

# FLORA MERWYN'S FORTUNE.

BY  
GEORGE  
HENRY  
MORSE

## CHAPTER XII.

### REWARD.

The banker's daughter looked up with a vivid shock, as her name, spoken suddenly, unexpectedly in the accents of the man to whom she owed all her fortune and her future, fell upon her hearing. Erect, trembling, she faced him, and the heart of the plotters, expecting reproaches, shrinking timidity, accusation, took courage. She was neither the frightened child of the past, nor the bitter, crushed woman of the last hour; he had seen her. Her face, growing steadily paler, took an icy hue, and to its expressive depths, her eyes never leaving Arnold Dacre's face, she stood like a queen at bay, a being turned to stone.

"Flora!" he repeated. "I have sought you everywhere. Why did not expect me, but—speak, girl, why do you stare at me so stonily?"

He hesitated before the never-wavering gleam of this unexpected calmness and silence puzzled him.

"What have you to say to me?" was forced slowly from her reluctant lips.

"What have I to say?" cried Dacre, misconstruing the hidden contempt, repugnance and resentment that pure soul harbored against him, supposing that her troubles would make her a crushed despairing woman, reckless of all save a craving for peace and safety.

"Much that can interest you, Flora," I hold your destiny, your future in my hands."

She did not reply, she might have been marble for all she moved. Steeled to the heart, suggested by the circumstances of the case, she stood curbing every emotion.

"We will not waste words," continued Dacre, "for I see you are in a frame of mind to listen to me, and probably act upon my advice. You are a refugee, accounted an accomplice in the robbery of the bank. You can never return to Ridgefield. You are a beggar, I can enrich you. I can restore to you your former, your father's name."

"Go on," she said, sternly, chillingly.

"I offer you wealth, luxury, peace. If you will marry me, I will take you to some far spot where life shall be a perfect holiday. I can give you a stately home, love, devotion. You can forget the past, it is your only hope, or else you are an outcast, a pauper. Choose—riches or the almshouse, love or desolation."

"And if I refuse?"

"The accents were ominous, but the eager scoundrel ran on glibly.

"Then I leave you to your fate—a bitter one. I leave your father's honored name in the mire of disgrace, where it gruels. Your lover! Oh, you start, now! He escaped, but he is now a prisoner. I will take you to the town jail at Deepford. Wed me, and I agree to clear your father's name of the last vestige of crime. I agree to free your lover. I agree to restore to you the fortune now in my possession. Speak! will you consent?"

She fairly took his breath away with the sharpness, the suddenness of her reply.

"Yes," she said simply.

A cry of joy parted the schemer's lips.

"What do you agree? You will wed me?"

"On one condition, I will undertake the marriage ceremony, yes."

"And that is?"

"Word for word, truth for truth, from beginning to end, you are to tell the story of the trouble at the bank—all your part in that fraud, all the details as they occurred."

"It is a bargain! You will wed me first?"

"If the story will be forthcoming."

"I vow it. Wait, I have brought the magistrate with me. The ceremony can be performed now, at once. I will return within two minutes time."

He sped back through the open doorway. His whole soul was aflame with hope and triumph. Shrewd plotter that he was, he never discerned the latent warning that the girl's immobile face expressed.

"She is too crushed to resist," he gloated, as he dashed through the wood in quest of the landlady. "She demands the story of the crime at the bank. Good! I will tell it. She suspects it now. Anything, anything to gain her as my bride."

Blind schemer! Had he lingered a single moment, he would have seen Flora Merwyn speed to the adjoining apartment. Hurried tones issued thence in excited consultation. Then she came back to the outer room, and, stealing her face to utter coldness, she awaited the return of the man she was leading to his doom.

"Fare for farce!" she murmured. "Oh! the torture of even glancing at the foul-hearted monster, but, for my poor murdered father's sake, for Ray Webster's sake, I will go through with the ordeal."

The silence was broken a minute later by the reappearance of Arnold Dacre. Behind the eager plotter followed his hired emissary, the landlady.

"Here is a magistrate," spoke the cashier. "He is prepared to officiate at the ceremony."

"You agree to confess all—to release Ray Webster, to vindicate my father's name later?" demanded Flora.

"Yes, only by explaining all to you can I make you understand the truth, and how it may be told to the public with safety to me—witness John Wharton shall bear the blame. They cannot punish him."

"All ready?" spoke the coarse-grained landlady.

They joined hands. A sickening shudder traversed the girl's frame at the contact, but she steeled her heart to the ordeal. The ceremony was completed.

"My wife—mine at last!" breathed the plotter, joyfully. "Flora! let the past die out. A life of devotion."

"Send that man away."

He chilled at her shrinking face and at her icy tones, but he whispered to the landlady to return to the horses.

"Now, the story—the confession," spoke Flora Merwyn, a strange glow in her impenetrable eyes.

Without apology, the villain began his narrative. In legal possession of the girl and fortune alike, what had he to fear? In a reckless but deprecating sort of a way, he revealed all the dark plots that had led up to the present hour.

He stepped towards her as he concluded.

"For your sake I did it all," he spoke ardently. "The speculation was wrong, but I was led to hope I could double the money. Ray Webster was my rival, and I moved him from my path—all fair in love and war. Your father's death was no fault of mine. Flora, my wife, let it all drift into forgetfulness. In some foreign clime, a life of devotion will claim its reward in your love."

He paused. Over the face of the girl had come a sudden change. The long repressed emotion she had kept in check burst forth.

Horror, repugnance, vengeance in her blazing eyes, she regarded him with a look that made his very soul shrink within him.

"Your reward!" she cried. "Monster! self-confessed thief, forger, and assassin, your reward is—there!"

She flitted aside to make room for another form, suddenly appearing over the threshold of the door of the next apartment.

It was the Sheriff of Ridgefield, and he held in his extended hands—

"The villain's reward, indeed!—a pair of glittering steel handcuffs."

## CHAPTER XX.

### CONCLUSION.

Arnold Dacre paled to the lips at the sensational denouement of the moment.

As to Flora Merwyn, utterly exhausted at the difficult role she had assumed and carried to successful execution, she sank to a chair, half-fainting, overcome.

"Take that man away!" she gasped.

"The sight of him is horror to my soul."

"What does this mean?" panted the petrified schemer.

"I'm sorry," spoke the Sheriff, "Mr. Dacre, but—"

"You need express no regret at handling such a scoundrel unmasked and in his true colors at last," interrupted a stern voice.

"Ray Webster!" gasped the petrified Dacre.

"That I was in jail at Deepford? Scarcely," retorted the convict. "Ruse for ruse, Arnold Dacre, you played with edged tools, Sheriff, arrest that man!"

A spasm of dread convulsed the plotter. In a flash, he discerned the truth.

He had been led into a trap. His appearance had been unexpected, but Flora Merwyn had undertaken the task of winning a confession from his lips, and had emmeshed him in the coils of a subtle subterfuge.

As to Ray Webster, there could be but one explanation of his appearance here—some innocent person had been arrested for him, or he had hired a man impersonate him. A ware of the landlady's scheme to arrest him, he had probably bidden some willing substitute to don his disguise and take his place, for he stood denuded of blue spectacles and false attire now.

Click!

Like the stroke of doom, that ominous sound rang out as the Sheriff snapped the handcuffs over the wrists of his prisoner.

"Arrest me?" raved Dacre. "Sheriff, that man is my prisoner—an escaped convict and embezzler—Ray Webster!"

"He is no embezzler," replied the officer calmly. "Your own confession proves it."

His own confession! Arnold Dacre gritted his teeth with impotent rage.

These people were witnesses to his act of impetuous folly. They had overheard his conversation with Flora Merwyn from his own lips he had condemned himself, and pronounced sentence on his many iniquities.

"Your career is run," spoke Ray Webster. "Flora, my darling! do not tremble so. Oh! my brave one, the task I essayed of unmasking this heartless scoundrel, your woman's wit, executed readily. Sheriff, this man must be lodged in jail. I will accompany you and deliver myself to the authorities. Flora, courage, only a brief time, and my innocence shall be proven."

"You forget!" hissed the malignant Dacre. "This woman is my wife—that victory, at last, is mine."

"Your wife!" uttered Ray Webster, scornfully. "No, I deprecate the farce that desperate circumstances made necessary, but Flora Merwyn was already a wife. She wedded secretly this morning."

Arnold Dacre gnashed his teeth in baffled, impotent rage. Verily, the end had come, and vengeance full and complete had been executed.

One last resource was left him. His wicked eyes gleamed as he thought of it. He had directed the landlady to return to Deepford. In the saddle bags of the steed he had given he had stowed the deed he had planned. It would not be steered or removed. He could bank on that, get word secretly to the landlady, and employ it to purchase his liberty.

"Take your pauper bride," he raved, pale and malignant at the calm and dignified Ray Webster. "The fortune at least shall never be yours."

"Her fortune?" replied Webster, "that she delivers to the authorities. I handed it to her this morning."

"You?"

"Yes."

"It is false. I have the package—"

"No, you have a dummy stuffed with old newspapers. I reached the cave before you did. The real contents of that package are now in the possession of their real owner, my wife," concluded Ray Webster, with a loving caress of the woman whose deep devotion was only saddened by the memory of her beloved father's cruel demise.

One month later, a series of rapidly-occurring events startled Ridgefield.

The first was a public explanation of all the details of the crime at the bank. It rehabilitated Ray Webster and his wife in the estimation of their friends, it removed every stain of evil from the fair Merwyn name.

The depositors were paid in full out of Flora's fortune, and as the last dollar of debt was liquidated, Arnold Dacre was marched to the State Penitentiary on a fifteen years sentence.

As he entered that living tomb, another man left it—Ray Webster, bearing a full pardon from the Governor.

John Wharton recovered his reason. His story was an atonement for the past, and only went to enforce the villainy of Arnold Dacre, and the innocence of Ray Webster. The latter found a trace of his missing family, and with the injunction to "go and sin no more," the contrite tool of a wicked scoundrel, with the recovered Tom Cripple left Ridgefield never to return.

The banker, Abel Merwyn, has two monuments to his integrity—one a magnificent mausoleum in the Ridgefield cemetery, the other the staunch and massive bank.

For Flora insisted that Ray should continue the enterprise. Its existence vindicated her dead father's memory.

They are worthy of one another, these tried souls, and only the saddening thought of Abel Merwyn's fate, darkens the entire union of two noble hearts in the trust and devotion of perfect love.

## THE END.

To Secure American Sailors.

Lieutenant-Commander Hawley will visit many of the lake cities to recruit sailors for the navy, the object being to secure more Americans of the high standard required than are to be found in the seaboard cities.

A Farmer's Find.

At Colon, Mich., a farmer found a gold ring in a potato hill.

# THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS IN ALASKA.

The United States Government in 1867 paid Russia \$7,200,000 for the Territory of Alaska says the Chicago Times-Herald.

Alaska has paid back her purchase money in gold four times, having produced during the time it has been a part of the United States about \$30,000,000 of the precious yellow metal.

To-day the eyes of the world are turned toward our frozen acquisition in the north, for within its borders has been discovered an Eldorado, seemingly "richer than Pluto's mine."

A few weeks ago the word Klondike, literally translated meaning Deer River, was known to geographers and a few miners on the Yukon; to-day it is on every tongue and is known as the designation, if the reports be but half true, for a gold-bearing district greater in area and richer in character than any the world has known, with the possible exception of California.

The reported gold discoveries of the present day in Alaska and the reported gold discoveries of '49 in California afford many parallels. To the average man the treasures of the coast State were seemingly as inaccessible as are the riches of the Yukon and its tributaries. One was more than 2000 miles across a trackless desert and over snow-bound mountain passes, beset by savages, whose deadly attacks marked the trail with bleaching bones across the Western States; the other is nearly 7000 miles by water, through a rigorous climate, or almost 4000 miles by land and water, with mountain passes to scale as dangerous as those of the Swiss Alps.

The fabulous tales of wealth sent out by the California pioneers were no less wonderful than those brought back by the men who braved the last cold season in the Klondike mineral belt, and in both cases those who returned brought back with them great nuggets of the precious stuff that left little or no doubt in the mind of the hearer. The California miner in the song who had so many nuggets that he was accustomed to "go a huffal blind" finds his parallel in the Yukon miner who claims to have "washed out" \$212 in one painful of dirt—a process that requires ten or twelve minutes.

It is hard to tell where the Alaska gold fields are located except that in a general way the best of them are along the Yukon. There are a few "lode" miners near Juneau and along the southeast coast of the Territory (the most accessible part of it), but the ore is of low grade and mining is made profitable only by the most careful management.

The placer mines, from which prospectors are said now to be lining their pockets with gold, are in the region remote from civilization, little known, and, on account of its uncertainties, dangerously alluring to the average man. This gold-producing country of the interior is in the vicinity of the Yukon near where that great river turns to the west in its course to the sea.

Before the discoveries in the Klondike the most productive districts had been along Forty Mile Creek, partly in British and partly in American territory, and the Birch Creek district, all in American territory.

Along all of the river in this section, tributaries to the Yukon, gold diggings exist, and in many places pay the prospector well for his trouble.

In all the immense country over which the placer mining extends it is estimated that up to last year there were 2000 miners. The districts in which most of them worked were in a broad belt of gold-producing rock, through which quartz veins carrying gold occur frequently. Through the gold-bearing rocks the streams have cut deep gullies and canons, and in their beds the rock which was concentrated in the rock is concentrated.

The mining of this country consists, therefore in washing out the gravel of these beds. So the miners worked, being fairly well paid for their labor, until the "tenderfeet" made the Klondike discovery. That was nine months or so ago, and the news of it is just reaching the outside world. It was not long in reaching the miners along Forty Mile and Birch Creeks, though, and they shouldered their picks and moved forward in a wild rush at the first word of the new lucky strike. As a result gold dust and nuggets by the ton are turned into the mints out on the coast, and men who never before

in time the trip costs thirty days—four from Chicago to Seattle, sixteen from Seattle to St. Michael's Island, and ten up the Yukon to Dawson City by the fast boat. The distance in general figures is 2250 miles from Chicago to Seattle, 2500 miles to St. Michael's Island and 1800 miles up the Yukon to Dawson. A total of about 6600 miles.

The other way to the Klondike, the "mountain route," is shorter in miles, but equally long in the time it requires and a great deal more difficult. By this route the traveler sails more directly north to Juneau, which is 899 miles from Seattle, and then goes by lake and river and over the mountains 1000 miles to the new mining territory. On arrival at Juneau the traveler changes to a smaller boat and sails 100 miles north to Dyea. From there he has a portage of twenty-seven miles through the Chilkoot Pass. The last half-mile of this pass is over a glacier and the severest of climbing. Chilkoot Indians are employed to pack supplies to the top of the pass, but from there on the traveler has to pack his own load.

After getting through the Chilkoot Pass the traveler reaches Lake Lindeman. At that point is a sawmill, where boats are sold for \$75 each. Travelers who do not care to pay that price can purchase lumber and build their own boats. The lumber can be bought for \$100 a thousand feet, and about 500 feet are required to build a boat that will answer the purpose. Still other travelers carry whipsaws and get out their own lumber, and a man handy with a saw and hammer can build a boat in three or four days.

To continue the trip, though, a boat is necessary and by some means or other one must be had.

After securing his boat the traveler floats down Lake Lindeman and Lake Bennett and then has half a mile of portage where his boat has to be moved on rollers. There is any amount of rollers to be had, though, for earlier beaters of the path have left them. This half mile overland brings the traveler to Lake Tagish, through which he goes six miles and over a quarter of a mile of portage to Mud Lake, and on to the White Horse Rapids. Here there is another portage of three-quarters of a mile, and the traveler brings his boat to Lake Labarge. From there on the journey is through Thirty Mile River, the Lewis River, 150 miles to Five Finger Rapids, to the Yukon at Fort Selkirk, and then down stream 250 miles to Dawson.

The cost of the trip this way cannot be definitely stated beyond Juneau, because after that point it depends somewhat on the bargain made with the Chilkoot Indians, who pack supplies through the pass, and the length of time the overland part of the journey requires. The cost from Chicago to Seattle is the same as by the other route, of course, \$51.50 second class and \$10 more for first class. The steamer fare up to Juneau and on to Dyea is \$42. What it costs on the overland trip each traveler determines partially for himself, but the Indians who act as guides and pack supplies do not work without big pay.

The Centre of the Gold Region.

Dawson City, the centre of the new mining region, although sixty-five miles distant from the Klondike, is said to be a typical mining camp minus the guns. The British Government enforces its laws in Dawson, and those laws prohibit the use of firearms, so few men carry guns. The laws of the camp are enforced by mounted police, whose captain is a civil officer. Though there are said to be 3000 people in Dawson, few houses have been built, for the principal reason that lumber is \$100 per 1000 feet. The general fear is, of course, that there will be great suffering there this winter.

A Perilous Journey.

Every one of these men has a story to tell of the vast riches of the new gold fields, but they tell another story, too—a story of hardship, trial and suffering through long winter days, when the sun was smiling on this earth's other pole and leaving them in miserable cold and darkness. They tell a story of prodigious travels, of staggering journeys and the dangers that beset the traveler. They tell what a trip it is to reach the gold fields, and when they get through the faint-hearted prospector, who isn't thoroughly convinced that he wants to undergo the trial, decides to forego the trip to Alaska and dig up his wealth at home or go without. Some of the gold-mad adventurers, though, rush on unheeding, crowding into the Alaska-bound steamers without anything like enough supplies or enough money to see them through ten days of travel on land. Miners who have been there say that such as those will perish.

How to Reach the New Gold Fields.

There are two general routes to the Klondike district. From Chicago both lead to Seattle, and there diverge. One goes by ocean steamer west and a little north, and passes through Dutch Harbor, at the extreme end of the southwest Alaskan peninsula. From there the steamer turns north and continues on to St. Michael's Island, a little above the mouth of the Yukon, in Bering Sea. At that point passengers are transferred to the river steamers to be taken the long journey up the Yukon, which winds northward and eastward, and finally brings the traveler to Dawson City, now the principal town in the mining district, although sixty-five miles from the Klondike fields.

The cost of the trip from Chicago this way, as prospecting miners usually travel, is \$251.50. It is divided as follows: From Chicago to Seattle (second class), \$51.50; from Seattle to Dawson City, \$200.

Coal oil, per gallon..... 1.00

Overalls..... 1.50

Underwear, per suit..... 7.50

Shoes..... 5.00

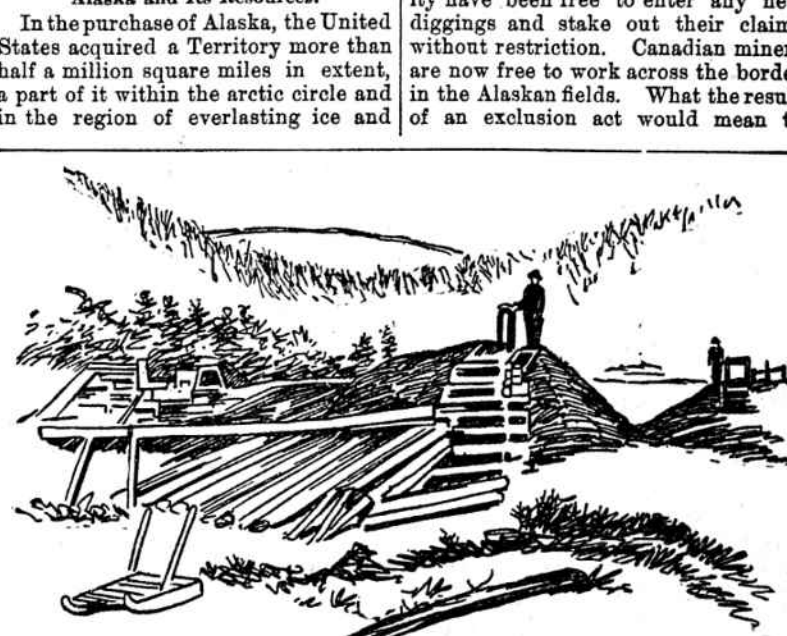
Rubber boots..... \$10 to 15.00

Alaska and Its Resources.

In the purchase of Alaska, the United States acquired a Territory more than half a million square miles in extent, a part of it within the arctic circle and in the region of everlasting ice and

the means of transportation to the frozen region are owned by American companies.

In the past miners of any nationality have been free to enter any new diggings and stake out their claims without restriction. Canadian miners are now free to work across the border in the Alaskan fields. What the result of an exclusion act would mean to



A PLACER MINE IN THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

snow, where, during part of the summer, there is continuous day and during the winter continuous, dreary night. The Alaskan coast line is greater than our Atlantic seaboard, but the entire population of whites, Eskimos and fierce Indians, who are called the Apaches of the north, is not much more than that of a ward division in Chicago.

In acquiring the Alaskan Territory, though the United States moved its center, figured in geographical miles, not in area or population, as far west as San Francisco. The country now extends from about the sixty-fifth degree of longitude up at the far east corner of Maine to the 122d degree up at the far northwest tip of the Alaskan mainland. This is taking no account of the little island of Attu, 1000 miles out in the Pacific, beyond the Hawaiian group, which, since the purchase of Alaska, has really been our western land limit.

The United States, therefore, may almost say with England that the sun never sets on its possessions.

The principal river in Alaska, the Yukon, up which prospectors have to work their weary way to reach the gold fields was called by Schwatka, the Alaskan Nile. It rises a little more than 200 miles above Sitka, in the southern part of Alaska, and then strikes northward, following a broad circle to the west before it empties into Bering Sea through an extensive delta. Six hundred miles in from the coast it is more than a mile wide and the volume of its water is so great as to freshen the ocean ten miles out from land.

The principal cities of Alaska are Juneau and Sitka. They are both thriving towns, and probably they will thrive from now on, for a time at least, as they have never thriven before.

Alaska is ruled by a Territorial Governor, who just now is J. G. Brady, recently appointed by President McKinley to succeed James A. Sheakley. The Governor's residence is in Sitka. The citizens up in that frozen country do not vote for President of course, being under Territorial government, but they do send delegates to the National political conventions. The judicial function there is exercised by a district court, established in 1884. The court sits alternately at Sitka and Wrangle. (How odd for a court to sit at Sitka and Wrangle.)

And speaking of Wrangle, among the things Alaska has done for this country aside from stirring up the present gold excitement one of the most forward was to involve it in disputes with England on the boundary question and the seal fisheries business.

Both of these disputes threatened war, but white-winged peace settled over the situation in each case and brought the suggestion of that newly invented English-American institution—arbitration. However, the boundary question is not settled yet, and the British lion is even now roaring a little and angrily swishing its tail because of a diplomatic (the British call it undiplomatic) note from Secretary of State Sherman demanding that British vessels "keep off the grass" as it were in the seal fishing grounds.

The Boundary Question.

It was not unexpected, of course, that the discovery of gold in the Klondike region would revive in a measure

Canada in a retaliatory measure by the United States, Canadians know better than they can be told.

It is not believed, however, that Canada will attempt to exclude American miners. It is true that the United States excludes Chinese, but Canada, probably recognizes that keeping out Chinamen and barring the way for Americans are two different things.

Topography, Population and Climate.

The Territory naturally falls in six grand divisions. They are the Arctic division, a treeless expanse diversified by low hills and mountains and with no inhabitants but the Eskimos; the Yukon basin, with its extensive forests near the coast and its inhabitants of Eskimos and Indians; the Kuskokwim district, the Aleutian district, comprising the islands off the coast, where fishing and sealing are the chief pursuits, and where the population is mixed Aleutian and Russian blood; the Kodiak district, including the mainland and islands south of the Alaskan range, and the Sitka district, including the archipelago and the coast, extending south to British Columbia. The Sitka district is that seen by the tourists from the States. They gaze on its enormous forests and imagine they have seen the country. As a matter of fact, they do little more than set foot on the Territory.

The census enumeration of 1890 gave the population of the Territory as 30,329, of whom 4416 were whites, 82 blacks, 1568 half-bred Indians and Eskimos, 13,735 natives not Eskimos (Indians), 2125 Chinese and 8400 Eskimos. The number of whites has probably been more than doubled since then, as the Alaskan gold fever set in in mild form three or four years ago. In winter the thermometer falls so low in places that no one will recognize it;

that it goes down to 70 degrees and lower. During all this kind of winter up in the Yukon region little can be done but sit about a fire in a vain endeavor to keep warm, for darkness exists most of the time, and the life seems like that of a man uncomfortably seated at the bottom of a well.

During the summer season the days are sometimes even a little bit hot, but not for long. In that time, too, there is almost continual day, for that end of the earth (for it may be so called) is the one that is pointed directly at the sun.

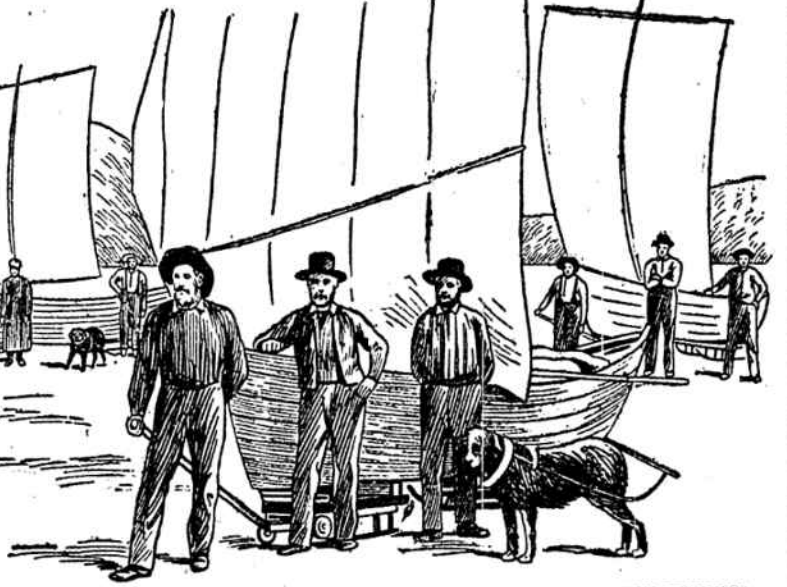
But as the summer brings warmth and daylight it also brings mosquitoes. And such mosquitoes. Creatures that buzz and bite in such a way as to make the dreaded Jersey variety seem by comparison like the silvery, angelic, sweetly humming fancies of a peaceful dream. The travelers who return from the Yukon region tell stories of how brave and strong men, courageous enough to undertake the perils of a journey to that country involves, actually break down and sob in utter desperation and despair under the torments of these terrible pests. The ice and the "magnificent distances" of the country are not the only drawbacks to its exploration or to journeying to the gold fields; the mosquitoes must ever be remembered.

Of course, in the southern part of Alaska, where Juneau and Sitka are situated, the winters are not so rigorous. There the weather is comparatively mild, and in summer is said to be delightful. But Juneau and Sitka are infinitesimal as compared with the whole country, and they are not an index to what is furnished farther up and farther inland.

Queer Place of Refuge.

The passengers on a Tenth street trolley car were treated to an unusual sight early yesterday morning. As the car was bowling along in the vicinity of Parish street a couple of sparrows, one in chase of the other, swooped down in front of the car. The pursued, by a quick flank movement, eluded its tormentor by darting under the roof of the front platform, and before the motorman knew what was up the bird had perched on his hand which gripped the lever. There it sat contentedly, while the passengers craned their necks to get a view of the odd spectacle. The sparrow didn't seem to mind the fact that the motorman's hand was constantly turning around as he manipulated his lever, and, after riding on its queer perch for fully a block, chirped its thanks and flew away.—Philadelphia Record.

An Orlando (Fla.) citizen, who is known locally as a successful inventor, has devised an apparatus by means of which he says he can by suction transport grain for several hundred miles from inland fields to river boats.



AS THE MINERS JOURNEY DOWN LAKE LABARGE DURING THE WINTER.

Poor Man's Mines.

The Alaska and California gold fields are alike also in being placer mines. Placer mining is commonly called "poor man's mining," for the reason that it is done without machinery, while the implements required in the work are few and of small cost. A placer miner can get along very well with a pick, shovel and gold pan. If the dirt is not rich he can accomplish better results by running it through a sluice box, but where the yield is in nuggets instead of fine gold he prefers to "pan" it.

The great Klondike strike was made nine months ago, but nothing was known of it in the United States until June 15, when a vessel called the Excelsior arrived in San Francisco laden with miners from the Klondike, who in turn were laden with gold.

They told almost incredible tales of the richness of the newly discovered district, where fortunes had been accumulated in a few months. Experienced miners and "tenderfeet" seemed to have shared good fortune alike, and with some justice, too, for the credit of the discovery of the new gold fields is due to the inexperienced men.

Another vessel brought to Seattle a second party of successful prospectors and a ton and a half of gold. These men had endured peril and undergone

rose above the level of the commonest of miners have come back to civilization and comfort loaded with gold to last them a lifetime. Take as an illustration this list of returned miners who came on the Excelsior:

	Brought from Alaska	Value of claims.
T. S. Lipsey.....	\$ 65,000	\$1,000,000
F. G. H. Bowker.....	90,000	500,000
L. La Due.....	26,000	600,000
William Kullu.....	17,000	25,000
James McMan.....	15,000	
Robert Galbraith.....	15,000	
Ed MacArthur.....	15,000	
MacArthur MacArthur.....	15,000	
Ernest Anderson.....	14,000	35,000
Robert Krook.....	14,000	20,000
Ed Lendesser.....	13,000	
Alexander Orr.....	11,500	
John M. Smith.....	11,500	
James Cook.....	10,000	25,000
T. S. Norcross.....	10,000	
Ernmenger.....	10,000	
Edna Statton.....	8,000	
Robert Fox.....	5,100	35,000
Reg Stewart.....	5,000	20,000
O. Hedwood.....	5,000	250,000
Thomas Black.....	5,000	50,000
W. B. Rhoads.....	5,000	35,000
Ed Price.....	5,000	20,000
Alaska Commercial Co.	250,000	