



CROSSING SKAGWAY RIVER ON AN ICE BRIDGE.

a scow in which to navigate the lake and had embarked upon it with sixteen horses and the entire outfit of the company. At a point in the lake known as Windy Arm the waves demolished the scow, and all on board were lost. In such events as these on the Klondike route there is no time for mourning, or for effort to recover the bodies. If the waves cast them up they are decently but hurriedly buried by the first party that finds them; the names, if known, are scrawled upon a headboard or on a blazed spot on some near-by tree. Survivors hasten on lest disaster overtake them lingering.

Once at the Klondike, they find that there comes with the winter a time that tries men's souls. The twilight gloom of the short day when the sun at noon hangs low above the horizon; the still, deadly, unrelenting cold which, night and day, waits for him who ventures outside the circle of his firelight, ready to bite limb and feature that may chance to be exposed, and to numb to deadness the center of life if the wanderer stray too far beyond the hearth; vague

fears of want and famine arising from the sense of remoteness from civilized communities—all these weigh on the soul of the new-comer, and bring weariness and longings even to the old-timer. To make the interior of his house of logs, chinked with arctic moss, more cheerful, he pastes pictures cut from newspapers, and lithographs from calendars and soap-boxes, against the walls, and he reads and rereads the much-thumbed books and magazines that drift from man to man about the camp. To some in silent moments come memories of wife and child, and to others the thoughts of sweethearts far away. It was an Argonaut of the Klondike that told me the story of Happy Tom's love romance.

"You may call him Tom Murfree if you tell the story after me," he said. "It sounds near enough like and he might not care to be talked about under his real name. He was one of an outfit of a dozen of us who drifted together and stayed together for three years in the upper Yukon—two years at Circle City and a year at Klondike. We all knew that Tom had a sweetheart named Kitty; that she lived in San Fran-