

ing enough gold dust to the mint by a man that is going to San Francisco, and he will send the money to Mrs. Jenet from there, and she will call and pay up the whole mortgage."

After declaring Klondike to be the richest placer district on the face of the earth, and that millions will be taken out within the next two years, Jenet concludes: "It is estimated that 2,000 men came in this spring. There is plenty of work for all of them, and next winter at least 1,000 more men will be needed to fill the demands."

Sailing of the Portland for the Gold Fields.

FURTHER REPORTS ABOUT THE IMMENSE YIELD OF THE FIELD.

SEATTLE, WASH., July 22.—Ten thousand people visited the water front today, to see the steamer Portland and the adventurers who hope to make fortunes in the gold field of the famous Klondike.

It seemed that as if some great holiday was at hand, but in the midst of the excitement there was something of sadness.

The steamer was scheduled to sail at noon, but it was 4.55 before the last line was cast off, and the big black hulk, with its load of 128 passengers and 1,000 tons of general merchandise, backed slowly out into the smooth water of the bay, and turned her nose to the far north.

There was hardly a cheer from the big crowd on the wharf. Mothers, wives and sisters turned silently away, and in many instances tears trickled down their cheeks. On the steamer itself there was more life, and one small crowd of hardy young fellows, who stood near the staff, from which floated the Stars and Stripes, commenced singing "Good-Bye, My Love, Good-Bye."

The most conspicuous figure on the deck was that of John McGraw, former Governor of Washington. He stood six feet, towering like a giant above his little son Tom, a mere lad, who accompanies him to the far-off land of promise, hoping to assist in rebuilding a lost fortune. The Governor's wife—brave woman that she is—stood at her husband's side.

Hardly less conspicuous was Gen. E. M. Carr, of the National Guards of Washington. Tall, massive of form and handsome of feature, he forsakes the life of the city and buries himself in the land that will soon be locked in the arms of ice and snow.

Captain A. J. Balliet, brother of Princeton's most famous football player, stood on the lee side of the steamer. He was once as dear to the hearts of Yale's oarsmen as his brother was to the football men of Princeton.

George Folsom, well-known in Boston society, stands next to the mighty Balliet; George Hyde Preston, one of Seattle's most prominent attorneys, is near at hand.

Mail Carrier Jack Carr and John Scott, a practical printer, are taking a complete outfit for printing a newspaper. It will be called the *Yukon Nugget*, and will sell for fifty cents a copy.

Chief of Police Reed has told Mayor Wood that unless steps are taken to keep policemen from going to Alaska the force would be completely wrecked. He advised a special meeting of the City Council for the purpose of passing an ordinance increasing all salaries. Chief Reed says that even if the salaries are raised he will not be able to hold all the men, but he takes this step to prevent the entire wreck of the force.

Among the brave Argonauts are six women and one little girl. They are cheerful and eager to be going.

Will they come back or will that little girl be laid to rest in a grave of snow and ice?

The thought brought to mind how Prof. T. S. Lippy, who came back from the Klondike with \$65,000, left his baby's grave as a monument to the fortune he took from the shifting sands.

Suddenly a man clad in blue mounts the bridge and cries out "Cast off!"

There is a rush on board, a surging of the crowd on the deck, the black smoke pours