

to walk the nineteen miles to the diggings. There was about an inch of water on the ice, and I slipped and slid in every direction going over.

"When I got there the house had no door, window or floor, and I had to stand around outside until a hole was cut for me to get in through. We had a two-room house, and after it was fixed up it was very comfortable for Klondike. The boys had a carpet and curtain sent over for me. We had all the camp-made furniture we needed, and with a bed of boughs, and stove, we were well fixed. The Alaska stoves are narrow, long, little sheet-iron affairs, with two holes on top and a drum to bake in. The wood is so full of pitch—it's the meanest, knottiest, scrubbiest wood I ever saw—that the fire burns up and goes out if you turn your back on it for a minute. The water we used was all snow or ice, and had to be thawed. If any one wanted a drink, a chunk of ice had to be thawed and cooled again.

"The stores that were kept in the cache to save them from the wild animals were frozen, of course, and had to be thawed out before being cooked. The things we wanted to keep from freezing we had to keep warm in the house. Some wines and a case of champagne were sent us for Christmas, and I had to keep them under my bed to save them from freezing.

"The canned and dried things were very firesome eating. We had fresh meat now and then, and some beef, for last winter was the first time that beef was sent across the pass. We had a nice roast for our New Year dinner, and fruit cake, mince pie and nuts and raisins, as well as the usual canned vegetables.

"The men had hard time making bread, and I taught several of them how to make yeast bread. We could get hops and canned potatoes, and it was easy enough to make yeast, but how I did long for a raw potato—anything fresh and green! We didn't lack for visitors at the mines. I had nine to luncheon with me there before I even had a table to eat off, and one time it was so that strangers would come and eat—even come and take any food in sight, and bolt with it. We had some one staying at our house nearly every night, for people were always passing through, and they had to have shelter.

"In the winter the Yukon is one of the healthiest places for any one going there with sound health, but when the summer comes it is unhealthy. It is damp, the water is bad, it gets very hot, and the mosquitoes are awful.

#### DAWSON NOT QUIET NOW.

"Coming away from the mines we made the distance between them and Dawson in one night, but the trail is so bad that, notwithstanding I wore a skirt only knee length, I was covered with mud to the waist. Dawson may have been a quiet city once, but when I came through it it was in such a rowdy state that it was impossible for me to go to my meals, and I had to have them sent to me. Men and women—there were about fifty women there—were carousing continually. The people who followed on the heels of the good, steady-going, hard-working miners, are among the worst up there.

"There are good women, too, many who have gone with their husbands. On the Bonanza, near us, there is still a lovely, beautiful woman—Mrs. Galvin, of Helena, Mont., and I was sorry to leave her when I came away.

"Would I go to the Yukon again? Never. I am glad I had the experience I really did. It was worth the roughing, but once is enough. I'll stay with my mother in Fresno when Mr. Boyce goes back in the spring. He will only go from spring to fall after this. I'll stay down here and spend the money when he brings it out."

The warning of Mrs. Boyce will not deter the women who are determined to go. The Excelsior will carry many women. Their accomplishments range from typewriting to house-keeping. They could even wash gold with their own delicate hands on a pinch; and who could not if the dirt would go \$350 to the pan? All ages and condition of women seem to be represented. Many of them are pretty and show evidence of refinement.

Following is a letter received here from Edgar Misner, a well-known young San Franciscoan, who has been in Alaska mines about a year: