

CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

The Performance Altogether Pleasant if Done at the Right Time of Year

A Case of Square Dealing—Art of Staking a Claim in the Klondike—Some Men and Women Who Do Things in the Arctic—A Plucky School Mistress—The "Malamute and the Huskie"—The Treacherous Yukon Flats.



If you are ordinarily business-like and successful in your financial transactions, you at least glance at the change when it is handed back to you, just to see that there is no mistake. I saw a man make a purchase in a Dawson store, pull a leather pocket out of his pocket and hand it to the clerk. He then turned around and engaged in conversation with another man. His pocket was handed back to him, together with a number of articles he had purchased, and he left the store. He had paid for his purchases in gold dust, the amount had been weighed out by the clerk without any attention being paid to the operation by the purchaser, and when he departed he had no means of knowing, unless he had weighed his gold before he entered the store, whether the right amount had been taken out.

I asked the storekeeper all this, and he answered me as honestly as this one appeared to have; whether they were all in the habit of handing over their dust pokes for him to take what he wanted.

"He knows well enough," said the merchant, "that I could not afford to cheat him. We trust one another in this country—more, probably, than you do in the states. In the early days we had to, and we to the man who betrayed a trust. There is nothing so utterly unpardonable in a mining camp as a deal that isn't square, and in the early days a man who was not square did not last long."

The use of gold dust in the ordinary transactions of trade has pretty nearly gone out of vogue now, however, not only in Dawson, but in the surrounding mining camps. Gold dust is used more on the Alaska side than in the Yukon, because the conveniences of the Canadian side are greater on the Canadian side than on the American. The commercial companies and some local merchants who act as brokers in the purchase of commercial companies and the banks, buy the gold dust, charging a small commission in some instances, and export it, paying the 7 1/2 per cent royalty or export duty to the government.

NEXT to a clean-up, where the virgin gold is taken out in the sluicing boxes, the most interesting operation in which this precious metal figures is the smelting of the dust and nuggets into bars for export. Our company was invited to witness this interesting operation in the British Bank of North America. The gold is reduced to fine particles, and then formed into a mold, making a brick about the size of those ordinarily used for paving. Such a brick weighs about 1,000 troy ounces, or approximately 32 pounds. The Klondike gold runs from \$15.50 to \$17 an ounce, making the gold brick, weighing 1,000 ounces, worth from \$15,500 to \$17,000, varying according to the fineness of the gold. The actual value is determined by clipping off a little piece and assaying it. The brick is reduced to its weight in fineness, and is sent to the mint. Nearly all of the gold sent out of the Klondike region goes to the mint at Seattle. There is a government steamer, Vancouver, but as the ships of the regular lines from Skagway run to Seattle, the gold is nearly all shipped there, so that eventually the gold output of the Klondike finds its market in the United States.

STAKING a claim in the Klondike is a much more exact proposition than on the Alaskan side under the American laws. In placer mining, which is about the only kind of mining carried on in the Klondike, a creek claim means an area 250 feet up and down the creek and 2,000 feet in width. This seems to be a case where the thing described is broader than it is long. The mining laws have been amended at various times so as to change the area of a claim materially. Prior to April 1, 1898, and when the first claims were staked in that region the claim ran from the base of the hill on one side of the creek to the base of the hill on the other side for a distance of 600 feet up and down the creek. This was changed April 1, 1898, to 250 feet lengthwise of the creek and running from rimrock to rimrock on either side. Two years later the form of a claim was changed again, allowing the claimant to measure 250 feet along the creek and 1,000 feet back on each side. In 1901 the present method was inaugurated, which provides for a claim as already described, 250 feet by 250 feet, but it was found that in laying out claims perpendicular to the creek difficulties were encountered from overlapping by reason of the sinuosity of the creek, and therefore were provided that when gold had been discovered on a creek the government should survey what is called a base line; that is to say, a straight line, changing its direction at exact angles to correspond with the general direction of the creek. This provides for more accurate definition of claim boundaries by establishing a base line from which they may be measured.

A hill claim, that is one lying up above the creek claim, is only 1,000 feet in

width; that is to say, it has the same frontage lengthwise of the creek as the creek claim—250 feet, but extends back in one direction only 1,000 feet. When a prospector undertakes to stake a claim he must set two posts, one at the upper end of the creek and the other at the lower end on the creek, on which he must post the name of the claim, a description of it, including mention of natural monuments such as trees, or rocks, or anything else by which it can be identified; he must state the date of the location and give his own full name. Within ten days he must file his claim at the mining recorder's office, but before any prospector can file a claim to mining prospect a claim must also have a certain license, good for one year, at a cost of \$7.50.

NO miner can stake more than one mining claim on one river, creek or gulch, although he may hold any number of claims by purchase, but he may stake claims on other creeks or gulches in the same district or on what is called a "split," that is, a small creek or gulch leading into a large one. Every claim holder is required to do what is called development work on his claim to the value of at least \$200 each year, or in lieu of the work he may pay \$200 a year to the mining recorder for three years, after that he must pay \$400 each year. His annual development work is annually that his \$200 worth of work has been done or his \$200 paid or the claim will be canceled in the gold commissioner's office. The regulations for quartz claims and for copper locations vary somewhat from those applying to placer claims. For instance, a quartz claim may be 1,500 by 1,500 feet. The annual development work required is limited to \$100 and after five years the claimant may purchase the land at \$1 an acre. Placer claims are really only leases; the claimant has no title to the land and being permitted possession only so long as he complies with the above regulations. Copper locations may be 150 by 150 feet, and the annual development work may be taken within an area of ten miles, nor is the claimant to a copper location permitted to mine any other metals than copper and silver. These restrictions guard against one man or a few monopolizing the whole of the Klondike, and also against those who are also liberal to aliens in that citizenship or first steps in naturalization are not necessary in order to take up a claim. On the Yukon side of the Klondike, however, many citizens may locate mining claims.

Very complete records are kept in the commissioner's office in Dawson. It is possible by these records to determine at any time the status of any claim just as it is possible to determine by the examination of the records whether any mortgages have been recorded against a piece of land in Hennessey county. The contrast between the business-like method of the Klondike and the haphazard manner obtainable in the gold commissioner's office in Dawson with respect to mining property and the miserable tangle into which the claims of prospectors have been brought in Alaska, in the Nome district for example, is no credit to our American statesmanship; but that will be changed. The Klondike is a gold mine, and with regard to the mining business of the Klondike country is considerable may be inferred from the fact that during the year 1902 490 free miner certificates were issued, showing that many people were holding claims.

The output of the Klondike region for the year 1902, according to the government figures, amounted to \$13,000,000. This is somewhat less than estimates for previous years; whether the estimates for previous years were correct or not is doubtful, although it is doubtless true the more gold was produced in '98 and '99 than the annual output amounts to now. The total output of the Klondike district to date is roughly estimated conservatively, estimated at \$100,000,000.

WHEN the senatorial party left home it was arranged that it should make the trip from Dawson down the Yukon on one of the fine boats of the Northern Commercial company. This boat, the "Sarah," was expected to arrive about the 10th or 13th of July and depart within twenty-four hours on the downward trip, thus giving the committee three or four days in Dawson. The Sarah did not arrive on schedule time, and was eagerly looked for for several days. There is a telegraph line from Dawson to Eagle, 110 miles down the river, and notice by wire of the arrival of the Sarah at Eagle was hourly expected. The 12th arrived, and the 13th, and the 14th, and still no word from "Sarah." It was believed, however, that this boat would certainly make her appearance within a day or two, when, on the morning of the 14th, we boarded a local boat for Eagle, the first town on the Yukon across the American border. The plan was to go down to Eagle, where, also, is located Fort Egbert, with the expectation of continuing the investigations with regard to Alaskan matters at that point for a day or two until the "Sarah" should arrive at Dawson and return, taking us on board on her downward trip. The Yukon from Dawson northward to Eagle flows thru a succession of hills, slightly wavy. The only point of interest is a trading station occupied by both the great trading companies, called Forty

Mile. This post is at the mouth of Forty Mile river, one of the tributaries of which on the American side, is located the celebrated Forty Mile mining district, a district which had turned out a great deal of gold before the Klondike was discovered, and from which occurred the first stamped to the Klondike region.

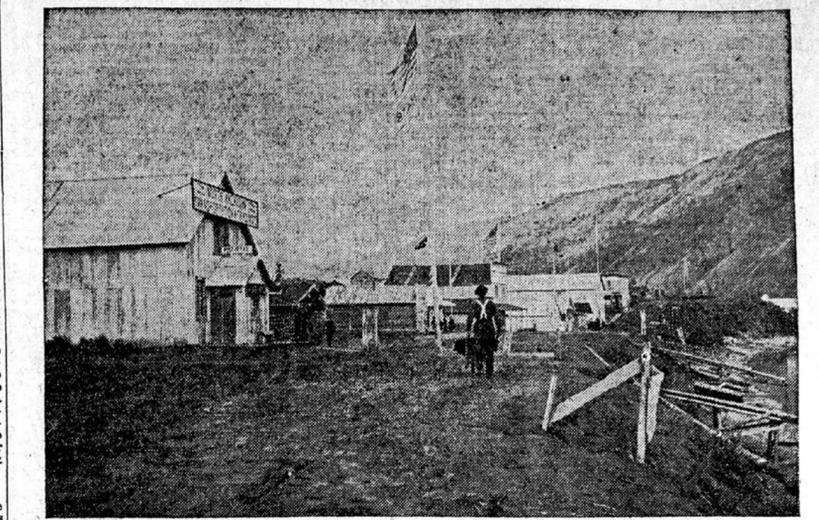
EAGLE, lying within five miles of the international boundary on the American side, is a town with a future. With a population of about 250 it is one of the most northern customs houses belonging to the United States and the most northern military post. The garrison consists of one company of regulars, quartered in comfortable log houses and barracks and under the command of Captain Perkins, who has a company of the Eighteenth regiment. Here is found one of the best demonstrations of the agricultural possibilities of Alaska, and the garden nearest the pole where important results have been secured. The gardens of the post produce large quantities of potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, turnips and radishes. So far as these products are concerned, the ability to produce has been successfully on the 65th degree of north latitude has been demonstrated. Other vegetables, peas, beans, etc., are also grown to some extent.

Life at an army post almost under the Arctic circle, as can readily be imagined, has its drawbacks, and, indeed, all Alaskan military service is counted in the war department as foreign service and calls for 10 per cent extra pay. There were three ladies at Fort Egbert, one of whom expected to leave the post this fall. There were three children, two girls and a boy, of whom one girl will leave this fall. Not only is female society at the post limited, but such literature in books or in the form of periodicals as may be needed to while away the long nights of winter, must be provided for during the summer, when the Yukon boats run. The mails crossing Alaska from Dawson to Nome, which is the route by which Fort Egbert is supplied in winter, may not exceed 400 pounds on leaving Dawson. This means that all the mail for points along the Yukon, St. Michael and Nome must be included within that 400 pounds. The result is that no newspaper mail and no magazines can be obtained after the river closes in October until it opens in June; no mail can be carried except first-class mail, paying letter postage. Friends outside sometimes send clippings from newspapers to their friends "on the inside" under letter postage, but such packages must not be large enough to excite the suspicion of the mail carrier or they will probably be left behind till spring, as the regular letter mail often exceeds 400 pounds. The excess must always wait until the next time, even if it should be a letter from home to some weary, homesick soul; and the next time is the next month, as the mail crosses

coast range to the mouth of the Klondike. Stopping only two days in Dawson, she arrived in Eagle on the 1st of July, 1899, and while her brothers went on down the river with some freight which they were carrying to the other side, she opened a restaurant in a tent and made it pay. She soon had a chance to go into the hotel business, has been applying postmistress, and under her employment so profitable, and is so well content in her northern home, that the schoolroom in the states which she abandoned for Alaska has no attractions for her now.

Cheery, energetic and independent, it never occurs to her that her lot is a hard one, and her manner is so pleasant and useful, respected and happy, which goes to show that these do not depend wholly on environment. She has only been "outside" once since she came to Alaska, and then in obedience to filial duty. Her parents live on a little farm near Seattle where her savings bought for them. Her plans and her aims are well selected, and her suggestions that the little postmistress of Eagle is a woman of culture and a woman's woman with her own commercial ambitions and abilities. And so you find that here in the heart of the northern snow fields the women of Alaska are no less capable of doing their share of the work of the world than the men, and that the impression of the possibility of escape from October to June they bear their share of the burden of isolation with most admirable courage and cheerfulness.

AMONG our fellow passengers on the boat from Dawson to Eagle was Captain D. H. Jarvis, United States inspector of customs, who was an official tour. Mr. Jarvis is Alaska's hero. When the history of that country is written, no page, from the beginning until now, will glow with a brighter example of bravery, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty than that which recites the story of the relief expedition to Point Barrow in the winter of 1897 and '98. Only brief reference can be made to it here, and the details were obtained only from the lips of Mr. Jarvis, the narrative would be meager enough in that embellishment which the recital of thrilling personal adventure contributes. Mr. Jarvis, however, is of the kind of man of whom heroes are usually made—modest, quiet, never directing attention to himself and his own exploits. It would be difficult, indeed, to gain from him in conversation any adequate conception of the brave work which he and his men did in the winter of 1897 and '98. The men were caught in the ice off the northeastern shore of Alaska in the Arctic ocean. Some of them were badly broken up by the ice, but they were managed to reach Point Barrow, the most northern settlement under the American flag. They were



FRONT STREET IN EAGLE, ALASKA.

The story of this remarkable expedition into the very heart of the arctic region in the dead of winter, has been told by Mr. Jarvis in an official report with a degree of modesty which is also a proof of the courage and resolution and fact required not only to face the terrors of the journey across the snow fields of the north, but to assert and maintain complete mastery over the crazed and maddened and desperate men who constituted the crews of the imprisoned whalers. Indeed, it was not facing the blizzards on the bleak shores of the Arctic ocean, the long stretches of weary tramping over the ice and snow, with not a human habitation for hundreds of miles, not even an Indian igloo in which to find shelter—it was not the toil and suffering of that weary struggle for 1,800 miles in mid-winter that required nerve and courage so much as the assertion and maintenance of that absolute authority in the beleaguered camp after the relief expedition reached there. Yet the small, spare, low-voiced, slow-speaking, modest but resolute man, to whom the people of Alaska all take off their hats when they address

He was several miles from a house where he could find warmth and shelter, and a less resolute man would have frozen stiff in a few minutes. He urged his dogs with all his might and ran at the top of his speed, knowing that his life depended upon his utmost exertion. The temperature was 60 below; his clothes froze so stiff as to impede his running, but still he struggled on. Finally reaching the roadhouse, he dashed within, and called for help. His clothing was cut from him as rapidly as possible. His face and nose and ears were badly frozen, and his feet were almost solid. In a short time he was dressed in dry and warm clothing and with his blistered and swollen feet prepared as best he could for the journey, he refused the urgent appeal of the keeper of the roadhouse to remain, but insisted on pressing on to Dawson, nearly 100 miles farther than he might have delivered the mail on time. The mail was delivered on time, but this last stage of his journey, it is needless to say, was accomplished only with intense suffering and by the exercise of powerful will. They say in Dawson that as he hobbled into the postoffice there his footsteps were marked with blood.

His mail delivered, he was taken to a hospital and the doctors decided that his feet were so badly frozen it would be necessary to amputate them. Downing heard this conclusion announced and he asked the doctor to give him his revolver. He hesitated lest he might be contemplating suicide, but when he assured them that he had no such intention, they gave him the revolver. He put it under his pillow and lay down. Now, said he, "go ahead and fix up them feet the best you can, but let me tell you that if I wake up and find you fellows have cut them off I am going to shoot the man that did it. Them feet and me are going together; if I live I don't want for them; if I can't have them I don't want to live. Now, go ahead." The result was that the ends of several of his toes were trimmed off and the old mail carrier is not quite as agile as he used to be. But he walks comfortably on two feet, a really splendid fellow and a monument to grit, nerve and endurance, expended in carrying out what he believed to be his duty as a public servant. What a pity there are not more like him! The ingratitude of republics came in when Downing, owing to the fact that he could not carry the mail, carried as promptly while he was in the hospital, was discharged to carry the royal mail between Eagle and Dawson.

DOWNING is an authority on dogs. He has a corral near Dawson where he has a hundred or more of these faithful animals which he uses in his mail carrying business in winter. There are two kinds of dogs common in Alaska—the "huskies" and their relatives from the Mackenzie river country—those stocky, gray fellows, with their short, coarse ears and close, thick coat, intelligent and hard-headed, and the "amute," an Alaska Indian dog crossed with the wolf and resembling the wolf a good deal in shape and size, a shaggy, brownish-fellow, with long, shaggy ears and a perfect slave. These animals are grossly abused by the Indians; they haul their sledges all day to be rewarded at night with poor fellow frozen dog-salmon and a chance to curl up in snow to sleep. With such treatment dogs learn the reputation of not being an affectionate creature. Downing's dogs have warm, comfortable shelter whenever they reach a road house; when he is compelled to camp by the roadside, as sometimes happens, they share his tent, curl up around him and protect him with the warmth of their own bodies and whenever he enters the corral they are wild in their demonstrations of delight. "Don't tell me," said Downing, "that these fellows are not affectionate. I wish some good woman would take a notion some day to like me as much as these dogs do. If she does she will have to tell him; Ben is too bashful to ask her."

Also, of a kindly disposition toward human beings, these animals are often very quarrelsome among themselves and it is invariably the rule that when a fight begins there is no sympathy for the underdog and the rest of the pack. On the contrary, the poor fellow who is downing the worst of it is likely to be beset by his rest and literally torn to pieces.

Don't think I overestimate the dog. He is one of the institutions in Alaska. He, as a judge on the bench recently said in an Alaska case, "is one of the most important factors in the development of the desert and more, that the wolf, what the horse is to the ranchman of the plains, what the camel is to the caravan of the desert, and more, that the elephant is to India and many times more is the dog to the miner and prospector of Alaska, and will be till the United States government manifests as much interest in Alaska as Canada does in her territory and builds roads over which freight may be hauled in wagons. Under the present conditions it is a poor dog that isn't worth \$25 and a team of five was sold in Dawson for \$2,500."

EAGLE, I have said, is a town with a future. There are two towns in Alaska, 400 miles apart, which are longing for the day when a railroad will connect them; one is Valdez on the south coast, at the head of Prince William sound, and the other is Eagle, on the Yukon. In 1899 the government undertook to build a road from Valdez to Eagle and did expend considerable money in bridging streams and laying out a trail thru the forests and over the mountains, and on this trail the mail is carried between Valdez and Eagle. A government telegram line follows the trail from Valdez to Eagle and a railroad projected over this route. Some day it will be built. How soon one can tell, Valdez is living in hope of this road. A wagon road part of the way would great-

ly benefit Valdez; a wagon road all of the way would be of immense value to Eagle, but of more immediate importance to Eagle would be a system of roads extending south and west twenty-five to fifty miles, into the Forty-Mile mining district. This district is on the American side and naturally tributary to Eagle, an American town, but owing to the fact that the Yukon government has already constructed a road from Dawson to the boundary line near the Forty-Mile district, the trade goes to Dawson because supplies can be transported so much cheaper over the Dawson road than they can be carried over the miserable trails reaching back from Eagle. The senatorial party arrived at Eagle on Wednesday, the 15th. Here, as at Dawson, the stretches of the river below were scanned each evening with field glasses every day for a glimpse of the "Sarah." Four days passed and yet no sign of the missing boat. It happened, however, that the United States army transport, "Jefferson C. Davis," in charge of Lieutenant Kalde, was lying at Eagle waiting orders to proceed to Dawson to convey General Funston down the river on his tour of inspection of the Alaskan military posts. Inasmuch as General Funston would not need the transport until the first of August, arrangements were made to have it convey our company to Dawson, 140 miles further down the river, where Judge Wickersham of the central division was holding court, where there would be opportunity to see the missing boat. In central Alaska and where it was hoped some boat might be found in which to continue the journey.

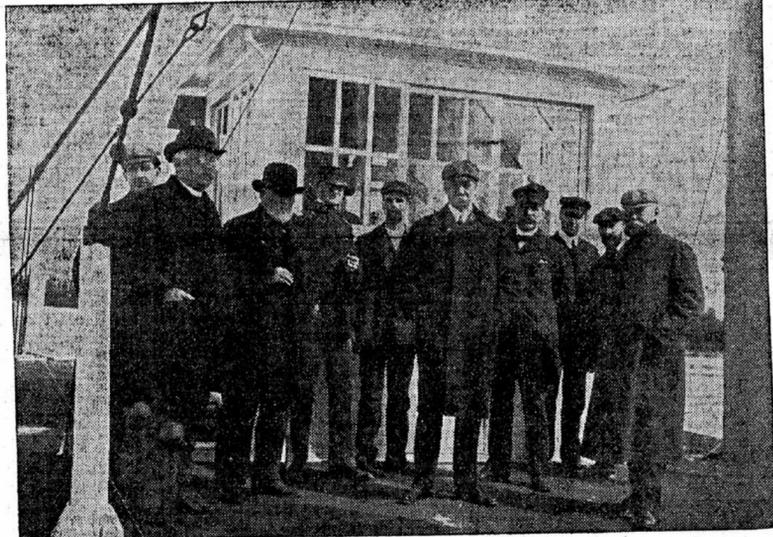
We left Eagle Saturday at noon. The river here maintains about the same characteristics heretofore noted. It grows narrower and carries a larger volume of water, but is confined within reasonable limits for the next 100 miles. At 11 o'clock at night we sighted the channel. The water was of considerable importance, and although it was nearly midnight when we arrived, the leading men of the party presented themselves to offer good wishes for the start of the senatorial party might be pleased to accept. Among the objects of interest exhibited here was a field of oats nearly ripened in that country, with a very heavy growth, but still of good color and not unpromising. Experience is, however, that this crop cannot be successfully ripened in that country, but that it is light that the visit to Circle was made without any inconvenience on account of the time of day.

A short distance below Circle City the river begins to spread out and at the widest point it is probably twenty miles in width. Navigation thru the Yukon flats is attended with great difficulty. The stream is necessarily shallow, being spread over so wide an area, and it keeps the navigators guessing as to the depth and while it may be in one place at one time a month later or next year it may be miles away. There are no buoy or beacon posts and the pilots who often land, read the water and tell by the appearance where to go, although the boiling, muddy flood looks about the same everywhere to the inexperienced eye.

The next morning after leaving Circle we were called early that we might all see a large, handsome river steamer on a sandbar in the channel. On her pilot house we read the name "Sarah." We learned later that she had been on the sandbar for three days, ready and her crew intending that it would probably be a many more before she could escape, and it was. She reached Dawson, however, about a week later, and from there was sent on her port which gave the false impression that our senatorial party was stranded for a week on a sandbar in the Yukon. The "Sarah" but we never boarded that handsome steamer and never saw her again.

ABOUT 11 o'clock of Sunday, July 19, we crossed the Arctic circle, and the whole party lined up on the river deck for a photograph taken within the frigid zone. Everybody tried his utmost to get into the water, but the water was what it meant to cross the Arctic circle and stand within the realm supposed to be given up to perpetual ice and snow, but it was a head thing to do. There were no shivers running down our backs, no frost in the air as we breathed, no rubbing of noses and ears, but rather the balmy air of a bright October day in Minnesota. It was at one of such a day when we touched at Fort Yukon, an abandoned military post, about six miles north of the Arctic circle, and later, and more northerly point on the Yukon river, at one time it was important for the fur trade, and the old buildings of the trading post are still standing, but the fur business has disappeared and the few Indian and half Indian villages. The decline of the fur trade under the cruel game laws of Alaska, which rob the Indian of a market for his furs, has left these people without any means of support adequate to their necessities. Reliquious excesses were in progress, a log cabin was being built, a lay reader, a full-blooded Athabaskan, conducting the service. Indian oratory as exemplified by William Loola is anything but dramatic. He was in a quiet and devout manner he read the lessons of the day and led his fellow prisoners thru the Episcopal service, winding up with a hymn. The service was in the Indian language. The missionary was not at home; he was on the "Sarah," bound for Dawson, for which he had drawn three days before, but his drawing he had made but little progress. His wife and children, two small boys, with the trader's family, were the only white people in this settlement. The remainder of the day was spent on a monotonous waste of the Yukon flats. The next morning, Monday, July 20, we arrived at the village of Hammat, which was to be our abiding place for the next three days, although we had not planned so long a stay. How we finally escaped to the sea must be told next week.

J. S. McLean.



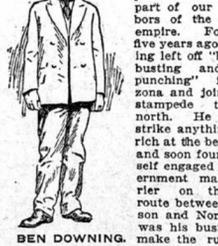
Senator Burnham. Senator Nelson. Senator Dillingham. Col. Ramsdell. Senator Patterson.

THE SENATORIAL PARTY LOOKS PLEASANT AS THEY CROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. Without supplies sufficient to carry them thru the winter, and it was feared that they would all perish of cold and hunger. News of their desperate plight had been taken about the 1st of December. The government at Washington saw the necessity of sending relief, but how to get it to them was the apparent question. It was then that Captain Jarvis learned that there had been a war with Spain, that it was all over, and that he had had no chance to get in. This is the only thing in connection with the expedition about which he can be induced to express any concern.

THERE was another Alaska hero on board the Bailey going down from Dawson to Eagle. There is no man in Dawson who has more friends and who is really regarded with more good will by the people of that city than Ben Downing, the veteran mail carrier of the Yukon. Ben Downing was carrying the royal mail from Dawson to Eagle. His engagement by the British government in a testimonial to the gratitude of republics and may indicate a higher appreciation of faithful public service on the part of our neighbors of the British empire. Four or five years ago Downing left "broncho busting" and "cow punching" in Arizona and joined the stamped to the north. He did not strike anything very rich at the beginning and soon found himself engaged as government mail carrier on the long route between Dawson and Nome. It was his business to make the run from Dawson to the mouth of the Tanana, a distance of nearly 900 miles. The traversing of this long and weary route in the dead of an Arctic winter under the agreeable task assigned to Mr. Downing, but he enjoyed it; he had his dogs and his sled and he could run forty miles a day or more after his feet-frozen and tired "huskies" and "malamutes." The route was laid with roadhouses at the end of each day's journey in which Downing and his assistants would sleep. It was on one of these long runs when Downing ran into the ice in the Yukon. His dogs saw the danger in time to sheer off; the sled toppled partly into the water, into which Downing, running behind, fell. His dogs seeing him in distress were inclined to turn and come to him, but he urged them on they pulled the sled and their master to where he could raise himself out of the water onto the ice, from which he emerged without cap and mittens and drenched from head to foot.

CAPTAIN JARVIS had already submitted a plan to the government a plan by which the relief needed could reach as far north in the Bear as it was possible, then take to the ice with dogs and sleds to the nearest reindeer stations on the Seward peninsula. Domestic reindeer had been imported from Siberia several years before and several reindeer stations or ranches had already been established. From these stations he planned to take reindeer across the country to Point Barrow. The Bear passed thru the Aleutian chain at Dutch harbor, turned north by the aid of Indian and dog teams to St. Michael and thence to the reindeer station on Golovin bay. Here and at other reindeer stations in that part of Alaska a herd of 400 reindeer under the care of W. L. Topp, superintendent of the Teller reindeer station, was collected and sent forward to Point Barrow.

These imprisoned whalers had practically given up, and while not yet out of food, were doing nothing to preserve their own health. Mr. Jarvis, supported by his three assistants, asserted the authority of the government and took charge of all of the supplies on hand, measured out the rations, provided fresh reindeer meat, compelled the men to take daily exercise and in short brought them thru to the breaking up of the ice in July, undoubtedly saving the lives of hundreds who were fast yielding to despair and dis-



BEN DOWNING.

LOOKING DOWN THE YUKON RIVER FROM DAWSON.