

# Western Kansas World.

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STOCK FARMING THE BASIS OF OUR INDUSTRIES.

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

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NUMBER 3.

## ALASKA'S GOLD FIELDS.

Vast Auriferous Deposits in the Yukon River Country.

Formation of a New Transportation Company Which Will Make the Territory Accessible to Miners and Prospectors—A Miner's Story.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

Capt. D. M. Swain, master of the steamer Borealis Rex, which plies on the Illinois river, is interested in a company which will operate a line of steamers on the Yukon river, Alaska, to the gold fields. The route from Seattle, Wash., to Juneau, Alaska, is now covered by the vessels of the Pacific Coast Steamship company. From Juneau the Yukon Transportation company will have two separate routes to Circle City, the objective point. The freight route, by way of the Berling sea and mouth of the Yukon, is 4,780 miles; the passenger route by way of the Chilkoot pass and the source of the Yukon is 2,093—the distance computed from Seattle.

This enterprise is advanced to facilitate traffic into the gold regions of the far north. Interchange with miners who have made their fortunes in the Yukon country first drew Mr. Swain's attention to this field, and he is much interested in its resources and possibilities, and has made a thorough study of the country. He is assured of the navigability of the Yukon and its tributaries, and says if transportation facilities for passengers and supplies are made adequate and rapid, the country will develop wonderfully.

Alaska contains 617,000 square miles and has an extent of over 1,000 miles north and south and over 2,000 miles east and west. A range of high mountains parallel with the Pacific coast, about 60 miles inland, divides the country into two unequal parts—the narrow coast strip, which has a mild, moist climate, and the interior Yukon basin where humidity is an unknown quality. Zero weather makes one less comfortable than 40 degrees above zero in the central states. The coast is easily accessible, being reached at all seasons of the year by ocean vessels, and is well known, being visited by many tourists. The Yukon river basin is accessible less than

son, and some took out \$35,000, and one man from Milwaukee \$80,000.

It is asserted there is a bright future for the entire Yukon basin as a mining region, not only in the auriferous deposit, but in the vast leads of quartz found everywhere.

But the gold and other minerals are not the only wealth that has remained hidden in this ice-bound treasure-box for ages. The streams contain salmon and other fish in untold quantities. Salmon canning, yet unattempted on the Yukon, could be made exceedingly profitable, and, together with the rich quartz, would furnish a valuable cargo for freight boats returning from taking supplies up the river. The annual output of furs is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and for years to come will continue to be a source of big revenue to any company giving its attention to that trade.

The Yukon is the second largest river in the world, being next to the Amazon in size. It is 60 miles wide at its mouth, and at a distance of 1,500 miles from its mouth has a width of seven to ten miles. The river is too shallow for ocean steamers, but is navigable the entire length for flat-bottom river boats of 400 to 500 tons burden. The navigable tributaries of the Yukon are the Lewis, Pelly, Stewart, Tahkema, Hootalinqua, Porcupine, Tannana, Avik, White, Birch and the Salmon, and many others, to the extent of several thousand miles. Prospectors can penetrate by boat the most remote parts of the gold fields without hardships, get supplies without fail, work during the entire mining season, and coming out at the close of the summer spend their winter in milder climates. All this will be made possible by the line of boats now in contemplation.

Until two years ago comparatively few miners ever visited this region of wealth where nature had been so lavish. In 1893 about 300 men went; in 1894, 600 entered, and last year over 3,000. If proper transportation facilities are furnished and made known in 1896 20,000 probably would be a low estimate of the number that will seek riches in this new country. The movement toward the coast, on the way of their long journey, would remind the Californians of '49.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer is authority for the statement that the mines were short 2,000 tons of provisions this year, and that many were on the verge of starvation, with money

## SOME CAPITAL STORIES.

Congressman Cummings' Experience in Missouri.

How Dan Wiley Secured Admission to the Floor of the House—Four Kansas Governors in the Senate.

[Special Washington Letter.] Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, fertile journalist, a voluminous and always interesting writer, is a keeper of scrap-books. They contain all the wit and wisdom of a generation; for Amos Cummings has been long in the land. He was a gallant union soldier, and after the civil war he was a tramp printer in the Mississippi valley. He "stuck type" in nearly every city between St. Louis and St. Paul, and walked over many of the public roads from town to town. Rail-



road passes were hard to obtain, and only the great men who edited papers were allowed such luxuries.

But to return to those scrap-books. They are all indexed, and contain his own stories as well as the pencillings of leading contemporary writers. One of the best stories in one of the oldest of the books is illustrative of the manner in which the people of the southwest return evasive answers to direct questions. One evening about dusk a man rode up to a fence surrounding a lot near the roadside and thus addressed a woman who was attempting to persuade a few drops of milk from a milky cow:

"Madam, I am lost."  
"Waal, that's whut the preacher says is the matter with the most of us, an' I reckon the best thing to do is to git 'ligion an' then do the best we kin under the circumstances," she replied, giving the cow an artful jerk.  
"I mean that I have missed the road to Dabney's ferry."  
"Waal, I shouldn't wonder, fur it is a mighty matter fur some folks to foler these roads here, they air so crooked. You air trav'lin', I reckon?"  
"Yes, I want to go to Dabney's ferry."  
"Got kinfolks livin' down thar, I reckon?"  
"No; I have no relatives living in this part of the country. Will this road lead me to the ferry?"  
"Waal, you'll hatter ax pap about that. He tromps round all over the neighborhood while I'm doin' the work, an' he oughter know whar the roads go to."  
"Where is he?"  
"Who, pap?"  
"Yes."  
"Waal, Lawd only knows. But I reckon the yaller dog kin take you whar he is."  
"Where is the yeller dog?"  
"I don't know that author. You'll hatter ax one of the chilun."  
"Where are the children?"  
"The Lawd in Heaven only knows, stranger, fur I don't. Jest wait awhile an' mebbey one of 'em will holler, for it's about time for one of 'em to get snakebit."  
"I haven't time to wait."  
"Waal, then, I reckon you'll have to jog along the best way you kin."  
"I wish you would give me some information."  
"Yas, I reckon so, fur I hear tell that information is a mighty fine thing when a pusson is pushed right hard fur it."  
"Where does that road over there lead to?"  
"Right to Dabney's ferry."  
"Why, that's the road I want. Why didn't you tell me?"  
"Waal, you didn't ax me about that road. You kep' on talkin' about sithin' else. Waal, good-day. Ef you travel round here much you'll larn to ax fur whut you want without beatin' about the bush."

How John Wiley Won a Bet. It is practically impossible for anyone to gain admission to the floor of the house of representatives when that body is in session. Under the rules no one is entitled to admission but representatives, ex-representatives and members-elect; that is, those who have been elected as member of the next congress. John Wiley, of New York, managed to gain admission one day, however, by a clever trick. Congressman Dan Lockwood, of Buffalo, and his friend Wiley were strolling about the capitol, and when they approached the main door of the house, Mr. Lockwood said: "Well, John, I must leave you here. I

go in as an ex-member, but you are barred."

"I bet you a fine lunch that I am in on the floor three minutes after you enter," said Mr. Wiley.

"Done," said the great orator. Then he walked up to Doorkeeper Conkley and said: "Lockwood, of Buffalo, ex-member." That was enough. He passed right in.

Within a minute Wiley approached Conkley, who had never seen Wiley up to that time. "Did my predecessor enter this door just now?" inquired Mr. Wiley.

"What's his name, sir?" said Conkley, in reply.

"Daniel N. Lockwood, of Buffalo," was the answer.

"Yes, sir; he's right there in the main aisle, walk right in," and the doorkeeper turned away to attend to another visitor.

Wiley walked in. Ten minutes later he had marched Lockwood to the restaurant and compelled him to pay for a costly little banquet, in which nearly a score of friends participated.

A Story of Four Governors.

"There are four governors of Kansas on the floor of the senate," said Frank Flenniken, private secretary to Senator Plumb, one day when Ingalls was making a great speech. It happened that there were several distinguished citizens of Kansas in the city, and all of them wanted to hear their brilliant senator speak; but the galleries were crowded, and they could not go upon the floor of the senate, for the rules of that body are exceedingly strict. But either Flenniken or Plumb had taken those gentlemen, one at a time, to the four different doors of the senate, and passed each of them into the senate, as "the governor of Kansas," although not one of them had ever held that office.

Politicians and public men in Washington are not always sticklers for truth, when they want to accomplish any desirable end.

A Reporter's Ready Wit.

Every day at noon a large square-shouldered man, weighing about 260 pounds, walks out of the treasury department, crosses Pennsylvania avenue, and enters a dairy lunch room where he liberally supplies the demands of an enviable appetite. He is unpretentious, quiet, but everybody knows him and calls him "Biv." He was a confederate cavalryman and a good one, when only 16 years of age. After the war he completed his education and then engaged in newspaper work. He quit reporting several years ago and accepted a government position. He was at Elberon when President Garfield died. He saw Mrs. Garfield interviewed. Gen. Swain, rushed to the telegraph office, seized the key, and sent the news to the papers which he represented. Just as he was concluding his dispatch Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh entered and said: "I take possession of this telegraph line, in the name of the United States government." The reporter, who was a splendid telegraph operator, as well as a stenographer and all-round news-



"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN SENDING OVER THAT WIRE?"

paper man, said: "All right, sir," and closed the key.

"What have you been sending over that wire?" inquired the attorney general.

"I have been announcing the death of the president," replied the correspondent.

The attorney general had intended to suppress the news until after Vice President Arthur had taken the oath of office; but the newspaper man was too quick for him. James Gordon Bennett paid him for his services, and made him a present of \$500 besides. His name is Tom Bivins. He is usually called "Biv." for that was his natural nom de plume when he was a reporter.

SMITH D. FRY.

The Spiteful Thing.

Mrs. Mann—It is so provoking! That girl I discharged last week is going about telling everybody what a splendid woman I am.

Mr. Mann—And you find fault with her for that?

Mrs. Mann—Of course I do. Don't you see that the artful thing is trying to make people believe that she left of her own accord?—Boston Transcript.

An Insupportable Objection.

"Can't I rent you this house next to the church?"

"No; my wife likes to come in late."—Chicago Record.

To Be Avoided.

As the young man entered the reading-room of the club there was a sudden exodus in the direction of the billiard-room.

"Wilbur seems to have become suddenly unpopular," said one of the men in the far corner, as he noticed it.

"Well, the boys do rather avoid him," returned the other.

"For what reason?"

"Why, his first baby has just reached the age where it says bright things."—Chicago Evening Post.

By a Woman Suffragist.

Alas that we a man should meet In this progressive land, Who will in congress take a seat, And let a lady stand! —Washington Star.

THE CURSE OF HEREDITY.



"Yes, Patsey MacManus O'Flaherty, yer pa may be rich and able ter give yer stylish clothes, but he's not able to change yer face, so there!"—Life.

The Reason.

Mrs. Sharp—I can't see why Mrs. Biggar makes so much fuss over her baby, and neglects her husband so shamefully.

Mr. Sharp—But her baby is greater than his father.

Mrs. S.—What do you mean?

Mr. S.—Well, it's a little Biggar.—To Date.

Nothing Lost.

First Burglar—You was mighty lucky to get cleared, but that there lawyer charged ye about all ye stole, didn't he?

Second Burglar—That don't matter. I'll watch my chance when he goes home to-night and git it back.—Odds and Ends.



PARROT (Student of Evolution)—Great Scott! Is that what we come to!!

Well Up in His Business.

"Who is that extraordinarily tall man?" asked the visitor, who had never been in a department store before.

"That's the floor walker," replied the friend that had undertaken the task of showing him about town.

"The floor walker?" exclaimed the other. "He looks more like a ceiling scraper."—Chicago Tribune.

His Birthday.

"Dear John, here's a silver match-safe, and wish you many happy returns."

"Thank you, dear Sophia."

"Oh, yes, and mamma's coming today to stay two months, and the soft coal's out, and the hard coal's out, and here's the gas bill."—Chicago Record.

His Unblended Opinion.

"Now, professor," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice, I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to."

And without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician responded: "Whispering."—Odds and Ends.

Its Usual Effect.

Jones—I've just been doing something that always makes me feel cheap.

Smith—What is that?

Jones—Comparing my salary with what I think it ought to be.—Brooklyn Life.

He Had.

Dominie—My dear sir, have you anything laid by for a rainy day?

Rakeson—Oh, yes; a collection of 23 borrowed umbrellas.—N. Y. World.

A Cold World.

"What brought you to this place, my friend?" inquired a visitor at the penitentiary of a convict.

"A mere matter of opinion got me here, sir."

"Impossible!"

"No, sir. I expressed the opinion that I was innocent, and the jury expressed the opinion that I wasn't. It's a cold world, sir."—Bay City Chat.

Leap Year Incident.

"Didn't you always say that McJones was so modest that he would never propose?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"Well, he's engaged to be married."

"I knew it; but that does not go to show that I was wrong about his not proposing. He is engaged to a widow, and this is leap year.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Baby Could Talk.

Mamma and baby returned from a walk. "Oh," says mamma to her husband, "such good news. Baby talks. He has just said his first word."

"Really?"

"Yes, just fancy. We were in the zoological gardens, standing before the monkey cage when baby cried out: 'Look at papa!'—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

A Reasonable Inference.

Manchester—I think Snaggs has concluded that it is about time some of his daughters were getting married.

Birmingham—Did he tell you so himself?

Manchester—No; but he has given away his two dogs.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Her Gentle Hint.

"If you love me," he said, impressively, "you will never chew gum under any circumstances. I am satisfied that it is injurious."

"But, Alfred," she protested, "you know, I haven't any caramels."

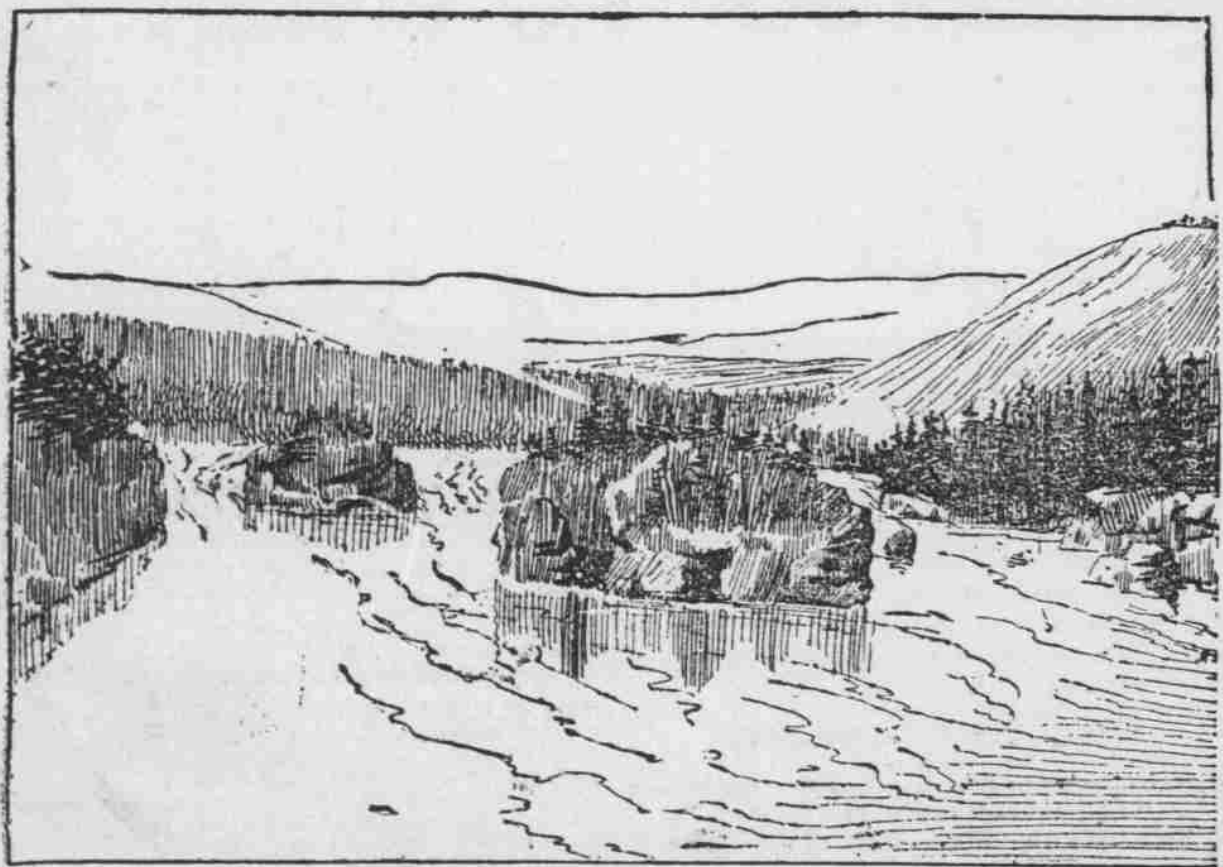
It was only then that he realized what a mistake he had made.—Chicago Post.

Change for the Worse.

Birdie McGinnis—You have changed very much of late.

Gus DeSmith—To my advantage, I suppose?

Birdie—Well, the change hasn't been for my advantage. You used to bring a box of candy every evening; now you don't.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.



FIVE FINGER RAPIDS OF THE YUKON. [From a Photograph, Copyrighted, 1895, by Calvert Co., Seattle, Wash.]

half the year and then with great difficulty.

The Yukon river basin, comprising more than two-thirds of the entire territory of Alaska, contains over 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most remarkable regions in the world. The climate is dry and healthful and has two seasons—four months of warm weather, the mining season, when the sun shines 20 hours a day, and eight months of dark, cold winter, when all mining operations cease.

The discoveries of the last two seasons in this new country show that it is probably the largest and richest placer gold field in the world, while all along the route, from the source to the mouth of the river, the close observer can see vast treasures of coal, quartz, marble, iron, copper, etc., only waiting for capital to develop the country and furnish means of transportation to bring them within reach of the outside world. Although a hasty exploration of the numerous tributaries of the river during the short season has proved that every stream, large or small, is gold bearing; yet that part of the field thus far developed is of insignificant area. All streams carry flour gold, which increases in its coarseness as the river is ascended. Thus it is evident that the surrounding gulches must furnish exceedingly rich diggings. All these gold-bearing streams are navigable for suitably constructed boats, and the territory cut by the waters of Alaska is almost unlimited. One hundred thousand men could prospect the Yukon basin and be lost to one another.

During the two months last summer the few hundred men in the diggings took out over \$1,000,000 worth of gold. Miller creek, a gulch four miles long, alone produced \$350,000 in 50 days, and but few of the claims were developed. Not a few men took out \$5,000 and \$10,000 during the sea-

son, and some took out \$35,000, and one man from Milwaukee \$80,000.

It is asserted there is a bright future for the entire Yukon basin as a mining region, not only in the auriferous deposit, but in the vast leads of quartz found everywhere.

But the gold and other minerals are not the only wealth that has remained hidden in this ice-bound treasure-box for ages. The streams contain salmon and other fish in untold quantities. Salmon canning, yet unattempted on the Yukon, could be made exceedingly profitable, and, together with the rich quartz, would furnish a valuable cargo for freight boats returning from taking supplies up the river. The annual output of furs is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and for years to come will continue to be a source of big revenue to any company giving its attention to that trade.

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The Seattle Post-Intelligencer is authority for the statement that the mines were short 2,000 tons of provisions this year, and that many were on the verge of starvation, with money

to burn in their pockets. This shows the vast importance of a line of freight steamers.

The company now forming in Chicago proposes to put one or two large freighters on the Yukon, to run from its mouth to Circle City, the supply point for the gold fields; five swift launches of 75 to 125 passengers capacity to ply on the upper course of the river to carry passengers in and out, and to take prospectors and supplies up tributary streams.

The change in conditions and prices to be brought about by the company is summed up in their prospectus as follows:

Now. Proposed.

Freight rates, per ton, \$150 to \$250 \$50 to \$75

Passenger rates per head 100 to 125 50 to 75

Time for round trip... 65 days 11 days

Hardships and danger... Numerous None

The company will be strictly a transportation company, without any trading interests to protect.

Mr. C. K. Zilly, of Seattle, Wash., in an interview some few weeks ago said:

"I have been working in a mine on Mastodon creek, and I should judge of Birch creek. There are 54 claims on Mastodon creek, and I should judge 20 or 25 are opened up. This is the first season on that creek, and I estimate that the miners took out about \$150,000 to \$200,000 of gold. It is all placer mining. They began early in June, and worked until about September 10, when the night frosts began to interfere. It is a fact little known that one company has been operating a mine on Unga island, the output of which is \$60,000 per month."

"Did you bring any dust?"

"Yes, a little. But I didn't work any claim for myself. I worked for wages—\$15 a day. No; I wouldn't advise anybody to go there unless he has money. He ought to have at least \$500, so that he can get out if he strikes bad luck."

W. B. POWELL.