

LINES ON THE HUMAN FACE.

Wrinkles Are the Telltales of Life's Encounters.

Simple Methods by Which They May Be Softened or Entirely Removed—How to Guard Against Them.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Wrinkles are the handwriting of time on the human countenance. How much they give expression and character, as well as individuality, to it is shown when the photographer retouches the negative of a picture and wipes them out of existence. The resemblance to the individual is about the same as the dried specimen of a flower in the botanist's herbarium is to the one which grows bright and vigorous, full of life, in the meadow or forest. Wrinkles are telltales of life's encounters. They accumulate in grief and in sorrow; they increase and grow ugly when the will loses its grip on the thoughts and the nerves run riot. Each can ascertain the cause of the wrinkles and interpret the emotions which have made lines and cross lines upon his or her own face by assuming the muscular contractions that have produced them.

The principal wrinkles that mark the face are those that appear on the forehead, stretching across from one temple to another, from two to five parallel lines or from one to three upright ones. These lines are reprehensible and unnecessary, the result of a pernicious habit of overuse of nerve force, an exaggeration of energy in thought and speech and accompanied by self-consciousness. They are usually formed early in life, and parents should by persistence prevent a child from acquiring the habit. The lines of latitude are less noble than those of longitude.

The next set of wrinkles in importance are those about the eyes. Those that are at the angles, the "crow's feet," are pleasant lines and come from wrinkling the skin in smiling or in laughter. In the olden time the teachers of deportment and good looks warned the pupils against wrinkling the face in the display of hilarious emotions because of these effects. The long lines and the wrinkling of the delicate tissues under the eyes are greater telltales than any other of exhaustion of vital forces and the ravages of time. But hardest of all to deal with are the wrinkles about the mouth.

Few are conscious of the part played in the battle of life by the muscles of the mouth. They, and not those about the eyes, are called into action by every passing thought and emotion of being. If thoughts are pleasant, they relax; if mournful, there is a downward droop; if energetic, they harden; if determined, they compress the lips; if angry, they contract still more; if humorous, they relax and the mouth widens—the greater the merriment the wider the mouth—and the cheeks participate in the pleasurable emotions, and the parentheses, the two long, semi-circular wrinkles inclosing the lips, appear and deepen with age.

The skin, responding to the muscular action underneath, becomes creased and wrinkled in fine or coarser lines, according to the display of muscular activity. The wrinkles which more surely than any others tell of the action of time are those which run from the ears around the base of the chin at its junction with the neck. They are not expressive of emotion; they are made by the bending of the head upon the neck. The wrinkles of the cheeks are not numerous, and they require strong agencies, such as sickness, grief and age, to bring them out. Some of these wrinkles are made by taking bad positions during sleep or crushing the cheek upon the pillow. The soft, yielding flesh is pushed upward, making deep creases under the eyes, at the corners and on the temples.

To remove wrinkles, therefore, one must know their mechanism and their philosophy. In the first place guard against a flabby and relaxed skin. This can be done by dashing upon the face either very hot water or very cold or alternating them and while doing this rubbing the skin with the balls of the fingers. Alcohol or cologne toughens the skin and keeps it smooth. It can be used with water, equal parts. It is seldom that the skin of the face is too dry, for the oily glands are especially active; but, in case it is, use instead of alcohol a cold cream or an ointment made of equal parts of white vaseline, almond oil and lanolin, to which may be added a few drops of violet extract. Steaming the face, massaging it and the use of electricity are all good to remove wrinkles. The end aimed at by the employment of all

these means is to give elasticity and firmness to the skin, which enables it to resist the action of the underlying muscles.

If deep wrinkles have come, such as the horizontal wrinkles of the forehead, they can be removed by mechanical means. After painting them with an astringent, such as tannate of glycerin, put them on a stretch by means of plaster, which will also be a means of reminding one to wrinkle the forehead. Some persons have a facial skin which reminds one of a russet apple which has been kept a long time. These fine universal wrinkles are generally the result of a querulous and dissatisfied disposition. After all, the best cosmetic and the most efficient preventive of these graven lines of time is a buoyant and happy disposition, a determination to make the best of life.—Harper's Bazar.

His Style of Advertising.

"The professional writer of advertisements," remarked a man in the advertising business, "knows more about his trade than any one else does. But occasionally some rank outsider, from whom it is least to be expected, comes out with a stray idea that is worthy of attention."

"I remember the case of an old man named Ovid Chapman, who kept a general store in a sleepy little Massachusetts village. He was not an educated man, but he was clever, as is proved by the fact that he could read his own handwriting. One day he wandered into the office of the village weekly and asked to see the business manager."

"Hey, you!" he said by way of greeting to that worthy, "I want two inches of space for two months. Things have been drooping off considerable in my line lately, and I'm going to try advertising for a spell."

"Ahem!" coughed the business manager. "Now, just what is your line of business, Mr. —er—Chapman?"

"Waal, I jest keep hardware, candy, shoes, toothbrushes, baccy, shirts an' all sech things. But you needn't bother about that. I've got my ad. all writ up." And he took from his pocket a slip of paper upon which was scrawled the following: "We don't keep anything. We sell everything! O' Chapman, Main street."

"Some days later, when passing his store, I was surprised to see this placard hanging above the boots and shoes in his window: 'We are trying to sell our shoes—not our customers. New shoes sold. Old shoes resoled.'

"Yas," he said, coming to the door with a satisfied chuckle, "I believe in advertisin'. But it's like baked beans—it's got to be well done to be any good."

Portlander's Views of Dawson.

Judge C. H. Carey has returned to Portland from a trip to Dawson, which took up about a month of his time. He had business in the Klondike metropolis, in connection with an estate, and took advantage of the opportunity to look around while up there, in order to judge of the present conditions and future prospects of what a few years ago startled the world by the stories of panfuls of gold.

Judge Carey said yesterday that he thought Dawson was on the wane. The district has lost a large proportion of its population through the exodus to Nome, and most of the rich placers in the vicinity of Dawson have been worked out. "It costs too much up there to dig for gold," he said, "and gravel should contain at least \$1 a yard in order to enable a miner to make anything worth while. The gravel and muck must be thawed out in the winter with the aid of fuel, that costs \$20 to \$30 a cord, according to location, and living costs a great deal more than in any other mining region. Miners' wages are about \$8 a day, without board, which costs \$3, but this fall the pay will probably be reduced to \$5, which would equal \$2 a day and board."

"A large number of 'laymen' lost money on their last season's work, and were unable to pay their men when the thaws of summer enabled them to find out how much gold there was in the gravel they had been digging out. Many of the men were glad to accept 25 per cent of the wages agreed on, as there was no legal recourse for them. The 'laymen' had nothing to pay with, and the real owners of the claims could not be held responsible."

"Laymen" are those who take claims to work on shares, agreeing to pay the owner 50 per cent of the gold found. Thus, after paying the season's expenses and deducting the government's 10 per cent royalty on the gross receipts, it took a rich claim to enable either party to net any profit.

"No new discoveries have been made of late, and the gold bearing area is very definitely circumscribed. Unless some rich discoveries are made ere long, the district will lose the bulk of its population and drift into the hands of large corporations, which will buy up

the claims and introduce expensive hydraulic systems. Things are drifting that way very rapidly now."

"Of Dawson's population, probably three-fourths are Americans, and they have held their own with the Canadians and Englishmen in the accumulation of wealth. Quite a large number of former Portlanders are in business in the town, and they are all doing well, as a rule. A good many women and children are now being brought in from the States and elsewhere, to join the heads of families who have established themselves in business, and the Dawson of the future, be it large or small, will lose considerable of its wild and woolly appearance through the presence of family influences."

He thinks the criminal laws of the Yukon territory are well administered, and that crime is exceedingly rare in consequence. The murderer or robber has only one way to get out of the country—the Yukon river—and a telegraph line now in operation heads off all those who try to escape, as mounted police have stations at convenient intervals. As to civil laws, it is different, and there is little or no recourse in civil procedure, as the officials are openly and notoriously corrupt. In fact, they can give the officials of the most corrupt American city "cards and spades," and discount them in bribe taking and favoritism. The postal department is run on the same corrupt plan, and those who handle the mail make no secret of their willful and continued indifference to the needs of the community. To illustrate, Judge Carey had made arrangements to have the Daily Oregonian sent him while in Dawson, but he never obtained a copy.

"No paper here for you," was the continued reply, day after day, for three weeks, and at the end of that time the postmaster said: "We never bother with paper mail, anyway," thus abruptly dismissing a subject of much importance to Judge Carey, who was very desirous of reading the news from home. "Occasionally I could buy an Oregonian for 25 cents," he said, "when some enterprising traveler would bring a bundle in with him on speculation. What became of my papers I shall never know."

The White Pass railroad, he said, was doing a big business, and evidently making money, as there seemed to be a large passenger traffic both ways, while the freight cars were crowded with goods of all descriptions going in. The road is now completed from Skagway to Bennett, and from the lower end of the lake to Whitehorse rapids, after which the northbound traveler takes a steamer down the Yukon to Dawson. The trip, he said, is a delightful one in summer, and there is no hardship whatever connected with it.

At Whitehorse quite an important town is springing up, on account of large bodies of copper being found near by. The developments and the Klondike traffic are evidently making the railroad pay, though how long it will continue, Judge Carey does not venture to guess. He looks for rich strikes on the Tanana, which is down the Yukon, on the American side, and if this district should prove as good as reports indicate, there may be considerable trade on the Upper Yukon in the future.

Skagway, he said, was quiet, and although it is the western terminus of the railroad, the only excitement there was on the arrival of a steamer, when the populace would turn out to meet it at the dock.

As to the Klondike gold output, he thought it would be heavy this year, but it will reach its high-water mark and gradually grow less, until the Klondike district will no longer be considered an important factor in the world's annual gold production.—Oregonian.

What's the Matter With Rogers?

W. A. Rogers, who has made a fortune in the Klondike, arrived in this city last week. He has come south for a rest after four years in the mines. While here he will purchase machinery. Mr. Rogers says that \$20,000,000 will be sent out of the Klondike country this season. The rush to Cape Nome has taken away a large part of the undesirable floating population from Dawson City, where they had been living from hand to mouth. The greatest present need of the Klondike is said to be an American consul who is competent to fill the office. Mr. Rogers is going to Washington to file a complaint against the present official.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.

Quarantine at St. Michael.

If true that St. Michael has quarantined against all steamers from below, and that such craft will be forced to lay to 14 days before being permitted to discharge either passengers or freight, it will greatly retard the shipment of the freight of the big companies up the river to this place and may possibly result in a shortage of winter provisions. Few of the large companies have as yet received more than a very small part of their annual importations.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

SHOULD PUT UP BONDS.

We believe the judiciary of the Yukon is one branch of the governmental tree in which, if an error is made, it is of the head and not of the heart. The laws as they exist are certainly administered with an eye single to the one main purpose, that of meteoring out justice in every and all cases. The administration of the law is not questioned, but the law itself is not beyond remedy.

We refer to a recent happening in police court, the history of which dates back to last fall. The circumstances of the case are, as nearly as can be learned, these: A young woman, no matter who she is or what she is, left Dawson for the outside. At Tagish she was overhauled and arrested, a telegram for her apprehension having been forwarded at the instigation of a resident of Dawson, a man named Hoffman. As it was impossible for the woman to be heard in trial then and there, she was forced to either put up a cash deposit of \$500 or return to Dawson in the custody of an officer. She chose the former alternative, deposited the cash and continued her journey. Confident of her own innocence, the woman came back to Dawson a week ago, believing that she could establish her claim and receive the money she had been required to deposit. A day is set for the hearing of the case and the woman appears with evidence in her own defence. What happens?

The man Hoffman, at whose instigation the woman had been apprehended, arrested, required to deposit cash bond in the sum of \$500 and to make a trip from the outside to this city with the object in view of clearing her name from the stigma of "thief," appears before the court and moves that the charge be dismissed on the ground that "Mine witnesses haf gone to Nome."

The case was dismissed as there was nothing else that could be done under the circumstances. But if justice was outraged to such an extent as to require the issuance of a warrant, the apprehension by telegram, arrest and detention of the woman and the requirement of a case bond of \$500, which necessitated an expensive trip back from California to recover, how has this outraged justice been appeased, and where does the woman go for redress. She has been greatly inconvenienced, but, notwithstanding the expense, she appeared for trial only to be dismissed because her prosecutor's "witnesses haf gone to Nome."

What restitution does the woman get for her inconvenience and humiliation on the trip out, the loss of the use of her money for a period of nine months, expense of returning to Dawson to prove her innocence and remove the stigma of "thief" which has all this time been attached to her name? The man Hoffman, after having said "Mine witnesses haf gone to Nome," assumes the Good Samaritan air and walks back to his place of business and the case is over.

In all justice and humanity, is it right that the above should occur in any civilized, Christianized country? Who is safe so long as there is no immunity from such outrages? This man Hoffman is still here and at large, and, according to precedent established, any man or woman who starts for the outside is liable to be overhauled and arrested and put to no end of inconvenience, only to be brought back for trial and dismissal for the reason that "Mine witnesses haf gone to Nome."

Is human liberty safe and is the individual pursuit of happiness untrammelled in any country where such outrages are possible?

The preliminary steps to the doing away with one of the long-standing monuments to the system of modern holdups is being taken in Dawson today by the circulation of petitions to the Yukon council asking for the construction of a free government bridge across the Klondike river to connect Dawson

with Klondike City. It is a deplorable state of affairs when a petition is needed for such an apparent improvement. The government did not hesitate to sell land across the river at a good price, and to purchasers who have ever since been required to pay 50 cents every time they come to the postoffice. Among the many of Dawson's needed public improvements, none are more urgent than a free bridge spanning the Klondike. Needless to say the petition is being largely signed and its fate when it reaches the Yukon council will be anxiously awaited. If the people traveling to and from the suburban addition are to be held up ad infinitum, property there is not desirable even as a gift.

The broad business manner in which the Dawson Board of Trade is taking up needed reforms and the matter of needed institutions—public schools, for instance—speaks well for that organization and for the future of the city. The weight which will be carried by any decisive action the board may take is not such as will probably be lightly treated at the hands of those whose province it is to act on all matters pertaining to the upbuilding of needed public institutions.

To a very great extent the Seattle papers are to blame for the alarming conditions of Nome at the present time. With little or no regard for actual facts the papers of the Sound metropolis boomed and boosted Nome as a mining field of inexhaustible revenues until thousands were led to believe that fortunes were there for the going after. The delusion will cost not only much money but many lives. Nome is turning out to be the greatest canard known in mining history.

Many of the people who started for Nome this spring expressed an opinion that they would be unlucky if they found less than \$10,000. From present indications many of them will be in great luck if they can work their way back and arrive safely at the front gate of some sympathetic relative.—Skagway News.

The Dispatch says that the owners of the steamship Dolphin, which was recently brought around from New York, may change her name to the "City of Juneau." Oh, no, that's too slow a name. Why not call her "City of Dyea" or "Wrangel," or some other symbolically up-to-date name.—Skagway News.

Who Lost the Still?

Yesterday while the workmen were digging the ditch which is to open the sough into the Klondike, they came upon a curious looking object which for some time puzzled all who saw it. The object thus unearthed is a hemisphere of copper, about eight inches in diameter, having a short tube running through one side, and on the center of the outside surface is a small square space which has the appearance of having had at one time something soldered over it. The edge is turned in all around as if it had been clinched on the other side of the sphere originally, and when complete had been a ball.

The general opinion among those who have seen the thing is that it is a part of an old liquor still. If so where did it come from, and how long have such things been in the country, are the natural questions which arise, when it is stated that the object, whatever may have been its original use, was found ten feet below the surface. That would indicate that it was buried many years ago, so many in fact that it could hardly have been lost or abandoned by any save the very earliest whites known to have been in the country, and it seems rather a stretch of the imagination to suppose that they went around carrying a still with them.

The Time I've Lost in Wooling.

The time I've lost in wooling,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she taught me;
My only books
Were women's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
Her smile when beauty granted
I hung with gaze enchanted.
Like him, the sprite,
Whom maid by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted,
Like him, too, beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh, winds could not outrun me!
And are these follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas, the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.
—Thomas Moore.

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