

MARVELLOUS KLONDIKE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COUNTRY AND ITS DISCOVERER.

It is a Fascinating Story—Told Wealth in the Far North—Hardships of the Miners—Many and Bitter Disappointments—Stampede from Circle City—Told By a Special Correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

(Continued.)

As the top layer of earth was removed by the miner, a foot or so would thaw out each day. The diggings being shallow, it was not difficult to open up a claim in the smaller gulches. On the bars in the larger water-courses it was not feasible to thus turn the water aside.

THE GOLD WAS FOUND TO EXTEND.

in many places underneath the water. Unable to follow this pay streak, such claims had to be abandoned.

Fire, as a means of thawing spots not touched by the sun's rays had been tried without success at Cassiar bar. The idea was regarded as only a boy's wild notion, though now there are claimants for the credit of the first use of the method that was to revolutionize mining in the Yukon. A certain miner on Forty Mile, Fred Hutchinson by name, was working on a bar where the pay extended under the water, so that he had to abandon it. Being loath to do so, however, and besides being of a practical turn, like all the old timers, he conceived the following plan: After the stream had begun to freeze, Hutchinson began to chop the ice above that part of the bar he wished to work, being careful not to break through. As the ice froze downward he continued to pick. When ever the pick went accidentally went over the pick accidentally went through he left it, and used another pick till the first one was frozen in solid. When he reached the gravel he had a perfect coffer-dam of ice around him. Then he built a fire on the ground and thawed the gravel. Hutchinson did not put his discovery to much practical use. The next winter, however, his neighbors took it up, and from that time a few miners began to work in winter. Even these were regarded as fools by the rest, who preferred the dull idleness of the cabins. Some of the miners used to say, "It's getting to be as bad in here as it was outside—work winter and summer both."

But this was the first value of the new method, that it made twelve months work possible instead of two. Then as deeper diggings were discovered it became impracticable to elevate the dirt, for it was necessary for the sluice-boxes to be above the level of the claim. As the art of burning became better known, it became possible to work these deep claims, and from now on claims came to be respectively divided into "SUMMER DIGGINGS" AND "WINTER DIGGINGS."

The first "drifting" was done by O. C. Miller, the discoverer of Miller Creek. Not only was a hole thawed down to bed-rock, but a tunnel was run, and the whole lower gravel of the claim taken out. Burning may be said to have become of practical use only two or three years before the Klondike discovery, so it can be understood how rapid changes have been.

In 1890, an old-timer, Joe Ladue, built a trading-post in the Yukon at the mouth of Sixty Mile River. Having a belief that other streams would be discovered in that neighborhood as rich as Forty Mile, he advised every miner who stopped at his post to try some other streams. He particularly recommended Indian River, a stream of no great size, entering the Yukon from the east about twenty-five miles below his post and thirty-six miles above Fort Reliance.

In the summer of 1894, a miner by the name of Robert Henderson stopped at Sixty Mile Post. He was a newcomer, lately from Aspen, Colorado, but a Canadian by birth, having been a fisherman at Big Island, Pictou County, Nova Scotia. He was a rugged, earnest man, some six feet tall, with clear blue eyes. Henderson had but ten cents in his pocket, and knowing Ladue's belief in Indian River, he said to him: "I'm a determined man. I won't starve. Let me prospect for you. If it's good for me, it's good for you." Ladue gave him a grub stake, and Henderson went upon Indian River and found that it was as Ladue had said. He could make wages. On that account, he did not desert it for the just then more popular fields of Forty Mile and Birch Creeks, but determined to try again. With the experience of the miner, he knew that farther towards the heads of the tributaries of Indian River he should look for, and probably find, coarse gold, though perhaps not on the surface, as it was on the river. Accordingly, the next summer found Henderson again on Indian. He pushed on, and

FOUND "LEAF" GOLD

on what is now known as "Australia," one of the main forks seventy-five or eighty miles from the Yukon, one piece being, he says as large as his thumb-nail. Had he gone up the other fork sufficiently far, he would have discovered the rich diggings of Dominion and Sulphur creeks. Returning, he went back to Sixty Mile. When winter came he put his goods on a sled and went up Quartz Creek, which puts into Indian forty miles from the Yukon. He had no dogs to

help him, and it was a very hard trip, taking thirty days for him to reach Quartz Creek. He worked all winter on Quartz Creek, and took out about five hundred dollars, another one hundred dollars, and more being taken out later by other parties. In the spring he went back up toward Australia Creek, getting only fair prospects, nothing that warranted the opening up of a claim. During that time Henderson was living mostly on the game that fell to his rifle. He was alone and had no partner. Returning from the head of the river, he went up Quartz Creek again. This time he cast eyes longingly toward the ridge of hill at the head of Quartz Creek separating the waters of Indian from those of the then almost unknown Klondike. Crossing over the short sharp divide (it is so sharp that if a cupful of water were poured upon the crest, one half would run one way, the other half the other way), he dropped down into a deep-left valley of a small stream running northward. He prospected, and found eight cents to the pan! That meant wages; such a prospect was then considered good. Enthusiastic over the find, Henderson went back over the divide. There were about twenty men on Indian working, mostly at the mouth of Quartz, some of them doing fairly well. Henderson persuaded three of the men, Ed. Munson, Frank Swanson, and Albert Dalton, to go back with him.

The four men took over whip-saws, sawed lumber, built sluice boxes, and opened up a claim in regular fashion about a quarter of a mile below the forks—the spot plainly visible from the divide—and went to

SHOVELLING IN THE GOLD-BEARING DIKE.

The stream was the present Gold Bottom (since relegated to the position of a fork of Hunker Creek, running parallel with present Bonanza, and entering the Klondike about nine miles up from its mouth, Hunker Creek was not named or known then). The amount that they shovelled in on Gold Bottom was seven hundred and fifty dollars. And that gold was the first gold taken on the Klondike. It was equally divided between the four men. At that time, if any one had stood on the divide and looked to the westward, he would have seen the valley of a large creek. That creek was known as "Rabbit" Creek—so close to Gold Bottom that if one knows just the right spot on that divide a cup of water would not only have run both ways into Indian and Gold Bottom, but also into the source of this "Rabbit" Creek. For in this manner are the heads of a number of streams gathered together, as the spokes of a wheel lead to the hub.

Early in August, Henderson ran out of provisions, and leaving the others at work, went down Indian River and back to Sixty Mile. There were about a dozen men at the post and at Harper & Ladue's saw-mill, also a party who were on their way to Stewart River. Henderson told them what he had found. He persuaded the Stewart River party to turn back, telling them they would have to look for it, whereas he had found it. Ladue at once sent two horses overland with supplies, and all the others went with them excepting Ladue. Henderson fixed up his boat, and with some supplies started down river, leaving Ladue to follow him. On account of low water, he was unable to return up Indian River, and besides, being nearer, he dropped down to the mouth of the Klondike.

It was the midst of the fishing season. The salmon in the Yukon are very plentiful during their run in August. And some of them are fine fish, the king salmon in particular, even with the great loss in weight they sustain from a journey of sixteen hundred miles from salt water, often weigh

AS MUCH AS FIFTY POUNDS.

Chief Isaac's village were encamped at the mouth of the Klondike, on the north side, taking the salmon in weirs and drying them on racks in the sun. The Klondike takes its name from its being the river where the fish weirs are set.

It happened at this time there were also a white man with a squaw, two Indian men, and a boy fishing, but with a stationary net. They were camped across from the Indian village. The white man's name was George Carmack, the squaw was his wife, the Indian men were respectively Skookum Jim and Cultus (worthless), or "Takhish" Charlie, while the boy was named K'neth—ad Takhisa Indians. Charlie was a big chief of the Takish. Jim would have been chief, being the son of the former chief, but among the Takish the descent is through the chiefs' sister. Jim and Charlie therefore, though called brothers, were really cousins, and were brothers-in-law of Carmack. This Carmack was originally a sailor on a man-of-war, but had taken up his abode with the Chilkoots at Dyea, and married a Takish wife. Carmack liked the life with the Indians. It is said that one couldn't please him more than to say, "Why, George, you're getting every day more like a Siwash!" "Siwash" George is the name by which he became generally known. Carmack had been over the past years before, and both he and the Indians, who were his inseparable companions, knew something of mining, though they could hardly be called miners.

Carmack was outfitted by John J. Healy at Dyea to do trading with the Takish and other interior Indians. Carmack built a post which is called "McCormick's" post. (Be it observed that this is the universal but erroneous pronunciation of the name Carmack.) It is situated on the bank of the Yukon about twenty miles above Five Finger Rapids. If any one, on that wild stampede into Dawson in the fall of 1897, had taken the trouble to stop there, he would have seen fastened against one of the rough log buildings a paper with this writing

upon it, "Gone to Forty Mile for grub". Under the floor they could have found a bear-skin robe and some other things. This notice had been put up in the summer of the year 1895. The occupants evidently intended to return.

The white man and the Indians scoured their outfit at Fort Selkirk from Mr. Harper. The following year—that of the strike—Carmack dropped down to Forty Mile, but soon returned as far as the mouth of the Klondike for the fishing, where he was joined by his Indians. They had their nets set in the Yukon just below the mouth of the Klondike—and were drying and curing their catch. Indian fashion, when Henderson on his way back to Gold Bottom, came along.

When Henderson's boat touched shore he saw Carmack. "There," he thought, "is a poor devil who hasn't struck it." He went down to where Carmack was, told him of his

PROSPECTS ON GOLD BOTTOM,

and told him he had better come up and stake. At first Carmack did not want to go, but Henderson urged. At length Carmack consented to go, but then he wanted to take the Klondike Indians up also, as well as his own. Henderson demurred at that, and, being frank, may have said something not complimentary about "Siwashes" in general. It has been reported that he said that he "didn't intend to stake the whole Siwash tribe," and he added, "I want to give the preference to my old Sixty Mile Friends." What effect this may have had on subsequent events I do not know; I can only surmise, that it may have had some.

Next morning Henderson went on up by way of the mouth of Gold Bottom. Carmack with his three Indians followed soon, but instead of taking the rather more roundabout way, went up "Rabbit" Creek, the mouth of which is a mile from the Yukon. Henderson reached Gold Bottom first. When Carmack arrived, he showed some colors of gold that he himself had found on "Rabbit" Creek. Colors are single grains of gold; they are found everywhere in the Yukon Valley—"colors" and "pay" are by no means to be confounded. I have found them on top of ice cakes in the Yukon. The Indians and Carmack staked each a claim on Gold Bottom. When they were ready to go, Henderson asked Carmack if he intended to prospect on the way back, to which he replied that he did. Then Henderson asked him, if he found anything, would he not send back one of his Indians that he had gold, and would pay him for the trouble, to which, Henderson asserts, Carmack said he would.

(To be continued.)

FIGHT WITH A DEVIL FISH.

A Canadian Diver Has a Terrible Experience With This Dangerous Fish.

Captain Conrad, a Canadian diver, was at work on the wreck of the fruit-ship Oteri, which had gone ashore on a coral reef near Ruatan, Honduras. A new leak had developed and it was necessary to stop it at once although the hour was four in the afternoon. Captain Conrad called his assistants, and they anchored the diver's boat with the apparatus. On his way down, Conrad noticed the rare beauty of the translucent tropical waters, and the lovely color of the coral and the thousands of fish swimming about.

As he was getting near the point where the work was to be done, a long, dark arm shot across the face-glass of his helmet. He had been in tropical waters before and knew the sign. It was the octopus—the real devil-fish, feared by all divers. He gave the danger-signal and was pulled up.

At the surface he considered the situation. The ship was leaking badly, and could not be left safely thus all night. He called for a heavy harpoon, and cut the handle, making a weapon about three feet long. Armed with this, he went down again to fight the octopus and stop the leak.

This time he did not notice the beauty of the translucent tropical water. Slowly he approached the spot where the octopus was hidden under the bilge of the vessel. As he approached, the creature moved from under the side of the vessel, gathering itself for the attack.

There were but four or five feet between the coral reef on which the vessel had grounded and her side at this point, and Conrad settled himself here for the battle. It was not slow in coming. The snake-like creature extended one of its long arms. Conrad gave a quick thrust with his harpoon but the devil-fish was quicker than he, and snatched away the arm.

Again the creature struck, this time touching Conrad on the hip; but on the instant it lost its arm, severed by a blow from the harpoon.

Then the fight began in earnest. The devil-fish tried to envelop the man in its many tentacles, and the diver kept slashing with the harpoon. He inflicted wounds enough to disconcert the creature and prevent it from enveloping him, but for some time none of the wounds were serious. At last, just as the creature had come to alarmingly close quarters, he managed to drive the harpoon into a vital spot. When badly injured in the body, the cuttlefish discharges a great quantity of dye, which colors the water a jet black. Instantly Conrad found himself in a mass of ink. He gave the signal, and was pulled up. It took some time for the dye to clear away so that anything could be seen in the water. Then Conrad went down again. He did not have to renew the battle. The octopus was dead.

The greatest remedy for anger is delay.—Seneca.

COMPRESSED AIR FOR CARS

THE NEW SYSTEM TRIED AND FOUND SATISFACTORY.

Cheaper Than Electricity—Method of Charging the Cylinders—The Experiment Seems to be a Success.

The New York Post of Friday says: The Twenty-third street air-power cars began running regularly according to officials at the power-house, at one o'clock this morning; three of them were used, making trips under sixteen minutes' headway across Twenty-third street from the North River to the East River. This schedule was maintained until five this morning. The motion of the cars, as observed by an Evening Post reporter who rode a distance of four miles on one yesterday afternoon, was singularly free from the jerky movement of electric and cable cars.

The method of preparing the compressed air with which the cylinders are charged is interesting. A huge engine draws in the free air, which passes into a first cylinder where it is compressed to a volume of about 80 pounds to the square inch; in doing this the air is brought to

A HIGH TEMPERATURE.

and to free the air from this it is conducted through a copper tube to a cooler, which is a cylinder containing coils of pipe through which water circulates. The heat imparted to the water is afterwards available for heating the feed-water.

The air, at 80 pounds pressure, is then passed into the first intermediate compressor, where it is further compressed to form three to four hundred pounds to the square inch, and is then cooled for the second time. The third compression reduces it to twelve hundred pounds per square inch, and the fourth to from 2,500 to 3,000 pounds to the square inch, in which condition it is passed into the cylinders ready to receive it. This compressing and cooling in four stages results in.

CONSIDERABLE ECONOMY.

and makes the curve of compression closely approximate to that of the isothermal compression.

These cylinders or tubes are arranged in the groups of three, and form a kind of compressed-air storage-battery. Once the air is in the car-cylinder proper, it is admitted to the motor at the pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, which is a plenty to run the car; the rest of the pressure is merely a reserve. In order to secure the full power of the air it is found necessary to restore to it after partial expansion part of the heat of which it was deprived in the process of compression; to effect this, the air passed through a hot water heater, so that it is assisted in expansion before it reaches the motor. "We could run the motors with the cold air," said an official, "but we find that this expedient of assisting the expansion doubles the efficiency of the air power."

The weight of the air-power cars does not differ materially from those operated by electricity, the approximate weight being 18,650 pounds. The cost of the motor power for the cars is almost infinitesimal. Careful computation places it, including the expenses of maintaining the motor equipment, at \$0.025. It is claimed for the car that it can be

STARTED WITH PROMPTNESS

only limited by the friction of the wheels on the rails. The motor is operated simply by one small lever.

One of those cars will run fifteen miles on a good track on a charge that is restricted to a space under the seats, and this could be increased to twenty miles by crowding in all the flasks that the space could allow.

It is claimed in behalf of the air-power cars that not only are their running expenses less than those of electric cars, but the cost of building the road-bed is less than that for the trolley system, owing to overhead wires being necessary.

Some progress has been made in the development of strong, light and safe steel flasks for the reservoirs. After trying all the different makes of air-flasks, both from this country and abroad, a series of very elaborate and expensive experiments were instituted with a view of increasing both the ultimate strength and the elongation of the metal. Other experiments with nickel steel have shown that flasks can be made with 120,000 pounds tensile strength and 30 to 40 per cent. elongation; such flasks require 13,000 pounds per square inch to rupture them.

THE WAYS OF NATURE.

A story is told of an attempt to introduce the mongoose into Japan to kill the rats which ate the cane plantations. After having performed this duty it multiplied very rapidly and proceeded to kill all the snakes and lizards as well. It next attacked the birds, learning to climb trees in the process, until the poultry and wild birds disappeared. Then arose the "ticks" or "chigoes," which the birds used to keep down, and the island groaned under a fresh plague. The ticks, however, finally attacked the mongoose, which began to decline; the birds began to reappear, and attacked the ticks, snakes and lizards were seen once more, and in the end the cane plantations were devastated as much as ever by rats.

The Doctors Puzzled.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF A NOVA SCOTIAN LADY.

The Trouble Began in a Swelling of the Big Toe Which Spread to All Parts of the Body—Doctors Could Not Account for the Trouble, and Their Treatment Did Her No Good.

From the New Glasgow Enterprise.

Loch Broom is a picturesque farming hamlet situated about three miles from the town of Pictou, N. S. In this hamlet, in a cozy farmhouse live Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon. A few years ago Mrs. McKinnon was taken with a disease that puzzled several doctors who attended her. It was generally known that Mrs. McKinnon owed her ultimate recovery to good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and a reporter of the Enterprise being in the neighborhood called upon the lady and asked her if she had any objections to relating the particulars of her illness and cure.

"Indeed I have not," replied Mrs. McKinnon. "I think that those who are cured owe it to the medicine that brings them back to health, always to say a good word for it. My trouble apparently had an insignificant starting point. It came on with a swelling in the big toe, accompanied by intense pain. Gradually the swelling extended to my limbs and then to my whole body, accompanied by pain which made my life a burden. A doctor was called in but he did not help me. Then another and another until I had four different medical men to see me, one of them the most skilled physician in the province. Yet my case seemed to puzzle every one of them, and none of them gave me more than the merest temporary relief. One doctor said the trouble was inflammation of the bone. Another said it was aggravated sciatica and gout. The other two called it by other names, but whatever it was none of them helped me. By this time I had got so low and weak that I could not lift hand or foot if it would save my life, and no one expected to see me get better. In fact the doctor said if I sank any lower I could not live. And yet here I am to-day as well as ever I was in my life. While I was at the lowest a minister called to see me and asked why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many remedies and had spent so many dollars in medicine that I hardly thought it worth while to experiment any more. However, I was persuaded to try them and after using a few boxes there was some improvement. By the time I had used a dozen boxes I had left my bed and was able to move around, and after a few more boxes I was again perfectly well, and able to do all the work that falls to the lot of a farmer's wife. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I think that after what they have done for me I am justified in recommending them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out disease due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of the pill offered in any other shape, it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

A TACTFUL OFFICER.

How a Brave Soldier Was Saved From Humiliation.

It is not every host who has the art to prevent an awkward guest from feeling ill at ease. The London papers tell a story of one such host.

Not long ago the officers of the Twenty-first Lancers, a corps which has rendered itself famous by a gallant charge at the Battle of Omdurman, gave a non-commissioned officer who had distinguished himself at the charge a mark of honor by inviting him one evening to a seat at their table. He had been decorated with the Victoria Cross, and this distinction was well won.

The young man came. Colonel Sir Robert White presided at the dinner. The non-commissioned officer was somewhat ill at ease, being unaccustomed to the dinner customs of polite society. He did very well until the finger bowls were brought around; then, imagining that the bowl which was handed to him contained some new kind of drink, he lifted it and drank out of it.

This presented a serious emergency to his host, for if the other guests proceeded to make the proper use of their bowls, the non-commissioned officer would discover his mistake, and be humiliated. The colonel was not willing that the pleasure of his brave guest should be marred by any such humiliation. He therefore rose, and was imitated in this by other officers. Then he took up his finger-bowl; the rest did the same.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I ask you to drink with me the health of our brave guest who now wears the Victoria Cross!"

Then he drank every drop of the tepid water in his finger-bowl as did all the other officers.

The story is a good one, but one wonders what the non-commissioned officer will think when, as is likely to be the case some time if his advancement continues, he learns the proper function of a finger-bowl.