

CLONDIKE NEWS BY THE HUMBOLDT

The Steamer Eliza Anderson Detained at Dutch Harbor by the Revenue Officers.

Frightened Passengers Abandon the Old Hulk—Old-Timers Alarmed at the Situation.

Seattle, Sept. 13.—The fate of the Eliza Anderson is known. Instead of being a total wreck, as was at first reported, she is lying at Dutch Harbor, and is under orders from the admiral of the northern revenue squadron not to proceed further. The full story of her rough passage was learned this morning from W. B. Price, of Danville, Ill., who was one of her passengers, and who returned on the Humboldt, which arrived in this city this morning. Mr. Price said:

"The trip was one series of mishaps. Nothing serious occurred until we left Dixon's Entrance with the intention of making a straight cut for Dutch Harbor. The third day out from Dixon Entrance bad weather came on. The wind blew terrifically. The waves would lift the guard up and leap in under it. During the first night, after the storm began, the rudder chain broke five times. Of course, after this broke there was no controlling the boat. Every minute it seemed that it would go over. The passengers were thrown out of their bunks and it was impossible to stay in bed, and it was impossible to man the pumps, so the passengers took the pumps in charge. I myself was placed in charge of the pumps. I divided the passengers up into squads of four men each. Each squad worked two hours. I also did the pumping to see how much water there was in the hold. We kept this up for forty-eight hours, and during this time the boat drifted back 100 miles. The second day of our trouble the other boats of the fleet were in sight. Then the Merwin, which was being towed by the Holyoke along with the Bryant and Polikofsky, broke loose, and the captain of the Holyoke turned about with the other two boats in tow and picked up the Merwin. Of course while this was being done she was out of our sight.

The next place we reached was St. Paul, on Kodiak Island. We should have taken on coal enough there to get to Dutch Harbor, but could not get it. After leaving St. Paul the sea was heavy and we were forced to cruise along. We got within 100 miles of Dutch Harbor when the coal gave out. We were rigging a small boat to send out for relief, when we sighted a small fishing smack with one man in it. He told us we could reach an abandoned cannery about twenty miles distant, where coal had been lying for five or six years. We just had about enough coal to reach that point. All day long the passengers worked in a drizzling rain to take on that coal. Finally, on September 4, we reached Dutch Harbor. Captain Cooper, of the northern revenue squadron, boarded us at Dutch Harbor, and, seeing the unseaworthy condition of the Anderson, forbade her to go any further. It was necessary for him to go below deck, but immediately upon seeing that we had an insufficient number of lifeboats he gave the order to tie up there. The passengers of the Anderson, with the exception of George Scott and myself, raised \$1,000 to charter the schooner Barnack to take the passengers from there to St. Michaels. The conditions on the trip from Dixon Entrance to Dutch Harbor cannot be pictured too vividly. When that rudder chain broke and continued to break every time it was repaired, we thought that our last hour on earth had come. We were disappointed so many times in getting coal, but I never believed that we would reach Dutch Harbor alive. Another serious annoyance of the voyage was the impurity of the water. It was black, foul-tasting and stinking. There was certainly something the matter with the water tanks that gave it its color, taste and smell. It was said that the captain of the Anderson shipped in \$500 to assist in chartering the Barnack, but I doubt it, although I have no definite knowledge on the subject.

The prospect at St. Michaels now is not an inviting one. While starvation is not threatening its residents, there is the prospect of a cold and cheerless winter to be spent on the beach, camped in tents and rude huts, waiting wearily for the welcome spring to come in order that the Argonauts may reach the land of promise. It is safe to assert that from now on no river boats will start from St. Michaels for Dawson. The barges belonging to Mayor Wood and his company may reach Dawson City this winter from St. Michaels and they may not. They will be the last to attempt to make the trip.

When the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer National City reached St. Michaels on her last trip she had a big crowd aboard who were confronted with the fact that there was insufficient space on the river steamers of the company to accommodate all of them, so a portion of the passengers paid the remainder \$50 each to relinquish their claim to passage on the river boat that trip. When this offer was accepted the river steamer pulled out and left the fellows who had sold out camped on the beach.

From passengers on the down-trip of the Humboldt it was learned that the company which owned the schooner South Coast has no river boats, and those who took passage in her from San Francisco trusted to luck and a kind providence to get them to St. Michaels to Dawson. As is usual in such cases, where men undertake such hardships and difficulties which they are about to encounter, the South Coast's passengers failed to secure passage from St. Michaels to Dawson, and they, in company with the remaining portion of the National City's passengers, are camped on the beach at the former place.

The Humboldt people are also among the tent dwellers, but they calculate on

reaching Dawson City this fall, and have hope to buoy them up.

The prospect for winter at Dawson City is not only uninviting—it is serious. The North American Trading & Transportation Company was compelled to close its stores there because of a lack of supplies. While the supplies which went up on the trip of the Portland previous to the present one will reach them this fall, and also those that went up on the last trip of the Cleveland, still it is a very doubtful proposition whether these supplies will last them all winter or even half of the winter. Especially is this the case when it is remembered that the Alaska Commercial Company is confronted with the same condition of affairs as the other company. True, those who have recently reached Dawson have been there long enough to consume all the food which they have brought in with them, and have been calculating on purchasing at Dawson, and facing a serious problem. This class constitutes about one half of the present population of Dawson. While the supplies which the late boats have taken in will last a while at least, they probably will not last all winter. So grim a prospect must be met by the hardy miners, and when hunger and humanity meet in conflict, hunger always wins if the battle be a prolonged one.

Mayor Wood's steamer St. Michaels was just eleven days from St. Michaels. The trip back was made without incident with the exception of taking on George Scott and W. B. Price, two passengers of the Anderson, at Dutch Harbor. It is rumored that there was considerable trouble on the voyage between Mayor Wood and his dissatisfied passengers. The first question which a reporter asked Captain Bonfield this morning was:

"Has there been a row on the Humboldt?"

"The reports which were brought back on the Cleveland concerning trouble between Mayor Wood and the passengers were grossly exaggerated," said the Humboldt's master. "Of course there was some little dissatisfaction. There always is in a crowd. There was some talk on the part of the passengers of compelling the Humboldt to stay at St. Michaels until the two river barges were constructed. But when we reached St. Michaels, the dissatisfaction seemed to die away and the passengers went loyally to work to help unload the Humboldt and construct the river barges. When we left the keel, stern post, floor and stem of one river barge was laid.

The captain estimated the amount of gold which the Humboldt brought down at \$5,000 in dust. The drafts and checks aboard, he said, would probably amount to \$10,000 more. Several of the passengers on the Humboldt own valuable claims on the river at Dawson and in that vicinity, but the amount of dust which they brought down was comparatively small.

Among the passengers of the Humboldt was J. F. Cryder, a man who has been at Dawson and in that vicinity since 1891. He says that in his opinion there may be starvation at Dawson City this winter, and that provisions may get short before spring.

"The trouble," said Cryder, "that the Alaska Commercial Company and the North American Trading and Transportation Company did not anticipate a big rush there has been to Dawson City. They have done their best to land supplies along the river, but I do not believe that any one will suffer from hunger at Dawson City this winter. The latest report is that about 100 miles from Dawson. The rush is in that direction now. The first strike was made in April."

There were only two passengers who went up on the Humboldt who decided to return and make the trip again from Seattle in the spring. They were Dr. C. A. Posey of Oakland, Cal., and J. E. Williams, of San Francisco. The complete passenger list is as follows:

Dr. A. J. Posey, Mrs. E. Cronister, G. A. Wenger, E. Turner, J. F. Cryder, W. Urquhart, J. F. Williams, Capt. J. Whiteside and wife, W. B. Price, George Scott, J. N. Secretan, Mrs. Wood, and five children, J. B. Rogers, Dr. P. Atkins, Mrs. A. Clark.

J. N. Secretan is returning from the Yukon, coming out to avoid starvation at Dawson.

"We left Dawson," said he, "on July 26, on the steamer P. B. Weare, one of the N. A. T. & T. Co.'s steamers. At midnight on the 27th the steamer ran in a heavy fog. After waiting twenty-seven days, or until Friday, August 13th, we were transferred to the steamer Healey, and arrived at St. Michaels on August 25. On the next day we took the Excelsior to San Francisco. On the morning of August 27th, the Excelsior went around in ten feet of water in Bering Sea, seventy miles from land. The passengers moved twenty tons of coal from her hold to lighten her and at midnight she floated, having broken two wings of her propeller. She reached Unalakleet on September 1. On the second day after she tried to beach her, and on the third succeeded. On the fourth they took off her propeller, and on the fifth put on a new one. On the sixth she sailed via Unga for Dutch Harbor, where we took the Humboldt for Seattle."

"On the way from Dawson City I have paid three fares. First to the N. A. T. & T. Co. \$150 for passage to Seattle; then \$120 to the Excelsior, and again \$75 to the Humboldt.

reached St. Michaels, and the other one the day that the Humboldt left on her return voyage. The letters are interesting, and show that the Mayor is in excellent spirits and believes fully in his ability to carry out his contract with passengers of the Humboldt. The letters are as follows:

BERING SEA, ON HUMBOLDT.

Saturday, August 28, 1897.—2 p.m. A. L. Hawley, Esq., Seattle, Wash.: My Dear Hawley—We will reach St. Michaels some time about Wednesday, left at Unalakleet at noon of Wednesday; left at 7 a.m. Thursday; got coal, water, and some supplies there, including 5,500 feet more lumber and twelve tons of coal in sacks. The haul was three weeks and I was delighted to get it at \$25 and \$35 per thousand. We can get along now if nothing else reaches us. We now have twenty-one tons of coal in sacks for a start sure, and timber for higher and for framing the deckhouse of our steamer. Have had too much to do to get up a report yet. Can send one from St. Michaels. Lots of bother to keep passengers smooth and happy, but it is on the whole been the luckiest voyage on record.

I am in excellent spirits over the outlook, and have my hands full all the time. Capt. Bonfield has been very good.

Have been two days interviewing and listing passengers—a fine lot, really picked men—carpenters, machinists, blacksmiths, engineers, etc. I can go on with a firm policy, and have practically no other company's passengers. There is a man here, all right, right on Mr. Rogers' ticket. I saw him once, and talked with him. He said his name was Rogers, but that he belonged to the ship. He does not, and is stowed away somewhere.

We have not yet received recent Yukon news. We have sighted two steamers, at long distances, to-day, going south, probably the Cleveland, to Seattle, and National City, to San Francisco.

Bering Sea is as smooth as Elliott Bay this afternoon, and the sun shines brightly. Most people who have been here say we can have a fine Indian summer weather. We shall certainly get either to Dawson or far enough up the river to satisfy most of the passengers. Many predict that the river will be open by the end of the month, and the passengers of the Tanana and Copper River headwaters. So much for the present.

Remember me kindly to all. There is neither time nor place here for work, or I should write more.

W. D. WOOD.

St. Michaels, Sept. 2, 1897.—1:30 a.m. The day was fine, but not hot, but a line. I feel myself the luckiest man on earth. In spite of storms, dangers in the meanest harbor I ever saw, and of extortion or utter refusal of any favorable terms from the Indians, we have been discharging, by working late and early, and one night entirely, in good weather in three days, moving the stuff nearly two miles from the ship to the beach, at a cost of about \$1,300 for towage and lighters.

I have the business in hand now, and feel sure of success. Most of our passengers will prefer to stop about half way up the river at Minut Creek, in the Tanana River country. We will, however, probably get to Dawson all right. Our steamer will compare favorably in model and power with the good steamers now here. A gallant ship, we have sent four and some other stuff on the Bristol. Will write more soon, and should do so now, but must get two or three hours' sleep to-night.

Passengers O. K. No trouble.

W. D. W.

STARTLING NEWS.

Insurgent Indian Tribesmen Combine for an Attack on Samana.

Simla, Sept. 13.—The insurgents this morning captured the Sarharigart police post. Information from the front received this afternoon shows the Afridis are attacking the Samana forts in force. General Yestman Biggs will relieve Fort Gulistan to-night, and the simultaneous advances of Generals Blood and Ellis against the Mohmands will commence on Wednesday next.

The Sagarthi post was attacked by a thousand Orakzais here. A gallant fight was made by the garrison of 21 Sikhs, who for six and a half hours sustained three furious attacks. In the third, assault the Orakzais forced the door. The garrison left the walls to expel the invaders, and the enemy was able to scale the fort with the ladder. One Sikh defended the guard room, killing twenty of the foe. He was finally burnt alive at his post. The signal kept up communication till the fort fell.

Port Lockhart and Port Gulistan are still heavily besieged. The relieving force which has been sent forward consists of four guns and five squadrons. The startling news comes from Fort Lockhart that the combined bodies of Afridis and Orakzais number 47,000. They are now all collected near Khan valley and will advance on the fortifications at Samana for attack.

A reconnaissance in force from Jamrud Pass entirely deserted. The Afridis have entirely withdrawn into the hills.

A CRIPPLED CREEK FIND.

Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 14.—Col. P. S. Kervey has just brought from Cripple Creek a piece of ore weighing over 100 pounds, which is full of free gold and which carries values aggregating fully \$100,000 to the ton. The ore is taken from a new find made on Saturday, and is in many respects the most sensational ever made in Cripple Creek. The rich rock was uncovered at a depth of only six feet.

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When you take Hood's Pills, the big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

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THE MINERS MARCH

Restraint From Violence by the Police—The Number of Idle Men Increasing.

Funerals Pass off Quietly—Incendiary Talk Disclaimed—Sympathy from Canada.

Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 14.—News has been received from the district where the Cox mines are located that they are striking this morning with bands of marchers. No word has yet come from the strikers' troops sent to the scene this morning.

Andersen miners refuse to return to work to-day.

The Stockton men went out, and the indications are that the whole district will be idle within a few days.

To a great extent the strikers have been restrained from open violence by the priests, whose influence prevails to a remarkable degree.

The priests, however, have no plea of mercy for the deputies who shot the men at Latimer, and some of them are active members of the committee to push the murder charges in court.

TO AID THE STRIKERS.

Pueblo, Col., Sept. 14.—Collections will be taken up in all the churches in Pueblo next Sunday evening for the benefit of the destitute coal miners and their families in the eastern states. Such a course was adopted at a meeting to-day of the clergymen of this city at the suggestion of the Pueblo Central Trades and Labor Union, which has been very active work for the miners' relief.

AUSTRIA AWAITS NEWS.

London, Sept. 14.—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Vienna says that the Austrian government is awaiting more extended reports as to the conflicts between the authorities and the strikers at Hazleton, and has not yet taken action with regard to the massacres.

FUNERALS OF THE VICTIMS.

Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 14.—The funeral of the victim of the deadly volley of the sheriff's deputies on last Friday, occurred late yesterday afternoon.

As a matter of fact there was little change in the programme arranged by the miners for the funeral services. The day was fine, but not hot, but a line. I feel myself the luckiest man on earth. In spite of storms, dangers in the meanest harbor I ever saw, and of extortion or utter refusal of any favorable terms from the Indians, we have been discharging, by working late and early, and one night entirely, in good weather in three days, moving the stuff nearly two miles from the ship to the beach, at a cost of about \$1,300 for towage and lighters.

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ARE YOU SHORT AND FAT?
ARE YOU TALL AND THIN?
If so the only Ready-Made Clothing you can get to fit you perfectly is...

Shorey's Make
If your dealer does not carry Shorey's Off Sizes get him to order for you.



BRISTOL AND EUGENE....

Where is the BRITISH PACIFIC? The all Canadian TELEGRAPH CREEK route. The BOARD OF TRADE. Get a move on. Our route Q.S.S.P. is the favorite; all land. No customs house to beat. No pack animals in the mire. No dog sleigh. No 100 pounds on your back. We fit them all and guarantee delivery.

DO YOU WANT TO WASH?
Rosa Bar Soap is the largest and best 50 bar sold

Mikado 20c. Bar 3 for.....50c.
Electric 20c. Bar 3 for.....50c.
Green Toilet Bar 3 Cakes.....15c.
Cucumber Toilet Bar 3 Cakes.....15c.
Out Meat Toilet Bar 3 Cakes.....15c.
White Rose Toilet Bar 3 Cakes.....15c.
Rose Toilet Bar 3 Cakes.....15c.

Agents for Morgan Oysters, in tin and shell.

Dixie H. Ross & Co.

tendent Latroup, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, went to Hazleton this morning to arrange with the employers. If possible, for an adjustment of their grievances.

Pittsburg, Sept. 14.—Work has been resumed in a number of mines, and it is expected that all will be running full blast on Thursday morning. The general sentiment along the Wheeling division is for an early resumption. The women marchers who were arrested yesterday were released on bail, and were at the miners' headquarters to-day, where they met a number of other women from Plum Creek. One of them said: "We are going to march to-morrow morning, and will not let the deputies stop us."

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"The trouble," said Cryder, "that the Alaska Commercial Company and the North American Trading and Transportation Company did not anticipate a big rush there has been to Dawson City. They have done their best to land supplies along the river, but I do not believe that any one will suffer from hunger at Dawson City this winter. The latest report is that about 100 miles from Dawson. The rush is in that direction now. The first strike was made in April."

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PROVINCIAL POLITICS

The Columbian Notes That the Vancouver World Has Turned Queen's Evidence.

The Unfortunate Flight of the Colist Touched Upon by the News-Advertiser.

Save, O save us from our defense must surely be the heart felt prayer just now, of the foredoomed combination at James Bay yepet the Vancouver government.

The champion in chief tereed the lists, a few weeks ago, with great fanfare; but reversed last and turned tail like a scullion as soon as an antagonist appeared in sight—the by conspicuously advertising the fact that it had been playing a huge bluff game, and was perfectly aware that the government's case is indefensible.

While this humiliating performance, the government and its chief champion has been enacting, the junior champion (otherwise known as the Mainland mouthpiece) the Vancouver World, is smothered in a blanket of silence, and is pitifully plighted which its senior had itself and the patrons of both into its grandstand challenge and back-down.

Such was the position and attitude of the junior champion until Saturday evening last, when an evident conviction of the necessity of doing something more to enter the lists, from which its chief had so inominously retired after so swagging a debut, representation and population was inscribed on the sinister standard which the junior champion bore, so it might be seen that it would defend the "redistribution crime of 1890," the very thought which caused the chief champion, in the morning, to forsake the field. But the tag blast of the junior's trumpet set forth a most uncertain sound (for a government champion), and by the time the fanfare was over, the appalling fact was made evident to the agonized ears and eyes of the Vancouver World, that the gallant junior champion—in his panic, no doubt, from the hopelessness of the case and the demoralizing example of its chief—had turned tail and was charging wildly into the hapless and defenceless rights it had sworn to defend.

Referring, in its Saturday issue, to the controversy about redistribution, which several of the provincial papers have been taking part, the junior champion, on far from giving the Colonist any comfort, begins saying that the discussion is "quarantined." The Colonist, it will be remembered, branded redistribution as "dead issue," and, on that ground, refused to discuss it. But the junior champion goes on, dealing blow to blow to its own friends and patrons. "Neither of these measures (redistribution measure to date) was regarded as being either final or satisfactory to the system of representation or the government of the day," says the World. "One even pretended to justify the measure of 1894, and the wonder is that this period there should be found any sentiment at all in defence of the matter. If the present system of representation (in the province) is neither a just nor honest system. The matter is certainly an important factor in political discussions in future."

To expose itself for thus heartily cursing "Queen's evidence" in the hope of need of its "pals" and its patrons the junior champion perpetrates the following: "The World for the last years has contended for a redistribution of the province, and the wonder is that this period there should be found any sentiment at all in defence of the matter. If the present system of representation (in the province) is neither a just nor honest system. The matter is certainly an important factor in political discussions in future."

It is distinctly rough on the back and disgraced chief champion and now denounces the government to have a doughty junior thus go back on the but, as the said junior champion traitor to the people all for tugging matter, it will get its comrades traitor.

World now admits is neither "a fair a just one."

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