

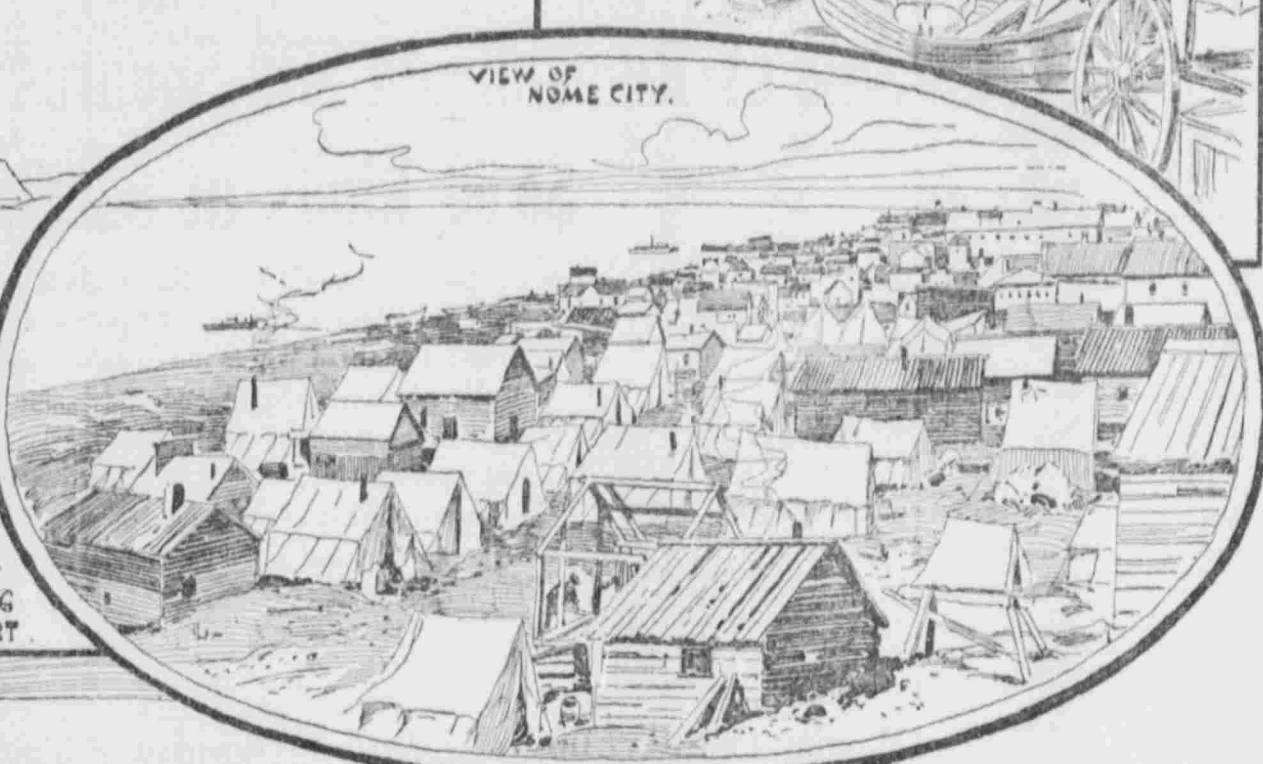
LIFE IN THE CAPE NOME GOLDFIELDS

SPRING has been long in coming to this land of ice and snow, but come it has at last, and with it the most general signs of activity ever seen along this lonely northern coast. During the coming season the most extensive mining operations ever carried on in any particular place in America will be in progress. Think of a child or woman walking down a level sandy coast when the tide is out and before it is flooded tide being able to wash \$10 or \$15 worth of gold dust out of the sand over which the ocean waves have been ebbing and flowing for hundreds of years!

The methods of mining obtaining here are simple. Cape Nome is decidedly a summer sluicing district. This place is, accordingly, the best poor man's camp in the world. When a man is hungry, all he has to do is to take a pan, follow the receding tide down to its lowest limit and then wash out enough of the yellow metal to pay for a good dinner, even though steaks do sell for \$3 apiece and coffee is 50 cents a pot. A square meal here now costs about \$4, and though the steamers are pouring food and supplies into the district, prices do not seem to go down. People appear to be coming in as fast as the provision supplies, and so the demand remains keen. One long-headed speculator here made a good thing by purchasing a number of deer on the Siberian coast at \$2 apiece and bringing them over to Nome by steamer, where they were re-

been staked out, and it is a curious sight to see the long line of busy workers grubbing away all day long among the sand heaps for their precious yellow dust. The farther out one goes the

miners who are trying to locate the "mother lode," and these, too, are doing good business. Never before has such easy mining been known, and never have I seen any-



gerated. In fact, Cape Nome is the most wonderful placer mining camp ever discovered. It is, too, the first time that gold in any quantity has been taken from the sea beach in paying quantity. For 40 miles both up and down the beach from Nome and Anvil City

tailed at about \$350 each. Wages are still high, and any one can get work at \$1 an hour or \$10 and \$12 a day. Another interesting feature is the fact that there are quite a number of women working here now. For miles and miles along the coast the beach diggings have

coarser the gold, so naturally the richest diggings are those farthest out in the ocean. This has led to a number of claims being tunneled out under the sea. In some cases very rich finds have been the result. There are also a number of dredging plants, operated by

thing more different from Klondike prospecting. For miles the beach runs up and down in a strip of fairly wide tide land, varying from 40 to 60 feet. Behind this is the tundra, or black alluvial soil, which is from three to six feet higher than the sand beach itself. All of this tundra and each one of the many creeks running back into the mountains for from 5 to 15 miles have been staked out, and all of this country seems to be gold bearing.

Just how the gold came there no one has yet satisfactorily explained, but it is believed that all the gold originally came up from the sea, owing to the fact that the farther out one goes on the tide land the coarser the little grains of the precious metal.

Saloons, dance halls and all such places are now scenes of feverish activity in Nome City. We are even to have a theater, and before the end of the summer this place will be a salubrious seaside metropolis of which the oldest inhabitant may well be proud. Unfortunately, there is no harbor here, and all landing has to be done along the open coast. In rough weather this is a great inconvenience and also a danger, several serious accidents having happened since my arrival.

SAMUEL J. NELSON.
Nome City, Alaska.

A CANADIAN ROUGH RIDER.

Colonel Sam Steele is the gallant and popular western Canadian "who has taken command of the Strathcona rough riders, the company that went recently from the Dominion to fight for the Brit-



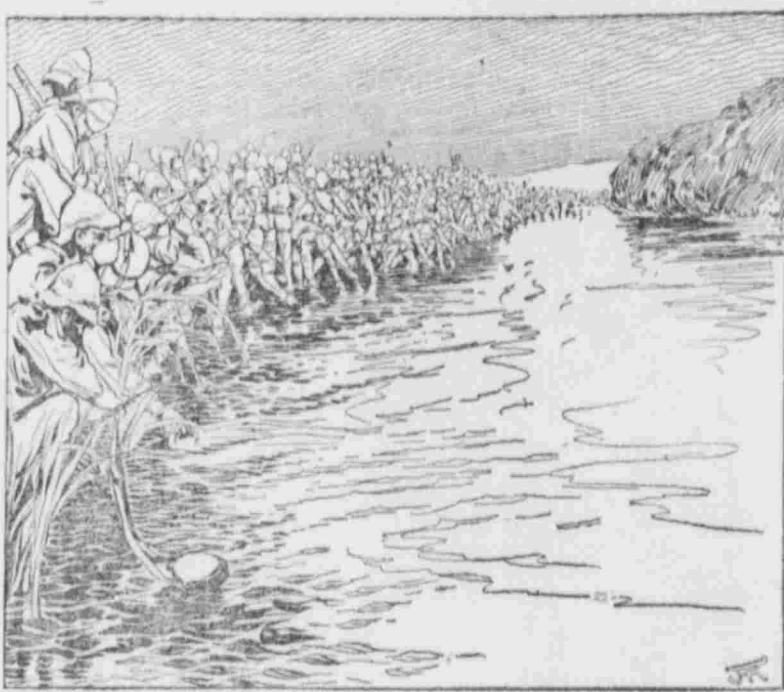
ish flag in South Africa. Colonel Steele is at the head of one of the most efficient bodies of mounted irregulars now at the front, for these men are all Canadian cowboys from the western plains, used to rough life and to handling a rifle and more at home in the saddle than on their feet. The accompanying picture is from Colonel Steele's latest photograph, taken just before his departure for the Cape. It also shows the simple but serviceable uniform adopted by the Strathcona horse.

A BOY WHO HUNTS BIG GAME.



The youthful sportsman shown in the accompanying picture is Clarence Kilpatrick, the 15-year-old son of a sergeant major in the British Royal field artillery. This lad commenced his hunting experiences in the Indian jungle two years ago, and among the big game he has bagged can count to his credit a wild boar, cheetah, deer and a tiger. This larger game is obtained by having "beaters," who are natives hired by the day, go through the jungle and beat the underbrush, making a terrible noise, and driving the game in the direction where the waiting huntsman is stationed. In this pastime Englishmen in India seem to take great delight, and when the beaters do their part of the work conscientiously a big bag is often secured.

THIRSTY MEN AT THE FRONT.



One of the vicissitudes of campaigning in South Africa may be realized from the scene in the accompanying picture, which shows a few hundred parched and thirsty Tommy Atkins trying to get a mouthful of water at a stream along the line of march into Ladysmith. The way in which these travel worn men are struggling to get a cooling draft from the stream shows plainly enough how they must suffer from thirst under the burning South African sun. But when it is borne in mind that the stream to which they are crowding so eagerly is a brackish, muddy, lukewarm sprout, scarcely fit for use, one must conclude that they are indeed a thirsty lot of men. But when Tommy Atkins is thirsty he does not stop to count the pollwogs in his drinking water.

AN EMINENT WOMAN.

Miss Eleanor Ormerod is the only woman who has ever had bestowed upon her by an English university the great and august degree of LL. D. This lady, whose portrait is herewith shown, is a



veteran entomologist. For years now she has been busily engaged in carrying on her scientific researches, her investigations in economic entomology having brought her, if not wealth, at least recognition and distinction. For nearly a quarter of a century she has been a member of the Entomological Society of London, though it is only recently that the senate of the University of Edinburgh recognized her ability by conferring on her its most valued degree.

A HANDBAG FORTRESS.

One of the latest and most unique military inventions is the handbag fortress. The handbag fortress is nothing



more or less than a bullet proof shield which can be folded up and carried about like a dressing case.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ROUGH RIDER.



Major General Sir Frederick Carrington might be called the "Teddy" Roosevelt of South Africa. At the head of a mounted division he is to operate in Rhodesia and prevent the Boers from retreating across the Limpopo river, which is the northern border of the Transvaal. A short time ago his command was strengthened by the addition of the Lord Dunsen sharpshooters. For 25 years now Sir Frederick Carrington has been prominently connected with the British forces in the lower end of the dark continent. It is, in fact, the troop which he organized in Griqualand in 1877 that still bears the name of Carrington's horse. Two years previous to the founding of this corps he was engaged in gathering together and commanding a troop of mounted infantry for the protection of the diamond fields. In the Kaffir war of 1877 he rendered notable service in the Transvaal district, and, two years later, took a prominent part in the Sekukuni campaign. He was again at the front in the Basuto uprising of 1881, and, three years later, figured prominently in Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland expedition, for five years commanding the Bechuanaland border police. In 1891 he was promoted to the rank of major general with the appointment of military adviser to the governor of Cape Colony. His division now in Rhodesia is to act as the upper millstone to grind the Boers, who are expected to fall back across the Limpopo into Rhodesia as Lord Roberts advances from the south.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AUTOMOBILE.



It seems to be the popular idea that the automobile is an invention of the nineteenth century. This is by no means the case, however, as the automobile was known and used in the eighteenth century, though, it must be confessed, with no very great degree of success. The accompanying illustration shows a patent, self-propelling steam carriage which was constructed at Birmingham in the days of the Georges. This strange looking vehicle was built by a London civil engineer named James, the weight of the carriage and propelling machinery being a little over two tons and the estimated power at from 15 to 20 horses. Charcoal and coke were the only fuel used, and it was expected that this primitive automobile would carry some 20 passengers at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour. But experiments with it were not a success.

A FAVORITE OF FORTY YEARS AGO.



Here is a bit of antique ordnance that was once looked upon as the wonder of its time. When it was first cast, it was regarded as a cannon of most gigantic dimensions, but beside a modern naval gun it would seem a mere pigmy. The old photograph from which the accompanying illustration is made was taken over 37 years ago, just after this wonderful cannon had participated in the procession that celebrated the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Nowadays, of course, guns of this character are practically useless from a military standpoint, and the thousands of pounds expended on their manufacture must be looked upon merely as money thrown away.

A HONEYCOMB BIKE.

The popularity of the bicycle has assumed such astounding dimensions that it will perhaps not be surprising to hear that even honey bees have taken



a hand in the manufacture of the ubiquitous bike. But such is indeed the truth, for here is a picture showing a honeycomb in the form of a bicycle. The bees that made this oddly patterned comb are owned and were kept by Miss Baden-Powell, the sister of the gallant defender of Mafeking. This lady is an enthusiastic gardener and bee fancier and takes great pride in her odd honeycomb, which she has preserved under a glass case.

A STRANGE LOOKING WRECK.



One of the strangest wrecks of the past winter was that of the schooner Talas at Dunbar. This stout vessel was driven on the Dunbar rocks during a storm, but instead of pounding to pieces, as was expected, she was driven high and dry by the heavy sea and left by the outgoing tide lying most peacefully on her beam ends, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Old sailors who viewed this wreck said that it was one of the oddest mishaps of the kind that had ever come under their experience.

TOPICS OF THE MOMENT.

The University of California holds in large sum into one gold medal. The trust fund the interest of which must be used each year for the purchase of a medal to be presented to the most advanced student. This year the interest happened to amount to about \$240, and the regents of the university were at first puzzled to know how to put such a be-

so worked that it could be easily taken out and disposed of as the holder might see fit. Four years ago, when the Connecticut agricultural experiment station first began to make tests of food products, 89 per cent of the coffee examined was found to be adulterated. Last year, owing, presumably, to the exposures then made, the proportion of impure coffee was but 19 per cent. Of the soda

water groups analyzed last year 56 out of 92 samples were adulterated. George Trevelyan mentioned that once, when walking with a lady, he had met Ruskin, and in the hope that the latter might say something characteristically he addressed the great man, asking him if he had heard the news. "What news?" was the reply. "Pievna has fallen." "Pievna? I never heard of

it. I know nothing later than the fourteenth century." General N. B. Forrest, the noted Confederate cavalry leader, was a hard fighter with whatever weapon he chose for a combat. Few men got the best of him with sword or tongue. They are still telling in Alabama of a cur retort he gave to a rival officer who insinuated that Forrest used a hair dye. "How

is it, general," sneered the officer, "that your hair is gray, but your beard is black?" "Probably because, unlike some people I know, I use my head more than my jaws," was Forrest's grim reply. Irrigation work in Mexico is creating a heavy demand for iron pipe, dredging, excavating and pumping machinery. It costs \$4,000,000 a year to maintain

the 24 royal palaces of Emperor William throughout the German empire. Even garbage is adulterated nowadays. In Bridgeport, Conn., where the removal of garbage is paid for at so much per hundredweight, the contractors have been defrauding the city by mixing marble dust and water with the refuse in order to make it weigh heavier.