IN WAIT FOR THE SHIP.

NEWSPAPER MEN EAGER TO INTERCEPT STEAMER PORTLAND.

Most Important Detail Ever Given Out in the Pacific Northwest—On Receipt of Tuesday's Erroneous Dispatch, Rival Tugs Race Down the Straits—Representatives of Big Journals Assigned to Write the Story of the Klondike's Gold.

The colony of twenty odd representatives of most of the big newspapers of the United States, who were thrown into a state of wild excitement Tuesday night by the premature report of the arrival in the straits of the steamer Portland, have nearly all gone down toward the sea on a mission of news-gathering that is expected to rewhet the public's appetite for something marvelous from the land of gold.

The Post-Intelligencer has had under charter for several weeks, in connection with the Post-Intelligencer Alaska News Syndicate, the tugboat Sea Lion, the fastest and one of the most powerful of the fleet of the Puget Sound Tugboat Association. By a special arrangement with some of the Coast subscribers to the syndicate service, the representatives of such papers as desired were allowed to make the trip down to Cape Flattery in the Sea Lion for the advantage that would be gained by a separate handling of the reports from the north, that it is expected will be brought to Seattle by the syndicate's representative, S. P. Weston, who is now on the steamer Portland.

When the report reached Seattle Tuesday night that the Portland had passed in, the newspaper men, most of whom had arranged to take the City of Seattle for Port Townsend, were thrown into confusion and consternation, and were unable for a time to decide whether to consider the report reliable or not. It was finally decided by all that the possibility of the Portland's arrival was remote, and that the original plan would be carried out. The wires were kept hot between Seattle and Coast points, and by the time of the arrival of the City of Seattle all arrangements had been completed. A number of representatives and correspondents of the San Francisco Examiner had already gone to Port Townsend, but not knowing what exigencies might occur, several local men were engaged to go to swell the army of newspaper men who were patrolling the beach at the port of entry. E. L. Gruener, of the Examiner, had charge of the Seattle end of his paper's business, and he engaged Maj. Heinlich and William J. Burdette. The Chronicle was handled by Martin Eagan and the Port Townsend correspondent of Mr. De Young's paper. The San Francisco Call section of the news expedition was in the hands of J. J. Corey, and prior to his arrival Tuesday the Call's local representative, W. A. Steel, had engaged A. A. Booth, B. Franklin and Ed Curtis, of Seattle, and J. C. Pringle, of Port Townsend, reporters, stenographers and photographers. The Associated Press has also a corps of men under the direction of Mr. E. L. Powell with a special tug.

When the report of the arrival of the Portland in the straits reached Port Townsend, the Examiner men on the ground chartered another special tug, the Wanderer, for the Examiner and the New York Journal, and a part of the Examiner force, consisting of City Editor Thomas Garrett, Arthur Barendt, Tom Sullivan, Ed Moran, C. S. Aiken and W. F. Britt, went in the Wanderer to investigate the report, leaving the beach at Port Townsend in the keeping of Mr. Conners. Jed C. Blake, of Seattle, also went out on the Journal tug. The arrival of the crowd on Tuesday night's boat repopulated the streets at all hours of the night, and added Walter Todd to the list of Examiner men at Port Townsend. On the steamer were two representatives of the Post-Intelligencer, and the party on the Post-Intelligencer tugboat was placed in charge of Beriah Brown, jr., upon the departure from Port Townsend.

When the report of the arrival of the Portland was first wired to Seattle, the Post-Intelligencer ordered the Sea Lion, with J. W. Lysons, the Port Townsend representative of this paper, on board, to proceed at once down the straits and intercept the steamer. There was no time to be lost, and the steamer City of Seattle for Port Townsend, with the crowd of correspondents, would reach the port of entry not earlier than 4 o'clock in the morning.

The Sea Lion was put under way on receipt of the following telegram from Port Townsend:

"Large steamer, supposed to be Portland, northwest of Flattery at dark tonight. Have tug here now waiting for you.
"P. S. TUGBOAT CO."

At 9:27 Tuesday night the following dispatch was received at the Post-Intelligencer:

"Tug, with Lysons on board, just left.
"P. S. TUGBOAT CO."

It was not certain that the Sea Lion would return to Port Townsend after ascertaining that the vessel reported was or was not the Portland, and when Capt. Morrison, in another of the Puget Sound Tugboat Company's steamers, came in and reported the steamship Willamette, the tired and sleepy newspaper men broke away one by one and went to bed at the hotels.

As the hours of the morning wore on it was certain that the Sea Lion had proceeded to the cape, and later in the day a wire from Observer Hobbs, at Neah bay, reported the Sea Lion at the buoy. The question of delivering the newspaper men at Capt Flattery then became an absorbing topic. The tugboat Tyee was about to tow the barkentina Kate Flickinger, lying in the bay, to sea. Through the courtesy of Capt. J. B. Libby, the manager of the tugboat company, the newspaper men were allowed to be taken down the straits on the Tyee, while a dispatch was sent to the Sea Lion, Capt. Sprague, to proceed up the straits, intercept the Tyee and then return to Flattery with the correspondents.

Then the tired and sleepy newspaper men, who had not been in bed long enough to get warm, were routed out of dreamland and told to get ready for the next leg of the trip. Grumbling at the fates and rubbing their eyes, they arrived at the rendezvous, in front of the Central hotel, and stood for several photographs, bleary and disheveled. Then they wandered down to the wharf and watched the engineers of the Tyee pack a cylinder, while several snap shots were taken. Capt. Libby had sent aboard a number of mattresses, pillows and plenty of blankets, and Capt. Gove, of the Tyee, did all that he could to make the party comfortable.

At 1 o'clock the Tyee pulled out into the bay, took her tow and started down the straits with a tired but generally good-natured lot of men, who are after all sorts of stories from what is now the most interesting corner of the earth. There has never been a time since Seattle and the Puget sound country has been considered good news territory that such a crowd of reporters and high-priced men have been turned loose on a news detail. The three San Francisco papers have sent their very best men, and if the matter brought down does not reach the expectations of many the reports cannot fail to be of great interest from their excellence. Among the men themselves it is believed that the importance of the detail has been exaggerated, and to the casual looker-on it would appear that only the hardest kind of competition would justify the heavy expense that some of the single papers represented in the chase after news are making.

A Co-Operative Prospecting Party.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—A party of thirteen men and women will leave Chicago this evening for the Alaska gold fields. The expedition is co-operative, each member agreeing to share equally with the others in the gold that may be found in claims located. The secret of their exact destination is carefully guarded. The party will travel from Chicago to Edmonton by rail. From there they will go by team fifty miles to Athabasca landing, where they will build their boats and embark on the river. From that point they will go by boat through Athabasca river and Mackenzie river to the confluence of the latter stream with Peel river. The party is in charge of Harry Card.

Depew's Klondike Investments.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Dr. Chauncey M. Depew was asked for some particulars regarding his syndicate for the purchase of gold fields in Alaska. Dr. Depew said that the report was tentatively correct. "Say, however," said Dr. Depew, "that I said to Mr. Arkell and his associates that I would take an interest in the scheme providing everything regarding it was as stated, and before making an investment that competent lawyers should search titles and pass legal judgment upon the claims. If this is done, and I am satisfied with the report, I shall invest."

Mail for the Yukon.

G. P. Sproul, the mail carrier from Juneau to Circle City, intends to sail by the steamship Willamette, leaving this port the latter part of the week.

Jim McCarner's Lucky Find.

SHASTA, Cal., Aug. 25.—A miner named Jim McCarner found a nugget today on Soda creek, four miles from Tavern, which weighed $300. The diggings where the nugget was found have been worked for twenty years.

VERY FEW COME BACK

STEAMSHIP WILLAMETTE ARRIVES FROM THE NORTH.

Mistaken for the Portland—Tented Skaguay Enlivened by a Dance House—A New Rope Is Ready for the First Offender—Conflicting Accounts of the Condition of the Trails—Five Indians Dead at Sitka From Drinking Poisoned Whisky.

Steamer Willamette, of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, which left Seattle August 9 with 850 men bound for the Klondike arrived back yesterday morning at about 10 o'clock. She came via Sitka and the outside passage, and entering the straits at the time that everyone was looking for the Portland, was mistaken for that vessel. She was spoken by three tugs in the straits, the last one stopping her about 2 o'clock yesterday morning out from Port Angeles.

The Willamette took up the largest number of passengers ever to go to Alaska, but only brought back seven. Of the thirty-six sailors who went up only six returned, the others either deserting or quitting at Skaguay. News is received by the Willamette of the suicide of an unknown man on the Dyea trail and the poisoning of several Indians at Sitka. The condition of the Skaguay trail is not improved since preceding reports, but on the contrary, is reported as in a deplorable condition.

The story of the trip, as gathered from the passengers and crew is one of interest. The first day or two out there was much confusion and annoyance at meal time, especially in the steerage, where 600 men were fed. The tables would only accommodate about sixty-five, and consequently every plate had to be set nine or ten times. As fast as a man would get up another would slide in. The organization known as the "committee" took things in hand at once and endeavored to arrange with the steward some plan to avoid confusion. The steward's plan was for the "committee" to allow only enough men in the saloon at once to fill the tables. But everyone wanted to be at the first tables so that the plan failed. The story of putting eight men in chains is denied by the officers—but they admit that one man who was drunk and threatening was handcuffed and tied to the bridge. They say that he was put off at Seattle before starting. However, there is reason to believe that the "committee" caught three men in red-handed crime and put them off at Juneau on the way up. A revolver and a fur cap were reported stolen on the way to Skaguay, but both these articles were found afterwards. A set of false teeth was also swept out by the men who were cleaning up on the return trip. The damage done to the goods by the horses amounted to $80, which amount the purser paid to the "committee" before leaving Skaguay.

The horses were unloaded on the wharf at Skaguay with only the loss of one animal. This horse was accidentally pushed into the sea. It had just been brought up out of the steaming deck where it was very warm. The cold water at once chilled it through, and it at once sank in the icy water.

Another accident occurred while the unloading was in progress. Fred Lafferty, one of the crew, was knocked into the water by the bungling work of one of the sailors who was handling the tackle. There was immense excitement for a minute, and the icy water almost paralyzed Lafferty. A rope was thrown him, however, as quickly as it could be procured, and he was hauled out. A small amount of supplies belonging to the miners was also lost overboard.

Skaguay's Rope Is Ready.

The city of Skaguay is described as a place of 5,000 people. For five miles up the trail there are tents all along on both sides, but a greater share of the people have never been any distance at all up the trail. Rain and mud and discontent and confusion prevail everywhere. The men have a severe respect for the vigilance committee, but they refuse to obey any authority when it comes to working on the trail. Buildings are going up rapidly and stores and saloons are opening every day.

The first dance house and saloon was opened while the Willamette was in port. It is run by Billy Chapman, formerly of Juneau. He took up a piano and the "opening" was celebrated with a grand free dance. Chapman took in $134 the first hour the dance house was open for drinks, and the venture had not been very well advertised, either. On the outside of the dance house is a tree upon which several significant notices are posted, and from a limb of which dangles a new one-inch rope with a noose. This was put there by the vigilance committee and it is more effective than a hundred volumes of statutes against crime. Three of the notices read:

"Free Dance Tonight."

"Packers Wanted on the Trail. Apply to Mack & Company."

"Saddle Horses Wanted—No cheap Hatracks."

There are many restaurants at Skaguay, but the fare is poor.

Incipient Fresh Meat Riot.

While the unloading of the Willamette was in progress an exciting incident occurred, which, in the hands of an sensational journalist would furnish a scare head of unusual size. The passengers and crew of the Willamette were fed fresh beef every day on their trip up, and at Skaguay about thirty men from shore were employed to help unload. They took the places of the men who had quit, and they heard that the fare aboard the Willamette was fresh beef. About that time the steward ordered a change of diet on the boat to pork and beans. This was a change for the crew, but it was decidedly distasteful to the new men, who had been living on those succulent dishes for several weeks. They thought they had been deliberately abused, and they grumbled among themselves. Finding sympathy in talking over the trouble, one bold fellow after dinner, when the new crew had just eaten and before they had resumed work, mounted the hurricane deck of the steamer, and, drawing a revolver and flourishing it in the air, announced that the next meal would contain a liberal supply of fresh meat or there would be a young graveyard started. No one seemed to take this announcement very seriously, and at the next meal the bold, bad man scrambled into the mess of pork and beans as meekly as the others.

Conflicting Stories of the Trail.

According to some accounts the terrors of the Skaguay trail seem to have been only half related. Thomas Stanton who came on the boat, was surrounded by a throng of eager listeners as soon as he touched the wharf. He was willing and anxious to talk and he was plied with all sorts of questions. One of his friends had stopped at Skaguay and was packing. An acquaintance in the crowd asked what the man left up North was doing. "Oh, playing horse," replied Stanton, and then he went on:

"The Skaguay trail is the worst place you ever saw. There is one place that the greenhorns don't seem to know about. They pile a pack on a horse, and when the horse gets to this bad place the pack hits against the rocks, and of course makes the horse step out to keep his balance. Down goes his feet and over goes the horse. I saw one mule turn three complete somersaults, and the owner never went after his packs nor anything. You can see dead horses and packs along down the precipice where they have fallen—all mixed together. Why don't they go after them? Well, say, it would take them a week to go down there and bring up a pack. Why, it is 2,000 feet down there. The trouble is most of those fellows don't know how to pack a horse. They will put 100 pounds on one side and 50 pounds on another, and the pack will slip and come off or tip the horse over. I saw one horse tearing through the woods at a breakneck speed with the owner after him in hot pursuit. The pack had slipped around under the horse's belly and scared him half to death. Those carts they have for one horses are the best thing on the pass to pack with, but there are only a few of them."

Stanton declares that the Chilkoot pass is the best of the two and that there is a stampede back to Dyea.

"Of course the White pass can be made into a first-class trail, but it is both muddy and extremely dangerous now. They are killing horses almost as fast as they can ship them in."

Inexperienced Men to Blame.

But the Willamette also brings down a different story, and one that is to be believed. Purser H. W. Skinner, of the Willamette, says that only one-tenth of those at Dyea and Skaguay will get over the pass, but that if they do not it will not be because the two passes are not in condition for travel. It is true that they could be improved, but even in their present condition they are all right for man and beast. Inexperienced men have taken horses to White pass and lost them, but where men of skill, who are accustomed to mountain climbing, have attempted to go over White pass with horses, they have not made a failure of it.

Arthur Needham, of Shelton, confirms what the purser of the Willamette says. Needham, who is a prominent merchant at Shelton, was and is in a better position to speak the truth concerning White pass than is any other man who has returned this year from Skaguay. He went over the pass, just out of curiosity's sake and to find out whether or not the stories from the north as to the frightful condition of White pass were true.

Needham went north on the Willamette, visited Dyea and Skaguay, made the trip over White pass, investigated the rock cut-off, of which so much has been said and written, interviewed people with whom he came in contact, was careful in his observations and brings down a story that has not been excelled. Here is what he said to a reporter one hour after arriving in the city on the Willamette, and shortly before his departure for Shelton:

An Excursion on the Trail.

"I am better acquainted with the condition of White pass because I investigated it. I had no particular reason for doing so. I wanted a vacation and so I went north on the Willamette, arriving at Skaguay on the evening of August 13. While going up and even after I arrived there I heard much about the two passes. I was told repeatedly that they were in such condition that it meant almost death to the person who attempted to go over either of them. I did not believe it and made up my mind to go over White pass, as it is the new one and therefore more attractive to the average person than is Chilkoot. I went over with forty pounds on my back. I returned, I am alive to tell the story, and in my judgment White pass, for an ordinary mountain pass, is in good condition and if a man has horses there is absolutely no reason why he should not get over before winter sets in. Those men who are there now and who have horses should be over. I know that they must make many trips to get their provisions and outfits over, but they have horses, have been there for several weeks and should be on the move all the time.

"I left Skaguay the day following my arrival for the summit. The first four miles out of Skaguay are all right, and consist of a wagon road over which no one would have any difficulty in making progress with horses and wagons. At the end of the wagon road one encounters the first hill. When you get to the top of it you are 500 feet above sea level. The hill is very rocky, but I was careful to make notes of its condition, and there is no reason why a mountain climber should not put his horse over there with comparative ease. Notwithstanding that fact, I found a dead horse on the pass. I examined it and found that it had broken one of its legs. The owner had no more use for it and killed it. After leaving the first hill you descend, entering a canyon. Another hill is encountered. It is 800 feet high, and in about the same condition as hill No. 1. Once over that hill another canyon is entered, and then you encounter the much-talked-of Porcupine hill, the summit of which is 1,100 feet high. While going up Porcupine hill one does not encounter so many obstacles, although even then it is difficult climbing.

Dangerous Porcupine Hill.

"On the farther side of Porcupine hill is where one must watch himself. Boulders from four to ten feet square are met with. One must work around the corners of these boulders to get down in saftey. It took me about one hour and a half. I went slowly, picking my way, as one accustomed to mountain climbing will do, and had no difficulty in reaching the foot of the hill. I was careful to note the dangers that a horse would encounter, and I say that a horse can go over Porcupine hill all right if the person handling the animal knows his business. Inquiry satisfied me that the death of many horses was due solely to the incompetence of those in charge. The packs are put on the backs of the horses with gross carelessness, and what is the result? Porcupine hill, as I have said, has many big boulders, around which the horses must work. It is up hill and down hill; it is this way and that way, and before the journey is accomplished the packs begin to slide, and the horse's burden is thus increased threefold, a slip is made, the pack gives way, and the animal goes down to its death or breaks a leg and meets death at the hands of the owner, who curses his luck and starts back for another horse.

"Once over Porcupine hill in safety, and the next hill is what is known as the Big hill. It is two miles to the summit and two miles down. The hill is all right, the greatest difficulty being in the shape of boggy places from ten to twenty feet long, which are caused by heavy springs. One must go over the hill slowly, but horses can be taken over with no danger. The boggy places are not in such bad condition as to make them impassable.

"After you reach the summit proper, it is 2,800 feet high, but is not dangerous. It is much easier than the elevation known as Big hill. I reached the summit and went four miles over it to a place known as Shallow lake. I did not get to Shallow lake until the morning of the 15th, because the Skaguay river was high at night, and I had to wait until the following day.

"I started back from Shallow lake the day that I arrived, and was back at Skaguay the same day. It was a hard trip, but it was not one that an ordinary man of determination could not accomplish. I made it in two days, with forty or fifty pounds of luggage, and suffered no hardships. In my judgment a man should use White pass if he has horses; if he has no horses, then the chances are he will take Chilkoot.

The Cut-Off a Rock Slide.

"I want to mention that I investigated the cut-off on Porcupine hill. It is nothing more nor less than a 2,000-foot rock slide, and at the present time is not only dangerous, but horses cannot get over it. In time it will be all right, if the miners see fit to place it in condition. Before long White pass will be in much better condition than it is at present. Miners were signing to go to work on it, and I am satisfied that they will greatly improve it.

"There is nothing in the reported news from the north that miners are not allowed to pass over White pass. They are going over every day, and the miners are not interfering with them. If a man wants to start over there is nothing to prevent it. Of course, the miners who fix the pass do not propose to let others wait until the work is completed and then go over it before those responsible for the improvements get a chance at it. That is only just and fair, and all realize it."

William J. Starr, of Manchester, N. H., formerly of Montesano, Wash., writing from Skaguay under date of August 17, to a friend in this city, says:

"Reports concerning the condition of the White pass are very contradictory, and one scarcely knows how much or how little to believe. We hope to get to the summit, the worst part of the journey, in two weeks. Thence we will go to Lake Bennett in four or five days. Unless misfortune should overtake us, we will, or ought to, reach the Klondike by October 5.

"We have quite a cosmopolitan town, albeit a city of tents. At the foot of the first hill, five miles out on the trail, is a second settlement of from 1,500 to 2,000 people."

Dyea Almost Deserted.

J. H. Shepard, a San Francisco attorney, who went to Alaska several weeks ago on the Topeka, returned on the Willamette. He desires to warn all intending Yukoners against taking boats along, and to advise them to take the Chilkoot pass. He says it is much shorter and easier, that a good start can be made on it, that it can be gotten over with a boat, and that the footing is dry and solid all the way, while the Skaguay trail, he says is muddy and dangerous. There are very few men at Dyea, because nearly all have pushed on up the trail, and many have gotten to the lake. The indians and packers, he says, are not to blame for raising the prices, but the men themselves, who offer all kinds of prices for packers. Mr. Shepard is an elderly man, and he went along with a San Francisco party in which he is interested to see them safely started.

James Hagan, an old-time Salt Lake miner, now at Skaguay, writes to his friend, Ed Cudihee, of this city, that not over 5 per cent. of the men at Skaguay will get over this fall. Many are turning back, he says, not having the nerve to go ahead, and outfits were being sold for a song.

Rustlers Get Through.

James Green, formerly with Bonney & Stewart, under date of August 16, writes giving a description of the lively camp at Skaguay. Among other things, he says:

"This is a great burg, about 3,000 people, 1,500 horses. Clear and hot. Must have been 90 degrees yesterday. Our party bought two carts, paying $50 apiece for them, and we will have no trouble. It is a hard scramble, I can tell you, but our party are all in the best of spirits, and all rustlers. We have doubled up with Mr. Bethel's party of three and two other men, making eight men in all, and eight horses, making a good-sized pack train. Hear all kinds of stories about the trail. It must be in bad shape, still they are getting over it. Hardly any one is taking their boats, but we have decided to take ours. Meals cost 50 cents—bacon and eggs, coffee, and bread and butter. A team and wagon were sold yesterday for $1,000 cash. We can haul about 900 pounds on one of our carts."

All Night in the Mountains.

Frank Egan writes to his friend, Ed Cosgrove, of this city, an interesting letter, extracts from which are here given:

"I went over to Lake Bennett since writing you last. It is forty miles over the worst mountain trail I ever traveled. I built a boat there, and we took in about 300 pounds of tools and grub. I packed seventy-five pounds and a whipsaw. Before going I contracted to have our outfit packed in twelve days, but the trail became so bad that it was impossible to do it, so I left Lake Bennett at noon on Wednesday without grub or blankets to come to the coast. The summit has an elevation of 10,000 feet above sea level, and there is most always fog or clouds hanging on its top. It is 2,000 feet above the timber line, nothing but bare, barren granite rocks without a particle of vegetation on their side. Well, I got caught on the summit above the clouds. They were so dense I could not see two feet ahead, so I had to pick out a shelving rock and crawl under it and lay down and shiver until daylight, when I started on my way, wet, cold and hungry. I got here at 9:30 p. m., thirty-three hours without eating.

"I am afraid that we won't get our stuff packed in before March. They are killing five and six horses every trip. The price of packing is from 37 to 50 cents, and there are not one-sixteenth enough horses here to do the work. I would not advise any one to come here this fall. Provisions are cheaper than in Seattle, as many are going back. I am going to stay and get in in the spring, if not this fall."

Tacoma Man With Money.

A. H. Roberts, who went up on the Willamette, writes that he had a prosperous and pleasant voyage. The steamer was greeted by a fleet of twenty boats at Skaguay, and the thousand passengers cheered the visitors lustily. Boats are impracticable to take over either pass, and lumber is $75 per thousand at the lakes. Mr. Roberts says that a Tacoma man named Berry had come out of the Klondike with several others, each bringing $20,000 in gold. One nugget was worth $76. It cost $1 to land a horse at the wharf. Despite what people said, Mr. Roberts declares that the Skaguay trail was being packed over every day, and that it was reported on good authority that no duty was being charged on miners' outfits—only on goods sent in for sale. There are about fifty women in the camp.

Indians Killed by Bad Whisky.

At Sitka the men on the steamer learned of a horrible case of poisoning, and when the steamer left there were indications that Judge Lynch would try the culprit who did the poisoning. Mickey McGee, a saloonkeeper at Sitka, sold several bottles of liquor to the Indians, and they became violently sick. Just how many of them were dead when the steamer left the passengers did not know. One said that five were dead, and another that two had died and that the others were dying. The Indians were greatly excited as well as the white population, but McGee was out on $1,500 bail. He claims that he did not know the whisky was poisoned. He admits selling them the stuff. The fatal whisky was a mixture of whisky, coal oil, lemon juice and alcohol. It is claimed that it was mixed to be sold as whisky, but some claim that McGee had it in for two Indians for informing on him the day before, and gave them the deadly dose to get them out of the way.

Dust From the Yukon.

The Thorp party came aboard the steamer at Skaguay and wanted to be taken to Juneau for supplies. As the steamer did not then intend to touch at Juneau the party did not come. One miner who was reported to have come out of the Yukon with $8,000 in dust, did come down as far as Juneau. The Willamette brought down about 2,500 letters and mailed them here. The package was as large as a half-bushel measure.

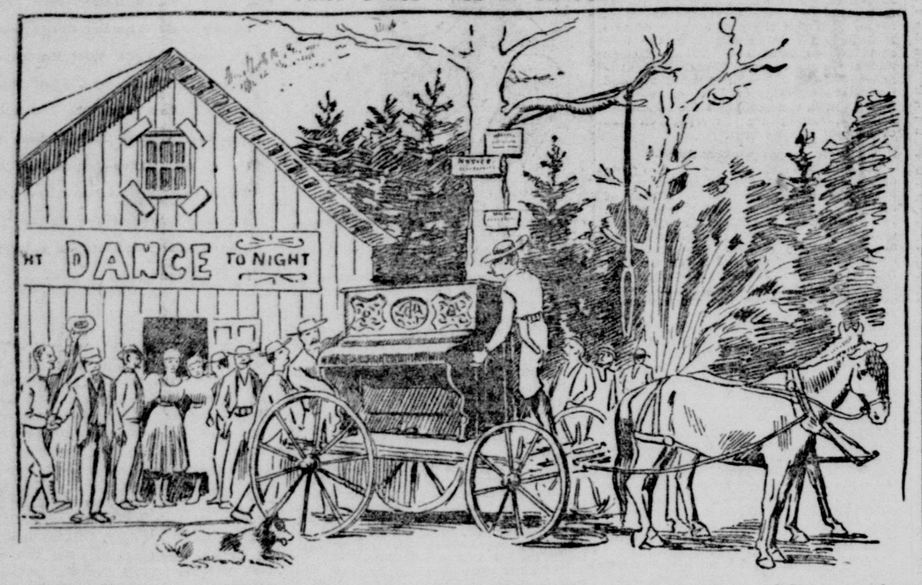
Capt. E. W. Holmes, who took the Willamette north, took sick on the way, and at Sitka he became so bad that Captains Edwards and Thompson, Sitka pilots, came aboard and brought the steamer to Seattle. Before the captain reached port he became so bad that upon his arrival Dr. Eagleson was called and the doctor advised his immediate removal to the hospital.

It was learned from one of the officers of the steamer that Sylvester Scoville, the New York World correspondent, had to pay $1,000 for having his 800-pound outfit taken over the pass and down the river. Scoville started the day the Willamette left, and he expected to make the lakes in five days and the Klondike in fifteen more.

No particulars could be learned of the reported suicide on the Chilkoot pass. The tragedy occurred on the 16th. A man went insane from anxiety and hard work and put a bullet through his head.

Niel Brieson, one of the stewards, met a man at Dyea who told him of two helpless men he had come across high up on the Chilkoot pass. One of the men had broken his ankle and the other was laid up with rheumatism. Both men were en-

FIRST DANCE HALL AT SKAGUAY



The peculiar phases of pioneer life are always interesting to the older civilization. They are so because they are different from the established order of things. They are unique. If a genuine North American Indian in full war dress should suddenly appear in a London drawing room he would instantly become the center of attraction. So would a Zulu warrior. But frontier life with its novelties presents something more than mere novelty. Especially will this be true of the great Yukon valley, where many of the new denizens come directly from an old and well established government. Among all mining camps since long before the days of "Poker Flat" and "Bloody Gulch" the dance house, or, as it was called in Puget sound pioneer days, the mad house, has been an institution. The taste for amusement and the passion for dissipation and revelry combine strongly in the isolated life of the miner, and since he can have no grand operas, and no Monte Carlos, he must have his dance hall. From an accurate pencil sketch contributed by W. R. Nelson, the Post-Intelligencer herewith reproduces a view of the first dance hall in Skaguay. The upright piano, emblem of culture, embodiment of the human instinct for music and rhythm and dancing, stands on the wagon in the foreground ready to be delivered. The exultant miners welcome it with shouts and uplifted hands. Within the humble portal stand the fair maidens who are to allure and fascinate. In the background to the right a suggestive nouse dangles from a convenient bough. It hangs there as the stern emblem of frontier justice, and a neighboring legend tells that it is for Skaguay's first offender. This threat of punishment brings up a subject that is well worth considering in connection with the recent remarkable migration to the Klondike. Thousands of men have congregated at Dyea and Skaguay, each on an entirely independent footing, each with separate interests. Yet the old Anglo-Saxon genius for self-government has prevailed. The men have been orderly and organic. They have moved to their work amid untried and unexpected experiences, yet with perfect system and level-headed common sense. As if by a law of human gravitation, they have gone to work on a basis of equality and mutual conservation of interests. The trail was rough and incomplete; two thousand men set to work to put it in order. The town, a town of tents, the creature of a day, was without law or corporate existence, and yet it is governed. All of which is an illustration of the historic truth that Anglo-Saxons are competent for self-guidance, whether on the frowning rim of the Pilgrims' rock, the bleak chapparal of Australia or the icy passes of the Arctic circle.

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