



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

VIEW OF RAMPART CITY, WHERE THE MENOOK JOINS THE YUKON.

We are fast on a bar for twenty-odd days; and, owing to the fall of the water, its new steamer *Hamilton* was unable to get above Fort Yukon.

Between St. Michael and the mouth of the Yukon there is a stretch of sixty-odd miles of sea, a ticklish cruise for a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamer. Once the whole country was brought to the verge of famine on account of the wreck of the old *Arctic* while crossing this strip of sea. This was in 1889, a famous year in Yukon history, and it serves to show how well the men in that country

have stood by one another. As the result of the wreck no provisions could reach the men at Forty Mile and the other creeks. Indian runners were sent eighteen hundred miles up the river to warn the miners of the disaster, and to add that to insure their safety they must come out on the return voyage of the little steamer *New Racket*, then up the river. Word was passed along to every outlying creek, volunteers conveying the news; and such as chose to come in assembled to await the boat. Some remained behind from choice. One of these told me that for nine months he