

FORTY MILE CITY, June 12, 1897.

The trip was an interesting one, but very dangerous. Many men lost their boats and everything they had, and there are rumors of men having been drowned. Shortly after leaving Lake Laberge we came upon a party who had just rescued two young fellows from rocks in the middle of the rapids. They could not save their outfit or their demolished boat, and all they had went down the river with the rushing flood. One of the young men had everything but his shirt stripped from him by the swirl. We took him in charge and landed him at Klondike.

The big canyon between Mud Lake and Lake Laberge is a grand and impressive place. The river above is a quarter of a mile wide, but in the canyon it narrows to fifty feet. The walls rise on either side, sheer and smooth, full seventy-five feet. Down rushes the water with a frightful roar, rolling the waves at least ten feet high. Like everybody else, we went down ahead to take a look before shooting these rapids. From the cliff view the task seems impossible, but there is no other way, and shoot you must. So, with Wilson at the oars to hold her straight, I took the steering paddle, and we made for the mouth of the gorge.

It was all over in about thirty seconds. We were through in safety, but it was the most hair-raising thirty seconds I ever experienced. There was quite enough thrill in it for a lifetime. Over the terrifying roar of the water we could faintly hear the cheer put up by the undecided hundred or more men who lined the cliffs above us. Up came the ice-cold water against us in tubfuls. We were wet through. So was everything else in the boat, and the boat itself half full of water. But we were soon baled and dried—and safe.

Then we went on to the White Horse Rapids, and here we let our boat through with long ropes. Two days later we shot the Five Finger Rapids and the Rink Rapids without any trouble. The last four days of the trip we fixed up our stove in the boat, and only went ashore twice for wood. The mosquitoes on the shore are numbered by the million, and are fierce as bull terriers, but in the middle of the river they troubled us but little.

The sun sinks out of sight now about 10:30 p. m. and comes out again about 3 a. m. About midnight, however, it is almost as light as noonday. There is no night. At Dawson there is a little sawmill and rough houses going up in all directions, but for the most part it is a city of tents. On the shore of the river are hundreds of boats, and others are getting on every day.

The Klondike has not been one particle overrated. I have seen gold measured by the bucketful. Just think of a man taking \$800 out of one pan of dirt. Mrs. Wilson panned out \$154 out of one pan in one of the mines I am to take charge of. This, without doubt, is the richest gold strike the world has ever known.

Of course, all the claims in the Klondike district are taken up now, and there are hundreds of men who own claims valued from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000. But with all these men in the country many miles of new ground will be prospected, and from the lay of the country I think other gold fields are certain to be located.

EDGAR MIZNER.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED ENGAGE PASSAGE.

As near as can be estimated, passage has been engaged for about fifteen hundred persons on steamers departing for Alaskan points between now and August 7. This is nearly as many as can be carried, and at the rate gold seekers have been coming since Monday there will be many who cannot secure passage in time to reach Klondike before Alaska is frozen, unless an additional number of big vessels are placed on that route.

Seattle is having all she can do to care for the gold hunters. Her supplies of suitable outfits is running low. Of general food articles she has an abundance, but the clothing stock is being most seriously depleted. There is an especial scarcity of blankets and furs, while good rubber boots are none too plenty.

A loan company in this city received a letter from J. L. Jenet, who covered his home with a big mortgage in order to get to the Klondike, in which the writer says: "I am send-