

Joaquin Miller.

Joaquin Miller, being a real poet, is privileged to be unique if he pleases, and he has always pleased to cultivate as many harmless idiosyncrasies as he had time for, aside from dashing off a gem of poetry now and then. He insists that there is method in most of his madness; for instance, his long hair and flowing beard hide ugly scars made by a red man's arrow long ago. He has always been noted for handwriting more illegible even than that of Horace Greeley. He started for the Klondike with the first of 1897, in the capacity of correspondent for a San Francisco newspaper and a number of Eastern periodicals.

One of his first letters, containing his famous poem on the Chilkoot, having arrived by mail, was ordered transmitted to the San Francisco paper by telegraph. Then a difficulty arose; not a town could make meaning out of his lines, which resembled silhouettes of the Sierras. The San Francisco paper telegraphed an offer of \$300 to any one who could decipher it, without avail, and the letter was forwarded by mail, to be deciphered finally by his private secretary at San Francisco. The incident was mentioned jokingly to the poet, and he quickly rolled up the sleeve of his right arm, showing the scar of a bullet which had passed completely through the forearm, injuring the nerves and cords of the fingers. "That's just to show you," said Mr.

Miller, "that, while I am unhappily conscious of my bad writing, it is not affectation."

Ex-Governor Semple, an old friend of Mr. Miller's, told how the matter of the arrow wound in Mr. Miller's features had come to his personal knowledge; this led to a discussion of the cause of the poet's slight lameness. "I am not nearly so lame now as I was twenty years ago," said Mr. Miller. "That lameness was caused by another arrow wound many years ago. I never could quite understand why the old wound should continue to trouble me until one day in Dawson, soon after I had completed that long Yukon journey, I chanced to scratch my finger on my leg while taking a bath. To my surprise I found a piece of flint, which I drew out of my leg. It was a part of that old arrowhead, which had worked clear through the leg. That endless walking—'mushing,' as they call it—had done it."

The Death of Washington.

It was not until Thursday, the 9th of January, 1800, that the intimation of General Washington's death was published in Quebec. In the issue of the *Quebec Gazette* of that date, appeared the following:

"New York, Dec. 20th.—Died suddenly, at his seat in Virginia, General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. He made his exit on the night of the 14th, between the hours of 11 and 12, after a short but painful