare time on the water in a steam yacht that cost over \$100,000 to fit up. The trout-fishing in his lake in the Catskills, whether he adorns during the season, is skilled by experts to be the finest in the world.

Mr. W. P. Hall, the Railway Signal Service King, has a partiality for preaching, and even when busy compiling his vast fortune he always finds a point of spending his evenings in this manner. He travels a good deal to lecture on religious subjects when not engaged at Wall street, besides delivering on an average four sermons a week.

Farming finds many advocates among millionaires. Mr. Russell Sage, who started life in a grocer's shop on a dollar a week, and has since amassed the enormous fortune of twenty

millions sterling, has a large farm of his own over which he exercises as much care as if it were his sole means of earning a living. Another Croesus, Theodore Havemeyer, has achieved the enviable distinction of making his farm pay a net profit of 23s. an acre, which many professional farmers in this country cannot do. Sir Walter Gilbey's fame as a horse-breeder is world-wide, but in addition he gives a great deal of attention to the cultivation of peppermint and lavender on his Essex estate, and is an authority on these herbs.

Boxing is the favorite hobby of Mr. Eddie Gould, and he is a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, where he often enters the lists with professional pugilists. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, the Oil King, is a man of extremely quiet tastes, and he has no hobbies beyond music and teaching in the local Sunday school, where he has conducted a class for more than a quarter of a century. He frequently shuts himself up in his room all day without refreshment of any kind and plays the violin, which he believes to be the most soothing recreation extant for the man of business.

Mr. John Morden of Brooklyn, a Californian millionaire, has devoted his whole attention for the past ten years to building a tomb in the necropolis of that city, and has already expended \$80,000 upon it. It is now used as a place of worship for his persons, and is lighted and heated by electricity. But directly Mr. Morden dies it will be closed to the public and opened only when another coffin is to be placed in the family crypt.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, acknowledged that her sole hobby consists in constantly changing her place of abode, for she soon tires of old surroundings and thinks nothing of suddenly ordering her belongings to be packed up and leaving a neighborhood at a week's notice—Tit-Bits.

SOME HISTORY THAT IS ODD

Many of the Inmates Spring From Higher Walks of Life—Fate Pursues them.

If you want to see something of the topsy-turveness of life you should visit a few of our workhouses and find out the life-stories of some of their inmates. Said a Local Government Board official, whose life is spent in travelling from one workhouse to another:

I have for many years made a point of doing this, and I can assure you that the material I have collected would make a very startling volume on life's vicissitudes and ironies.

Only last week I spent a very agreeable half-hour in conversation with an old lady in the infirmary of the Yorkshire workhouse. Many years earlier her father had been Lord of a Manor, within an hour's walk of her last asylum, and her ancestors had been knights of the shire three half-a-dozen centuries ago.

Her story was pitiful: Her father had squandered almost all that was left of the family estate in gambling and other forms of dissipation, and the small remnant that came to his only child was dissipated by a fraudulent trustee. After a brave struggle against poverty and illness she was obliged to take refuge in the "union", and by a singular coincidence the master of the workhouse was the son of one of her father's keepers. And yet this unfortunate old lady was one of the brightest I have ever met, and not a word of complaint escaped her lips.

In the same workhouse there is living a man who, under happier conditions, might have been filling one of the highest positions in the Church. After a distinguished career at Oxford he had entered the Church, and a few years later was appointed to one of the best livings in the Midlands, where his brilliant gifts and his eloquence marked him for early promotion, especially as he had powerful friends "at Court."

Unfortunately he had inherited a taste for drink, and his downfall was as rapid as his rise. He lost his living, and after trying for some years to maintain himself and family, drifted into the workhouse, where he certainly ended his days. He is, beyond doubt, one of the cleverest men I have ever talked with, and amuses himself by composing sermons which will never be preached and Latin and Greek verses which none of his fellow-inmates can read.

A few years ago, in another workhouse in the West Riding of Yorkshire, I came across a most interesting man who had started life in circumstances which are enjoyed by few. He was the son of a well-known aristocrat, and first cousin to a duke. In his earlier life he had been attaché at the principal courts of Europe, and his charm of manner made him popular in the very highest

circles. In his downfall I have known him able to discover, but it was too late for him to be any disgraceful, and

same spot. No matter where he takes off a garment he waits until he has got around to the same corner again before he deposits it. That's what I call neatness. Don't you?"

Rival to Big Ben.
It will come as a surprise to many to be told that the great clock erected on the tower of the works of the Singer Sewing Machine Company at Kilbowie rivals Big Ben in point of size. When Big Ben took up his present position in the clock tower fifty years ago it was rightly regarded as one of the wonders of the clock world for it was by far the largest time-piece ever seen in this country. It must now take second place in regard to size.

A comparison of the two giants is interesting. Big Ben's dial is 180 ft. above the ground, over 60 ft. higher than its rival at Kilbowie. The diameter of the dial over all of the latter clock is 26 ft., whereas Big Ben carries a good second with a dial diameter of 22 1/2 ft. At the same time Londoners will be pleased to hear that in the dimensions of the hands Big Ben can easily afford to smile. Its minute-hand, which is of fine steel is twice as long as the one at Kilbowie, being 15 ft. in length. When it comes to the figures, the Singer clock scores, for its figures are 2 ft. 6 in. high against Ben's 2 ft. figures.

The pendulum of the Kilbowie giant is 12 ft. in length and weighs 840 lb., being much heavier than that of the famous Westminster clock. Although its pendulum is of such a huge weight it is as delicately fixed and balanced as the pendulum of an ordinary drawing-room clock. The great bob swings 3 ft. 6 in. thirty times per minute or 150 miles per week, in the course of a year it swings a distance of 7,800 miles.

The minute-hand of the great clock moves one-third of an inch at every swing of the pendulum, or 14 miles in a week. The distance between the minute divisions is 10 in. The total weight of the dials is 22 tons. The driving force is obtained from a weight of 1,000 lbs., wound up through a height of 45 feet once a week by three men. The winding-up of such large clocks is decidedly hard work. It takes two men several hours three times a week to wind up Big Ben.—Ex.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES

Many Disasters Where But One Person Lived.

There is something intensely thrilling and dramatic, even to the least imaginative of minds, in the escape of a solitary miner, William Harris, from the Universal Colliery the other day. Eighty-three of his fellow-workers tasted the fiery blast that swept the pit, and perished. He alone survived, to be afterwards brought tenderly to bank, scorched, mangled, delirious—but alive.

Once, and once only, so far as the writer is aware, has this circumstance been paralleled in a previous colliery disaster. At the Hartley coal mine, in Northumberlandshire, on January 16th, 1862, without a woman's notice a massive iron beam, weighing over twenty tons, snapped and fell down the ventilating shaft. Six men were ascending in a cage at the time, and five of them were carried with the wreckage to the bottom and killed instantly.

The sixth escaped by leaping on to a tiny projection in the timbering, barely 8 inches wide. To this he succeeded in clinging until the rescuers reached him from above. But they could do nothing for the two hundred and odd men and boys who were imprisoned below, and who, deprived of fresh air, were slowly but surely suffocated.

There is still living, and in business for himself in Canton, a man who can truthfully lay claim to be the sole survivor of what was, perhaps, the biggest cannibal feast ever held. Early in September, 1853, the St. Paul, Captain Penard, left Hong Kong for Sydney with 327 Chinese emigrants on board, to be wrecked soon afterwards on the Island of Rossel. The captain and eight of the crew left in search of assistance, and were picked up by the Prince of Denmark trading schooner.

Contrary winds, however, delayed her, and it was not until the 25th January, 1854, that the French government cruiser Styx was able to reach the scene of the disaster. A boat's crew was landed, but for a long time the only traces they could discover of the unhappy castaways were heaps of bones, the extinct embers of huge fires, and other evidences of a cannibal orgie on a big scale.

Eventually one solitary Chinaman, half-starved and covered with wounds was found lurking in the bush, and from him was learned the terrible truth. Every single one of his 326 companions had been butchered and eaten by the savage islanders.

Early in November, 1840, occurred one of the most frightful inundations in French history. The Saone poured its waters into the Rhone, broke through its banks, and covered 80,000 acres. Several towns and villages were blotted out of existence in the twinkling of an eye, not an inhabitant escaping. But from one of half-a-dozen hamlets that were situated right in the track of the worst of the flood a baby of a few days old was lifted on the bosom of the raging

waters in its little wooden cradle, carried twenty miles, deposited safe and sound in the middle of a meadow in another department.

A curious case happened in 1879 when Szegedin, in Hungary, was destroyed, owing to the dam of the river Theiss giving away. Such was the force of the resultant flood that Szegedin itself, solidly built and prosperous, only 331 houses were left standing out of 6,566. The smaller hamlets were simply swept bodily away, the inhabitants perishing en masse, but in the case of one of them, an aged woman of nearly 100 years, escaped death in a manner little short of miraculous.

When the waters came tearing down the valley and roaring and old fled panic-stricken to the hills, she alone refused to attempt to escape, saying she had lived long enough. So she remained in her little cottage praying, and was lifted up and swept away with it, to be rescued next morning, unharmed, but very much scared, at a point some distance farther from her native place than she had ever been before.

One of the most remarkable railway accidents on record is that still referred to with bated breath by old dwellers in California as the Tehachapi Pass catastrophe. It was a bitter cold night in the winter of 1883, when the northbound express, with its three powerful engines, arrived at the point known as Summit Station on the backbone of that portion of the Rocky Mountains, after a long and wearisome climb from the valley below.

The train came to a halt, the conductor strolled over to the one saloon (public-house) for a drink, the while the three special locomotives were detached in order to allow of the one lighter one, which was to let the carriages down the opposite and more gently-sloping side of the range, taking their place. The train was left temporarily unattended and engineless. The time was midnight, a terrific gale was blowing, and the temperature was many degrees below zero.

Suddenly, silently, at first almost imperceptibly, the wheels began to revolve. A startled cry broke simultaneously from the few spectators on the lonely platform, and by the time its echoes had died away the doomed train had been swallowed up in the darkness. The piled-up and tangled debris thereof was found later on five miles down the mountain-side at the bottom of a canyon 100 feet deep. Ninety-seven dead bodies were extricated, and one child, alive and unharmed.

Undoubtedly, however, the most dramatic of single-man escapes was that of Dr. Brydson, immortalized by Lady Butler's picture, "The Last of an Army." The catastrophe occurred in Afghanistan, during the troublous times of 1841-42. A mixed British and native force of some 16,000 men (including camp-followers) fled Cabul for Jellalabad in the depth of winter, but were surrounded by the tribesmen in the Khyber Pass and cut to pieces, the gallant doctor alone surviving to tell the tale.—Tit-Bits.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

Regina Hotel, Jan. 27, 1902.—Colin A. Chisholm, Adams Hill, W. C. Leak and wife, New York; A. Corbell, Dominion, D. Peters, Dawson, C. W. Bowhay, Gold Hill, V. L. Bevington, Eagle.

Hotel Flannery.—Mrs. Tuckate, Fortymile, D. H. Dick, Jack Wade creek; E. D. Bolton, hillside, 20 Eldorado, J. B. Grandy, Everett, Wash., C. C. Payson, Dawson, Fred Fitzpatrick, Seattle, Wash., E. L. Setchell, Seattle, Wash., H. F. Marshall, Hunker creek, T. Powell, Gold Run, A. McEwan, Victoria, Gulch, R. E. West, Whitehorse, J. N. McMillan, Eldorado, T. S. Bosworth, Dominion, F. Johnston, Eldorado, A. Smith, Eldorado.

CONDENSED NEWS.

The board of managers of the Delaware & Hudson company has declared the regular dividend of 7 per cent. for the year 1902, payable in four quarterly installments.

Private advices from Rome indicate that Cardinal Martinelli, the papal delegate to this country, is likely to be retained here until next May, and possibly later.

James E. Sullivan, secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, is preparing for petition to the legislature of New York a boxing bill, in which amateurs will be allowed to compete in that state.

Lord Kitchener has cabled to London that the second British gun captured by the Boers at Frankelaagte has been recovered. This gun was previously reported to have been destroyed.

the United States, according to a dispatch from Rome to the New York Journal and American. The prince is fourth in line of succession to the throne of Italy.

A man with his heart on the right side, instead of the left, has just been discovered by the pension board of Bloomington, Ill. The man is Geo. W. Hurst, of Lexington, a veteran of the civil war, who recently applied for a pension.

Ground has been broken at Pocatello, Idaho, for the new machine and construction shops of the Oregon Short Line, which when completed, will represent an outlay of \$1,250,000. The plant will be one of the most complete in the country.

In a cable dispatch received at New York it is stated that Lord Francis Hodge had his foot amputated on Wednesday, but that his condition is very satisfactory. This is the result of an injury received a few weeks ago while out shooting.

It is announced at the Brooklyn navy yard that the armored cruiser Brooklyn, at present the flagship on the Asiatic station, will come to the Brooklyn yard for extensive repairs. The Brooklyn is to be overhauled at an expense of about \$250,000.

At a meeting of the merchants just held at Kingston, Jamaica, it was decided to take steps to appoint a commercial agent in England, with the view of improving the dwindling trade of the island. The merchants are acting with the government.

Chipped diamonds, yellow diamonds or flawed diamonds can not be bought at J. L. Sale & Co's. They carry only the best.

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SOCIETIES.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M. will be held at Masonic Hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday, on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m. H. WELLS, W. M. J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

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