

THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS IN ALASKA.

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

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

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

The reported gold discoveries of the present day in Alaska and the reported gold discoveries of 19 in California follow many parallels.

The fabulous tales of wealth sent out by the California prospectors were no less wonderful than those brought back by the men who have the last gold season in the Klondike mineral belt.

border. They were discovered, as has been said, by a party of "tenderfeet," who, against the advice of the old-timers in the district, wandered "over yonder in the Klondike" and struck it rich.

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

The placer mines, from which prospectors are said now to be lining their pockets with gold, are in the region remote from civilization, in the known, and, on account of its uncertainties, dangerously alluring to the novice.

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

In all the immense country over which the placer mining extends it is estimated that up to last year there were 2000 mines. The districts in which most of them worked were in a broad belt of gold-producing rock, through which quartz veins carrying gold occur frequently.

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A PIONEER'S JOURNEY.

Every one of these men has a story to tell of the vast riches of the new gold fields, but they tell another story, too—a story of hardship, trial and suffering, through long winter days, when the sun was smiling on this earth's other pole and leaving them in miserable cold and darkness.

unheeding, crowding into the Alaskan steamers without anything like enough supplies or enough money to see them through ten days of travel on land.

How to Reach the New Gold Fields. There are two general routes to the Klondike district. From Chicago both lead to Seattle, and thence westward.

The cost of the trip from Chicago this way, as prospecting miners usually travel, is \$251.50. It is divided as follows: From Chicago to Seattle (second class), \$11.50; from Seattle to Dawson City, \$230.

In time the trip costs thirty days—four from Chicago to Seattle, sixteen from Seattle to Dawson City.

from Seattle to St. Michael's Island, and then up the Yukon to Dawson City by the fast boat. The distance in general figures is 2250 miles from Chicago to Seattle, 2500 miles up the Yukon to Dawson City, a total of about 4750 miles.

The other way to the Klondike, the "mountain route," is shorter in miles, but equally long in the time it requires, and a great deal more difficult.

By this route the traveler sails north directly north to Juneau, which is 820 miles from Seattle, and then goes by lake and river, and over the mountains 1000 miles to the new mining territory.

On arrival at Juneau the traveler proceeds to a smaller boat, and sails 100 miles north to Dyea. From there he has a portage of twenty-seven miles through the Chilkoot Pass.

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The Centre of the Gold Region. Dawson City, the centre of the new mining region, although sixty-five miles distant from the Klondike, is said to be a typical mining camp.

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but they do send delegates to the National political conventions. The judicial function there is exercised by a district court, established in 1884.

And speaking of Wrangle, among the things Alaska has done for this country since she has stirred up the present gold excitement one of the most forward was to provide it in disputes with England on the boundary question.

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THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Lacked Out in a Dark Warehouse With a Snake Biting Each Foot. A Wild Bull in a Field. A Cyclist Caught by a Head of Cattle.

Schloss does not find a more thrilling sensation than in Gilbert Parker's "Group of the Lakes," in which Tom Ferrol is locked up in a dark warehouse with a moribund bear.

"He ran suddenly to the center of the room, the candle still in his hand, and tried to meet his foe. It came suddenly at him. He dodged it, ran past it, turned, dodged on it and dodged again. A half dozen times this was repeated, the candle still flaring. It could not last long.

The bear was enraged. Its movements became erratic. Its vicious teeth and lips were covered with froth which dripped to the floor and sometimes splattered Ferrol's clothes as he ran past.

"Ferrol suddenly remembered the broken log against the ledge against the wall. If he could reach it there might be a chance to strike one blow for life. As his eyes scanned the wall he saw the steel beam in the light of the candle.

"The bear was between him and it. He made a dash toward the left, then as quickly he turned right. But he was so close to the bear that he could not do so. He slipped and fell. The candle dropped to the floor and went out. With a desperate like instinct of self preservation he scrambled upon his face past the bear, and a wild rush followed over his head. He extricated himself from the bear's teeth and clutched the steel beam. He ran to the wall. Ferrol was within. He clutched the beam. Instantly he clutched the bear's throat. He whipped out his revolver and fired the shot from his hand and would have struck the bear's head had the broken beam not been in the way. The bear was fought for his life. The next morning he was found dead. His eyes were staring into the dark, his face dripping with sweat, his legs cramped and lacerated from his fight.

"For a minute there was absolute silence as the breathing of the man and the snoring of the bear were heard. Presently the bear's head was seen and he looked intently at the man who was lying on the ground. He knew that it was his last agonizing minutes, perhaps seconds.

"Two times happened at that moment the sound of a door opening and a man came in. He saw the man and the bear upon the floor. He rushed to the door, and the bear was dead. The man was lying on the floor, his face pale, his eyes staring. He was dead. The bear was dead. The man was dead. The bear was dead. The man was dead.

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While in South Dakota last summer a look agent had occasion to cross one of the great cattle range districts. He was making the trip on a bicycle, and up to this time the journey had been very enjoyable.

Now, however, he was destined to meet with trials and tribulations that would be worth telling to his unborn grandchildren. He knew nothing of these untamed range cattle, and, alas, the cattle were equally ignorant of scorching bicycles. The agent was making good time and lifting a freedom song to heaven, without a single fear of the browsing herds upon the rolling plains, when all at once the proverbial change came over the spirit of his dream.

One of the steers, more curious and observant than the others, spied the strange-looking vehicle and was tempted to follow it. By and by other cattle joined in the chase, then the entire herd became interested.

The agent began to grow nervous and increased his speed, but this only whetted the curiosity of the cattle, and they pelted along after him at a rate that was incredible to the agent.

The wild impetuosity of the steers had changed to anger, and they were going to run that peculiar species of cowboy down if it took all summer. Fortunately for the agent, the cowboys on the range saw the peril, rode to his rescue and succeeded in diverting the cattle from the hapless rider. It is probable that he will not care to canvass that part of the country any more—not on his bicycle.

Saved by His Dog. P. D. Smith, an old book man, tells a most interesting story of how it feels to be buried alive. For one hour he lay at the bottom of a deserted mine shaft and was only saved by a dog that whined and howled at a neighbor's house.

Just after a recent storm Mr. Smith went prospecting in Deer canyon, a branch of the Big Teton range, in the San Fernando range. He was prospecting some timber about the top of an old shaft, when the water, which had gone away and carried him to the bottom of the shaft, began to rise.

A heavy load of this material had followed. Strangers to say he was unprepared and lay free from immediate danger in the dark, deep shaft, lit by the beams of a lamp. The thoughts that filled his mind were those of a man who is buried alive. He was alone and the thought of his fate was a terrible one.

He was all a blind panic man. Suddenly every particle of strength had gone out of him. He lay there and prayed. God! Would he never get that window open? He heard a sound that gave him hope, then he saw a light. It was a dog. The dog was whining and howling. He tried to get up, but he was too weak. He lay there and prayed. God! Would he never get that window open?

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