

## HOW ALASKA RIVERS FREEZE

The waters of Alaska freeze from the bottom. One may be gliding along on a glassy lake with a gorgeous sun overhead, in a crisp, invigorating atmosphere. There is not a sign of ice except high up on the mountain sides. A little circle appears on the silvery surface, as though a tiny pebble had fallen in—then another, and still another. There isn't a sound, and not even a mosquito to disturb the placid picture, but still the little circles come.

Presently a glassy bead bubbles about in the center of one of the widening circles, then a larger one, and still larger. Those beads are tiny ice globules. They come bobbing up in rapid succession, then several together. In half an hour the surface is covered. They have grown as large as a butter bean, and nearly the same shape, but crystal clear. In an hour they are as large as a lady's watch, and each one has little grains of sand sticking to it, some have large pieces of gravel sealed up inside.

The old placers will row for the show when he sees these signs upon the water, for he knows that in a few hours the whole surface will be a mass of slush ice, from which it will be impossible to extricate a rowboat, and equally impossible to leave it.

By morning the cold air of the upper world will have welded all this mass together.

If one will take the trouble to peep into some shallow rivulet at this time of year he may see nature in her workshop making a winter. Each tiny grain of sand is first given a coat of ice. The coat grows thicker on the upper side.

Finally it gets so thick that the buoyancy of the ice overbalances the weight of the gravel; the mass leaves the bottom, and, reaching a stratum of warmer water, the ice melts a little, releasing the gravel, and it bobs merrily on the surface. The fact of its being anchored to the gravel at the bottom has given it the name of "anchor ice," and the freeze-up is expressively called the "anchor-ice freeze-up."

After a week or two of good hard freezing there is nearly always a chil-

lunk wind that comes up from the south for the last flying visit, and the ice is broken up into huge cakes. These drift before the wind or with the current, and when they are stopped by some natural barrier they pile up on each other, sometimes many feet high, making the ice jams that are so hard for "mushers" or "log wallopers" to get over in traveling.

Then comes the real freeze-up, when the surface of the lake and river is sealed solid.

As the cold grows more intense the water in the depths give off a vapor, and this being warmer than the ice, melts it here and there, forming air holes—the river's lungs. Woe betide the unwary pedestrian who happens to strike one of these air holes just before it opens, for in each of them is written the infernal legend, "Leave me behind, who enters here." One may look out upon the frozen surface of a lake or river and see many of these air holes, distinguished only by the volume of vapor rising like the smoke of huge signal fires upon a prairie. When the weather moderates some of these gigantic nostrils seem to be unnecessary, and a thin coat of ice forms over them. Then they are more dangerous than ever, because the channel is just beneath, ready to take a victim instantly into the ice.

After a month or two of freezing weather the ice grows very thick. The waters beneath, dried up at their source, shrink into small pieces, and the greater mass of ice "settles." Long cracks open in its surface with thundering noises like volleys of artillery. These cracks, beneath, hard pressed for an easy channel, run into and along these cracks, the surface freezes up, and there is an artificial subterranean river, so to speak. More cracks open and more of these little rivers form, until the great mass of ice contains a veritable network of independent streams.—St. Louis Republic.

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## WHO WAS "BOSS"?

In Buffalo recently Owen Wister swapped stories with a party of friends till early in the morning. The conversation at last shifted about and touched upon a woman's influence in domestic circles, and one of the group reminded Mr. Wister of his declaration that the east is the head of the country and the west the heart.

"And in the heart of the country how does woman rank as the head of the house?" asked one. "Does she boss her husband as she does here in the east?"

"Well," drawled Mr. Wister, "I've heard it said that wherever Americans live the woman is the head of the ranch. As to the west, I'll tell you a little story that may illustrate her status. Up in the Wind River country there lives an old man who is considered well-to-do in worldly goods and who has an only son, Hank. Hank wanted to get married, but his father opposed him.

"My boy," said the old man, "all women are natural bosses. If you got hitched you will no longer be free. Your mother has bossed me and your wife will boss you. Keep single and enjoy life."

"But the young man pooh-poohed the idea and said that no woman would ever henpeck him, and that he knew lots of married men who led happy, untrammelled lives."

"Tell you what I'll do," at last said his father. "You take a span of my best horses, hitch them into the buckboard, take a crate of fresh eggs, and drive round and see your friends. Whenever you find a woman who runs the ranch, give her an egg. If you find a man who is bossed by his wife, give him a horse and the buckboard and ride the other critter home. If you come back hobblered I won't say a word about your getting hitched."

Hank smiled, it seemed so easy. Next morning he set off bright and early and commenced going the rounds. "Who's boss?" he would ask, as he drove up to each ranch or dugout.

"I'll be the woman," would reply. "At last Hank forgot to smile and began to get anxious. At first it seemed play to him, but now he realized that he must earn a wife. All day long he canvassed the Wind River country, and at every stop was met with the feminine declaration, 'I be.'"

Toward nightfall he thought of one place where he couldn't help winning. He had refrained from going there, as he thought it was hardly fair to the old

man. It was Bill Williams' place, up under the mountain. Bill had a bad name and was said to be hard and overbearing. His humble home, other unsavory stories were told about Bill, and it was even hinted that he was a rustler. So Hank felt that his father had barred the bad man from the contest. But Hank had determined not to ride home in the buckboard, and so he turned his horses toward Bill's home.

"He arrived at nightfall. 'Hello, Bill,' he cried. 'I want to know who's boss of this ranch?'"

"Blankety-blank-blank!" cried Bill, coming to the door, unkempt and disheveled. "Who in blank! 'ank-blank do you s'pose is boss. I be, of course."

"Unhitch a horse," said Hank, with a sign of relief. "Take your pick."

"Bill had unhitched horses in the past with less formal invitations than this, and he at once stepped out to the wagon and said: 'I'll take the off one.'"

"No, ye won't, Bill Williams," cried a shrill voice from the door, and a little, thin, faded looking woman came into view. "No, ye won't. Ye'll take the 'nigh one.'"

"I'll take the off one," growled Bill, with an oath.

"Do it if ye dare!" challenged the woman.

"Bill stood silent for a moment and then said, 'Wal, blank it all, I'll take the nigh one, then.'"

"Here, give her an egg," said Hank sadly, and picking up his reins drove off on the jump, just as Bill procured his Winchester and took three shots at him through the dusk.

"Hank is still single,"—New York Times.

## IN GAYEST CONGRESS.

"Col. Griggs of Georgia?" asked a stranger of Representative J. W. Griggs at the west door of the house.

"No, sah; Mistah Griggs of Jarloh," was the answer. "I'm the only member of the house from south of Virginia who is not a colonel."

One lone representative was sitting in the immense hall of the house as the gullies were filling up. He was busy writing.

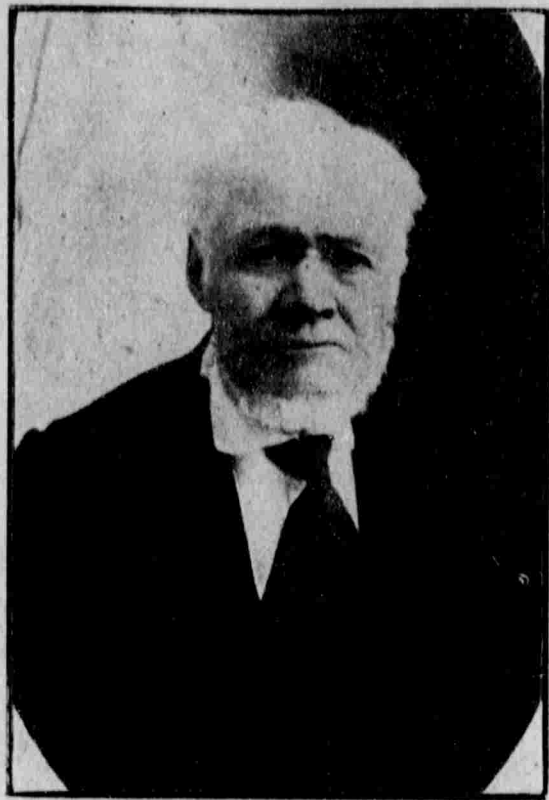
"Who is that man?" a visitor asked. "Oh, that's Wade of Iowa, the only Democrat from his state and he is cautious," the guide answered.—Denver Post.



MRS. DANIEL MANNING, PRESIDENT WORLD'S FAIR BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS.

Mrs. Daniel Manning, the newly elected president of the board of lady managers of the Louisiana Purchase exposition (St. Louis world's fair), is the widow of Daniel Manning, who was secretary of the treasury under President Cleveland from 1885 to 1887. Mrs. Manning was born Mary Margaret Fryer, and in her veins courses the blood of some of the best known of the old New York families, among them the Livingstons, Van Dams, De Puysters, Van Cortlandts and Schuylers. Mrs. Manning has been prominent for many years in woman's work and served with credit as president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

## LIVED NEARLY NINETY-FOUR YEARS.



CHARLES W. HUBBARD.

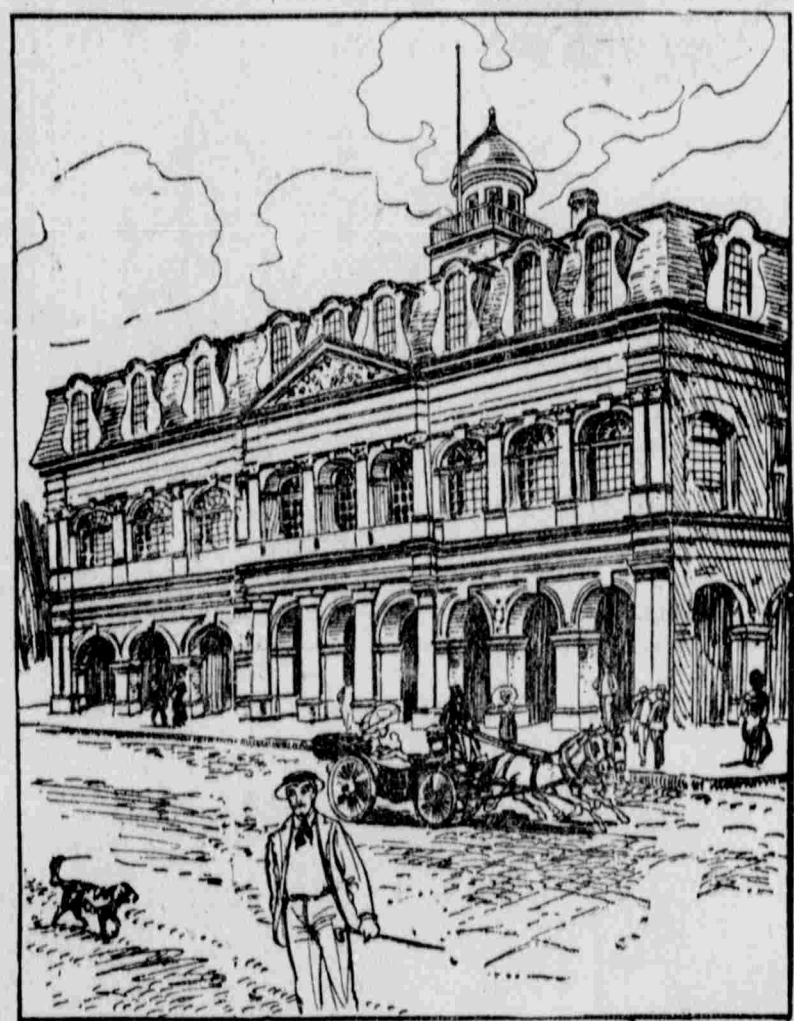
On the 19th of December, Chas. W. Hubbard died at his home in Willard, Utah. He was born in Sheffield, Mass., Feb. 7, 1810 and at the time of his death was nearly 94 years of age.

Father Hubbard was only confined to his bed three days and a suffering but little pain until a few hours before his death. The iron frame that had withstood excessive toil and exposure finally succumbed and was gathered home by the Grim Reaper.

For more than 70 years Father Hubbard was a true and faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. During the Missouri persecutions he shared the cruelty of mobocratic fury, yet he never wavered from the cause he had espoused, and to his inspired leader, to whom he was devotedly attached. In his declining years his piety and convincing testimony of the divine mission of the

Prophet Joseph had often thrilled the hearts of his hearers.

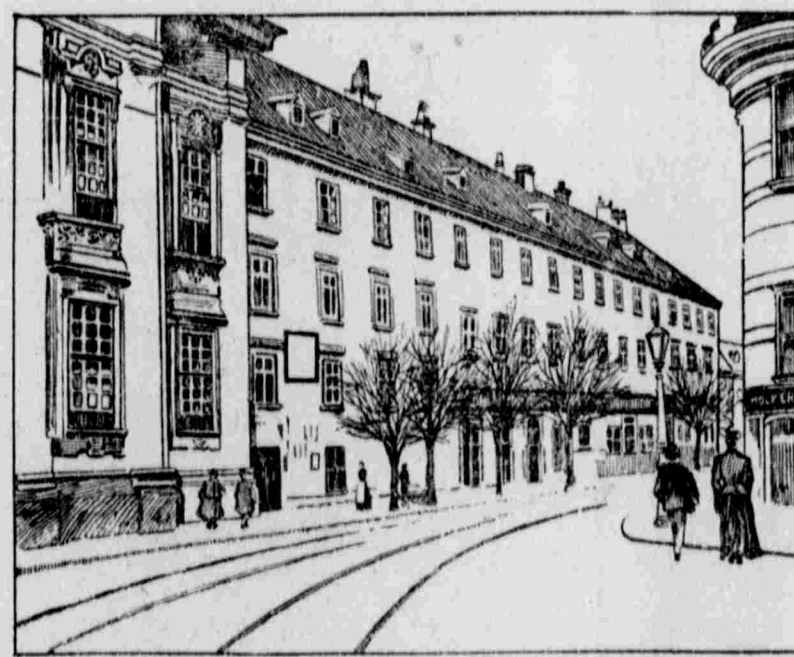
Coming to Utah in 1848 he was closely associated with "her colonization, growth and development. In connection with Lorin Farr, he built the first grist mill north of Salt Lake City. Father Hubbard settled at Hillard, in March, 1852, and was its first Bishop. In 1861 he was called to settle on the Muddy, in Nevada. Taking a portion of his family he remained there until the mission was abandoned. Deceased was of that hardy, rugged stock so common among the early pioneers. His whole life was characterized by Spartan integrity and honesty. Although of moderate stature, in the vigor of his manhood, but few men could withstand fatigue as he. He was the father of 23 children and leaves a host of grandchildren and great grandchildren to perpetuate his name.



THE CABILDO, NEW ORLEANS, SCENE OF THE CELEBRATION OF AN INTERESTING CENTENARY.

New Orleans is en fete just now, for the reason that a century ago, Dec. 20, 1803, there was signed in that city, in the Spanish cabildo, or city hall, the Louisiana purchase treaty by which a vast tract of territory was ceded to the United States by France. The scene of most interest in the present centenary celebration of that event is still the cabildo, which is just as it was a hundred years ago excepting that a mansard roof was added during the middle of the last century. The cabildo will eventually be the home of a permanent museum of relics and manuscripts of peculiar interest to Louisianians.

## THE PASSING OF A BEETHOVEN LANDMARK.



With the demolition of the long building shown in the illustration Vienna will lose an interesting landmark, for it was here that Beethoven died, March 26, 1827. The structure belongs to a religious order, which intends to replace it with several buildings. As it is, there is little to remind the visitor of Beethoven, for the interior furnishings have been changed several times since he died.

## CARVING THE TURKEY.

"I hope," said his wife at the breakfast table on Thanksgiving day morning, "that you will try and carve the turkey gracefully this time."

"Ye eh," he replied, but there was a crafty gleam in his eye.

At the Thanksgiving dinner the year before his wife had compelled him to remain without food from breakfast time, at 8 o'clock in the morning, until the dinner was served at 10 o'clock in the evening. By the time his guests had arrived he was in such a state of ferocity from hunger that they found him hunched up in a library chair, nervously twiddling his thumbs, and wondering if it wouldn't be a good scheme for him to burn down the house to get the furniture insurance. Then, in that physical and mental state, he had been compelled

to tackle the job of carving turkey meat for six guests, not counting his wife and himself. By the time he had finished carving the dinner was pretty high over, and the guests were shooting side glances at the dumb waiter wondering when the desert and coffee were going to make their appearance.

He had resolved that nothing of this kind was going to happen at this Thanksgiving dinner in the year of 1903. Thus the crafty gleam in his eye at the breakfast table on Thursday morning.

"I believe," his wife went on, "that there's a book or a pamphlet about 'How to Carve.' I've heard of it some where. Don't you think it would be a good thing for you to get it? You'll have a lot of carving to do during the coming season, you know—Christmas and New Year and lots of other days when we shall have guests."

"Ye-eh," he replied, burying his face

in the paper, and then, seeing that there was no further use in attempting to pick talk out of him, she gave it up.

At noon on Thanksgiving day, and again an hour or so later, he began to browse around with hints to his wife that a sandwich and a cup of tea would be about the right thing for it was going to be a terrible long wait for the 6 o'clock dinner, he feared.

Yes, and spoil your appetite, so that you'll just have to content yourself with pick—no, indeed!" she replied. "Go out to the races; and by the time you get back everybody will be here, and everything will be ready, and then you'll have good, keen appetite for your dinner."

When he got back from the races at half-past 5 he was preoccupied and hungry. The money, somehow or another, makes folks hungry—but he was pretty light in spirit. The gloom which evening heads of families who have carving jobs at festive home dinners ahead of them don't appear to be his.

The guests had arrived—three married couples. The women were with his wife, and to was contenting table and dinner, and he found the three men in his smoking dive, telling each other how near they had come to playing 60 to 1 shots against the odds, and how, for them, too, had been to Benning.

About two minutes before 6 o'clock the front door bell rang, and the head of the house hustled to answer the ring himself. He let in a raw-boned young man, with a loud checked suit under his plaid blanket, and wearing a green-and-yellow, crocheted four-in-hand tie that was a marvel of oriental color blending. The raw-boned young man wore, besides, an ear-to-ear grin. The head of the house took him to the smoking den, and preceding him into the room, winked sagely at his three male guests. The wink gave them to understand that there was something going on.

"Gentlemen," said the head of the house to his friends, "let me introduce Mr. Michael Mulhooly."

They all bowed cordially.

"Howdy, gent," said Mr. Mulhooly. The head of the house helped him off with his plaid ulster, and he took a seat on the edge of a chair, illuminating the room with his cheerful grin.

A moment later the dinner bell tinkled. The head of the house led his guests to the diningroom. Mr. Mulhooly brought up the rear, looking somewhat sheepish, but business-like.

The hostess and the three women guests were standing smiling at their place, ready to do anything.

"Ladies," said the head of the house gracefully, "permit me to present Mr. Michael Mulhooly."

They all looked momentarily surprised at his wife's introduction. But they clinched their heads pleasantly to Mr. Mulhooly, who made a short duck with the upper part of his body. Aside from the fact that Mr. Mulhooly seemed to be at a loss as to what to do with his ham-like hands and his large feet, he appeared to be fairly at his ease. The hostess asked at her husband in a questioning sort of way, but he declined to permit her to catch his eye.

The turkey was already smoking on the table, at the host's place. He gently pushed Mr. Mulhooly to his place at the head of the table, while he himself stood to one side, with his hands in his pockets, rattling his change and keys, and looking happy.

Mr. Mulhooly picked up the carving knife and fork—and then the guests and the host's wife understood, and broke into chuckles.

Inside of just three minutes the scientific Mr. Mulhooly, the capable assistant to a dealer in fowls at the big market, had dismembered that turkey and trimmed it with the expertness of a Siwash Indian trimming a Columbia river royal Chinook salmon. All that the head of the house had to do was to stand by and "serve" out and pass around the portions.

"Cuse me, ladies an' gent's," said Mr. Mulhooly when he had finished his fine carving job, and then he retired with another duck of the head. The head of the house followed him into the hall, and handed him a \$5 note.

"That's the biggest five dollars' worth I ever got in my life, Mike," he said to the skilful Mr. Mulhooly. "Remember, now, to keep all your holiday dinner dates open—I'll need you."

Mr. Mulhooly went away and the host got back to the dinner table in time to begin to eat dinner with his guests. His wife was at first inclined to gaze reproachfully at him; but when all of the guests vociferously applauded the scheme and demanded Mr. Mulhooly's address, and declared that the plan was "way ahead of the business of having the head of the house hate them with a deep, vindictive hatred, the while he carved a fast-cooking turkey, she relented.

"I thought I'd go you one better, my dear," he said to her after the guests had gone. "I looked up the subject of 'How Not to Carve.'—Washington Star.

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## OLD, BUT GOOD.

Col. Evan P. Howell, mayor of Atlanta, Ga., tells a story of one "Uncle Billy," the autocrat and know-all of the country settlement in which he lived. Uncle Billy had to live up to the reputation of never having been stamped by a question. One day at the country store, where Uncle Billy and his clan were wont to gather, the question was sprung as to the meaning of "ealeomogaharry," the word being encountered in a newspaper one of the men was reading. Uncle Billy was finally appealed to. The old man took the paper, scrutinized the word, reflected a full minute, and then said, with his usual sententiousness: "Naah, boys, I can't say adzactly what this word means, but it's some part of the innards of a hog."—New York Times.

## A Timely Topic.

At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold. Sold by Johnson-Pratt Drug Co.

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Heretofore is shown an excellent portrait of George R. Carter, who was named by President Roosevelt not long ago to succeed Sanford B. Dole as chief



GEORGE R. CARTER.

executive of Hawaii. Mr. Carter is a graduate of Yale, where he distinguished himself as a member of the university crew and football teams. He was elected a senator of the first territorial legislature in 1900. Of late he has been secretary of the territory.

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