

an occasional tourist. Every man from boss to super, has a basket or tin can filled with wild flowers, plucked by the stem or uprooted with the soil for transplanting.

In August, when blue- and salmon-berries ripen in the reindeer-moss, Eskimos are everywhere with sealskin leather pails, their gay-colored parkas, the hood with wolverene fur border, adding a picturesque color-note to the chiaroscuro. The arctic blueberry is richer, more delicious, than its kindred of the States, while the salmon-berry is an esthetic delight as it lifts its royal yellow fruition from a bed of autumnal-tinted leaves of wax-like texture. American housewives combine the blue- and salmon-berries into a delicious preserve. The natives bury them in the ground, marking the place with a cover of willows. There they freeze, and are taken out as needed, and eaten with seal-oil.

There is no subsoil in Nome. It has to be made from beach sand and tundra decay. Pathetic are the attempts to grow flowers or vegetables, but where there are women there will be flowers. Nome has scarcely a cabin or shack without some pretense to a window-garden. They are generally set outside and raised from the ground to escape contact with ice beneath or the malamutes (the sledge dogs), which prowl about in summer.

At a midsummer meeting of the camp's women's club—the Kegoayah Kozga owns its own club-house—the tea-table was radiant with pansies and mignonette raised from seeds in three weeks, while the walls were banked with the purple larkspur and monk's-hood of the tundra.

On the shore of Behring Sea, I was wont to linger in awe and wonder before a cabin whose large many-paned window was literally curtained with nasturtium-vines in gorgeous bloom.

"Four weeks ago," said the Norwegian mistress in proud, broken English, "I planted the seeds in the tin cans you can't see to-day for the bloom."

Unique was the garden encountered at Chenik on Golofnin Bay, eighty miles from Nome. A native skin boat had been drawn up on the bleak beach, filled with sand and tundra soil, and covered with window-glass. There Molly Dexter, the Peninsula's most famous and beloved Eskimo, raised from seed, not only flowers, but radishes, lettuce, and celery, for the road-house over which she presides as English-speaking landlady and unrivaled Eskimo cook.

Forging into the interior, down Solomon, Fox, Fish, or Neukluk rivers, with every hillside ablaze in giant fireweed and crimson rhododendrons, into the land of fir and cedars, where shacks of canvas, tar-paper or driftwood give way to picturesque log cabins, the eye revels in roof-gardens. Rare is the cabin whose roof is not covered with floral and vegetable growth.

I have seen many a miner thrust his hand out of the cabin window or door and pluck from his roof-garden radishes, lettuce, or onions for the morning or evening meal, while the flowers peep in window or door.

The demise of arctic bloom is as sudden and complete as its birth. There is no Indian summer, no autumn, as we know it. Long before the last boat has left the roadstead for the States, and the ice has begun to gather in Behring Sea, not a trace, not a hint of Flora's coquetry is to be found in all Jack Frost's kingdom.—From "Circle."

### AN EFFECTIVE THREAT.

Sir William Lely, for a sum agreed upon beforehand, painted a rich, ugly, and miserly London alderman, who, upon the completion of the portrait, bagged over the payment for it. "Well," he said, finally, "that's all it's worth, and all I shall give for it; and if you refuse it will lie on your hands." "Not it," replied Lely; "I can sell it for twice the sum you agreed to give for it." "Sell it! To whom can you sell it? It is like no one but myself." "Just so," replied Lely, "and, therefore, when I draw a tail to it, it will make an excellent monkey." This threat was effective. The alderman paid for the picture its full price.

I wasted time, and now time doth waste me.—Shakespeare.

### A MISERABLE WIFE.

"Yes, professor, I am afraid that soon I shall have to rent or sell the farm. My wife is so miserable. I cannot carry it on without hiring, and hiring eats up all the profits."

I looked at the speaker admiringly. He was about fifty, and as robust as a man of thirty. His whiskers were neatly trimmed, showing a full red cheek. He wore a jaunty hat and natty cut-away coat, and below his vest hung a silk fob and heavy gold seal. I was proud of him. He was such a perfect picture of the New York gentleman from the rural districts that I wanted to imprint his picture on my memory.

"So your wife is miserable?" "Yes, kinder droopin', with a dry cough and no ambition. She jest kinder drags around the house and looks so peaked and scrawny it gives me the blues. It does, I swan if it don't."

"Naturally weakly, wasn't she?" "She! Oh, no. When I married her she was the smartest girl on the creek. She used to work for father, and the way she made the work stand around took my eye. She was a poor gal, and her industry got her a rich husband."

Here he carelessly took out a gold watch, looked at the time, put it back and adjusted the silk fob on the front of his nicely-fitting trousers.

"So she did well getting married on account of her industry?"

"Why, of course; she was getting only \$2.50 a week, and she became mistress of a farm."

"Excuse me; but how much are you worth now, confidentially you know; I am a scientific man, and will never use such facts to your injury with the assessor."

"Well, professor, I could crowd \$50,000 pretty hard."

"That is good. How long have you been married?"

"Thirty years next Fourth of July. We went down to Albany on a little teeter, and I proposed the match and Jane was willin'."

"How much do you suppose you have made in these thirty years?"

"Hum—um—lemme see. I got the Davis farm the first ten years, then I run in debt for the Simmons place, got war prices for my cheese, and squared up both places. Well, I think I have cleared up \$30,000 since we spliced."

"Very good, indeed. And your wife has been a great help to you all this time?"

"Oh, you bet. She was a rattler. She took care of her baby and the milk from twenty cows. I tell you she made the tinware flop. Why, we have had four children, and she never had a hired girl over six months in that time!"

"Splendid! And you have cleared \$30,000 in that time?"

"Yes, easy."

"Now, how much has your wife made?"

"She, why, darn it, professor, she is my wife."

"I know it. But what has she made? You say she was poor when you married her. Now, what has she made?"

"Why, by gum, you beat all. Why, she is my wife and we own it all together."

"Do you? Then she can draw on your bank account? Then she has a horse and carriage when she wants them? Then she has a servant maid when she wants one? Then she rides out for her health, and has a watch and chain of gold as you do? Is that so?"

"Professor, you must be crazy. Nobody's wife is boss in that shape. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, look here. You said she did well in marrying rich, and I cannot see it. If she was getting \$2.50 per week when you married her, and had saved her wages, she would have had \$3,600. If she had invested it, she would have had \$5,000. Now you tell me she is broken down, used up and miserable, and looks so bad she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help, and will get probably nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone when she dies?"

"Professor, if you was a younger man, I would lick you quicker'n a spring lamb can jump a thistle."

"What for? I am stating this case fairly, am I not? Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a local editor's cheek, and she has stooped over

a milk-can until she has a hump on her back like a peddler."

"Shut up, will you?"

"She has raised four children. One of them is at college. One is taking music lessons at Boston. The other two are teaching school. She is at home alone, going around in a treadmill life which will end in a rosewood coffin and a first-class country funeral."

"Stop that, professor, will you?"

"While you are still a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. No doubt you have been thinking of some nice young girl of eighteen who would jump at the chance to marry your thirty cows and twenty acres of hops."

"Professor, I won't stay here if you don't let up on that."

"And your wife does not look well in that new Watertown wagon, so you take your hired man and neighbors' girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a silk dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket phaeton that she could climb into without a ladder. She never says anything, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own gold and rubber, but she has to gum it till her nose is pushed up into her forehead, and her face wrinkles like a burned boot. She never goes out, so she does not dye her hair as you do yours, but it looks like a milk-weed pod gone to seed. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice toothpick shoes like yours, but goes thumping around like a sheep in a dry-goods box."

"Darn my skin if I don't—"

"No, you won't; you will just let her work right along, and then you will marry some high-flyer who will pull every hair out of your head, and serve you right, too."

"Professor, for mercy's sake do stop."

"When you know, and I know, that if your wife had a chance to rest, and had nice clothes like other women, she would be one of the handsomest women in the town."

"I swan I believe it."

"And, old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday, and drive around with the colts, and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you, she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then, Monday, if you were to tell her that you were going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting-room by that new nickel-plated coal stove, and work on that new silk you are going to buy her—"

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nickel wallet with steel clasps, and with five nice new twenty-dollar notes in it, and tell her to do her own trading after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money."

"I will, as sure as I live."

"And when the tears start in her eyes, and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you went on that teeter to Albany, if you would just kiss her—"

"It's all right, professor."

"Then, my friend, I would begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

"You're right, old man."

"Then I think you would no longer have a miserable wife. Then you would no longer want to rent or sell the farm, but would be showing the mother of your children how much you respected her for her life of devotion. Then she would know that she was a partner in that \$30,000. Then, if you made your will all right, and she had a good rest, I think she would some time be an eligible widow."

"Think so, professor?"

"I know it. Woman is a plant that wants sunshine. You have been leaving your wife in the shade too much. She has lost her color. She has given up all hope of admiration and love, and is only waiting to die and get out of the way. Suppose you were treated so?"

"What, me! I am all right."

"Yes, I know. Women pity you because you are tied to a sorry-looking wife. Foolish old maids and silly girls whisper behind your back what a nice looking man you are, and what a stick of a wife you have; and you are just soft enough to wear tight boots, and oil what little hair you have left on the top

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