

**PROVISIONS.**—75 pounds granulated sugar, 1 dozen packages beef extract, 10 pounds evaporated onions, 50 pounds evaporated potatoes, 50 pounds evaporated peaches, 10 pounds evaporated currants, 25 pounds salt, 25 pounds rolled oats, 50 pounds cornmeal, 200 pounds breakfast bacon, 50 pounds rice, 1 pound Cayenne pepper, 1 pound black pepper, 1 case condensed milk 10 sacks flour, 1 bottle vinegar, 15 pounds dried beef, 1 case baking powder, 1 pound mustard, 1 box candles, 1 can matches, 20 bars of soap, Crackers, Castile soap, 1 dozen small cheeses, 25 pounds spaghetti, 15 pounds coffee, 3 pounds tea, 100 pounds beans, 25 pounds of pitted plums. Total cost of provisions at Seattle, \$21.

**CLOTHING.**—Three suits underwear, one undershirt, one Yukon blanket, one summer blanket, one dozen pairs socks, two pairs mittens, one cap, one bag, two overshirts, one jumper, one pair gum boot socks, two pairs rubber boots, two pairs leather shoes, hobnailed. Total, £15 6s. 4d.

**TOOLS AND COOKING UTENSILS.**—Forty pounds wire nails, five pounds pitch (for caulking boat), one whip saw, one caulking chisel, two pounds tallow (for caulking boat), two wedges, one handsaw, 250 ft.  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch manilla rope, one compass, one knife and sheath, one pack strap, one brace, one shovel, one pick and handle, two buckets, one coffee-pot, hooks and lines, one stove, one piece sheet iron, one revolver, belt and cartridges, one gold pan. Total, \$8 5s.

Besides these supplies, each traveller has a case of medicine that cost 38s.

To get to Klondyke with supplies for a year it is estimated the miner should have a capital of from £200 to £250. Not an ounce of bread or bacon could last August be purchased at any of the trading posts on the road to Klondyke. Yet thousands pressed on without provisions into the lone north land. If many do not perish of starvation it will be a marvel. There is no game to be had. A few hundred natives maintain a difficult existence in thousands of square miles of desolation so extreme that a missionary and his wife reported that they could not live together during the eight months' winter, for the presence of two fresh mouths to fill in any settlement would entail famine.

#### VI.—HOW THEY LIVE IN KLONDYKE.

The best account I have seen as to the actual conditions of life in Klondyke was contained in a letter written by a young miner of the name of Connelly to his parents in Nebraska. It is dated "Dawson City, Yukon River, April 4th, 1897," and it is so natural and simple I quote it in its entirety:—

Dear Mother and Father,—At last I write you a few lines to let you know where I am—in the "Land of the Midnight Sun." I left Juneau, Alaska, last Winter, and was 100 days coming to this place with five dogs and 1,000 pounds of grub.

This is the best place in the world. Wages are 15 dols. per day. I have a few thousand dollars, and would send them to you, but there is no way of doing so.

The man who takes this letter will carry it in his pocket 1,000 miles, to Juneau, Alaska. He starts to-night for the outer world.

Mother, gold in this place is no good—grub is the thing. Bacon sells for 2 dols. per pound, and flour 60 dols. per sack. I will come home in two years with money to keep us all the rest of our lives, if I have my health.

There were four in our party when we left Alaska. One died and we brought him 700 miles on a sled. We work dogs here as you work horses and cattle in Nebraska.

This is a wonderful country. The Winters are cold—60 to 80 degrees below zero. We have three short Summer months to work in. From June to the last part of September. There is no night the most of the Summer, but in the Winter we have scarcely any sun. On Christmas Day we only have about three hours of sunshine.

I have bought a claim for 9,000 dols., paid 2,000 dols. down, 7,000 dols. to be paid at bedrock. This is Winter digging;



ON THE WAY TO KLONDYKE.

the ground is frozen forty feet deep. We drift as we do in coal mines, put a fire in the base and let it thaw, then shovel it out in Summer. We wash it out in sluice boxes.

This creek is the richest in the world. Two men shovelled out 18,000 dols. in two hours. The place was struck last August by an Indian. The worst thing about this place is there is nothing to eat. We have nothing at all but bacon and flour. There is considerable scurvy here, one-third of the men being affected with it. A man cannot live in this place a year for less than 1,000 dols. There is a steamboat that usually comes up once a year, but it has not been here for two years. At present there are about 700 men in the Yukon country. Quite a number of these will depart from here with big stakes as soon as the boat comes.

I gave a man 2 dols. to take this letter to Juneau, and he will post it there. It will be this time next year before I will know what stake I will have to go home on. Three years is enough time to stay here. It will make a young man old to live on the grub we do for that length of time. Although we have plenty of gold here, it can only buy bacon and flour.

I would like to hear from all the folks at home, and when I come you will think a Count of Monte Cristo has struck the town.

At this time of the year there is no night at all—sunshine for eight straight days. It is well named the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

Father, keep up a little longer and we will be all right—that is, if gold can make us so. You would laugh to see me now, as my hair is as long as "Wild Bill's." This is the only place in the world where a man can make money, but it takes a strong man to do it. I think I could eat a barrel of fruit. A man came here this spring with a lot of eggs and sold them for 75 cents apiece. If mother were here with her hens she could make a fortune. Well, I will bring this letter to a close. Hoping to hear from you soon. I am your loving son,

TIM CONNELLY.

There is the reality of things as they are. We also have a woman's account of life at the camp in the interview with Mrs. Boyce, the bride who spent her honeymoon in Klondyke. I quote the salient passages from her narrative for the sake of the woman's view of things which it affords:—

What advice would I give to a woman about going to Alaska, she said to-day, why, to stay away, of course. It's no place for a woman, I mean for a woman alone; one who goes to make a living or a fortune. It's much better for a man though, if he has a wife along.