

of the several branches of Stewart River, on which some prospecting has been done this summer and good indications found, but the want of provisions prevented development.

Since my last prospect on Bonanza Creek a tributary of the Klondyke, the claims on Bonanza Creek and found \$14 25 in it. Of course, that is an exceptionally rich pan, but \$3 to \$7 per pan is the average on that claim, it is reported with five feet of dirt and the width yet undetermined, but it is known to be thirty feet. Even at that rate, the result, at the rate of the cubic foot and 500 feet long, is \$4,000,000 at \$5 per pan. A fourth of this would be enormous. Enough prospecting has been done to show that there are at least fifteen miles of this extraordinary richness, and the indications are that it will be three or four times that extent; if not all equal to the above, at least very rich.

There are several cases of hardship now for the want of a proper court. Miners' meetings have lost their power, though one was held at Forty Mile a day ago to settle the question of ownership of a placer claim, a thing perfectly within the power of the agent here, and why it was held I cannot say. If some sort of court to satisfy the necessities of the people in this inconvenience were held, the officer appointed will require to be hale, vigorous person, for it is probable that he will have to make journeys of considerable length across unoccupied country in the discharge of his duty. I have in previous reports intimated that some of the best machinery is absolutely necessary for the trial of cases of contract, collection of debts and generally the judicial interests of the country.

A quartz lode showing free gold in paying quantities has been located on the Klondyke creek, but I cannot yet say particularly. I am confident from the nature of the gold found in the creeks that many more of them, and rich too, will be found. I have just heard from a reliable source that the quartz mentioned is rich, as it tested over \$100 to the ton. The lode is about 100 feet long, and eight feet in thickness and is about fifteen miles from the Yukon River. I will likely be called on to survey it and will be able to report fully.

John Dalton informed me he has found good prospects on a small creek nearly midway between the coast range and Selkirk on his route. His man showed me some coarse gold, about a dollar's worth, he found on the head of a branch of the Alsek River, near the head of Chilkat Inlet, which is, of course, in the summit of the coast range and, of course, in our territory. From this you will gather that we have a very large area, all more or less good bearing, and will all yet be worked.

Good quartz has been found in places just across the line on Davis Creek (see my map of the Klondyke) and it is in the bed of the creek and covered with gravel. Good quartz is also reported on the hills around Bonanza Creek; but of this I will be able to speak more fully after my proposed survey. It is pretty certain from information here that from prospecting that all or nearly all of the northern branch of White River is on our side of the line, and copper is found on it, but more abundantly on the southern branch, of which a great deal of it is in our territory also, so it is probable that we have a very large area of copper.

I have seen several pieces of native copper brought by the natives from White River, but just from what part is uncertain. I have also seen a specimen of silver ore said to have been picked up in a creek flowing into Bennett Lake, about fourteen miles down it on the east side. Placer prospects continue more and more encouraging and extraordinary; it is beyond doubt that three pans of different claims on El Dorado turned out \$204, \$212 and \$216, but it must be some in mind that there were only three such pans. The first was a three pan running from \$10 to \$50. I think this is enough to show that we may look forward with confidence to a fairly bright future for this part of our territory.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALE.

An Old California Miner Writes an Interesting Story to a Local Millionaire.

A widely known mining operator and millionaire of California has recently received a lengthy confidential letter from a Californian of long practical experience in the mines here who has been on the Yukon for a year or so, and who writes from Circle City. The writer gives much practical information of the sort that has been lacking in current accounts. Though at the time of writing, last February, he had not been to the Klondyke himself, he fully confirms from amid the excitement the going on there the stories of wealth that are just now blazing on the world.

It will be noticed that the writer gives valuable descriptive information about the Birch Creek and other diggings about Circle City in the front part of his letter. These diggings, which are in American territory, 200 miles down the Yukon from the Klondyke, have been wholly abandoned amid the latest craze, but they are rich placer fields which will soon be worked again by those who find no room in Klondyke, and above which are some of the rich quartz veins which are certain to be developed in time. Everything but Klondyke is being overlooked for the hour, but with the inquiring of prospectors the old fields will be taken up again and the rich ones prospect for just as in early California days there is a rapid spreading out from the region of first discovery. The slightly prospected gold region of the Yukon, now known, is about 400 miles long. The letter, from which the names are omitted, is as follows:

CIRCLE CITY, ALASKA, Feb. 3, 1897.—If you want to make a fortune and cannot come up here yourself, pick out some honest, practical miner and stake him to come here and give you an interest in what he gets—a gravel miner—and if he knows how to drift so much the better. You must have a few mining friends to do the same. Don't be afraid there is no room. There is room for you all.

This is the richest mining country the world ever saw. California, in its best days could not begin to compare with it. At present the gravel fields are being occupied all the attention, but there will be quartz mines found before long that will astonish the world. Most of the men here are not miners at all. Over one-half are greenhorns who never saw a mine; the rest are the men who have roamed around the gulches of Montana and Idaho working with a rocker and a long "Tom." There are no California miners here at all. They don't accomplish anything. I know one claim where they shoveled gravel eight feet high and worked it with a long "Tom" and the 600 ounces in a two weeks' run is not room enough to build a cabin on.

The mines in this section are sixty miles from here. There is a "backbone" that runs for a hundred miles through the country, and every gulch that needs it is in the "backbone" yet. Without doubt, it is a large ledge. The country is much broken up, and the bedrock and ledges do not crop out on the surface.

There is water in most every gulch, but as a general thing not much grade. Five hundred feet and the width of the gulch is a claim. The district laws require the ground to be represented by having a man working on it during the day and night. If you have a claim, you must have a man working on it day and night for thirty days. The sun shines day and night during the summer, the rest of the time the ground is frozen, when the dirt is drifted out of the deep claims and washed in the summer. Drifting the dirt out is the best way to get a "grub" high. If a man cannot shovel dirt eight or ten feet high into a string of sluices on top of the bank and make \$15 a day he goes off and leaves the claim.

gravel that will average 5 to 8 cents to the pan that nobody will locate. Lumber is worth \$150 per thousand. All has to be whipsawed. It is no unusual thing for a claim to pay \$50 a day to the man and shovel the dirt eight feet high. Some pay \$80 to \$100. So much for the claim in this district, but they are not considered to be very good.

They have just found new diggings about 250 miles further up the river on the British Columbia side, from Forty-mile and Fort Cudahy, that will astonish the world. The place is called Klondyke district, and the town to be built there will be called Dawson.

Now, I dislike to tell you the reports from there, as you will think I am crazy, but I will write you some of the "milder" ones. I have never been there, but I am going in about two weeks. About a month ago I bought a claim up there (500 feet) on El Dorado Creek without seeing it, for \$1250—claim 125. You can only locate one claim in one district from there and he tells me they are working claims No. 14, 16, 9 and 5 (mine is in the middle), and he says they seem to be all about the same thing. On No. 9 they had sunk four shafts to bedrock, which is about 25 feet deep. The shafts are across the gulch and 20 feet apart, showing the pay streak to be over 80 feet wide. It is frozen to the bedrock and keeps frozen all the year round, so it will have to be drifted. He went down in all the shafts. The top 15 feet will run from 50c to \$2 to the pan—in the first 10 feet they are drifting out the bottom 7 feet; 4 feet of this will go from \$2 to \$5 to the pan. Then comes 1 1/2 feet that only goes from 50 cents to \$2. Then there is a streak of what looks like black sand, and he says it is 1 1/2 feet thick and 80 feet wide and will average \$20 to the pan. He took one panful of the bedrock and panned it out and got \$122. It is no unusual thing to get \$150 to the pan. Now, you can estimate the value of a claim like that? The creek is about five miles long and empties into Bonanza, which is twenty miles long. This creek is not so rich, but he heard a man who had a shaft to bedrock to bet anybody \$2000 he could take 200 pans out of his shaft from top to bottom, no two pans out of the same place, and get \$2000 out of the 200 pans.

Everybody is leaving this camp and going up there. All the claims on these two creeks are located, but there are many more creeks in the vicinity unprospected. A man will sink a shaft and if he only gets an average of 25 or 30 cents to the pan he won't locate it, as one man can only locate one claim in one district. He wants a better claim. The gold can be seen all through the gravel from the size of a grain of wheat down. They don't use quicksilver here. They have about eight sluice boxes on a nine-inch grade with gold and copper in it, and pour it into the dump. There are many "greenhorns" here who don't know the value of a claim that could be bought out cheap. That is the way I got mine. A man who never saw a mine happened along there when other men were using stakes; no one else was there. He came on here and left it after having it recorded. In British territory a man has to work three months in a year, but any man of whatever nationality can locate a claim.

There is no grub up there, and flour is worth \$120 a barrel; but when the river opens in June we have 6000 sacks in our warehouse and 400 tons of grub to take up, and it is going to be the town of this section. The mines are fifteen miles from the river. Don't advise any man to land here broke, as everything is high. It is 50 degrees below zero here today, and the wind is not thick. There is no wind and no dampness in the atmosphere, and 50 below is not as disagreeable as zero anywhere I have ever been. We have eighteen inches of snow on the ground. The climate is not near as disagreeable as I supposed it was. The mosquitoes in summer are the worst part of it. Yours truly,

P.S.—Since I wrote the last sentence an idea has struck me. I know a place this side of the line where a man shoveled into sluices up six or seven feet, and did not get to bedrock, and he says he made \$17 a day. The place is now abandoned and I think I could take up a 20-acre tract and get some friend to take up twenty more (according to the government law) and deed it to us, thus getting forty acres at a cost of perhaps \$40, and it would be worth \$1000 to \$1500. I would like to see some home next September and if you wish to find a good man to come up here and work I will locate it and see you when I come down. All it would cost to open it would be a flume began far enough down to strike bedrock at the foot of the forty acres and the out, and it began to pay. There is lots of water, but not much grade. If you want to tackle it and manage it I will locate the ground. Or I may see something later.

THE LOCAL FEVER.

Hundreds Yearn for Grubstakes and Irresolute Inquirers Swarm.

"A grubstake!—for God's sake!" That measures a big part of the Yukon mining fever in San Francisco and hereabouts. The City is talking, talking the Klondyke and the deposits of information are besieged, while thousands devour every line in the papers about that wonderful fly land. Hundreds want to go. A good many of these can raise the money to go and will go. Their sadness may come later. But there is an army of others—who couldn't raise \$500 for a trip to heaven—and they are getting their sadness now.

There is a big rustling for grubstakes in San Francisco. Scores of men who are grubbing hopelessly along here are going to acquaintances with money with the \$500 proposition and generally getting left. There are hundreds more who yearn

for support here. The rich man, the brave husband who goes forth and the wife who will hope in the City all expect that there will be a few marvelous claims to divide a year or two hence.

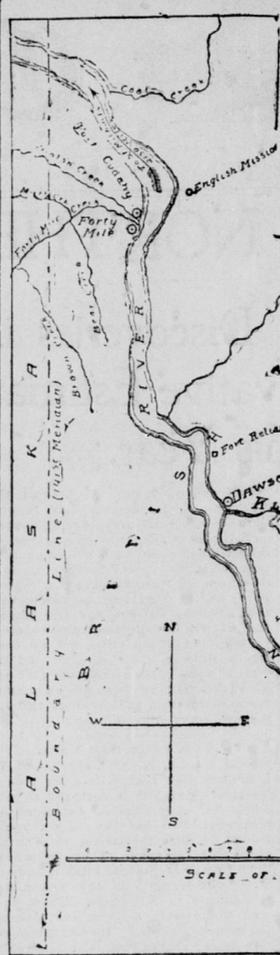
There is an enormous amount of brain power, divine reason and brave resolution being expended in the momentous problem, "to go, or not to go." Hundreds are giving it serious consideration. There are those who can get the necessary money together easily or by a little sacrifice. Some are looking for the right sort of a partner and some are looking for little parties to join. They looked to the office of the Alaska Commercial Company all day, and there was never less than a dozen there, asking questions and discussing the whole thing among themselves. The company's last steamer will leave on the 28th inst., and can carry 200 to St. Michael's and to its river boats on the Yukon, but though hundreds of inquirers have been to the office, not half the berths had been engaged yesterday. It is a new thing and everybody is looking into the thing before deciding to go and what way to go. The Mexico will refuse passengers before leaving.

Other inquirers flocked to the agency of the Alaska Commercial Company's rival, the Northwestern Transportation and Trading Company, which runs its steamers from Seattle to St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon, connecting with its own river boats. This company expects to be able to send one more steamer up from the sound in time to get up the river. These two companies have a complete monopoly of Yukon River transportation and there is no other way of taking the Yukon River route. This is the easiest and most comfortable route to the gold fields. It is about 3000 miles from San Francisco to the mouth of the Yukon and about 2000 miles up the river to Dawson. The fare, with meals, etc., is \$150, and the trip clear through takes about six weeks.

The great majority go by the overland route from Juneau and Chilkoot Pass, involving more effort and hardship, but less time and often less expense. There is a hard trip of less than twenty-five miles over the pass to Lake Linderman, where boats are built to float down the wild and picturesque lakes and streams right to the diggings, a trip of about 800 miles from the coast. To take this route people get to Juneau on any of the frequent steamers, make up their little parties and outfit and start.

Juneau is mainly reached by the steamers of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company from here or the Sound. The Walla Walla sails this morning from here with but few Yukoners. Its accommodations are fully taken by Christian Endeavorers, who will take the Queen at Seattle for the Alaska excursion. The Walla Walla also connects with the Mexico, which will take most of the miners then bound for Juneau. The Yukon rush has caused the Pacific Coast company to arrange an extra steamer trip, which will be the George W. Elder, to leave Portland for Juneau soon, stopping at Seattle. There will be other steamers running from the sound to Juneau, and many who will go from this City will go to Seattle and take steamer passage there.

There can be no estimate worth anything of the number that will go from



Map of the Klondyke River Gold Fields, Showing Bonanza, El Dorado and Other Creeks Where the Richest Strikes Have Been Made, and the Relation of the District to Other Known Points and the National Boundary Line.

The Klondyke River flows from the east into the Yukon just above old Fort Reliance, which is forty miles above Fort Cudahy at the mouth of Forty-Mile Creek. The whole Klondyke district lies in British territory, as the 141st meridian, the boundary fixed by treaty between Great Britain and Russia in 1825 and confirmed by the treaty of purchase between the United States and Russia in 1872, lies something over ten miles to the west of the Yukon at the mouth of Klondyke. Just where Klondyke River takes its rise can only be approximated at the present time from the rough sketches and reports gathered from the Indians, according to whom it is from 150 to 200 miles long, which would place the headwaters well over to the range of the Rocky Mountains lying just west of the west fork of Peel River, an affluent of the Mackenzie River and in which range Beaver and Stewart rivers, tributaries of the Yukon south of the Klondyke, take their rise. From an inspection of the region as shown on the map of Canada and comparison with those two rivers, it is more than likely that the Klondyke is even longer than the Indians make it. The country is wholly virgin. White men have not been up the Klondyke further than forty miles. Even this part of the stream has many rapids, but by good management passage can be made in a canoe. The river has quite a number of affluents of varying lengths, though those from the north are quite short and small, as the mountains lie close to the river, making the watershed very narrow and steep.

On the south side it is different. The divide lies near the Indian River on the south, and the streams flowing down into the Klondyke are quite lengthy, comparatively speaking—Bonanza Creek, the first branch, coming in two miles above the mouth, being from thirty to thirty-five miles in length, while its principal branch, the now-famous El Dorado, coming in fifteen miles up from the Klondyke, is something over fifteen miles long. Bear Creek is shorter, being between ten and fifteen miles in length. Further up comes Main Fork, which has two branches—Gold Bottom and Hunker—the lengths of which are not yet exactly known. Little is known of the streams above Main Fork, though their direction and length can be approximated fairly well from the trend of the mountains, which can be easily followed by the eye from the main stream. It is on these streams south of the Klondyke that all the gold so far has been found, and how far east yet the auriferous deposits run can only be surmised, though the Indians tell of places further up even richer than El Dorado and Bonanza, one of which they call in their tongue "Too-Much-Gold" Creek.

On the south side of the divide lies Dominion Creek, which flows into Indian River where the strike was made this spring, which was carrying the miners by the hundreds away from the Klondyke as the last steamer was leaving Dawson. That side of the slope is but little known yet, but from the find at Dominion Creek it is more than probable that the whole range of mountains between the Klondyke and Indian rivers contains the much-sought-for metal.

luck and now so soon are their lives clouded again. They are besieged until they hardly have a chance to read the papers or slip out for a cocktail, and they wearily answer the same questions over and over in disgust or despair or flee by a side door.

It's the "fool" questions that mainly make them tired. The men that come to question are little and big, old and young, roughly dressed and with gold rings and plug hats. Most of these tenderfoot wind up with, "Well, now, would you advise me to go?" and then the Yukoner's heart hardens to the world. As if his advice would be worth anything, anyway, when the conditions, the odds, the luck of it all and a man's own character make up so much of the problem—and especially the luck.

"No, I wouldn't. I'd advise you to stay home with your mother," said one of them yesterday to a young greeny, who had been asking disgusting questions. "Hello!" "Hello!" replied Landlord Holland yesterday morning. "Say, I wish you'd tell one of those

Yukon gentlemen to come up to Dr. T. office; I want to talk with him about the Yukon," was the modest message.

The doctor was told that he'd better call on the Yukon gentlemen himself.

LADIES INTERESTED. The Doctress That Plans a Sanitarium and the Woman Who May Send a Husband.

Landlord Holland bowed gracefully to two cheerful, middle-aged, well-dressed ladies in the Commercial Hotel office yesterday afternoon. Grayish hairs and gold spectacles helped adorn the leader of the twain who ordered anything in the line of a Yukon miner.

It was good, honest old Angus Galbraith, who, slightly flustered, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and came to face the situation.

"You have been up to this gold placer

San Francisco. Hundreds are seriously studying out the problem and hundreds will doubtless go this summer and next spring.

The largest bunch of the lucky Yukoners who arrived the other day on the Excelsior are yet at the Commercial Hotel, and there was a flocking there from more men until late at night. Every one of these newly rich that came in was soon the center of an anxious little crowd. These poor fellows came down here with slathers of gold dust to get peace and pleasure after their toil and hardship and

have you, sir? and I've got a few questions I would like to ask," announced the lady and the old miner graciously reported his servitude.

"Oh, yes, my sons and cousins and aunts and all my family want to go, and I don't know about it yet. Now what would a young man do to make money—besides mining, that is—to make money? What callings are open to him?"

"Well, madam, you see there isn't much business up there yet but saloons, and your son hadn't ought to go up there unless he can work and stand hardship,"

how is the food really up there? Of course I would expect to rough it, and I have roughed it. I've been in hospitals in Europe, and I took care of a miner once. But of course I wouldn't like to live on pork and beans all the time."

Another lady came to the Commercial Hotel seeking Yukon wisdom yesterday. She was discussing the problem of whether or not to send her husband up to the Klondyke diggings, and when she left it appeared to be an even gamble that the husband would be started.

Henry Bratnober goes. This Big Expert and Operator is Now on His Way In From Juneau.

The Yukon will not much longer be without exploration by mining expert, and mining operators. Up to date it has been a "poor man's diggings," as the surface placers always are in the sluicebox stage while the cream is being skimmed. Money and large operations make fortunes when simple labor suits, but chiefly it is to look for and develop the great quartz deposits somewhere above the placer claims.

One of the great mining experts and operators of the mining world is now on his way in from Juneau. He is Henry Bratnober, who is widely known as one of the chief experts of the great exploration company of London, a rich man himself and an associate in mining operations of Hamilton Smith and Thomas Mein. Both he and Mein recently went to the Alaskan coast to look after large investments and development operations in Silver Bow Basin, and now Bratnober has started on a trip to the Yukon. He does not go to locate placer claims, of course. He will make a reconnaissance of the region, looking to the opportunities for capital, big deals and so on, and especially without doubt the possibilities of quartz mining in this unknown region. When he comes back he may not tell all he learns, but he will give expert opinions and accounts that will command interest and confidence throughout the world.

With him have gone Nate Fuller and Tom Sunny, who have made names and fortunes in coast mining, especially in connection with the Bird's Nest mine, adjoining the Alaska Treadwell on Douglas Island.

Thomas Mein will be back from Juneau in a few days probably. Under date of July 9 Mr. Mein writes to his son here, R. M. Mein, from Douglas Island:

"Everybody here is wild with the Yukon fever. It is simply marvelous—the reports from the Klondyke. I have seen two men from there lately, and they both tell me that you cannot exaggerate the riches of that country. Twelve men left the Treadwell this week, and every one that can get a grubstake to start is leaving."

John Treadwell, the millionaire explorer of the Alaska Treadwell mine, is much interested, but cannot go. His sons, Edward and Charles, quite young men, will leave on Sunday for Juneau and the Yukon with a party of three others. One of them is William Castle of Sutter Creek, Amador County, a practical working miner, who eight years ago tramped by the Klondyke and made a comparative failure of his experience. Nothing can stop him from leaving a good job and going back now.

Gold from the Yukon. HELENA, MONT., July 19.—Twelve thousand ounces of Yukon River gold valued at about \$240,000 have been deposited at the assay office here. It will be sent to the Philadelphia Mint for coinage.

TAKE PLENTY OF GRUB. That is the Sound Advice of Douglas MacArthur to Those Who Go to Klondyke.

The miners who have recently arrived from the fabulously rich Klondyke district of the Yukon River are nearly "bested" to death by anxious inquirers. They have been cornered so unmercifully at all times of the day and night in the lobby of the hotel which is now making pretensions of being the Klondyke headquarters that they seek refuge in their rooms and the solace of a quiet pipe from the maddening crowd of excited would-be miners and business men and provision speculators.

"These people bother me to death; they do not give me a moment's peace," said Douglas MacArthur as he led the way into his room. He opened a canvas pack, such as men carry on their backs in the mountains, and took out three nuggets of light-colored gold. The nuggets were not wholly gold. One of them was a mixture of beautiful pure white and colored quartz. There was about half an ounce, or \$10 worth of gold in each nugget.

"That's the kind of stuff we find up on the Klondyke," said he, quietly. "There is lots more of it there. Flour gold can be found in the creeks—the flaky, silt sort of blow-away stuff that is found in many of the creek and river beds of the Northwest States. But we are not prospecting for that kind of gold. Everybody is looking for flaxseed gold and nuggets, and that is the kind that everybody finds up in the Klondyke. The other kind is not worth prospecting for," he said, with a dry smile.

"Quartz? Why, it's all quartz. The country is nothing but quartz for miles and miles—quartz and slate. That's where these rich placer diggings originate. It's the richest ground there was ever struck on the Pacific Coast or in the world. Lastwise I never heard of one that was richer, and I've been interested in mining for a good many years in different places. The country is very rugged. I never saw a rougher country. But when you get there it pays. People in Sitka and Juneau were leaving their business, locking up their stores, and making for the Klondyke as fast as they could get away when we came out."

"Will not the ground all be claimed before the rush from the States can get there?" "Will all the ground be taken up before they get there?" he repeated. "Yes, it will be taken up—by snow; covered with snow before they get there, but by nothing else. There is enough ground right around the Klondyke for 10,000 claims. The Klondyke is only one of many gold-bearing creeks that flow into the Lewis River, which flows into the Yukon, and Bonanza Creek, where the claims that have already been struck are located, is a little stream emptying into the Klondyke River. Of course, all those creeks have not been prospected. The boys have had all they could attend to with their claims on the Bonanza. If they hold out as they have been mined and have produced all last winter, they will never need to look up another creek. They've got all the mining and all the gold they can attend to right where they are."

"The grub and the soupy are the great drawbacks to the development of the country. They live on truck up there that you would throw

The fac-simile signature of is on every wrapper of CASTORIA.

you advise me to go?" "Well, now, if you were 25 or 30, if you were a younger woman, I might advise you to go if you were well prepared," said the old gentleman with unguilted sincerity.

"Now how do you think I'd do with a sanitarium up there," she went on. "Couldn't I find services to perform for the miners? Now I'm not a straight-laced Christian, but I believe in the divinity of Christ and the divinity of man, and I'm interested in reforms and all sorts of things that the miners would like."

"You could find plenty to do among the miners," was the testimony.

"Of course I would expect pay for it. We want to make some money and be independent in the world, and do good at the same time. What else was that I wanted to ask, Mary? Oh, yes! Now,

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to the dogs here, and some people wouldn't even give it to dogs. It's more suitable for boys; yes, that's a fact. Did I have the scurvy? Yes; I am suffering from it yet. If them fellows there yet had fruit they'd eat the tin cans, too. I'm not going to tell you all that we ate, but most of the time we were supposed to have side meat and beans, when we did not. But a man can stand anything when he sees and feels the gold coming out of the ground by the handful and going into his own pockets.

"I will say right here that the people of the Pacific Coast will be astonished at the amount of gold that will come out of the Klondyke region in the next year. The boys are taking it out as fast as they can work; besides, there is a lot of it that has been stored up in the camp and Juneau for months. No; I can't give figures. I am not much shakes on figures. Well, I'll say millions, which means more than two, and I reckon you could add several more millions to that and not be outside the limit."

"I am afraid that all this newspaper talk will send a rush of people in there totally unprepared to be of any good to themselves or to the boys that's already on the ground. I wish you would be sure to say this. I am afraid it will set back the work. You see the boys haven't got enough grub for themselves. What can a lot of tenderfoot do in that country without any grub, where it's the worst kind of hardship and hard work for old miners that's acclimated to get along? The result would be that everybody's work would be impeded or stop-in the struggle for food—to get it into the country. If these tenderfoot go in that way, charmed by the stories of gold, some of them will starve to death as certain as snow falls in Alaska. The miners are a kind-hearted people, but they must look out for No. 1, especially when they have not enough food for themselves. A man ought to have at least \$500 to start with. He ought to have a year's supplies of provisions and some money besides. The Alaska Commercial Company is boss of the country up there. It controls the transportation and the price of grub. You've got to take what the company brings you to eat and pay the price they ask for it."

"You may think it curious that if gold is so plentiful why grub is so scarce and dear. The reason is that it is a long tough job to get supplies in there, and the expense is so great. The boys are busy mining; they've got to take what grub comes their way, and they are not going to give up all their gold for a sack of flour either. The fellers who have provisions to sell are going to demand as much gold as they can get, and there you are. That is the actual condition of things there to-day. Grub is mighty scarce and mighty high-priced. Time will regulate things so that there will be plenty to eat some day up there. But there will be a lot of suffering if men crowd in there without being well heeled with grub. There is enough gold up there for all comers, but provisions are more precious than gold. These nuggets that I showed you are not the largest that have been taken out in the Klondyke. I've seen them as large as a hen's egg, and many's the day I would have given an egg of solid gold just for something fit to eat, to say nothing of breakfast and coffee."

"The location of the Klondyke district," continued Mr. MacArthur, "has been wrongly reported in a good many newspapers. It is not in Alaska. It is in the British Northwest Territory a good long way, I know, and everybody else who has been to Dawson City knows this to be a fact, for the boundary line up in that region is well defined. Fort Selkirk is the farthest point in the Yukon, and the Klondyke district is about 400 miles below the fort. No, I do not know whether there is gold up in the country around the fort or not. I have heard there is, and I believe there is. The long and short of it is, there is gold all over that country. No young, healthy fellow, with a sufficient grub-stake, can miss it by going there. He'll make more than if he stayed at home—that is, if he has got sand enough

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