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[From THE DAILY COLONIST, August 12.]

ADIEU TO THE MEXICO.

Captain Thomas' Fine Old Steamship Finds an Ocean Grave in Divon's Entrance.

Not a Life Lost in the Catastrophe Costs a Fine Passenger Steamea.

In the clear, cold light of last Thursday morning the Alaska steamship Mexico struck hard on a ragged rock at a point in Dixon's Entrance, about 11½ miles northeast by east of Chacon cape, and went down in 65 fathoms of water, her crew and passengers, the latter including a large number of Christian Endeavor excursionists, having just two and a half honrs from the time they were roused from their slumbers to save their lives by taking to the boats. There was no confusion, and every one of the 133 men and women on board lives to tell the story of the Mexico's last voyage.

It was 4:30 in the morning when the disaster occurred, the ship being at the time on her homeward voyage from Alaska. She had left Victoria on the 25th of July with a numerous party of Klondykers oddly mixed with joyous holiday makers, and had discharged the gold seekers safely on the up trip. Then Juneau was visited and a call made at Sitka for the benefit of the tourists, the steamer being en route from the latter port by the route usually taken by the Queen when the disaster overtook her. It had been foggy all night, and but poor progress was made in consequence. The pilot, Cornell, was in charge of the ship, and the gray cloud over the waters lifting with the coming of dawn, the Mexico was at 4:30 under full speed, with a smooth sea before her and a clear view of the water for a mile or more.

Suddenly, to quote Pilot Cornell, she drove hard on a rock, no sign of which appeared on the unruffled surface of the sea, shivered, and went on. The engines were immediately reversed, but with the way she had on the ship carried for an eighth or a quarter of a mile before coming round, and by this time the sound of the inrushing water and the settling of the vessel told the pilot that her mortal blow had been received. He had, in the instant after feeling the blow, headed for the nearest land, in the hope that salvation might be gained by running for it. Five minutes, however, showed him that in the boats lay the only safety of those in his charge, while the time to make use of this means of salvation was limited.

The first on deck after the alarm was given was the purser, who tumbled up just as he had turned out of his comfortable berth. He only waited long enough to ask a single question, then dived into his cabin again to make a hasty toilet and throw his portable belongings into a valise. Then came a lady passenger, who also remained on deck just long enough to inquire if she would have time to dress. Captain Thomas was the third on the scene, and he, too, required but a glance to confirm in his mind the pilot's view of the case.

Passengers and crew, in equal numbers, were all on deck within a quarter of an hour, and ten minutes later the work of placing men and women in the boats had been accomplished. Then the male passengers were looked after, while the porter volunteered to make his way below and bring up the letter mail—the newspapers were abandoned to their fate. By this time the ship had settled so that it was far from a pleasant undertaking to go below, and few cared to undertake it. There were enough, however, to make a round-up of the cabins and staterooms, and get together all the hand baggage, which were, with the mails, placed on two of the life-rafts and these got ready for towing behind the ship's launch. A hurried scramble for fresh water and eatables—and the time to leave the ship had come.

It was just at this moment that some one thought of Charles Berry. This individual seems to bear a charmed life, and at the same time to be a veritable Jonah. He was on the Willapa when she made her eventful voyage to the north so abruptly ended by her piling on the rocks on the eastern island coast. At that time he had attempted suicide, but had been prevented, and after taking passage on the Mexico his suicidal mania returned. The day before the steamer made Sitka he had approached the officer of the watch in considerable excitement and inquired where the captain was to be found. The skipper was in his cabin, and Berry was so informed, at the same time being asked what it was he wanted. His reply caused his questioners to start back in astonishment—for he only wanted, he said, to get the captain's permission to jump overboard. Realizing that they had a maniac to deal with, the officers, as soon as they recovered themselves, suggested that there was ample time, and that as the captain was sleeping Berry should not disturb him until morning. This advice he accepted quite readily, and nothing more was heard from him night.

Early the following morning Pilot Cornell was awakened by the sharp ringing of the ship's bells and the reversal of the engines. He arrived on deck just in time to lend a hand with the boats, for Berry had decided to wait no longer, and had jumped overboard. On striking water he changed his mind, however, and swam lustily until the relief party picked him up. After that he was confined under lock in a lower cabin, that was practically a prison.

Here he was, all but forgotten when the last passenger had been lowered into the boats, and these latter were about to desert the sinking steamer. There was time to reach him, and this done the captain, crew and passengers stood by, silent and with white faces, to see the last of the good ship that had borne them so short a time before.

"I never saw a vessel fight so hard for life," said Pilot Cornell in describing this last scene in the Mexico's career. "If it had not been for the hundred and sixty tons of ballast coal in her I am practically certain she would have waterlogged and been floating yet. As it was, she filled and settled gradually until the sea, with a single gulp, seemed to swallow her up. It was in 85 fathoms of water, and so the good old Mexico is gone beyond all hope of recovery."

Left to themselves and the boats, the shipwrecked ones followed one another like sheep, making first of all in the direction of the nearest land, which would be the northernmost point of the Queen Charlottes.

Very little reflection was sufficient to convince the captain and pilot that this was not their best course to pursue, for the reason that they would here be out of the way of passing steamers, and a relief party would have to be sent far afield to bring aid to the majority. Accordingly, taking advantage of the fair weather, the boats were rowed toward Metlakatla, the launch having early in the struggle proved a hindrance rather than a help owing to her coal being wet. The little village was made by the pilot's boat first, and luckily the cannery steamer was picked up in port, and the rounding up of the other boats accomplished with little hard pulling. When all had been brought together again, the church, stores and dwellings of the little place were turned over for the sheltering of the unexpected visitors, while the cannery steamer was deputed to intercept the Topeka. This, too, was accomplished without difficulty, and the victims of the adventure came through to Victoria with no more serious loss than that of time, and one and all heartily appreciated the bravery, coolness and capability of the officers and crew, the generosity and self-sacrificing efforts of the latter being especially spoken of. On the other hand the officers say that a more easily-handled, common-sense lot of passengers could not have been got together.

Danger, there was none, in the literal sense of the word, for as the officers describe the weather condition, no life could be lost unless deliberately sacrificed. The rock is unmarked on any of the charts, the nearest known menace to free navigation being at a point 2½ miles east south-east. At the time the Mexico struck it the tide was an hour-and-a-half from flood, and hence it must lie close to the surface. The place is marked by a little floating kelp, but not sufficient to excite any alarm in the mind of a navigator accustomed to the waters of the north.

Mrs. Eugene Stahl, wife of the editor of the Alaska News, and her two daughters, one about sixteen years old and the other an infant of fifteen months, were passengers on the Mexico. Mrs. Stahl, who is a lady of exceptionally pleasing address, tells the story of the wreck in a simple, yet touching, way.

"The night was dark and foggy," she says, "and the ship was drifting about while the officer kept watch of the tides and currents to see if one could tell where we were. Just about daybreak the engine was started up and less than ten minutes after a tremendous shock was felt, which nearly threw some of the passengers from their births. I sprang to the window of my stateroom and saw a young fellow, whom we call Tommy, one of the crew, going by. I asked him what the matter was:

"'Struck a whale, ma'am he said, and hurried along.

"Shortly after a rap came to the door and a voice said:

"'Get into your clothes quickly. Wrap your baby in a blanket and follow me.'

"My daughter and I did as we were told, and going out upon the deck found everything in perfect order and not the least trace of excitement. The women all looked very pale, and I suppose I did. I know that I never felt in my life like I did when the call came to leave my stateroom. None of us seemed exactly to realize what had happened. We were more like a lot of people at a funeral than the victims of a shipwreck. When the word came to lower the boats and we were lowered into them, no one showed the least fear, and the officers and crew did everything that could be wished. Fortunately the sea was perfectly calm. There was no time to think about our luggage, although most of us had our hand bags with us. When the boats were all clear of the ship we lay at a short distance watching her. It was a long time before she succumbed to the sea; but finally went down with a plunge that seem to me inexpressibly sad. Down she went out of sight, the water closed over her and we were left in the grey morning fog, fifty miles from land, without food, water or a compass. It was not long before our boat lost sight of the others, and for twenty hours we rowed on through the mist, not quite sure in what direction we were going. At length we reached Metlakatla and here we received the most hospitable welcome. My children and I were taken at once to the house of a physician, and then for the first time in twenty hours baby Gretchen was taken from my arms. They filled an armchair full of pillows, set it before the open fire, put baby in it, gave it something to drink, and all got down on their knees around it. They gave us all we could eat and did everything for us that loving hearts could think of. Baby is not strong, and I was very much afraid she would suffer from the exposure, but she did not. She was not the least trouble, but lay in my arms all those long twenty hours without uttering a cry, though she must have been as hungry as the rest of us.

"I think someone stole my hand-bag at Metlakahtla. At least I know I lost it, and that means that we have nothing in the world except the clothes we have on. My husband has gone to Klondyke, and I had taken everything and started for Chicago, where my two children and I are to spend the winter. So everything has gone, money and all. Even baby has no clothes left. It was a dreadful experience, and I shall never forget it."

No better known steamer than the Mexico has seen service on the Pacific Coast during many years past, nor have many enjoyed a greater freedom from the mishaps that fall to the lot of seagoing craft. It is almost a score of years since the steamer in question came round from the East, having been built by the celebrated Cramps, to enter service in the waters of the Pacific. She was of a type very similar to the Umatilla and Walla Walla, with which she for a long time maintained the direct connection between this city and San Francisco. Latterly she was employed in the southern business of the chartering company, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, only returning north when the Klondyke boom brought every available bottom into demand.

Warship for Japan.

BERLIN, Aug. 9.—The Japanese government has ordered from the Vulcan works a battleship of 8800 tons, to cost 13,000,000 marks.

RETURN OF ISLANDER.

Her First Load of Argonauts Safely Landed at Skagway Bay.

Depressing Outlook for Those Who Neglected to Provide Pack Animals.

"Advise every one who may be looking toward Klondyke to wait until spring before starting for the gold fields."

Such is the message received from Mr. O. H. Van Millingen, who left here some weeks ago with hundreds of other treasure seekers. And his word of caution is seconded and endorsed by all who have reached Dyea or Skagway, the gateways to the upper Yukon, and find themselves brought to a halt by the impossibility of getting through their supplies with the present inadequate facilities for packing.

"The road from here to Dawson will be marked with dead men's bones," writes another prospective millionaire, who perhaps takes a somewhat exaggerated view of the situation, but whose note of warning is nevertheless not to be disregarded.

All advices—by both the Islander and the City of Topeka, which arrived back yesterday—agree on the one important point—not half of those who have already reached Dyea or Skagway will be able to get through to the Klondyke this year, and it will be worse than folly, madness, for others to attempt the passage until spring unlocks the rivers again.

The outlook is not a cheering one for the great majority, and the cloud on the northern sky grows bigger and darker when a second item of news by the just-arrived steamer is told. The palatial Mexico lies under five hundred feet of water in Dixon's Entrance, her days of usefulness and money-making abruptly brought to a close early on Thursday morning last. Fortunately her misfortune befel her while she was on her return trip, having disembarked her company of gold-seekers, for otherwise a fatality would have been inevitable that it is horrible even to contemplate.

To deal first with the intelligence of paramount importance to those who have either themselves set their faces toward the Klondyke, or have friends on the way or about to depart. When the Islander left on her return voyage, a sad-eyed company waved her a silent farewell—the very same men in whose bosom hope and enthusiasm burned so brightly when they set out from Victoria to seek wealth in the land of the North. The rains had set in—not the sociable showers that residents of the Pacific Northwest know as rains, but a persistent, penetrating downpour, in sheets of water rather than in drops, instantaneously soaking through all ordinary waterproofs and chilling the wearers to the very bone.

But the discomfort and the danger to the health were not the worst features of the storm, or at all events were not so regarded by the majority. The rain descending in sheets had made the route to Tagish lake practically impassible, the trail from Skagway bay being in many places completely washed out, while in others the plodding pack horses have bogged and expired struggling to find footing where only treacherous mire exists.

As a result the dreary road between Skaway and Tagish is already marked by details of melancholy prospectors forced into camp for an indefinite period, with little or no prospect of continuing their journey for many months, and then with outfits so depleted that their chances of winning fortunes in the diggings are reduced to the barest margin of possibility.

To make their predicament complete the forage along the trail has been exhausted and those who neglected to take with them fodder for their stock will have the misfortune to see their pack horses die before their eyes with no means at command by which to save them. When the Rosalie, George W. Elder, George E. Starr, Rapid Transit, Coquitlam, Danube and Bristol shall have discharged their participants in the rush, it is speaking well within the facts to say that no fewer than six thousand men, and many of these city folk all unused to the privations and hardships of the wilderness, will be found between Skagway and the lake, condemned by the inexorable climate there to remain until May or June at earliest.

How many of these will succumb to the rigors of the northern winter is matter for gloomiest conjecture. The earliest parties on the road, with the more intrepid and experienced will doubtless make their way through to Tagish and there spend the winter in boat building and other necessary preparations. The smallest fraction of the thousands who have started within the last two months can hope to get through to Dawson City during the present year.

When the Islander arrived on Monday week at Skagway, the chief point of debarkation at the present time, she found the promised wharf as yet uncompleted, the workmen in spite of their $8 a day in hand having contracted Klondicitis as badly as the people in remote cities, and taken their way to the mines. The tedious work of discharging the heavily laden steamer by ship's boats and rafts was accordingly adopted perforce, and so well did all join in, that the task was much more speedily accomplished than anyone would have dared to hope, Thursday seeing the last outfit transferred to land, and the cabins and hold of the C. P. N. flagship again deserted.

During the progress of discharging "all hands," to use the common expression, 400 men at the lowest estimate, were housed on the Islander through Captain Irving's thoughtfulness. As it rained all but continuously during the greater part of the time, the conveniences of the big steamer were never more heartily appreciated.

It only required this final courtesy of the Commodore's to seal the good opinion formed of him and his officers by the numerous passengers, who before the vessel cast anchor for her return took occasion to express their opinion of the Islander's management and officers in a complimentary address which Captain Irving will add with genuine pleasure to the large collection of similar collections of which he is possessed.

The Islander's voyage to her port of destination was broken by a call at St. Mary's island, where the United States customs official was taken aboard and speedily completed the formalities for bonding the outfits of the fortune seekers through the narrow strip of American territory lying between Skagway and Tagish lake. These proceedings occupied but little time, the work of the American officials in this regard being performed with the utmost courtesy, despatch and ability.

Then Dyea was passed, an almost deserted village since Skagway, four miles distant, has awakened to the importance of wharfage facilities. At Skagway six hundred or more earlier arrivals welcomed the passengers by the Canadian steamer, at the same time giving the new arrivals their first dash of cold water by telling them a few bald facts as to the trip before them.

There was first of all the question of route to be considered, with a slight preponderance of recent evidence in favor of Moore's (or White) pass in preference to the Chilcoot. It is at present reported as incomparably the best for horses, and naturally this has decided many in its favor.

For those who have not brought pack horses with them, the services of the lazy natives at Skagway are in strong demand at 20 to 25 cents a pound for the transportation of all kinds of freight over the pass. And even at this rate the demand greatly exceeds the supply, so that upon the advent of the Islander many had already been waiting for weeks at Skagway until their turn should come to contribute to the revenue of the Indian packers. Good order prevails among them, and the first serious case of law-breaking at any of the border villages or camps has yet to be recorded.

One of the first parties to leave the Islander was that headed by Mr. John Godson, of H. M. Customs, and assigned for duty between the passes and the upper Yukon. They have, of course, exceptional facilities for reaching their destination, and expect in consequence to make Tagish lake without delay. Their reception in the north country was not altogether cordial, but they do not apprehend any difficulty, as the miners will soon become reconciled to the inevitable.

Mr. Godson, on reaching Dyea and Skagway, posted placards in accordance with his instructions, emphasizing the fact that duty would be collected on all foreign goods entering Canadian territory, and that it would be useless to attempt to pass without payment, as the services of the Mounted Police would, if necessary, be called into requisition for the carrying out of the law to the letter.

These notifications were read, but not with pleasure by those prospectors who had hoped to slip through, in some indefinite way defeating the vigilence of the Canadian officers.

Finding that they would be unable to do so, the vented their disappointment by tearing down the notices and threatening dire things. By the time Mr. Godson and his associates were ready to take up the march from Skagway, the majority were in a more peaceful frame of mind however, and one of the men most vigorous in his protestations of defiance informed the new collector that he supposed it would after all be better to accept the case philosophically—he and his companions would bear it though they were not yet quite prepared to grin.

In his first report to Collector Milne, Mr. Godson details the incidents of the trip north and of his party's debarkation, promising a firm enforcement of the revenue laws, and incidentally giving the information that the majority of the miners would find great difficulty even after Lake Tagish is reached in getting material there with which to make themselves rafts or boats for the navigation of the lakes and river.

The Rosalie was passed by the Islander just as she was leaving on her homeward trip. This, like the northward voyage, was made in good weather and fast time, the big ship docking at her wharf here at 8 yesterday morning, fully a day before the majority had counted her as due.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Firemen's spectacles or eye protectors are formed with domed disks of wire gauze fitted in a holder and held in place by a rubber strap around the head.

A new bicycle tire, which the inventor claims cannot be punctured, has an outside metal shoe or rim surrounding the rubber tire, the flange of the outer rim projecting around the tire to prevent its coming off.

To prevent all unfairness in the starting of bicycle racers a new invention is made of an inclined plane for each wheel to rest on, the back wheels being held fast by a series of bolts, which are withdrawn simultaneously by the starter.

Shoe strings are safely tied without the use of knots, by means of a new device which fastens to the shoe upper near the top eyelets, being formed of a disk or plate, with a curved clip projecting from the side into which the string is forced.

In a new crutch for invalids the wooden head is hollowed out and fitted with a pneumatic cushion having an inflating valve in the underside, with a covering of leather to inclose both the head and cushion at the bottom of the crutch.

A British seaman has invented an improved life buoy and rescue signal detacher and piercer, in which the rescue signal is flexibly attached to the buoy so that it can be lighted and thrown overboard with the buoy in a few seconds, thus avoiding the delay which is so often fatal.

MR. DURRANT'S CASE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 8.—Though Durrant's appeal from the order of Judge Bahrs, setting June 9 as the day for his execution, is set for argument to-morrow morning in the supreme court, an effort will be made by the prisoner's attorneys to have the argument postponed. The grounds of the motion that will be made for this purpose arises out of section 766 of the United States Revised Statutes, under which the execution itself was postponed pending the appeal in the habeas corpus proceedings. That section provides that pending the determination of such an appeal all proceedings against the prisoner in the state courts shall be stayed and absolutely null and void.

The principal contention made by Durrant's attorneys in this appeal from Judge Bahr's order is that the judgment rendered is double, in that it directed that he should be taken to the prison at San Quentin, a penal institution, and there kept in close confinement, and afterward be executed.

TEN MILLIONS A YEAR.

Donald Ferguson's Opinion of the Klondyke Which He Will Back With Eastern Capital.

Stewart and Other Rivers to be Exploited for the Rich Quartz Leads.

From the Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Millions of capital—the hoarded gold eagles of the effete East—will flow in a glittering stream of wealth into the Klondyke country during the ensuing year.

M. Briedenhober, the famous mining engineer and metallurgist, who is in the employ of the Rothschilds, the great European financiers, has already sailed for Alaska and will ascend the Yukon and Klondyke rivers to their very headwaters in search of the hidden gold. Mr. Briedenhober has been in San Francisco for a month past. He was ordered there at the beginning of the Klondyke excitement. He has not told anyone of his mission, but from one who knows him well comes the statement that his errand is to ascertain the extent and richness of the new gold fields and to report at the earliest possible moment by cable to his employers.

Whether or not the Rothschilds desire to corner the gold of the world, as has been said so persistently by the Bryanites, it is evident that they will not overlook a point like the Klondyke.

New York capitalists are turning their energies and their wealth to the development of the new Eldorado. They see in it a possibly greater gold-producing region than California and Australia. Several expeditions have been sent out from New York. One syndicate is headed by Addicks, the Delaware gas man. Clarence King, one of the best known mining engineers and metallurgists in the world, is in the city, looking into the Klondyke matter for certain people in New York and London.

Donald Ferguson, who has spent twenty years in scaling the ramparts of the Rockies, the Sierra Nevadas in California and Mexico, and the Cascades in Washington, is here in the interest of some New York capitalists. He is also looking out for "No. 1" as well. Ferguson knows all the old-timers in mining on the Coast and in Colorado. He is heavily interested in Cripple Creek and has operated for the past two years between the latter place and New York. His office in the latter city has been at 35 Wall street, and he is well known to all the big mining men in the metropolis. Ferguson had planned a great scheme for the development of the gold fields of Central Bolivia, where for centuries the virgin metal has been taken out from the beds of the streams emptying into the Mollendo river. Ferguson was in New York last May and there purchased some very expensive machinery, designed to pump placer gold out of the gravel beds of the Mollendo in Bolivia. He ordered the machinery and pumps shipped to Panama, there to be transported to South America. The machinery was to have been carried 200 miles over the Andes on the backs of mules and Indians. But when the plans of himself and his associates were matured, the yellow fever invaded Central America. Hundreds of Ferguson's old companions in Colorado and California were stricken down with the plague and died. He concluded that the climate in Central America was not good and waited for cooler weather. While sojourning at San Francisco the steamer Excelsior arrived with half a million in Klondyke nuggets and two score of returning argonauts. A few days later the Portland touched the wharf at Seattle with over $1,000,000 in Klondyke gold, owned by sixty-three miners. The news was flashed over the country immediately, and the eyes of capitalists of Europe and the United States were fastened on the new Eldorado of the North. Ferguson abandoned his plans, although it meant the loss of thousands of dollars expended for machinery, and a great amount of time. He communicated with his New York associates by wire, with the result that he at once came to Seattle and prepared to go North by the earliest possible means of conveyance.

Ferguson is a case-hardened, experienced, sagacious old miner—that is, old in experience, though not in years. He is still on the bright side of forty. His New York associates are J. L. Prescott, of 11 Jay street, and J. H. Everett, of 35 Wall street, New York. The former is a millionaire stove-polish manufacturer, and the latter is a retired capitalist.

Mr. Ferguson was seen at the Rainier-Grand last night. He said that in his opinion Alaska and the Northwest Territory are to see a truly wonderful development in the next five years. He believes that the gold production of the country tributary to the Klondyke will be not less than $10,000,000 per year, and that other districts in Alaska and the Northwest Territory will be discovered as rich as the Klondyke.

"I believe that great quartz ledges will be located by the thousands of prospectors that will be scattered among the hills and mountains of the headwaters of the Stewart and Klondyke rivers during the next year. I myself am going up the Stewart river 600 miles, and expect to travel and prospect all winter. The party will include Mr. R. B. Kilpatrick, who was my foreman at Cripple Creek, and was for three years in South Africa; myself and two employes. Mr. Kilpatrick has been associated with me in gold mining for twenty years past. We will carry complete outfits, consisting of three tons of provisions and mining tools.

"My theory of the Klondyke gold is that it is the product of immense ledges, and that the smaller particles have been ground out by the elements and have undergone a cold weld. It is now conceded that small particles of gold traveling down long watercourses will congeal and form into nuggets. Either this is the process which has resulted in the deposit of the Klondyke placer beds, or else the gold has been thrown up and deposited at the bottom of the streams when the country was in the tropical zone. I hold to the theory which includes the existence of quartz ledges, and intend to try and locate some of them."

Mr. Ferguson said in conclusion that stamp mills and mining machinery of all kinds will be introduced in Alaska and the Northwest Territory in a short time. He reasons that gravel running $10 per ton, which the placer miner rejects as profitless, will yield a handsome profit when treated by stamp mills.

Mr. Ferguson said further that he had recognized here and at San Francisco not less than 500 miners whom he had encountered in the years he has spent on the coast and in Colorado, New Mexico and Old Mexico. He has conversed with them at San Francisco and here. They are going into the new gold district as rapidly as they can find means of conveyance, and will systematically search for gold, guided by the years of experience gained in the older districts in the United States and Mexico.

THE WAY IT MAY BE.

A Chicago dispatch says:

"Claim-jumping, bloody fighting and a general reign of lawlessness are feared in the Alaskan mining fields this winter and next spring, as the result of laxity of law and a general influx of adventurers and prospectors, such as are crowding the Klondyke region.

"P. B. Weare predicts that in case of the discovery of a big strike in American territory during this fall or winter lawlessness, which is now kept in check by the excellent service of the Northwest Territory's mounted police, will surely break out during the inevitable rush for claims.

"In American territory it seems there is almost a total lack of regulation."

In anticipation of an influx of claim-jumpers, the officials of the North American Transportation and Trading Company have offered free transportation and maintenance for government surveyors, United States marshals and other Federal officers, if the government authorities will eliminate the usual red tape proceedings and select the necessary officials without further delay.

CORRESPOND WITH WASHINGTON.

Mr. Weare and others financially interested in the interior of Alaska have been in correspondence with the authorities at Washington for some weeks and have succeeded in arousing considerable official attention. It is believed, however, that the failure to send a detachment of troops to the interior this fall will be recognized as a serious mistake when it is too late.

When G. B. Pray, Surveyor-General of Alaska, called at P. B. Weare's office yesterday he was offered free transportation and maintenance for as many deputy surveyors as he would appoint immediately and send into the Yukon Valley to survey the claims owned by the North American Transportation and Trading Co.

What Mr. Weare actually said was:

"There will be blood-letting and claim-jumping in every good mining camp in Alaska next spring unless the general government takes steps at once to prepare for the influx of adventurers and prospectors and makes provision for enforcing the mining laws. I am satisfied we will be obliged to hire armed men to watch our properties.

"I have had all this shotgun business I want during my early experience in mining in Montana, and I don't want to see any bloodshed over the gold discoveries in Alaska.

"If there should be a big strike on American soil a great rush of miners would result, and under our lax laws and lack of authority owners of rich finds would be robbed by desperadoes."

In the face of the foregoing, it might be well for the Seattle papers to give Canadians a little more advice as to the best way of managing the Yukon country.

"Through United States Marshal Shoupe—recently appointed to Alaska—I have secured the appointment of Deputy Marshal Frank Canton, of Oklahoma. He is now on his way to Circle City, and he is a second Kit Carson.

"Within a few weeks a federal judge, a United States deputy marshal and a surveyor-general have been appointed. The next important step will be to have the government surveyors begin the vast work of defining the legal boundaries of mining claims already staked out.

"At present the size and general rules governing the claims are fixed by a 'miners' meeting' in each newly discovered camp, and few serious disputes have occurred in the past, because there was seldom a surplus of men to contend for claims."

FORMING A BIG COMPANY.

The Cudahys and the Weares are about to organize a big company, to which will be transferred the mining properties now held by the same set of men under the corporate head of the North American Transportation and Trading Company. The capital stock will be $25,000,000, of which 20 per cent. will be sold at 25 cents on the dollar. The incorporation papers will be drawn up to-day.

The new concern will be called the Cudahy-Healy-Yukon-Klondyke Mining Company. It was named yesterday, before it was born, by John Cudahy and P. B. Weare. The christening took place at the Union League Club.

One of the most valuable holdings at present is a tract of 1,000 acres of coal land near Fort Cudahy. It is also said to have some fine copper prospects on the Tanana river and a few promising quartz prospects in the same section.

SUNDAY PICNICS.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 9.—Bishop Fink, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Leavenworth and Kansas City, has had read in all the parishes of the diocese a letter forbidding members of the Catholic church attending the Irish-American picnic to be held in Kansas City next Sunday. Bishop Fink gave as his reason that Sunday is a holy day on which all Catholics are obliged to do their duty toward the Church and God, and that a public picnic is not a fit observance of the day. He said also that holding a picnic on the Sabbath is in direct violation of the law of the Catholic Church.

Edmund Lynch, president of the United Irish societies, says that the picnic will be held, notwithstanding Bishop Fink's letter.

Telegraphers Troubled.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—The answer of the postmaster general, the Duke of Norfolk, to the demand of the telegraphers is not forthcoming as expected, and if the telegraph operators carry out their threats an almost complete stoppage of service is probable during this coming week. The delays in transmission of messages are already scandalous.