



for winter means that it will be too late to build a cabin, because the moss which is used to fill the chinks between the logs by that time will be frozen solid, and be useless unless thawed out over a fire, a very wearisome job. The old-timers have got used to 70° below zero in tents; and even if the robe over them freezes solid, a match is smuggled from under the bedclothes, the fire somehow lighted

in the sheet-iron stove, and there they lie until the stove is red-hot before they dare emerge from under the skin rugs. But how are the newcomers to survive the cruel exposure—the lawyers, clerks, doctors, and mechanics?

Dawson City seems like a joke. Eighteen hundred and fifty miles from St. Michael Island—this is where they have gold, millions of gold, and nothing better than a muddy