

La Mont's Improved Crystallized Eggs

Sales to South African mines, 1896, 2,800 pounds; 1897, 50,000 pounds. Advance sales for this year over 100,000 pounds, or 400,000 dozen eggs.

NOT A SUBSTITUTE, BUT GUARANTEED SIMPLY SHELL EGGS EVAPORATED. ONE POUND CONTAINS FOUR DOZEN SHELL EGGS, AND FOR SCRAMBLING, OMELETTES, CUSTARDS, PIES, CAKES, ETC., EQUALS THE BEST SHELL EGGS.

Fed to Greely At the North Pole.

Mr. LaMont. Dear Sir: Mr. Markell called on time stated and tests were made with very flattering results. I scrambled the eggs and gave him other proofs of their quality.

MRS. GEN. CUSTER, IN HER FAMOUS BOOK, "BOOTS AND SADDLES," SAYS: "MOST VALUABLE PART OF ARMY STORES; GAVE GREAT SATISFACTION."

C. Fred LaMont, Cooper Union. Dear Sir: I have used your Crystallized Egg for some years past. It keeps for any length of time. It affords me pleasure to recommend it to all as being an article long needed.

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT, AFTER MOST THOROUGH TESTS, REPORTS THEM ALL THAT IS CLAIMED IN EVERY RESPECT, AND PLACES THEM ON SUPPLY LIST.

Used in 1891, 900 pounds. In 1897, 32,000 pounds.

The D. F. Bremner Baking Co. Office and Factory, 75-78-80 E. 3rd St., Chicago. Dear Sir: We have used your Crystallized Egg for several years and can recommend it to any one as a first class article, equal in every respect to fresh eggs.

KEPT BY ALL FIRST-CLASS OUTFITTERS. DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS AND LECTURES AT

Z. C. MILES CO., 116-122 Yesler Way.

Risdon Iron Works, MANUFACTURERS OF GOLD DREDGING MACHINERY FOR YUKON AND KLONDIKE.

Our Miners River Dredges is just the thing for placer mining in Alaska. Shipped knocked down and, if desired, erected, in running order. We also manufacture all kinds of Stern-wheel Boats, Mining and Milling Machinery, Engines and Boilers, Evans Patent Hydraulic Elevators and Hydraulic Giants, Water Wheels and Sheet Iron Riveted Pipe.

MANHOOD RESTORED "OUPIDENE" The Great Vegetable Vitalizer. The prescription of a famous French physician, will quickly cure you of all nervous or diseases of the generative organs, such as Loss of Manhood, Impotence, Neuritis, Nervous Debility, Pimples, Indigestion, Headache, Painful Urine, etc.

SOUR STOMACH Guard Your Sight. Miss F. Wilzinski OPTICIAN, 112 Cherry St. Eyes Tested Free.

JUMPING LOTS AT SKAQUAY.

It Has Become a Big Industry in the City of the North.

ONE WOMAN'S SAD EXPERIENCE.

She Allowed a Man to Occupy Part of Her Lot With the Result That He Erected a Building and Claimed Everything—Appealed to Citizens and Secured Justice—P. I. Expedition Ready for the North.

SKAQUAY, Alaska, New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1898.—This is the warmest day we have had yet, the thermometer at daylight registering 28 above zero, with a strong south wind and a general thaw in progress on all sides.

The new year was ushered in with all the noisy demonstration characteristic of a large city in the states, and although the fact is strongly impressed on the newcomer that law and order prevails here to such an extent that revolvers are a useless appendage, yet it was rather amusing



Camp of the P.-I. Expedition at Fred Payne's Cabin, a Short Distance Up the Skaquay Trail.

to note that on the stroke of midnight a perfect fusillade of self-cooking revolvers of all calibers was let loose from every house and cabin in the valley, the sound bringing up vivid recollections of a war-time night attack on a sleeping camp. It was rather suggestive, indicating that while not seeking trouble, every man here was evidently "heeled" to meet it.

"Old Glory," which forms part of our outfit, was hoisted over our cabin this morning in honor of the new year, and we saluted the dear old flag as it went up with three rousing cheers and a tiger. We propose to float it over our outfit and carry it through to Dawson, hoping to bring it back as a memento of a memorable trip.

We were given a striking illustration a few nights ago of the way law and order is maintained in this community. One of the pioneer women of the place owns a good-sized lot on one of the principal business streets. In the kindness of her heart she allowed a stranger to occupy part of her lot until such time as he could better himself. It was the old story of the woman who let her husband find a more orderly town, and his only piece of property, a deputy United States marshal, has a decidedly easy time of it. The woman a month ago was a widow, according to the census taken at that time, and that number has been added to at the rate of 200 a week. Every trade and industry is fully represented here, including a number of professionals. The citizens are made up of the better class of bright and intelligent men from the states, which accounts largely for the peaceful and orderly character of the community.

Skaquay has a "400." Skaquay, a town whose existence is numbered by months only, is the last place in which one would expect to find the society of ladies. Nevertheless, Skaquay has its "four hundred," confined to a little over one hundred, all good, honest, loyal women, who have dared the rigors of the north in order that they might reach the gold fields. The presence of these has done much towards building up the moral tone of the place and by their united efforts they have accomplished a great deal for the benefit of the community.

Ground has already been purchased here for a Presbyterian mission school, and other movements on foot looking to the mental and moral improvement of the Skaquayans. It goes without saying that Skaquay is well spotted with squares. Ninety-five of these now adorn the most prominent corners of the town, while gambling of every sort is prohibited. This is an "all night" town, and the electric company that furnishes arc and incandescent lights to these places and to all night restaurants, must be cutting money at the present time. Notwithstanding the number of saloons there have so far been no disturbances in any of them, though all seem to be well patronized all night long. Some of these run dance houses with their saloons and the sound of the fiddle and piano can be heard at all hours of the night. The old government snagboat, Skagitt, now high and dry on the beach at the head of the long wharf, has been turned into a variety hall under the present name of the Orpheum, and this furnishes a variety performance that attracts the lovers of that class of amusement.

Buildings are going up on all sides, the total now erected numbering 700, some of these three stories and many two stories. The sound of hammer and saw is heard on every street and every week sees changes and improvements that speak

for "man and beast." Temporary quarters are at the head of Lynn canal. Every foot of ground claimed by the people of Skaquay is held under the squatter's claim act and these are rejoicing over the decision from the United States land office, which has decided that Capt. William Moore, the oldest settler here, who made application for final proofs on the townsite of Skaquay had no legal claim to the land and that the president will eventually appoint a trustee, who will in time issue to each a warranty deed. E. B. WISHAAR.

MOTHER MCKINLEY'S YOUTH.

The Story of Her Courtship in Her School Days. Columbus county, Ohio, claims the honor of being the birthplace of Mother McKinley, who was born in a log house four miles north of Lisbon, then known as New Lisbon. Her father, Abner Allison, was a thrifty and highly respected pioneer of Centre township, coming to this section in his early days from Pennsylvania. The family had sturdy Scotch blood in its veins, and the members were noted for their thrift and honesty. When asked to give his recollections of the early days of Nancy Allison McKinley, her father, William G. Moore, the oldest practitioner in Lisbon, said: "Nancy was a conscientious girl, striving to do right always, and never tiring of kind acts toward her playmates and school friends. The family lived in their modest country home until Nancy was in her teens, when they moved to New Lisbon, Mr. Allison purchasing what was then considered a magnificent residence. The large two-story brick house is still standing on Walnut street. The house is

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A Mere Lad Stumbles Along the Piteous Klondike Trail.

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T. R. Corey Tells a Story of Suffering and Inhumanity—Nicerly Uncle's Brutality—Extols the Government's Wisdom in Sending a Relief Expedition—Companies Have to Go Back on Food Orders.

T. R. Corey, ex-superintendent of mines of the Oregon Improvement Company, and one of the best-known mining engineers on the Coast, reached here yesterday on the City of Seattle. He has been expected for some time, since he left Dawson October 13. Delay in arriving was not due to accident, but to the fact that the trail was taken easily, side explorations being made on the way to gain familiarity with the country.

With Corey came James E. McGuire, uncle of William E. Byrne, the boy now lying in camp near Five Fingers with both his legs amputated at the knee. "I want to correct a statement published at the time McKay came out that the boy Byrne, who was the son of the late J. B. Byrne, McGuire, were members of our party," said T. R. Corey yesterday. "I certainly do not want it thought that any one connected with the party could be so mal-treated as the boy Byrne has been, or could be compelled to make the winter journey from Dawson to Fairbanks, carrying all his clothing and other belongings on his back. The only connection we had with McGuire and Byrne was such as any humane men would have had with a fellow being in distress."

In a Piteous Condition. "I came upon Byrne first twelve miles below Five Fingers, on a day when I was in advance of the remainder of the party. The boy was in a piteous condition. Both feet had been frozen above the ankles for five days. He was sitting miserably on his sled. From his left boot his big toe was protruding. It had been worn to a stump by stubbing against rocks and ice. When John W. Roberts, leader of our party and formerly connected with the Seattle police force, came up to see the boy, he was told that the boy had been in that condition for two days, until we could get him to a place of shelter. Four miles this side of Five Fingers we found the camp of L. R. Crockett, Frank E. Knowles and M. J. Green, all of Seattle. Crockett and Knowles agreed to keep the boy. "McGuire, the uncle, wanted to make one of his mates, William McKinley, but Roberts insisted that he should be forced no further, and, despite McGuire's assertion that he had no money, Roberts made him disgorge \$200 in gold dust and give a draft on a Chicago bank for \$200, to pay for Byrne's care. I really believe McGuire was slightly out of his mind. He is from Chicago and, I understand, well to do. He always had a fine carriage, and the lad told me that if it were not for his relation he would have committed suicide. To withstand a chill atmosphere, which strong men found penetrating even when clad in furs, Byrne had only a pair of drawers and ragged overalls to protect his legs. He was compelled to drag a sled loaded with 75 or 200 pounds and had to do all the work of the party. McGuire drew but 100 pounds and did no laborious work.

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"Send Food," Says Corey. "What do you think of the government relief expedition?" was asked. "I consider it a very advisable move, but think it will be found very difficult to get in enough supplies to materially relieve the situation. Reindeer would be absolutely useless. They could not make as much progress as a man. The ice in the rivers is thrown up in gorges, sometimes to twenty-five feet high. Over these a horse or reindeer cannot climb. Even for a dog team the track over the ice, between the gorges, is so narrow and crooked that it is difficult to get action with more than one dog to a sled. The only way an expedition could get in, according to my belief, would be to proceed to the foot of Lake Lebarge with horses, kill them there and proceed to Dawson with dogs, feeding them on the horse meat."

"The Canadian government is using every effort to get expeditions through. We passed one party going in with four teams, sleds, each loaded with 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of provisions. The sleds were drawn by horses. I heard afterwards that in going over Cariboo crossing ten of the sleds broke through the ice and horses and supplies were lost. Thirty-mile river, below Lake Lebarge, is wide open save for a border of ice along the shores. The ice is rotten in many places and is liable to let a man through at any time. This is particularly true of Cariboo crossing. At Lake Lebarge, with horses, all the provisions broke through the ice but fortunately came up through the same hole.

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BEGGING FOR BREAD.

That's What Men With Gold Are Doing at Dawson.

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