

KLONDIKE RANCHING

Acreage is Increasing Every Year

Territory Will Soon be Self Supporting in the Matter of Vegetables.

How long it will be before the Yukon is to a large extent self supporting in the line of eatables is a question that a few years ago would not have been regarded with enough seriousness to have received any consideration at all. Years ago the miners of Fortymile and Birch Creek used to raise a small garden of radishes and perhaps lettuce on the roof of their cabins, but it was more as a novelty than for the produce the best of earth would bring forth. It was scarcely thought worth while to attempt the raising of vegetables in a regularly established garden, the idea of the basin of the Yukon being but a perpetually frozen moraine in which nothing but mosquitoes could be grown having been for years thoroughly ground into the minds of both the old residents and the newcomers who in their pilgrimage to the north had gotten as far north as Japan.

The first three or four years of the existence of the camp men were too busy making money, rushing here and there, prospecting this and that, and ground to give a care to anything to eat beyond that which was sufficient to sustain soul and body. Though there was no one in those days who would not have relished to the full the most abundant of fresh vegetables, yet if they had been told such could be grown alongside their own cabins the majority would either not have believed it or would have taken the trouble to prove the truth or falsity of the assertion.

It may truthfully be said that it is only within the past two years that the possibilities of the Yukon from an agricultural standpoint have begun to be realized. A year ago but all the "Nugget" took occasion at the time necessary to make a review of the acreage that had been under cultivation that year, the extent of the crops harvested and the diversity of the articles grown and the result of the investigation was simply astounding. The only conclusion the average man of business has of any agricultural pursuits being carried on is through occasionally being in the spring and summer a vegetable man or two peddling in a cart over the city the products of his garden, yet it is a fact that the great majority of table vegetables that were consumed last summer, with the exception of potatoes and onions, were raised in this territory, and what was true last summer will be so this season only in double the extent of the ground cultivated.

Eastern ranchers would be astounded if told two or three acres here had yielded an income of \$1200 to \$1500 an acre, but such is true and quite a few whose inclination is toward farming rather than mining have forsaken the latter profession and become tillers of the soil thinking their chance of a fortune more certain as a rancher rather than a miner.

One of the pioneers in that line is Poichat who with his former partner Shovel had a lease on the island above the Klondike bridge. Poichat sold vegetables about town three years ago and was about the first to put the premier in that line. Their tract of ground did not cover over ten acres and but little over half of that was under cultivation, but it is marvelous the crops they grow. The ground, Poichat being at present associated with his son, is a sandy soil lying in the bed of the Klondike and but a few feet above high water mark. Irrigation during the dry season is done by means of a tank which is kept filled by a windmill. But one article which it has been attempted to grow has resulted in a failure and that is green corn. The nights are too chilly and the rains will not attain a growth of over two or three feet, while the suns are so small as to be worthless. Poichat's farm is in many respects a model. It is so situated that it receives every particle of sun as possible, that brilliant orb is visible above the hillsides, it is handy to town and has been under cultivation long enough now so that the soil is entirely free from roots which so discourage the rancher during the first year or two of his experience. The output of the ranch this year will be as large if not greater than it has ever been before and will consist mostly of vegetables.

Along the Klondike are several ranches, the largest of which is probably that of Lee Pate at the mouth of Bonanza creek. He also will have a larger acreage under cultivation this year than last. Between the Poichat ranch and the Klondike bridge is another small tract of about two acres which is in a high state of cultivation and which together with all others along the Klondike will be devoted entirely to raising vegetables. There is a large

garden on the island occupied by the Klondike Mill Company which has been a steady producer for the past three years and the output of which will be more than doubled this year. Across the Yukon and above the slough utilized as a winter berth by many of the steamers are several ranches none of which have over five acres in cultivation. One owned by a gardener known as "Long Shorty" last year produced some cabbages and cauliflower that were astounding as to size and solidity.

The vicinity of West Dawson seems destined to become the centre of the farming community. On the benches a short distance below the village garden crops have been grown for the past two years. Dr. Brown, the dentist, being the owner of one of the tracts that has proven unusually prolific. Farming on a considerably larger scale will be attempted this year by one of the residents of West Dawson. The 110-acre tract along Dawson creek for which a water grant for irrigation purposes was issued a short time ago to Emil Stauff is in the possession of J. A. Morgan who purchased the same from Mr. Stauff last fall. A large portion of the ground has been cleared and will be put in cultivation this year, over sixty tons of fertilizers having been hauled to the tract during the past winter. Henry Riddle, late a teamster with the Salvation Army, has taken up a five acre tract three miles down the river and proposes to devote the entire amount to potatoes this year.

The largest ranch in the territory is that known as the Swinehart farm near Selkirk which consists of 160 acres though not near the entire amount is under cultivation. Another large farm is the hay ranch of Sonnickson on the Stewart river. The aggregate acreage that will be under cultivation this year it would be almost impossible to state without a personal visit to all those enumerated, but it is a certainty that the Yukon is becoming more and more self supporting in the line of vegetables every year and the time is not far distant when it will be wholly so. Then the cleanup of tin cans at the back of one's residence in the spring representing the winter's consumption of tinned vegetables will become less and less as will also the tin lining to one's stomach, the result of eating so much canned food, become thinner and thinner.

The Boy's Diary

Judge Shute of Exeter, N. H., in rummaging through some old books stowed away in the garret, discovered a yellow diary, which he had written when a lad, because his father promised him a reward of 25 cents a week.

He now offers it to the world in book form, and any one who knows aught of boys cannot doubt its genuineness. These quotations may be of interest to those who love the boys, in spite of their peculiar habits:

"Dec. 7, 1866. Got sent to bed last night for smoking hayseed cigars, and cant go with Beany enny more. It is funny, my father wont let me go with Beany because he is tuf, and Pewts father wont let Pewt go with me because im tuf. Beany's father says if he catches me or Pewt in his yard he will lick time out of us. Rahy today."

"December 8 Skinny Bruce got licked in school today. Skinny Moses was in the wood box all the morning."

"December 9, brite and fair, speakin' day today. missed in Horatius at the bridge."

"Jan. 12, nobody got licked in school today, gess why, because there wasent enny school. Old Francis was sick, I went skating."

"Jan. 20, father is sick because he et to much salt fish and potato and pork. he is awful cross and hit me a bat today because I left the door open. I gess he will be sorry when I am ded."

"Feb. 25, I have got a new pair of britches at- enl and Cutts. I gess Beany aint the only one which as good clothes eather."

"Mar. 7. When my father was a boy, he was the best fiter in this town."

"Mar. 31, April fool day tomorrow. I am laying for Beany. old Francis licked 5 fellers today because they sung rong when he was singing speak kindly it is better far ta rule by luv than feet."

Negroes usually have a ready answer, even for the most unexpected question. The Washington Star tells of a man who visited the scene of the Battle of Antietam, and there met an old colored man, who took pleasure in explaining all "facts" about the engagement.

The negro was asked if he was present when the fight took place, and his answer was, "Sartainly, sah, sure I was right head."

MRS. GIDDINGS.

Mr. Giddings is a clever young man. He has made it a point ever since his recent marriage to praise his wife's remarkable common sense on all occasions—and always in her

Now, my wife, Mr. Giddings has been in the habit of remarking to company when the conversation veered around to the perennial subject of man's occasional absence in the evening from his own fireside, "now my wife has very different views on that. She is entirely free from the usual feminine smallness when it comes to the question of keeping a man in leading strings. She has always said she thought a man ought to spend an evening away from home in awhile and keep up his associations with his old friends. She says she's rather glad of the chance to have a quiet evening alone to read and amuse herself as she wishes without me bothering around. I tell you I'm in luck to have found a woman with comprehension of a man's fondness for the boys."

After this glowing eulogium, of course there has been nothing for Mrs. Giddings to do but smile blandly and deprecatingly and tacitly coincide with Mr. Giddings.

The other evening her husband announced quite casually at dinner, though his sang froid might have looked a trifle artificial to a snarled observer, that his old crowd was going to have a reunion at the club that night—a stag-bowling party. "Of course," he said, heroically, "I

won't go if you'd rather I'd stay at home."

In the face of the sensible opinions which Mr. Giddings had so frequently ascribed to her, what woman would have had the nerve to disown them?

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Giddings, sweetly. "Go ahead—it's all right."

Giddings departed into the night like a schoolboy. Mrs. Giddings had not told him the maid was going out to spend the night and that she would be alone in the house. Neither did she confess to him that her heart had dropped down into her boots at the idea of being alone.

With the determination to be brave Mrs. Giddings sat down to her quiet evening with her book. At 9.30 o'clock the book fell from her hands and she started up to discover she had been leaning forward, staring intently at the hall window, her ears positively stretched forward in fright.

Then she made a dash and locked the doors leading into the back part of the house. It suddenly dawned on her that at least four windows in the cellar were accessible to marauders and from that time on she sat in agony listening to footsteps creep over the coal bin and up the basement stairs.

Upstairs a ghastly creeping noise made itself heard every few minutes and so the idea of rushing up and locking herself in her bedroom. Jeffrey should return was abandoned. She went and opened the front door and stood there awhile, gathering courage from the people passing by.

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There were few, for it was now 11 o'clock. At last nobody came along. Then panic grasped her. She huddled in the big Morris chair with clasped hands. Here she was, utterly alone in a ghostly, creaking house with not a soul outside to hear should she scream when the burglars grasped her throat. She could feel their fingers. Her heartbeats strangled her. She was cold with fright. She had passed the point where she could argue herself out of her mental state. A great indignation at Jeffrey arose in her mind—that he should be callously enjoying himself and leaving his wife unprotected—how dared he? The tears came, at last.

At 1.30 o'clock Mr. Giddings's door key clicked in the lock and he entered, only to stop, paralyzed with

surprise at the woe-begone sleepy figure cowering in the chair before him. "What on earth—" he said. "Why, I supposed you'd be asleep hours ago! Why did you sit up for me?"

"Because I was a-a-fraid to go upstairs!" Mrs. Giddings half wept. She did not look at all as though she had passed a comfortable evening alone with her book, as it had been on the program for her to do. In that instant Mr. Giddings learned a few things about changeable feminine views.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he murmured. Now he is readjusting his eulogium of Mrs. Giddings—Chicago News.

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I'd like to have a nice, soft job. Where I could simply be a sort of weekly visitor. To draw my salary! And then, as that got burdensome, I'd like to have some fellow paid To go and draw it for me! —Baltimore News.

Sezzo-Ruyter is not an author, he's a born chemist. Tizio—Why? Sezzo—Every novel he writes becomes a drug on the market.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Uncle John—Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucumber vine! What progress are you making toward matrimony? Clara—Well, uncle, I'm on the fifth lap.—Tit-Bits.

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