

Advertisement for Cooper & Levy, featuring various food items like sausage, beef soup, and macaroni, with prices and contact information.

Advertisement for Cooper & Levy, 303, 104 and 106 First Avenue South, Seattle, Wash.

Advertisement for Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., 703 First Avenue, Seattle, Wash., highlighting their pharmacy services.

Advertisement for Klondyke... The Commodious and "Portland" Fast Sailing Steamer, leaving Seattle Sept. 10.

Advertisement for North American Transportation & Trading Co., listing fares and services for the Klondike region.

Advertisement for North American Transportation & Trading Co., listing directors and company details.

Advertisement for a shoe sale, featuring ladies' tan shoes at various prices.

Advertisement for San Francisco Shoe Co., 722 First Av., cor. Columbia.

Advertisement for The Knox... Fall Block, ready for inspection.

Advertisement for The Goldstein Hat Co., 303 Yesler Way, 802 Second Av.

Advertisement for M. Furuya Co., 303 Yesler Way, 802 Second Av.

THE PORTLAND NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

600 MILES OF GOLD.

Estimated by Ogilvie to Be In Sight.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS DELAYED.

As Expected, the Steamer Has Only a Light Load.

ONE MAN BRINGS DOWN OVER \$30,000.

A Large Sum Is Expected to Come on the Next Trip.

The Story as Told by the Post-Intelligencer Special Correspondent.

The Returning Miners All Bring Back Good Home Stakes, but Have Left Most of the Money at the Mines for Investment—They Warn People to Stay Away From the Yukon This Winter—They Bring Out \$150,000 to \$200,000 in Dust—Ogilvie Says \$10,000,000 Will Be Taken Out Next Year—The Yukon Gold Belt Over 600 Miles Long—One Man Buys a Claim for \$100 and Has Sold It for \$40,000—Side Hills Claims on Eldorado and Bonanza Yield \$6 to \$8 to the Pan—New Discoveries on Dominion, Victoria, Minute and Hunker Creeks—Forest Fires Ravage the Klondike—There Are 6,000 People at Dawson Now and More Going In.

In the rush to reach Seattle the tug Sea Lion, the swiftest on Puget sound, was first. She got in shortly before 2 o'clock, steaming at full speed. The vessel was hardly alongside the dock when several of the impatient newspaper men, with rolls of precious copy clamped in their hands, sprang to the wharf and dashed uptown to the telegraph offices. A hack in waiting took S. P. Weston and Beriah Brown, Jr., the special correspondents of the Post-Intelligencer, and whirled them to the office of the paper, where everything was in readiness to receive and handle their copy. For three nights and the better part of three days the tug Sea Lion, chartered by the Post-Intelligencer, and having on board the representatives of this paper, lay in the Straits of Fuca about midway between Tatoosh and Camano Point waiting to intercept the Portland which was bringing the latest news from the Klondike and the other gold fields of the Yukon. During a large share of the time a heavy blanket of fog settled down, hiding the shore on either hand, and the steam syrens at the two lighthouses groaned mournfully and monotonously. Aside from the fog, the weather was far from unpleasant. There was but little wind, and no sea beyond the customary light swell, always to be found in the waters of the Pacific. The most vigilant lookout was kept day and night, to reduce to the lowest possible percentage the chances of the long-looked-for steamer slipping by in the mantle of fog. When the fog lifted the horizon was closely scanned by all on board, and the first sight of smoke in any direction was followed by the immediate movement of the tug in that direction, until under the glass it could be made out what particular vessel was coming in view. Minor false alarms were matters of almost hourly occurrence among those on board, but the officers of the tug did not share in any of these, for their perfect acquaintance with all the craft plying the waters enabled them at first glance to name the vessel as soon as even her smokestack showed above the horizon. There was one genuine alarm, however, which lent the only excitement enjoyed during the long and weary wait. On Friday afternoon the tug put into Nosh bay for the purpose of sending a telegraphic bulletin to the Post-Intelligencer. The weather, for a change, was quite clear, and the Vancouver shore was in sight, so a stop was made in the bay until night fell. Just at dusk a light was seen dimly on the opposite side of the straits, and in a few moments the Sea Lion was plowing along as fast as her powerful engines could propel her, rolling heavily in

which will be worked this winter and for which they have left large amounts of dust. Others have loaned money at enormous rates of interest. At the diggings money now commands from 2 to 5 per cent. a month on yearly loans. Fully one-half of the dust taken out is now required for working the mines this winter. Next spring from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 will be taken out.

The non-arrival of the river steamer Wear at St. Michaels before the Portland left accounts in part for the small load of passengers, and also for the amount of dust not being larger. It was estimated that the Wear would bring down at least fifty to seventy-five passengers, and from \$30,000 to \$50,000 in dust.

The Portland's passenger list is as follows: G. S. Lansing, O. Gray, W. Zahn, S. C. Gervais, J. Rowan, T. A. Dunkerley, F. W. Cobb, B. Farnham, H. A. Stanley, W. Oler, E. Claus, T. Bell, C. Ferris, H. Melander, J. A. Smith, J. G. Smith, M. B. Gowier, C. Zilly, W. W. Caldwell, W. Constance, W. W. Caldwell, C. H. Wharton, N. W. Powers, S. P. Weston, T. Bromley.

The returning miners and their clean-ups for last winter are as follows: J. Rowan, \$50,000, Jim Bell, \$5,000, Joe Goldsmith, \$5,000, F. W. Cobb, \$5,000, W. W. Caldwell, \$5,000, Win Oler, \$5,000, C. K. Zilly, \$5,000, F. W. Cobb, \$5,000, W. Zahn, \$5,000, G. S. Lansing, \$5,000, A. Mackley, \$5,000, F. Farnham, \$5,000, M. R. Gowier, \$5,000.

The miners without exception estimate that not less than \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 will be taken out of the Klondike district next winter. Many of them think the amount will reach fully \$15,000,000. All this summer the miners have been getting into shape for the winter's work, and mining will be done upon definite, systematic plans and claims worked to the utmost limit. Last winter the work done was little more than prospecting.

On all the claims where pay has been found the owners have now made every preparation for work. Cabins have been built, wood gathered, stoves set up, and everything ready for a start at the first possible moment. As soon as the ground freezes the mining and drifting will begin, and continue without intermission until about May 1. The dirt will then all be ready to shovel into boxes, and when the ice breaks the sluice boxes will be in operation.

Last season, on account of the remarkably rich strikes, work was confined almost entirely to Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, and the "pups" emptying into them. Even on these creeks not over one-half of the claims were worked. The hillside claims along Eldorado and Bonanza are being worked for the first time this summer. The work is being done on some of them as high as 500 a day has been made with a rocker. Nearly all of the hill claims were located by men who went in during the last year. These claims require more work than the creek claims, as the dirt must be carried to the creek for washing.

On the Bonanza creek, where the first discovery was made, the first prospecting was done on any of them. Rich pay was made, however, on Bear, Gold Bottom and Hunker creeks. The richest prospect found on Gold Bottom was on Zilly and Baker's claims, Nos. 2 and 3 above its mouth. On account of pay being received on Eldorado and Bonanza, first everybody rushed there to work and get a stake ahead so that they would be in easy circumstances the coming season. At that time there were over 100 people in the district, and practically all of them were concentrated on the two creeks mentioned, and consequently other creeks were neglected until spring.

Early in the summer work was started on claims on Hunker, Gold Bottom and Bear creeks. On Hunker creek there are 30 claims staked, 20 being in the hands of prospectors. On Gold Bottom there are 50 claims, and on Bear creek there are 21 below and 18 above discovery. On No. 21 on Bear creek "Dutch Kid" had been in to dust this spring, working only in April. On Hunker creek \$7,000 was taken out of No. 15 below discovery by Harry Healy, who commenced work first in March.

On Gold Bottom rich pay was located, but no work was done. Claims on this creek are now held at from \$10,000 to \$25,000. Next spring, when the reports come in from these creeks, it is expected that they will surprise even the old timers. The latest strike reported has been made on Dominion creek on Indian river. This was made the latter part of the summer. The reports coming from Dominion creek are very favorable, and coarse gold is being found. The prospectors have found the high as \$250 to the pan in the gravel. No reports had come in that holes had been sunk to bedrock up to July 14, when the steamer Healy left Dawson. The creek has been staked for miles. It heads in the same range as Hunker, Gold Bottom and Bonanza creeks, running, however, in opposite directions.

Indian river enters the Yukon about thirty miles above the Klondike. Quartz and Wolf creeks, other tributaries of Indian river, have been staked for miles or less for the past four years with good results in coarse gold. The bars of the river have also yielded good pay during that time. The indications for quartz have been more favorable on Indian river than any district on the Yukon. Well-defined crumplings have been found on Dominion and Quartz creeks, but at last reports no attention had been paid to either than placer claims. A number of quartz prospectors are now in the district, and quartz locations will undoubtedly be made.

The creeks in the Klondike and Indian river districts above mentioned, and the "pups" or tributaries, comprise all the strikes of any importance that had been reported up to July 14. Since May there have been stampees in every direction from Dawson City. As quick as a report came in from any creek it was followed by a rush of miners. Hundreds of men were being hunting for "The Much" gold creek. The creek reported to be about forty miles up the river, and on which the Indians claim they have panned gold out in a frying pan for years past. A wild rumor is that the creek is about 100 miles up the river. Nothing has been found that answers the description given by the Indians.

One of the stampees this summer was Henderson creek, which flows into the Yukon about six miles below Stewart city. The prospects did not prove satisfactory, not enough gold being found to justify working the creek. Klondike nothing is known by either the whites or the Indians. Men are now striking out for the headwaters of the river, and the country will be quite thoroughly prospected this season.

The present locations of any importance in the Klondike district are embraced within a radius of forty miles. Victoria creek, a tributary of Bonanza, coming in at 43 above discovery, was located last fall and practically abandoned. Just before the Healy left Dawson reports of big strikes on Victoria reached there, and claims were selling at round prices. Here is a phase of the Klondike which should receive careful consideration: "Warn people to stay out of the Yukon this year." "Tell them it means starvation." "Telegraph to every paper in the country that people will starve there if more get in." I have heard these warnings repeated time and time again to me by each and every one of the miners who returned on the Portland. More than this, several of these men have frankly stated that had they thought there would be sufficient supplies in there for the coming winter they would not have come out.

These men are in earnest. They know what they are talking about. These warnings, too, they asked me to write before we knew half the story of the insane rush to Dawson. When we reached Dutch Harbor, on our return, and secured a few scattering papers—the latest August 5—the one topic of conversation was about what the situation would be at Dawson and on the Yukon this winter. When the Excelsior arrived at St. Michaels with her load of 130 additional people and the miners heard that the Cleveland would bring fully 150 more, they talked strongly there. They said too many people were going in, and that supplies could not possibly hold out during the winter. After leaving Dutch Harbor and peaking the Humboldt at mill port, I was given a partial extent of the rush dawned upon us. "My God," one man said to me, "what are they thinking of? Are people crazy? There will be terrible—horrible times on the Yukon next winter. Starvation will strike them in the fall long before spring."

From my own personal investigations at St. Michaels I am convinced that the miners do not speak too strongly. The companies are doing their utmost to get supplies up the river, and were it possible to do so would have food for all. But they labor under disadvantages which cannot be appreciated until seen. A serious mistake was made by one company in carrying up too much liquor on the last trip of two of its boats. The miners want food, not liquor. Last year with 150 people on the river and facilities for transportation very little under than those of this season, there was a serious shortage.

This year some 150 people must have supplies, and they, with those who went in last spring, making a total of probably 5,000 people on the river, before this last mad rush, will require every pound that can possibly be taken in, and without it the condition will be worse than last year. I am positive 5,000 tons will not be taken up the river this season. This does not mean 100 tons of food by any means. Perhaps the larger half will be food, but shovels, furniture, hardware, stoves, liquor, clothing, blankets, etc., will figure up nearly one-half.

Regarding the situation at the trail or over the various passes, I am not informed, but these same miners, each and every one of whom have gone in over the trail, say that it is an utter impossibility to transport enough supplies over that route at this season of the year. In the various articles and interviews published herewith, the situation may be seen at a glance.

In warning people to stay until spring, I simply act for the miners, who speak in the name of humanity. There is gold in the Yukon country—plenty of it, but to seek it this season under the circumstances is no less than sheer madness. It is even more, if it is criminal to those who are already in the country.

The Portland left St. Michaels on her return trip at noon August 15. The details of the trip of the Portland to St. Michaels having already been graphically described by Mr. George Hyde Preston, the Post-Intelligencer special Dawson correspondent, it need not be again described. Perfect summer weather in the Bering sea, with a smooth sea, was our luck, and the tug, having reached Seattle on Thursday morning, after coaling, we started at 6 in the afternoon, headed through the pass for Seattle, with perfect weather and a summer sea accompanying us.

No event of importance occurred until Monday morning. At 4:30 o'clock Monday morning, August 18, Charles Clifton, the cabin boy, awoke me by yelling into my stateroom: "The Humboldt is in sight. Hustle out and you can catch the boat going off to her." I hustled, slipping on my costume, and found the Humboldt in fact, my record at that time, not complete enough for comfort. Sliding down the guy ropes into the boat the first thing I noticed was that there was considerable water going on around. In fact, I had one leg knee deep in it over the gunwale. Besides this, I also noted that the sea was pretty busy, not being as smooth as the traditional mill port.

After bobbing around like a cork we got alongside the Humboldt, and I followed Capt. Kidston up a ladder, which it appears to me was executing a lively jig in every direction. Aboard the Humboldt every one of the passengers was on deck. Some of them had evidently been in haste. The first thing I heard was a deep bass voice shouting: "Hello, P-I. How about the Klondike?" Immediately afterwards came a volley of questions from every direction.

Next the familiar faces of R. C. Washburn and Mark Wood came in sight. "Tell them at Seattle that everything is O. K. and everybody in good spirits," said the mayor. Mr. Washburn confirmed the mayor's words and a voice from the deck added: "Tell them we are going to make Dawson or bust."

Our visit was a brief one, and soon we were placed in the mail. The fact that I went down the ladder Mayor Wood handed me a flour sack half full of letters. These were placed in the mail. Through the courtesy of passengers, many of whom I do not know, I received half a dozen copies of the Post-Intelligencer. I would have had more, but two bundles were dropped, and one missed the boat, and the sea was too rough to attempt picking them up.

The Humboldt's decks were black with the feet of those who crowded to the side that the boat had a strong list to starboard. After half an hour both boats were away steaming north, longitude 132 degrees 35' west, and should reach Dutch Harbor by Wednesday at the latest. I started the first carrier pigeon at 6:30 a. m., August 20. We were then about 50 miles from Cape Flattery. It was a thick,

cloudy morning, with frequent showers. The bird came within three attempts to get away, one time being gone three hours, but finally returning wet and tired. The next day he circled and took a straight course for land. Another bird was flown on the 26th, but returned after a short flight. On the 27th I started two birds, one of which got away and the other returned to the ship, and was evidently out of condition that I would not fly him again. Yesterday morning I started another bird, which soon got away in good shape. I intended to get up the river to Klawns, but the Sea Lion hove in sight, and I was soon aboard, headed for Seattle. The Portland was delayed by a heavy fog this morning, otherwise she would have reached Seattle before midnight.

During my trip I have taken great care to investigate the food supply that it will be possible to get up the river to Klawns this season, and I regret to say it is my firm belief that there will be terrible stories of privation, suffering and even actual starvation from these next spring. My views are sustained by the miners, as will be seen by the interviews I had with them. I secured maps of Stewart river, and also of the Klondike, with authentic information regarding each district. These maps should be of value to each who intend going into the country, especially that of the Stewart river.

S. P. WESTON. PERSONAL EXPERIENCES. Men Returning From the Gold Fields Tell Their Own Stories. The following interviews were had by S. P. Weston, the Post-Intelligencer correspondent on the Portland, while on the way down: "Pop" Cobb's Story.

"Pop" Cobb is what everybody in Seattle, Port Townsend and up to Dawson City call P. W. Cobb. Back in Boston and at Harvard college he was known as a crack football player. Out on Puget sound he fought many a hard-won battle on the gridiron field, and is one of the best known amateur athletes. "Pop" came back on the Portland, attired in a pair of blue jeans overall, a cutaway and a derby hat, the brew of '25, and other articles of apparel equally in keeping. He also brought back with him a plump sack of gold dust—no all of his manly strength was expended by any means, for he was long-haired and invested most of his money at Dawson before he left.

He went over the Dyke pass with Alex Ranke, Eddie Lewin, George Baker and L. W. Mudgett in 1895, and was at Forty-Mile when the Klondike strike was made. To use his own expression, "Pop" was a "wade-shy" and did not get up with the first rush. He first located a claim on Hunker creek. Shortly after he secured a half interest in No. 11 above on Eldorado. His mining interests were in the hands of the N. A. T. & Co. Alex is one of the most popular men on the Yukon, and will certainly make a good little pile within the next year. Eddie Lewin, whose cigar store on Second and Yesler was a great political headquarters three years ago, is now growing fat on the profits accruing to him from an interest in one of the best saloons and billiard halls in Dawson. He also has interests in two claims—one on Bonanza and one on Gold Bottom—of undetermined value. I. D. Cashel, well known in Seattle railway circles, owns a claim on Gold Bottom which promises well. Ron Crawford and "Pop" Treat came in this spring and immediately jumped into the swim. They opened a real estate and have already negotiated some big deals. They own an interest in a first-class claim on Bonanza and have a "lay" on No. 2 on Eldorado for this winter. Nettleton and Lough, who came in this spring, went at the first thing getting out tokens, success. They went to make a log and firewood, and have made a good thing out of it. Charles Kimmel, formerly a Madison street cable employe, is a well-patronized saloon at Dawson, and is said to be making plenty of money. John Erikson, well known in Seattle and Monte Cristo, owns No. 19 on Eldorado. If he comes out this fall he will bring not less than \$10,000 with him. He can take \$25,000 out of his claim and then make his brother rich by giving him what remains in the claim. Fred Brunset owns a half interest on No. 12 on Eldorado, which means that he is a rich man. "If my memory of names would serve me I could go on indefinitely, telling of Seattle and of round people who are uniformly successful. "I am going back again in the spring, but the great rush of people which I understand is going to make the probability of getting in there rather serious. Until I hear from Dawson this winter I won't know how much supplies to take on my return route to travel, although I shall go over the summit by some route. "The situation at Dawson for this winter is very grave. The crack of the Arctic will disorganize this spring, as that threw our supply steamer completely out of service. From present indications the steamer Wear is in trouble, and this cuts off another steamer and reduces the ability of the companies to take even an average amount of supplies up the river. However, I am sanguine that there will be no actual starvation, owing to the fact that beef and mutton will come down the river in the fall, and most of the newcomers who went over the trail are bringing large stocks of food. Now, I want you to understand, you know that nearly everybody in the country is going to have the shortest kind of fall, and that there will be a luxury to some before the ice breaks next May. I