

The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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YUKON GOLD FIELDS.

Events Which Led Up to the Present Boom.

The Route to Klondyke—Hardships to be Encountered—Surprising Figures as to Distances—Cost of Living.

The excitement caused by the discoveries of gold in large quantities along the Klondyke river and the waters tributary to it, near the Alaskan boundary, has aroused a spirit of wealth-hunting which will not be allayed for many a day. Determination to become possessed of the riches of the cold and dreary Yukon basin has impelled thousands to go forth, in many instances with very imperfect preparation, to secure the yellow metal, which, it is known, this region so largely conceals. The gold fever has taken such a hold along the Pacific coast that breathless haste to reach this new land of promise has dominated all considerations of prudence and even of safety. The tales

of the rich localities almost within the arctic circle will find themselves poorly equipped to cope with the chilliness of below-zero temperature. How many may succumb to the hardships they must necessarily undergo in their leap after gold! And this applies to any route that may be selected by the adventurous spirits who are rushing in quest of fortune. There is said to be a great difference between the climate of the coast and that of the interior of this land of gold. In winter there is extreme cold, while in the short summer the heat is intense. One of the prospectors, writing recently from Dawson City, has told the world that the dreaded mosquito finds a home there, and that he is "our worst enemy."

The landing place by the Yukon river route is St. Michael's, about 60 miles from the mouth of the Yukon. From this point, before the gold fields are reached, it is necessary to follow the waters of this great river for a distance of 1,800 miles, leaving behind the territory of the United States as the destination is neared. To reach Dawson City, states a recent writer, "one must

The Eldorado is the richest mine of them all. It has 19 claims, said to be worth \$300,000 each. The total wealth of the Eldorado, Bonanza, Bear and Gold Bottom mines is estimated at \$60,000,000. Lots are selling at Dawson City, at the mouth of the Klondyke, for \$8,000 and upward. Across the boundary in Alaska there are many mines in operation, and the entire region northwest to Forty-Mile creek contains a great deal of the yellow metal.

The wages paid to miners in the Klondyke district are \$15 a day. Workers in the sawmill of Joseph Ladue, who claims to own the entire Dawson City site, are paid ten dollars a day.

Prices in the latter place are fairly representative of the amounts charged for provisions and articles of wear, and the following list will give interesting information on this subject. These were the ruling prices when the miners left Dawson City to return with their immense wealth and entrance their neighbors with the recital of the story of their success:

Flour, per 100 lbs.	1.25
Moose ham, per lb.	1.00
Caribou meat, per lb.	.75
Beans, per lb.	.25
Rice, per lb.	.25
Sugar, per lb.	.25
Bacon, per lb.	.25
Butter, per roll.	1.00
Eggs, per dozen.	1.00
Better eggs, per dozen.	1.25
Salmon, each.	1.00
Potatoes, per lb.	.10
Turnips, per lb.	.10
Tea, per lb.	1.00
Coffee, per lb.	1.00
Dried fruits, per lb.	.50
Lemons, each.	.25
Canned meats.	.75
Onions, each.	.10
Oranges, each.	.10
Tobacco, per lb.	1.00
Liquors, per bottle.	1.00
Shovels.	1.00
Picks.	1.00
Coal, per ton.	1.00
Overalls.	1.00
Underwear, each.	.50
Shoes.	1.00
Rubber boots.	1.00
Lumber, per 1000 ft.	1.00

It is now too late to reach the Klondyke district this year; and as mining is possible only during the months of May, June and July gold-seekers are advised by experts to delay the start for the fields until April 15 of next year. The following summary of the cost of the trip, from Chicago, and the length of time it will require to get there is reasonably authentic:

Fare, Chicago to Seattle.	5.00
Tourist sleeper, fare.	1.00
Fullman sleeper.	1.00
Meals in dining car.	1.00
Chicago meals at station.	1.00
Chicago to Seattle, in miles.	2,238
Steamer fare, Seattle to Juneau, with cabin and meals.	1.00
Steamer fare, Juneau to Lake Linderman, including meals.	1.00
Miles, Seattle to Juneau.	1,000
Number of days, Seattle to Juneau.	5
Cost of living in Juneau, per day.	1.00
Steamboat up to Lake Linderman.	1.00
Days to Lake Linderman.	10
Number of days to Dawson City.	100
Cost of outfit, with provisions for one year.	200.00
Price of dog and outfit.	200.00
Last steamer from San Francisco.	1.00
Berths already filled—August 31.	

higher up than Fort Cudahy, near Fort Reliance, and it is, therefore, within Canadian territory for the whole of its course.

The Dominion government has announced that it will publish a summary of some further reports which have been received at the interior department from Mr. Ogilvie. In these reports Mr. Ogilvie speaks at length of the great difficulties and dangers which have to be encountered by explorers in that land. The lack of a mail service seems to be felt almost as great an inconvenience as the want of a claims registration bureau, with a court for the collection of debts.

A TALE OF BAD LUCK.

Gen. Cervo Gordo Williams' Experience in Pike Fishing.

Several of us were at Kanawha Falls enjoying the black bass fishing, which at that time was very good. In the party, or rather he came after we had arrived, was old Cervo Gordo Williams of Kentucky. There was an angler to the shade of old Isaac Walton himself. The general was not one of the kind who makes an occasional trip in the summer time. He was at it at all seasons of the year, had been to Maine, Canada, Florida and the lakes in the northwest, to say nothing of his experiences in ocean fishing. One day at the falls his luck had been bad, and after fishing over at the old mill for three or four hours without even a bite, he came to the hotel and joined the group on the porch. After a little bantering, he said:

"Well, I never get disappointed when the fish won't bite. It is unphilosophical and unsportsmanlike. I was in Kentucky one spring, or rather one summer, as you was in June, and word came to me that there was some fine pike fishing in the Killbuckinick, a stream that enters the Ohio about 100 miles above Cincinnati. Now there is no better fishing than pike fishing. They're game and big, and that stream was at one time filled with this noble fish. Three or four of us packed up and drove over on Sunday, and fixed everything ready for a full week's sport. On Monday we tried one or two of the pools, but without a bit of luck. We didn't complain. On Tuesday we took another sly after going down the stream five or six miles. But a few little, measly perch was the net result of that day's work. Then we went up stream a few miles, far enough to tire us out pretty thoroughly, when we got home that night, without a single thing to show except a lot of sunburned faces, for the weather was growing hotter and hotter, and our accommodations were none of the best. We thought we

TO A "BROWN CRISP."

Blev Scroggins and Three Gentlemen from Tucker's Mill.

The Big Meeting at Old Sweet Water—Some "Fervent and Magnificent" Love Letters—The "Gay and Gorgeous Widder."

Last Friday, Saturday and Sunday they had the regular three days' meeting down at old Sweet Water church, with three or four sermons a day and dinner on the grounds.

The general crop had been laid by, fodder want ripe, the weather was sweltering hot, and it was a very good time of year for a man about my size and shape to take a few days off and do nothing at all for certain. So consequently I lit out by times Saturday mornin and went down there to mix and mingle with them good people and hear the Gospel "dispensed with," as old Misses Tandemire use to put it.

There was Swallowin in it.

The first and mainest preacher on the grounds was the Reverent Luther Randle, and it was plum surpris to me the way he could quote the Scriptures and hand down the word. You must recollect that I was right there in person at old Sweet Water church on the very day and hour when Luther Randle got his papers of entitlement to preach the livin truth accordin to the faith and order of the Old School Baptists. They had what I reckon you might call a committee to put the questions and then report back if the candidate was worthy and well qualified and fit ten for the nomination. And if my recollection ain't dead wrong old Deacon Ashcraft led off with the questions, and amongst other things he wanted to know if Luther if he believed what the Bible said about Daniel goin down into the lion's den and comin out sound and well and without a scratch.

"To be certainly of course, brethren, I do believe that," says Luther. "I believe it most in generally because the Bible says it was so, though I raley don't see how I could worry it down if I had found it in any other book." Then they wanted to know of Luther if he believed the Scriptures in regards to them three fellows with such hard and curious names, which went through the fiery furnace when it was heated seven times hotter than any use for. And Luther he believed it because he had read it in the Bible.

Next then they wanted to know his honest opinions touchin Jonah and the whale—Did he believe all the Good Book said about that?

"Yes, brethren," says Luther, "I believe that Jonah swallowed the whale." Some members of the committee saw where Luther had slipped a cog and put the question to him once more as if in the hope that he would see the break and mend it himself. But still Luther maintained that he was plum satisfied from what the Scriptures said that Jonah did raley swallow the whale.

"You mean to say, Brother Randle, that you believe the whale swallowed Jonah, for that is what the Scripture says about it," put in Deacon Ashcraft.

"Of course, brethren, I believe anything the Bible says about Jonah and the whale," Luther went on. "I just only knowed there was swallowin somewhere in it."

Now after that about all I recollect for certain is that the committee found Luther Randle firm in the faith and sound in the doctrine. And from that day henceforward he has stood forth as a mighty power for good in this naughty old world here below.

The Reverent Luther Randle is a full half brother—by consanguinity or otherwise—to Billy Randle—which you recollect Billy is the younger son of the preacher down at Ebenezer last summer that he would rather not be borned again for fears he might be a gal the next time.

"The Old Hen Was On." But when I got down there to the Sweet Water meetin Saturday mornin who else do you reckon I found—both right in on the ground floor and havin some "felonious flush times," to hear them tell it? Nobody but Blev Scroggins and Andy Lucas. With me it was in the least way surpris to catch Andy Lucas down there, since the news had went out broadcast that there would be three sermons a day and dinner on the grounds. Wherever you find a few good people gathered together to hear the Word, with dinner on the grounds, you are more than apt to find Andy Lucas as one in their midst, if not the lead dog of the pack.

But as to Blev Scroggins, that would be the last place in the created world for him if it want for the fact that the human race was borned and bred into sin and sufferin and devilment from before the foundations. And so when I first driv at old Sweet Water church that day and found both Blev and Andy there I knowed tremendous well that the old hen was on. Next to that I naturally wanted to find out if I could what she was settin on, and when she would hatch and come off.

I have writ three letters, Rufus—three of the goneyest most fervent and magnolious love letters you ever heard tell of," says Blev to me when we had embled off down to the spring to find out if that water would bear a little minin.

If you recollect, Rufus, when I was a candidate for high sheriff the second and last time the delegates from down here in Tucker's Mill met—which I think over again Sweet Water church, you understand—went back on me, even after the old cat had bunched her feet to jump my way. Well, the three mainest men in that fight, which eoked my race to a brown crisp, as it wrye, was Buck Collins, Babe Peterson and old Squire Leatherwood.

"Now, some time last year, as you will remember, Rod Mayfield—which in the main time he had married Dolly Halloway—tuck sick and died all of a sudden like. And right now the all-overest most handsome young woman in all this strip of country is the Widder Dolly Mayfield. Tain't no use in talkin, Rufus—when she puts on her Sunday riggins and fancy fixments she is jest simply pluperfectly and supinely beautiful to behold.

"In these long, hot summer days it has likewise also come to pass that Buck Collins, Babe Peterson and old Squire Leatherwood have all gone well beels over appetite in love with Dolly, the widder, and—well—my time has come. You needn't to feel any earthly doubts about that, Rufus. This is my time of year to win out even, and, by gattins, what I am savin up for the three gentlemen from Tucker's Mill will be a most beautiful plenty. Old Squire Leatherwood has buried two wives and raised nine children, but from what they tell me he is worse gone on Dolly Mayfield than Buck Collins or Babe Peterson, and they have got it mighty bad. The way a town boy loves slops is nothin, Rufus, to the way them three native-born idiots love the ground which Dolly Mayfield walks upon—and—well, dadblame 'em, my time has come."

The Three Love Letters. In the next place Blev then showed me the three love letters which he had writ—all in a little, scrawny, crumpled-up female handwritin. The one to Squire Leatherwood went like this:

My Duckydiddle Dear—Buck Collins and Babe Peterson have both been lallygaggin around here two or three days, tryin their loveliest to get my company to meetin Sunday night. But they are so young and fresh, and sail in shewer at my house. If you will be so kind, condescendin and obligin as to meet me down at the Spring branch crossin late Sunday evenin I will go with you. Come at first dusk sharp.

Yours fervently,
DOLLY MAYFIELD.

P. S.—Remember what the book says about the still pig and the milk.

DOLLY.

The letter to Buck Collins run along as follows below:

Dear Buck: Old Squire Leatherwood and Babe Peterson have all but pestered the life outen me for the last three days. Both of them want to go with me to church Sunday night—which of course you know full well who I would rather go with than any mortal man in the round discovered world. Meet me down at the spring branch crossin Sunday evenin at first dusk sharp, and I will let you go with me.

Yours serenely,
DOLLY MAYFIELD.

P. R.—"Roses red, violets blue, Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

DOLLY.

The one to Babe Peterson was a tear starter and a heart smasher:

My Ownlyest Own: You don't know how bad your Dolly wants to see hee; Baby. Buck Collins and old Squire Leatherwood between the two have such a botherment to me this week till life ain't scarcely worth the livin. Buck wants me to go to meetin with him Sunday night, and the old squire wants me to give him the pleasure of my company. But I want to go with you. And if I can't go with you I can go by my lones and lonely self. Meet me down at the spring branch crossin Sunday evenin at first dusk sharp. Don't fail, and don't forget.

Your sweetheart,
DOLLY.

"When the Widder Heaves in Sight." The mail to Tucker's Mill goes by here this evenin, Rufus," Blev went on, "and all three of the letters will go through to their proper places to night, or in time for the old squire and Buck and Babe to put on their Sunday best and meet the widder at the spring branch crossin to-morrow evenin at first dusk sharp.

"How do I know that Dolly will be there? By the 12 epistles she has promised to meet me there and let me have the superb felicity of her company to the church and back home. You will please keep in mind that I have set up the pegs and fixed the triggers, Rufus, and if I don't win out even with the three gentlemen from Tucker's Mill, then the world don't move and fits must run in the Scroggins family. I will be there, but not at first dusk sharp. I will surely hang my feet somewhere around in that neighborhood till the widder heaves in sight. And then, when the old squire and Buck and Babe meet and mix and tangle up together in the open field of combat, me and the widder we will cross below the crossin and let the best man whip the fight.

"You can bet your chin whiskers and your Sunday pants on one thing, Rufus. When old Squire Leatherwood and Buck Collins and Babe Peterson all three go down there to the spring branch crossin to meet the widder—and when the widder heaves in sight—the next thing in order will be a free-for-all fight. Somethin is bound to happen, and somebody must consequently suffer. They can't blame me if I happen to come along in the pinch of time, and they can't say nothin to Dolly if she runs away from a free fight and tends night meetin with the fourth man. All you have got to do in the main time is to sing the song soft and low. After to-morrow evenin at first dusk sharp it might be that you can bear the wounded from off the field, or go and fetch the doctor."

"Two and Two Make Four." In the general settlement of the country Sweet Water church was designed and built about a mile from the Mayfield place, and the spring branch crossin is about half way between.

Now, as to my own individual self, I didn't go down to the spring branch crossin Sunday evenin. Dolly Mayfield, the widder, didn't write me no "fervent

and magnolious" love letter, tellin me to meet her there and we would go to church together. And in regards to the little mesament between Blev Scroggins and the three gentlemen from Tucker's Mill—I didn't have a blame thing to do with that. From what I have saw with my own naked eyesight I couldn't say for certain that anybody went down to the spring branch crossin Sunday evenin. But if you take and add up two and two together, you are more than probable to git four for the answer. And from all the signs and outside apperments I have no earthly doubts but what the widder, Dolly Mayfield, and Blev Scroggins, and old Squire Leatherwood, and Buck Collins, and Babe Peterson all went down to the crossin, and got there about first dusk sharp.

They had sung one old famolious hymn, and the preacher had took his text when Blev and Dolly Mayfield come awashin through the side door arm in arm, and took their seats right up next to the amen corner. Dolly was all over in a flutter, and lookin as pale as a whitewashed horse rack on a moonlight night. Blev wore his best Sunday clothes, a white neck tie, and a smile as big as a crib door. When he looked around and saw me his left eye went shet slow and cautious like, and he puckerd his mouth to give a low, soft whistle—come to his senses—caught his breath, and then looked at the preacher as meek and lowly and contrite and humble as a white kitten with the sore eyes.

Fifteen or 20 minutes had wore off when one of Squire Leatherwood's boys come in, said something to old Dr. Travis, and they went out together. Blev looked at me, closed his left eye and held up one finger as much as to say: "That's one."

Presently somebody come to a window and sent word to old Misses Peterson—which you will recollect Babe is her onlyest boy. The old lady caught her breath raley quick and scrambled out the door.

Blev Scroggins shet his left eye once more and held up two fingers—which said to me as plain as United States language could speak it: "That's two."

The next minute two of the Collins boys, both full brothers to Buck, lit on through a window, and went off in a lopye towards the spring branch crossin. Blev shet the same eye and held up three fingers—which seem to say to me: "That's three, dadblame 'em, and Rocky Creek sends her doublebreasted compliments to Tucker's Mill."

Blev Scroggins maintains till yet that the world ain't square, and that three of a kind will beat two pair.

The gay and gorgeous widder, Dolly Mayfield, is still healthy and happy, still single and still "supinely beautiful to behold."

Buck Collins has got one missin eye, whilst Babe Peterson has shedded seven of his front teeth, and old Squire Leatherwood has got one arm in a sling—which all put together is a goodness-gracious plenty to make them remember the time when they all three went to meet Dolly Mayfield down at the spring branch crossin on Sunday evenin at first dusk sharp in durin the three days' meetin at old Sweet Water church.

RUFUS SANDERS.

NEW ARMY TARGETS.

Old Ball's-Eyes to Give Way to Figures of Men.

Transvaal routed the regular troops of Great Britain at Majuba Hill by shooting with such marvellous skill as to pick off the redcoats like so many deer on a hill, says the New York Herald, a great outcry was heard in British army circles against the folly of teaching a soldier to shoot by placing himself opposite a target and telling him to place a bullet as near to the bull's-eye as possible.

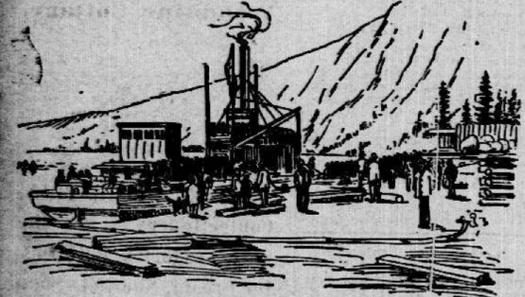
The United States army officers have just come to the same conclusion as did the British after the disaster of Majuba Hill. As a consequence of this awakening, there will shortly be issued a set of targets to be used at the various rifle ranges, that will revolutionize the old system of training soldiers to become marksmen. Instead of the bull's-eye in the center of a square target the object to be aimed at will be a black mark representing, as nearly as possible, the figure of a man as it appears when he lies prone on the ground, rifle presented, in the act of taking aim.

A second target will show the figure of a man taking aim while in a kneeling position. The figure is mounted on a square background of white, and is carefully drawn to measurements so as to present a mark as nearly as possible like that at which the soldier would have to shoot were he fighting for his life in actual conflict. This figure will be used as a target at medium distances, from 500 to 600 yards.

Still another target represents the full figure of a man standing and firing. This is for long-distance practice, and will enable a marksman to see exactly the effect produced by his skill in firing. Every shot that hits the figure would kill or maim were the target a living mark.

The largest target of all, and the one, therefore, that will be used at extreme range, is intended to represent the figure of a mounted man. This is more particularly designed for carbine practice by cavalrymen. The troopers will be taught to shoot at the target from horseback as well as dismounted, and, as in the case of the standing man target, will be instructed to aim at the center of the mass, the idea being that killing the horse of a cavalryman does no less damage to the fighting effectiveness of an enemy's force than shooting the rider.

A project for introducing moving targets based on the same system as that described above is being considered by the military authorities.



LANDING AT THE KLONDYKE DIGGINGS. (From a Photograph.)

held by miners returned from the Klondyke fittingly rival the stories of California's golden period.

As far back as 1860 a deposit of gold was found in the basin of the Yukon by a prospector named George Holt. He also reported the finding of coarse specimens along the Hootaling river. But it was the discovery of gold near Stikine in 1873, followed by the finds in the vicinity of Juneau in 1880, that drew attention to the possibilities of the newly-acquired territory of Alaska as a gold-producing country. The great abundance of gold was first made known by Joseph Juneau, who prospected in the region around the city bearing his name. In 1885 mining prospectors began to scatter themselves along the Rivers Pelly and Hootaling, and in the year following much mention was made of the Stewart river as a field for the enterprising gold hunter. Rich strikes were made in 1892 by prospectors along Miller creek, a tributary of Sixty Mile creek. The progress made in finding gold along the Alaskan and British Columbia rivers, although giving high promise of future discoveries of gold, was not followed by anything which created a widespread adventurous spirit among people who were outside the mining region.

The Klondyke and its aptly named golden tributaries, the Bonanza and the Eldorado, have again turned the heads of Americans and Canadians, starting them in pursuit of the metal which has been described as "bright and yellow, hard and cold, heavy to get, and light to hold."

The reports from this locality of riches would incite the gold diggers have comforted themselves in such an unexamined manner in times of great excitement as to somewhat revolutionize the traditions of gold-mine prospecting. Systematically and orderly did they go about their work, and when the harvest was reached each one appears to have rested content with the measure of his luck.

Encouraged by their tales of success, thousands of others are crowding the outgoing steamers in the hope that similar good fortune may be awaiting them. So dazzling appears the prospect that distance and hardships are insufficiently measured, and the long wintry Alaskan day which will have dawned upon the fortune seekers before they reach their intended destination has, it

traverse icy plains, climb steep, snow-cold mountains, and invade treacherous rivers."

In the shorter route, by way of Juneau, on the southeastern part of the Alaskan territory, difficulties are also encountered. When the Pacific inlets and straits have been left behind and the vessel enters the harbor of Juneau a diversified method of travels before a gold hunter. It takes 90 days to reach here from Seattle. Then Dyea, at the extremity of the Lynn Canal, is made. This town reached, the great passes of the Chilkoot, Chilkat, and Moore, with their frequent snowstorms, next invite the weary traveler to continue his journey. This is not a path of roses he is about to tread.

To save themselves when caught in the terrible storms which overtake wanderers in these passes above the Lynn canal, men have been known to crawl under some overhanging rock and remain there without food until the danger was past. The storms sometimes last for several days. From Juneau to Dyea is 100 miles. Crossing the Alaskan line one goes to Lake Linderman, 30 miles, on foot. Then across the lake for about five miles, after which an overland journey to the head waters of Lake Bennett, 25 miles long; on foot again to the Cariboo river; four miles to Tagish lake, from whence 21 miles may be traveled on boat. Continuing through a mountainous country, Mud lake is reached; thence to White Horse rapids, and to Lake La Barge, where 31 miles of navigable water is found. After a further journey of 200 miles along the Lewis river the Yukon is reached at Fort Selkirk.

From Juneau to Dawson is a distance of 650 miles. The following advice has been offered to parties intending to take this route to the gold creeks: "No one should venture without eight months' provisions, and these should be bought at Juneau. He should have 400 pounds of flour, 100 pounds of beans, 100 pounds of bacon, 100 pounds of sugar, 10 pounds of tea, 20 pounds of coffee, 150 pounds of mixed fruit, besides salt, pepper, and cooking utensils. All these can be bought for the sum of \$60. To convey them to the head waters of Lake Linderman would cost \$15 per hundred." A month of perilous travel is ahead of the prospector.



DOG SLEDGE GOING TO THE KLONDYKE. (From a Photograph.)

Days sailing from Seattle—Monday and Thursday.	
Total distance in miles by St. Michael's route.	8,000
Total distance in miles by Chilkat Pass.	2,000
Pass.	2,000
St. Michael's route.	6,000
Total days to Dawson City.	100
Chilkat Pass.	10

The Dominion government at Ottawa, Ont., is now considering means to preserve to Canadians the lion's share of the profits which will flow from the northern Eldorado, but it is highly improbable that there is any foundation for the report that the examination of all but British subjects is under contemplation. What the government probably will do is to impose a royalty on all ore taken from the soil.

It is assumed that there does not exist the slightest doubt as to the Klondyke region being well within Canadian territory. Although it is only within the last few months that the Yukon district has sprung into notoriety, the Canadian government surveyors have been there for many years. In 1887 an expedition was sent by the interior department to explore that part of the northwest territories drained by the Yukon river. The expedition was under the charge of Dr. George M. Dawson, now director of the Dominion Geological survey, and of Mr. William Ogilvie, who had had previous experience in exploring and surveying the northwest. Their chief task was to mark out those hundred and forty-first meridians of longitude, which is designated by treaty as the boundary line between the United States and Canada from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic ocean. Mr. Ogilvie determined, by a series of lunar observations, the point at which the Yukon river is intersected by the one hundred and forty-first meridian, and marked the same on the ground. He also determined where the boundary line crosses Forty-Mile creek, the western affluent of the Yukon in the gold-bearing district. The Canadian surveyors reported at the time that "in proximity to the boundary line there existed extensive and valuable placer mines."

In view of this fact they made their observations with special care. The United States government was invited to make a joint survey, and the invitation has been repeated since, but up to this time there has been no disposition to take advantage of it.

The boundary, according to the surveyors, crosses Forty-Mile creek 22 miles west of the point where it flows into the Yukon. Fort Cudahy, which is situated at the confluence of the Yukon and Forty-Mile creek, is, therefore, considerably within the Canadian side of the boundary. The Klondyke river flows into the Yukon from the west, 90 miles

had been misinformed, but we stayed on only to find that Thursday's and Friday's experiences were to be but a repetition of those we had had during the other days.

"Pretty tough luck, boys," said I to them on Saturday morning, "but we'll try the thing once more, and if we have no luck to-day we will go home to-morrow and say nothing."

"Saturday morning we went to one of the best holes in the creek. We were there bright and early, and we fished, and fished and fished. I don't believe there was a pike within 10,000,000 miles of the creek, judging by our luck. Along toward midday there ambled down to the hole one of the typical eastern Kentuckians—long, gaunt, salt and shiftless. He mosed down through the sand bar without a word until he had taken in the situation.

"How d'ye, he said.

"Any pike in this blasted creek?" I inquired.

"I dunno. That's some here sum-times an' a gin there ain't." Do you mind if I take one up these bait?" asked he, as he pointed at a lot of dead shiners rotting in the sun.

"No. Help yourself," I said.

"Then he unlimbered his tackle. He had a hickory sapling with an old iron line wound around and around, and, 'pon my word, he had a hook on the end that a country blacksmith had made for him out of a piece of old scrap steel. It was about three or four inches long and proportionately thick. On this he stuck an old shiner that must have smelt, as it had been in the sun long enough. Then he made his cast, and the old pole and line whirled through the air with a swish. But he didn't sit down, for he didn't have to. It's the Gospel truth that in less than ten minutes that old native pulled out the finest pike I ever saw in my life and shambled over the sand bar with the fish over his back and then through the willows.

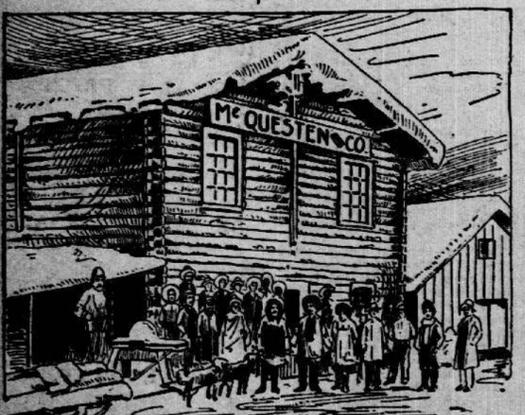
"Well, I'll be banded!" was about all our crowd could say. Let's go home," And around and around, and 'pon my word, he had a hook on the end that a country blacksmith had made for him out of a piece of old scrap steel. It was about three or four inches long and proportionately thick. On this he stuck an old shiner that must have smelt, as it had been in the sun long enough. Then he made his cast, and the old pole and line whirled through the air with a swish. But he didn't sit down, for he didn't have to. It's the Gospel truth that in less than ten minutes that old native pulled out the finest pike I ever saw in my life and shambled over the sand bar with the fish over his back and then through the willows.

"I see the railroad bumper has so much stock in has gone into the hands of a receiver."

"Too bad, I suppose he has lost everything?"

"No, no. He has been appointed the receiver." Brooklyn Life.

—It is astonishing how many men have been caught by some patent right swindle.—Washington Democrat.



A WINTER SCENE IN CIRCLE CITY.

to be feared, been little taken into consideration. Few setting out from San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver have stopped to think that when Behring sea has been reached and a distance of 2,500 miles traversed over the waters of the Pacific, the journey is but beginning. The cliffs of St. Michael's, however, can only remind the traveler there is still before him a voyage almost as long, much more perilous, and through an inhospitable country beset by the dangers of Alaskan river navigation.

Whether have the benefits of the climate been properly reckoned, but who have gone forth in their su