

yellow nun's veiling, trimmed with black lace; Miss Garland (Cambridge) looked pretty in white. Amongst the audience were Miss Laishley (Auckland), in a navy blue serge costume; Miss Styak (Thames), royal blue tailor-made costume; Miss Anderson, light blouse, dark skirt; Mrs E. Edwards, black serge; Mrs Brunskill, black coat and skirt; Mrs Thorpe, black costume, large picture hat, relieved with bands of orange velvet, black ostrich feathers; Mrs Forbes, navy; Mrs Hastings, shot silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Clare, black; Miss Wick, pretty tweed costume, trimmed with shot silk; Mrs Sullivan, black serge, trimmed with watered silk, hat en suite, with black and white feathers; etc.

DORIS.

FORTUNE-HUNTING IN THE KLONDYKE.

UPS AND DOWNS OF CAMP LIFE.

A Halifax correspondent whose brother-in-law, Mr F. Price, has recently returned from the Klondyke district, gives (says the 'Yorkshire Post') the following vivid account of the goldfields, derived from conversation with him:—

It is now two years since my brother-in-law, who was then in business in Seattle, Washington, joined a body of hardy adventurers, many of whom were giving up good situations in the city and were setting out to seek their fortunes in the newly-discovered El Dorado. He has made a fortune sufficient to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life, irrespective of the claim he still retains on Bonanza Creek, for which he has refused an offer of \$15,000, in the belief that it will fetch about \$50,000 next spring. When the Seattle adventurers started upon their expedition they had but little idea of the perils they were to undergo. Though the goldfields had been discovered for some time, very few save the North American Indians had penetrated the ice-bound region which separates them from civilisation. They had been warned, it is true, that the goldfields were extremely difficult of access, and that only the most hardy and courageous should venture to seek their fortunes there. But, like many of those who are now engaged in the mad rush after gold, they paid greater heed to the stories of the untold wealth which awaited those who had the courage and endurance to brave the perils of the journey. To reach their coveted destination the party had to pass through over 2,000 miles of almost impassable country, carrying with them an enormous stock of goods in the form of mining implements, provisions, and clothing—climbing snow-covered hills, shooting dangerous rapids in roughly-constructed craft, and encountering innumerable hardships which only those of exceptional constitution can hope to withstand.

After journeying to Juneau they took steamer to Dyea. Then began a tedious and perilous journey over the mountains. Each had to carry an outfit weighing from 600lb to 800lb, which was hauled over the snow in sledges. Some were provided with dogs. But dogs in that region are scarce. Good dogs cost from \$15 to \$200 each; in fact, any sort of a dog will fetch from \$50 upwards. Many had to haul the sledges themselves, carrying a portion of the load a few miles, and then going back for the rest. Difficulties even greater were experienced in making Chilcoot Pass, where the dangers are increased by glaciers and blinding snow. Crater Lake, which is frozen all the year round, was then crossed, and after a journey of over 300 miles further the party encamped at the head of the Grand Canon, where bouts were roughly constructed. In these frail craft they had to shoot the most dangerous rapids. They ran many hair-breadth escapes from being wrecked, but fortunately no member of the party was lost, though some lost their baggage. Once through the canon, the chief dangers were behind them. But how many of those now flocking to the Klondyke are to perish in attempting this perilous journey?

Even if those dangers be passed in safety the adventurer has still to experience hardships which none but those who have worked in the Klondyke goldfields cannot understand. My brother-in-law worked two claims without coming across the expected fortune, and it was not until after

more than a year's fruitless toll that he at last 'struck lucky' on Bonanza Creek. It was here that George Cormack, the first white man to reach the goldfields, met with such extraordinary success. Arriving in August, he found himself unable to work his claim from the lack of provisions, and some delay was caused in obtaining a supply sufficient for a few weeks. He then returned to work, accompanied by his wife and brother-in-law, and though unprovided with a proper miner's outfit, and obliged to carry the gravel dust in a box on their backs for a distance of 100 feet, the three, working very intermittently, washed out \$14,200 worth of gold in eight days.

The greatest difficulty has been experienced in getting labourers. Old miners will not work at any price, but prefer to seek out claims of their own. Several miners who worked for about six weeks received \$5,300 each, and one old miner was paid \$12 for three hours' work. He, however, refused an offer to continue at that rate of remuneration, and went off in search of a claim for himself. And this is not to be wondered at, when some prospectors were taking out gold so quickly that they filled syrup cans and weighed the dust with steelyards instead of gold scales. From a drift claim one man alone was taking out \$1,000 a day. Even the mounted police deserted their posts and went out in search of gold.

Camp life in the Klondyke goldfields is exceedingly monotonous, and as a consequence there is a good deal of gambling and immorality. In Dawson City some time ago a successful miner sold out his claim, imported a piano, and started a dancing saloon. There are several gambling halls, and many who have amassed a fortune in the goldfields dissipate it in the city in drink, gambling, and debauchery. The gambling is exceedingly high. The miners play 'stud-horse poker,' and pay from \$50 upwards to draw a card. The use of firearms is, fortunately, prohibited by the British Government, which enforces its laws by means of the mounted police. Captain Constantine is at their head, and he also acts as magistrate, while Gold Commissioner 'Lawrett' has jurisdiction over mining disputes.

A great event this summer was the arrival of the 'Exelsior' from San Francisco, the first vessel to push her way through the ice to the station. The Portland, of Seattle, arrived four days later, and the miners then, for the first time, learned the news of McKinley's election and the result of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight, the latter being, in the opinion of many, the more important event of the year. Apart from the girls at the dancing saloons, there are very few women in the mining district. Mrs Tom Lippy, of Seattle, wife of the secretary of the Y.M.C.A., who was among the party which has just returned to that city, was the first white woman to set foot in the region. She was the only white woman across the divide, though there were nine or ten women at Fort Mile. A woman in the camp about a mile from El Dorado Creek was the only person of her own sex with whom Mrs Lippy conversed during her two years' residence. She, however, managed to brave the hardships of camp life, and returned with \$6,000 worth of gold nuggets that she had picked up on the dumps, apart from the enormous wealth accumulated by her husband, who has been the most fortunate of the Seattle adventurers.

My brother-in-law tells of a very sad incident in connection with the Klondyke. A miner left his wife and child to go and seek his fortune. After two years' hard toil he amassed sufficient gold to keep him and his family in luxury for the rest of their days. He found on his return that both wife and child had died, lacking the comforts which his wealth could have supplied many times over. The greatest hardships of camp life are due to the severity of the climate. During June and July the temperature is such as to render tent life comfortable. There is practically no night, and the thermometer is sometimes as high as 80 degrees in the shade. The miners then work almost incessantly, washing out the accumulated pay-dirt and storing up their golden harvest. But once July is past there is a sudden change. The mercury rapidly falls to 40 and even to 60 degrees below zero. Work is attended with the greatest difficulty, and tent life rendered almost unendurable.

It is the greatest folly to attempt to reach the Klondyke at this time of the year. There is nothing to be

gained by going now, even though the adventurer should be fortunate enough to reach his destination. It is impossible to lay too much stress on the importance of taking an abundant supply of provisions. The goldfields are 2,000 miles from St. Michaels, and the difficulties of transportation are innumerable. The River Yukon is now very low, and food supplies cannot be transported. In the winter the streams are frozen with impassable ice. Last year the camps near Dawson City were on the borders of famine. No miner will be engaged who has not an ample supply of provisions. If newcomers were allowed to depend on obtaining food supply in the goldfields they would require a fortune to keep them, for flour, the cheapest article of food to be had, costs \$12 per 100lb. Houses are still very few, though there are about 5,000 inhabitants of Dawson City. Building plots fetch from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and lumber is sold at \$100 per 1,000 feet. Nobody should go to the new camp with less than \$500 to \$1,000 to support himself and ensure the possibility of retiring in case of adversity.

INCIDENTS OF THREE CHINAMEN.

BY L.A.B.

Some months ago, in a religious weekly, I read an article in San Francisco's Chinamen and I was rather surprised that such an article should be received by a religious periodical, for it denounced the Chinamen and spoke of them as altogether bad. Now, I want to tell about some Chinamen that we think a great deal of and who are good and trustworthy.

We will begin with Gue. We refrain from giving his full name for Gue has a good English education and reads, and as he is quite modest it might possibly embarrass him to see his name in print. I should like very much to show you his autograph for he writes a full, round, plain hand that many boys would do well to copy. Gue is a Christian and attends the M.E. church, and when the ladies have a lawn social Gue furnishes Chinese lanterns, and at Xmas time he remembers his young friends, giving them books, silk handkerchiefs and sweetmeats from China. Now that our auntie is away for the summer with her family, Gue and grandpa keep house alone and have very quiet, pleasant times. Gue can cook very nice dinners, and last week he and grandpa entertained our presiding elder and minister. In parting with many of his Chinese customs he still retains his cue, and although he dresses in citizen's clothes he wears his long black cue coiled under his hat which, of course, keeps his hat from fitting nicely.

Gue is not a very lively Chinaman, but among our Chinese acquaintances is Hong, our funny Chinaman. He talks pretty good English, is good-natured and jolly. A lady he once worked for had a little daughter, who sometimes cried when things did not go just right. One day the little girl was crying and her mamma said, laughingly:

'Why are you always weeping, weeping?'

Hong heard and remembered. It was very warm weather and one day, soon after the weeping episode, the lady went into her kitchen and found that Hong had taken off his Chinese blouse and was cooking dinner in his undershirt.

'Why, Hong, where is your blouse?'

'Oh, Mrs. S., I weep so on my body I have to take him off. Sawoy?' meaning do you understand.'

One day all the folks were away from home except Hong and some very mischievous boys. Hong was busy and did not want to joke and play for a wonder, and finally, when his patience was tried beyond endurance, he concluded he would settle the young fellows, but one of them was most too much for him and those who witnessed the little scuffle could not refrain from laughing. Hong's shoes and cue went flying in opposite directions, the shoes at quite a distance and the cue would have been too if it had not been attached to the Chinaman's head.

One evening Hong cooked us a very inviting looking dinner, and as he had prepared it without any assistance, and the meat course was entirely new to us, we were quite delighted with its appearance. A large meat platter was filled in the centre with a rich, inviting looking gravy, with squares of brown beef about four inches in size and two inches thick. All about the edge of the platter, as a kind of garniture, was heaped creamy rice, cooked as only a good China cook can cook rice. We tasted Hong's new dish and then we felt like weeping. But pepper, black pepper, white pepper, everything hot and strong.

'Hong, what do you call this?'

'Garlic stew,' he answered.

The garlic was lost sight of in those horrid red peppers that we found hidden away under the meat.

Once we had a very young Chinaman for a few weeks, who knew little of cooking, but was so kind and willing we had a great deal of patience with him. One Saturday morning we baked a layer cake, with chocolate frosting between layers, and put a thick coating of the frosting on the top layer. The next week we were called away just as the last layer of a cake with almond custard for filling was taken from the oven. We told Chue he might put the custard between for us. After awhile we came back to see how he had succeeded, and he had used the custard sparingly between the layers and as a frosting for the outside of the cake. He explained that we made the other cake that way. We had to use that cake for a pudding, as it was encased in custard. Could tell many such stories of our Chinamen, but will not tire the 'young people' with my first story of (Chinamen).

A recent statistical estimate places the number of newspapers which are annually printed at the enormous figure of 12,000,000. A mathematician, apparently with considerable time at his disposal, in order to give a more comprehensive idea of this number, has calculated that a surface of 30,000 square kilometers could be covered with these papers. The paper alone weighs 781,240 tons. In case one machine was forced to print these millions at the rate of one a second 333 years would be necessary. Placed one upon another the papers would reach to the height of 80,000 meters. Assuming that a person devotes five minutes a day to reading his paper the time used by the entire population of the world in reading newspapers each year amounts to 100,000 years.

A sea captain has found that the sails of a ship when filled with a number of small holes bear it along more rapidly than when they are perfectly whole. He says that an ordinary sail cannot receive the full force of the wind owing to the bulk of stationary air that fills up the hollow of the concave canvas.

We speak but plain and sober truth when we say that the competition in medical practice at the present time is excessive and ruinous. And this is true of all ranks in the profession. In a very brief article like the present we cannot include all the circumstances bearing upon the case, and therefore, especially as they would convey no intelligent view of the facts to outsiders, we do not give statistics. But what we feel and know is that the vast majority of doctors in full practice have to reckon with a diminishing instead of an increasing income year by year; that old men are steadily elbowed out, and, not having been able to save any money at all in early life, they are often driven to starvation; whilst young men coming in and endeavouring to establish themselves, quite justifiably, in practice against their older rivals, are often compelled to resort to methods which are nothing less than degrading. The following is a generalisation from 20 years' practice in London.—Of every six men who take a house and put up a door-plate without buying a practice, five are compelled to leave the house within two years. They leave with their little capital expended, and with despairing hearts, to renew the struggle elsewhere.—'The Hospital.'

Hu King Eng, the first Chinese woman doctor, is a great success in the Flowery Land. Having studied and taken the degree of M.D. in the United States, after seven years' hard work, she is now in charge of the Siang-Hu hospital at Foo-Chow, and a story is told of a coolie who wheeled his blind old mother a thousand miles on a barrow to take her to the woman doctor. A double operation for cataract was the result, and the old woman can see as well as ever. Dr. Hu King Eng is to be one of the delegates to the Women's Congress to be held in London next year. She belongs to the Christian faith, her grandfather, a mandarin of great wealth and power, having been converted late in life.

The young Duchess of Marlborough possesses splendid capabilities, and after breakfast every morning is to be found for two hours poring over the accounts of the great estate. Notwithstanding her immense wealth, Her Grace is said to know the value of money better than any woman in society, and though very generous in many ways, is careful to a degree in the expenditure.