WINTER IN THE KLONDIKE.

John T. Emerson Writes Home of the Long, Cold Winter and of the Hard Prospecting Which Came to Naught.

"A BAND OF FOOLS."

Mrs. Mary Emerson is in receipt of a lengthy letter from her son, John T. Emerson, who left Ottumwa nearly a year and a half ago for the Klondike. In Seattle he joined the Starbuck party, made up principally of Iowans, which, as everybody now knows, went on a wild goose chase. This is the first letter Mrs. Emerson has had from her son for ten months, and is a complete diary of the winter spent in the frozen north. Mr. Emerson's letter is especially interesting because he speaks of other Ottumwans who are now searching for gold in that country. The complete letter follows:

Feb. 20, 189?, Latitude 67 degrees, 10 minutes north, longitude 154 degrees 30 minutes west (about), on Hogatzakakat River, near head waters, Alaska.

Dear Mother and Brother: A year ago, I left home—and haven't got anywhere yet. To be sure I am far enough away. If I could travel due south 1,572 nautical miles (6,080 feet), and then due east 3,829 miles, I should be able to rest my weary eyes on the gilded statue of Wapello Chief. I am writing within the Arctic Circle, which, if I remember rightly, begins at 66 degrees 32 minutes. Anyway the sun failed to get above the horizon on Nov. 30, last, and we did not see his face for forty-four days, until he managed to climb above again Jan. 13. The days were rather short but still we had four and one-half hours twilight about Dec. 21. Yesterday we had eleven hours of daylight, and about all of June and the first half of July we should be able to see the sun continuously, barring cloudy weather if we remain here. During the short days we breakfasted at 9 to 9:30 and dined and supped at 3:30 to 4. We then talked, read or played games as late as we pleased, without being continually conscious of having to be at some daily appointed task early next morning. During the twilight hours we exercised. Some preparing fuel, some setting snares for a lean rabbit, some hunting spruce hens and ptarmigan, and some taking long walks up and down the river.

"Band of Fools."

But I know you will be anxious to hear of our daily progress (in retrogression) since the magnificent steamer "Iowa" turned her majestic prow to the sea and St. Michaels, and left our hardy band (of fools). This event happened on Monday, Aug. 8, '98. We went to work and built two poling boat. The Kiser camp also built two and Parks and Twogood camp, and Bronslow and Starbuck camp each built one. Then we started to get our goods up the river and sent Akers and McGregor ahead with a load of goods to spy out the head waters of this winding stream, and to find winter quarters (and gold), if they could. The Kiser camp also started for the same destination with a load of goods, as well as Parks and Twogood. In the meanwhile the steamer Seota, with eighteen San Francisco and Alameda gold seekers on board, steamed up past our camp. They were towing four men, part of whom had trailed us from Skaguay, and of course all caught the fever from reading a copy of the "Starbuck Letter," which they had in their possession.

On August 24, Starbuck and Brownslow left for Nulato. Just before Starbuck started Parks and Twogood, who were short on flour and sugar, offered Starbuck cash for some, but he refused to sell them a pound, although he was going direct to Nulato, a trading post that was known to be well supplied with all kinds of provisions.

When we bid good-bye to the returning Iowa crowd the understanding was that they were to prospect on their way down this river, a certain creek that we had all passed by without stopping, and if they found anything they were to let us know at once. The two miners, Ed. and Ben. Boyer, of Montana, whom we had picked up on the Koyukuk, and brought up this stream with us, were to accompany them on their return, that far and help prospect this creek. About this time, Aug. 24, they came back up stream for their goods, which they had cached alongside of ours. They reported that the "Iowa" had departed for St. Michaels; that Thomas and wife, Hiatt, Con Doran, Michaels, Sherlock and Bridgeman had stopped at this creek; that good prospects had been found on rim rock, and all the returning Iowa crowd had filed on twenty acres each for himself and twenty additional acres for some near and dear relative that had never seen Alaska, except possibly in golden dreams, and in addition to above territory they had located 160 acres more as a corporation and were going to put it on the market at home (for benefit of friends) and come back next summer with steamer and goods bought with proceeds; and also that they (Boyer Bros.) had filed in addition on a quartz lode and sent out samples to be assayed, and last but not least, that they had been instructed to not tell us anything about this find.

Started Out Prospecting.

You will remember that at this time there were only three of us in camp, Burnett confined to his bed with a broken leg, Buck and myself. We had moved most of our goods about twenty-five miles up the river and cached them on a sand bar, but did not consider them any too safe on account of some possible sudden rise in the river, and as our first cache where the "Iowa" left us was high and dry above any signs of high water marks, we took a light load of 1,000 pounds with Burnett, bed and all, and in two days had our tent pitched near our upper cache. The night spent between these places we fixed up "Deacon" Burnett in his bed on the top of our load in the boat which we tied to some willow bushes. He said he never slept better in his life, but then the "Deacon" loves the water. Our two boys and the Kiser camp came down the river the next day, Aug. 27, in the afternoon, and reported that they had "found some colors but no gold." We all left for Clear Creek that afternoon and evening, except Akers, who stayed behind to keep Burnett straight. We made Discovery Claim fifteen miles up the creek by 6 p. m. on the 29th. They told us that by weight the best pans were only 1½ to 2 cents and we ourselves could only get nine colors per pan and that from scrapings off the exposed bedrock on the bank of the creek. The next morning we put blankets and grub on our backs and prospected some ten or twelve miles further up the creek and climbed a mountain peak in the forks on the second day. The view showed nothing but mountain peaks and the valley of Clear Creek. The blueberries and cranberries above the timber line of this mountain were the finest I have ever seen. Evidences of recent occupation by bears and elks were everywhere to be seen. Hiatt shot a large bear about a week or ten days later near this peak. We met the Kiser camp as we were returning from this peak, and slept that night on a sand bar. The next morning, Sept. 1, we arrived at Discovery Claim at 11 a. m. and filed our claims and the next morning we started for our own camp. The mosquitos were not so bad at this time because it froze ice on still water every night and rained half the day time. The ride down the creek was very exciting. It is very winding, and consists of a succession of pools and rapids and the rapids are generally on curves. Just imagine a man standing in each end of a poling boat, pole in hand, trying to keep it in the stream, and avoid overhanging trees, rocks, drift and perpendicular banks. Our boat was twenty-five feet on top by twenty-two feet on bottom. Beam was four feet on top by fourteen inches on bottom. It was clinker built and sixteen perpendicular height at center. Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids weren't in it. The water was clear as a crystal. The pools full of greyling and speckled trout. You could see them dart around the boat by dozens. When we came up the creek the stench from dead salmon lying on the gravel bars was nearly unbearable. We actually counted twenty-five on one little bar not over sixty feet in length. It was not so bad and they were nearly all gone when we came down. It rained steady all the time and we stopped at noon near the mouth and camped in Boyer Bros.' tent. They were on a trip down to the Koyukuk and we had no tent with us and one does not relish sleeping in wet clothes when he can have dry ones. Here we met Parks and Twogood, who had come down the river and were engaged in bringing their goods up into the creek. Twogood and I caught five greylings with flies. While fishing Twogood surprised a flock of partridges and shot a duck coming down the creek so we had a pretty good supper. The next morning we started up river for our first cache and arrived at 5 p. m. We had a fine view of Clear Creek mountains from a point on the river, and what was so green and brilliant the day we were up there was now covered with the beautiful snow. We asked each other what we had done with our summer's wages but the only answer was the gurgling of the river as it went by.

Stop on Clear Creek.

It froze hard that night. We started early the next morning with a heavy load and made our upper cache at 8:30. The leaves had turned quite yellow by this time and some were falling. Nature whispered "The melancholy days are come." Buck and I went back the next morning for the last load of goods, and Akers and McGregor took a load up stream. In the meanwhile, the San Francisco crowd were building cabins about fifteen miles above our present quarters and we began to think that a cabin might be a pleasant thing to possess. A rainy spell set in and the river rose steadily until it had risen five feet in all. Nearly all the bars were covered. It came within a foot of our tent and within an inch of our cache. It was impossible to pole against the current. It rushed by carrying whole trees torn up by the roots and emitted a sound at places as though it was boiling—guess it was. It froze hard nights. On the night of the 10th the water commenced to fall rapidly, and on the morning of the 12th we broke camp and took everything and slept that night in one of the San Francisco cabins. The next forenoon we pitched our tent, selected our cabin site and cut our first log for same. In the afternoon we attended the funeral of Fred Aiton, of Alameda, Cal., who had died the day before from a cold contracted in coming up the Yukon. On the 14th we got all of our belongings to the cabin site and the next day commenced our cabin which we finished and moved into on the 25th. It was the largest in camp, 14x18 feet inside; had the bark peeled off the inside for light, and a board floor and was chinked with moss. It has proved the warmest "mansion" I ever spent a winter in. On the 16th the three San Francisco scouts came down the river and reported that if they had found any gold it was in a certain basin on the right fork. On the 19th Buck and five others took two loads of provisions with the intention of caching them at the mouth of the creek that ran out of this basin. Then parties could go up as soon as the river froze up without hauling so much on a sled and prospect. It was freezing nights and the poles and ropes were covered with ice and were hard and rough and stiff to handle. In the morning they had to break thin ice with their poles before they could proceed. They got afraid of being frozen in and cached about ten miles this side of the creek, and came to camp on the 24th. It snowed a little the day before.

Burnett was getting along finely with his broken leg, and with the aid of crutches had been doing the cooking ever since we had pitched our tent at this place. By the first of October he hardly used his crutches, except when he took an occasional stroll on the boulevard. While Buck was up the river on his last trip, Akers, McGregor and myself were finishing the cabin. Burnett baked six large loaves of yeast bread daily for six consecutive days before he could get any ahead or skip a day. You see we had been living on baking powder biscuits, if we were fortunate enough to get them, for some time. On our trip to Clear Creek we had neither tent nor stove nor fruit (except wild berries)—just some good old bacon, beans, baking powder bread and oatmeal. October 1 was a red-letter day—"Deacon" made his first pies and turn-overs.

Winter Sets In.

On October 5 the river nearly froze over. On the 9th about a dozen of the boys went skating on a lagoon. On the 12th it snowed a little, and the next day some of us skated on the river and over it. It kept getting colder, and the morning of the 17th it was 12 degrees below. During all this time we had been making our wood pile as large as possible. By the 20th the days got so short that we decided that two meals a day were enough as long as we had nothing particular to do. On the 25th Akers and I took our guns and began to explore our surroundings. The lagoons and marshes were frozen over so you could walk most anywhere the brush would let you and there was an inch of snow on the ground. Up to the 25th we had shot nothing except a half dozen spruce hens, and saw no tracks but what have since proved to be otter and rabbit tracks. We found that nearly all the country had at some time or other been burned over; found standing charred stumps of trees thirty inches in diameter, and many birch trees peeled by the Indians.

On the 25th, zero weather. Some six miles from camp we ran into a bear hole, into which the animal had evidently retired only a few days previous, as leaves and grass were scattered all over the snow. We woke them up with some lighted birch bark stuck on the end of a stick, and as they came out to see what the matter was, we quickly saluted them with our 30-30 rifles. There were three—a mother and her two children. It was murder in the first degree, and the only excuse was fresh meat.

On the 17th of September two of the San Francisco crowd were drifting down the river and saw two bears ahead of them on a side hill. They got within seventy-five yards, but the bears got disgusted and hurried away out of sight, after standing stock still for three shots. There was no blood drawn that time. You may believe there was rejoicing in camp over the bear and two cubs. They were very fat and tasted like roast pork or roast beef, just as one fancied. We distributed them over camp so that all—twenty-six men—could have several meals of fresh meat. Although Akers and myself hunted faithfully until October 31, we found no more bear holes except three old and empty ones.

In the meanwhile two of the San Francisco crowd had gone to Clear Creek with hand sleds. They got back on the 30th of October, and reported that Don Rutlege had left for home on September 18; that they were unable to get down to bed-rock on Clear Creek on account of the water breaking in; that 100 people had come in there and taken up claims, and that Hiatt had shot a caribou back in the mountains.

Nothing on Basin Creek.

On Nov. 1 all of our crowd except Burnett and six of the San Francisco crowd, took tents, stoves and provisions on hand-sleds and started up river to prospect Basin Creek, some fifty-three miles up river. It was seven miles up the creek to the Basin, and we had to swamp the creek before we could pull a sled. It was full of warm springs which bothered us considerable. The weather ranged from zero to 40 degrees below. By the 10th we had all claims staked off and started to burn the first hole. Two of the holes had to be abandoned on account of water breaking in, and new ones were started. We decided to prospect beyond the bald hills which surrounded our basin, and also to prospect the left fork of basin creek, and made up two parties. I was with the party that climbed the mountains. It was a grand view. Snow-capped rugged peaks bounded the north and west; east was a succession of bald hills as far as the eye could see, while in the south stretched the valley of the Hogatzakakat, with its winding river, small lakes, lagoons and marshes. I shall never forget it. The best things any of us found were two old Indian winter hunting camps. By the 20th we had one hole down fifteen feet and another eight feet, both in a soft hardpan and the knowing ones decided that Basin Creek was worthless as a gold producing spot. On the 21st we gathered all our "penates" (not potatoes), and started for the forks of the river. Here, King, Johnson and McGregor decided to prospect the left fork, and leaving them the remaining provisions and bidding them good luck, we started for camp on Thanksgiving day. It was so windy that at certain bends one had to walk on shore and jerk his sled along a foot or two at a time, until he made that bend. One could not walk on the slippery ice against the wind and pull a pound. Fortunately, for most of the way, the wind was at our backs. We had sport that day. The wind would blow our sleds so hard that one would have to be quick and jump on them or they would get away. I rode once over 200 yards without a stop or turnover. We arrived at camp next day at 1:30.

Thirty-Three Cents Per Pan.

On the 30th, Manion, Hiatt and Ben Boyer came up from Clear Creek, prepared to go up the river if we had struck any pay dirt. They reported that one hole had been dug down to bedrock, seven feet, but that it filled with water at once. That they had afterward found by weight, 33 cents per pan from the gravel thrown out of the hole; that mail would be brought from Nulato to Clear Creek about Jan. 1; that thirty-two steamers were frozen in on the Koyukuk and ten men on the Hogatzakakat. This was all such startling news that the sun did not show his face that morning; in fact he never recovered his equilibrium until Jan. 13. After a pleasant visit they left for home on Dec. 3 and nine of the San Francisco crowd started for Clear Creek, on the same day and the next. On the 5th two of the boys came back. One day and one night on the trail in winter time was enough for them. They were done up and three of the boys had to go down [with rheuma… misfortune… arm last w…]les and get their sleds. [Dr. G. S…] Akers and I loaded tent, [Warner rec…]g and provisions for a [week of t…] and started up river for [Jane Har…] the creek, some six miles [Four …]owed the hardest that day [wheels f…]s ever snowed here. Some […]ing. […]hes fell and we had hard [Mr. …]oughing through it. It was […]ng and at times you could not see th[…]y feet. We tramped from daylight till dark every day, but saw nothing. The thermometer dropped to 32 below part of the time. We came home on the 13th, and on the 19th I started cooking for our camp. I guess I had better touch lightly on that part of my career. The boys must all have had their lives insured, and they surely could masticate and digest anything that an ostrich could. Anyway, I experimented on them, and they said nothing but eat everything that was set before them. Christmas dinner consisted of mashed potatoes, with brown gravy and fried bacon, cracked wheat mush with milk and sugar, boiled rice with butter, sugar and nutmeg, boiled plum pudding with sweet sauce, white and graham bread, doughnuts, apple pie, fruit cake (one year old), butter, sugar, coffee, etc. There were no swelled heads the next morning.

Thermometer Dropped 50 Below.

On the 27th we viewed the eclipse of the moon. During the next two weeks an otter was shot. Most of the San Francisco crowd skinned their bacon and sewed the rinds on the bottom of their moccasins, and two of the boys made each of them a sled. On Sunday, January 8, it was 32 below, on the 9th 40, 10th 42, 11th 52, 12th 54, 13th 50 and 14th 22. On the 18th the three men we had left up the river on Thanksgiving day arrived in camp. They reported the left fork no good and said they had eaten the last morsel they had that morning. They killed three otters while ascending the left fork and ate the four quarters and threw away the trunk pieces. When they came back they hunted around in the snow and found them and ate them. The three otters furnished ten full meals. They also at midday, Dec. 26th, from an elevation, saw at the same time the full moon and the sun. The moon did not set. King froze the end of his heel a few days before coming home. On Jan. 24, Buck, Akers and Burnett and six of the San Francisco crowd started with sixty days' provisions, for Clear Creek. We got water out of the river until the 26th, when it froze up solid and we have melted ice since. Mainspring to my watch broke on Feb. 3.

On Feb. 7, King, Johnson, McGregor and Stokes started to explore the head waters of the right branch, with ninty days' provisions. King's heel was not entirely well. The 8th and 9th were very windy and I walked up river about six miles and found them all in camp waiting for the wind to go down, so they could make a sled trail with their snow shoes. From the 11th to the 21st, inclusive, the thermometer ranged at about 8 a. m. minus 47 degrees. On the 11th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th, respectively, it was minus 51, 64, 60 and 62 degrees. Thompson and Ted Hanson were sick.

May 1, 1899. Same old place. From the 20th to March 8, inclusive, the thermometer registered an average of minus 43 degrees. On March 15 two of the San Francisco crowd came in from Clear Creek, and reported that the rest of the boys were camped from eight to twelve miles below; that they could not get a hole at Clear Creek on account of the warm springs breaking in; that Dawson had burned down; that two men had died at Clear Creek of scurvy, and that one had accidentally shot himself; that Bridgman and Parks had the scurvy, but they had gotten them to drinking spruce tea and they were up and out once more; that the mail carrier on the Yukon finding that he was freezing, dumped his mail off the sled and lashed himself on and whipped up his dogs, and that they did not know whether they would be able to save him at Minook. Three more of the San Francisco crowd came to camp without their loads, and the first two left with food. They had come up to break trail with snow shoes and carry back food.

The thermometer got up to 33 degrees today, the first time since Oct. 8, and we shoveled two feet of snow off our cabin roof.

The next day Buck and McMahon came to camp on snow shoes, to break trail, and went back after dinner. They reported that the transportation companies were now engaged in booming the Koyukuk; that one had secretly shipped a chest of gold up to Tramway Bar and transferred it to another boat and openly brought it down river and showed it and spoke of it as actually dug on the Koyukuk.

All the Boys Get Letters.

On the 17th all of the boys came to camp. They all had received letters except myself. You should have seen them eat for the next week or ten days. On the 20th some of the boys cut a hole through the ice to see if they could not get some fish. At 5 feet six inches they broke through, within 6 inches of gravel. No fish and water very yellow. In the afternoon two white men came down the river, and reported that they had left the headwaters of the Alatua (Allenkakat) river three weeks before; that their part of the country was full of people and that there was no gold there; that the thermometer had registered on two days 75 and 82 degrees below; that they had met our party some eighty miles up the river; that there was no large stream between the Alatua and the Hogatzakakat, and that the latter river had four forks; that they saw no sign of larger game than otter. They were going down near the mouth of this river to see the Aurora party, of which they were a part. They left the next morning. On the 22d we had a rabbit stew and on the 23d one of the men shot a squirrel. The two Hansons and Chase started for some open rapids, some twenty miles below, for a fish and otter hunt. On the 25th Tony and Luke, two Kotzebue Sound Indians, came to camp. We understood they were from the Kowak river and had come over here to hunt caribou. They cached packed a rifle, robe, very light ax, extra pair fur sleeping boots and snow shoes. They also had dried salmon, a bladder of oil, a few cooking utensils and had shot a spruce hen. McKenzie's cabin took them in and they stayed over "two sleeps," explaining they were "plenty sick in the groin."

On the 26th King, McGregor, Johnson and Stokes came to camp. Stokes was about sick. The boys reported "nit." On the 28th Dr. Metcalf and Jim Crosby started up river to bring back their cache, above the left fork. I followed the trail of the Indians some twelve miles in order to see where they were going and the arrangements they made for a night's camp. They traveled for a day and a half in a south and southeast direction, toward some bald hills. On the 31st the two Indians came back to camp, and we entertained them for twenty-four hours. They said they were "twenty sleeps" too early for caribou. They sung for us, showed McGregor how to dress his otter skins and Tony drew me a map of the country. The map shows no large river between this one and Alatua. On the 22d we celebrated Easter with a big dish of custard made from crystalized eggs.

From the 4th to [illegible], inclusive, Johnson, McMahon and I cut trails overland from our camp to the steamer Leota. On the 10th part of the San Francisco crowd began to haul their goods down to the steamer and the rest put three whip-saws to work—the intention being to build a scow and put a sleeping cabin on steamer. On the 18th two men came to camp and reported that the creek had overflowed and the steamer was eight inches under water and they wanted two pumps made. On the 19th McKenzie, LaPlant, Chase and Buck, McGregor and Schrader left for the steamer. The steamer was some twenty-five miles below us by the river, but was only four hours' walk by trail; we estimated that we walked from two and a half to two and three-quarters miles per hour.

At Mouth of Yukon.

Sunday, June 11, 1899.

We are now lying at the mouth of the Yukon, waiting for the ice to blow out of the sound, so we can steam across to St. Michaels. Since writing the above we got the steamer out of the water, overhauled her machinery and built a cabin, and on May 23 started down the river for Nulato. There we learned that Don Rutlege had not gone home but had gone to Cape Nome, and had sent a letter to his camp stating that the prospects were good. We found that every one who could had left for Cape Nome, so we came on down the Yukon as fast as we could. We are going to try to get over there and locate claims and then find some means of getting food of some kind. We have been out of butter and sugar and milk for some time. I got no letters at Nulato. Have not heard from you for over a year. Guess I will have to come home to see how you are. While lying here waiting for the ice to get out of the way, we go hunting, and so far have had duck, curlew, grouse and snipe for dinner each day.

The steamers "Porteus B. Weare," "Klondike," "Yukon," "Sunflower," and "Dewey" are here, and the first small boat has come down with three of our original Iowa crowd. The Indians here are entirely different from the Koyukuk Indians.

Is Going to Cape Nome.

Tuesday, June 27, St. Michaels.

I have just came from the postoffice and as usual for the past thirteen and a half months have drawn a blank. I have not had a letter from any one since we left the foot of Lake Bennett. Henry Stoessel is here in St. Michaels, and in the postoffice. He has had pretty regular mail and papers. We arrived here a week ago last Friday and were pretty well "busted" financially and physically. I went to work for the N. A. T. & T. Co. on Saturday and have gained one pound each day for the first eight days; weigh 160 pounds now. I am trying to earn enough money to pay my passage over to Cape Nome. Not that I think there is plenty of gold over there. I am afraid it is simply a boom by the transportation companies. Of course, I have to go, being so near, and be ready for any chance I can get. They say everything is staked. I don't know when I shall write you again, probably not till I get back from a prospecting trip over there. I shall have to pack blankets, food and tools and traveling will be slow.

My address will be this place, St. Michaels, Alaska. If you don't hear from me look twice before you refuse some poor tramp a bite to eat. The steamer "Roanoke" came in three days ago (June 25) and on board were part of our old Iowa party—Capt. Abbott and his father, John Keebles and Foster, Vaile and Barber. They had machinery for Clear Creek, steam boat and saw mill. They are now going to Cape Nome. They had letters for all of us but myself. The old scoundrel Starbuck was also on board and had a party of three men in tow. The Iowa party "queered" him with the three men. Hundreds of destitute miners are now coming in from Dawson and along the Yukon. The government took out hundreds last fall who were stranded here. I am pretty sure that Cape Nome is a fake. I can not learn positively that any gold has been mined at Cape Nome. M. T. Burnett, R. C. McGregor and O. J. Akers have gone to Cape Nome, and if I have work for two weeks longer I shall be able to go. They are going to write me the exact facts if they can find them out. I shall pro[…]y hear from them before I am re[…] to go. There have also gone over [f]rom our crowd, Kiser, Manion and […] Twohig. Don Rutlege boarded the Roanoke when she tried to land at [Cape] Nome and had to stay on her […] down here, but went back […] on the schooner Mary Ann. [He h]as ten claims but has not panned […] pan of dirt, but says he is […] there is plenty of gold there. [W]rite me what money the Iowa […] turned over to Ralph, and if you […] papers—why, send clippings inst[ead]. Yours truly, John T. [Em]erson.

"Necessity knows no law." It is a law of nature that the blood must be kept pure, and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it.

The Cass county Veterans' association will be held at Anita August 22 to 25.

BIG

Clearing Sale

AT

THE HUB

40 pairs boys' wash pants, - - - - worth 35c, for 18c
All 1.50 straw hats - for 75c All 75c straw hats - for 50c
All 75c crash hats for 45c

22 nice black wearwell suits, worth 5.00, for $3.75
24 nice all wool brown plaid suits, sold elsewhere for 10.00, this sale for $5.75
About 20 young men's suits, regular market value 5.00 to 6.00, this sale for $3.00
Boys' long pants suits that were 4.00, now $2.75
Young men's nobby suits actually worth 15.00 will be sold while we have them, for $9.00 and $7.50

CALL FOR THESE. THEY ARE BIG BARGAINS.

A lot of remnant suits at just half price to make room for our big fall stock which is now beginning to arrive.

We knew that there would be a big advance in prices this fall and bought early, thus securing our fall and winter clothing at the old prices. Our room is not large enough for our stock, and we are bound to clear the decks for our new goods at prices that will force sales. To see our prices on these goods is equivalent to making a purchase.

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Latest designs and colors. COMMON SHIRTS from 15c to 50c. ALL KINDS from the CHEAPEST to THE BEST.

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CALL AT THE HUB AND SEE ABOUT IT.

THE GREATEST YET

Notwithstanding the extreme hot weather and busy times,

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Reports the best business for last week he ever had in Ottumwa. Nothing but genuine merit and ability could accomplish what Dr. ONEAL has accomplished in Ottumwa.

FRAUDS AND FAKES ARE SHORT LIVED.

Watch the Courier for days and dates of his next free consultation. They will be announced soon. T[hen] make your arrangements to go and [see] him.