

TYPICAL YUKON STORIES

Alaska and the Yukon is a country of big and wonderful things, but of all the things and beings which first strike the stranger's attention, the native dog is the source of the greatest amusement and gratification. For innumerable generations he has been ill fed and hard worked, the larger part of his rations, except when on a trip, being what he can "rustle" for himself. His code of morals can hardly be expected to be as well developed as those of the pampered and over fed "outside" dog, who will piously turn away his eyes from a table loaded with good things or balance a sweet morsel upon his nose until his master signifies his willingness that it should be eaten. Oh, no! A malamute is not that kind of a dog. He likes civilized "grub," but with cornmeal at 30 cents per pound and bacon at 75 cents, he is not liable to get the colic from over-feeding. At the same time he has lived so long in a country where most of the good things to eat are in cans that he

Siwash, the leader, had hungrily made away with his own share of bacon and was batting his eyes and licking his chops while he surveyed his slower companions still enjoying their bacon, the greatest luxury that a malamute's mind ever aspires to. Suddenly an idea could be seen to be illuminating that dog's mind by the brightening of his eyes. Without a word of provocation he wheeled and viciously attacked the nearest of the strangers' outside dogs with yells and cries which only a thoroughbred wolf could equal. His companions rushed to his aid, dropping their bacon for the enjoyment of a more glorious fight. Siwash looked around, stopped fighting and hurriedly went for the bacon. The strangers laughed and Jack choked the third piece of stolen bacon from the rascally thief's mouth. "Oh, that's nothing to the trick I was telling you about. It was down at Nulato, and I was bringing out the mail, you know, a year ago last Christmas. You see, I'd got by Nulato in a wind

teristic of the Yukon, and are told with much relish around every campfire:

"Did you ever hear of Pete's great trip over to Tanana?" inquired one camper of another.

It must be explained that the Pete mentioned is "French Pete," the discoverer of the famous Treadwell mine, and who either sold out for a song or was defrauded of his holdings. Pete was also quite a character in the interior in the early days and had many strange adventures and experiences.

"No; what about it?" says Jack.

"O, nothing much, but I hear so many of these new fellows asking why so many dogs have their tails cut off short. You see, it was this way. Pete intended to head Copper river and come down Fortymile in the early days and he found himself in a storm on the divide, so the dogs wouldn't face it for a week, and he run out of grub. He had over a six days' journey yet to make over loose snow. First night he fed the dogs his extra pair of moccasins.

Second night he fed 'em his muck-lucks and a pair of mittens. Then he went two days without feeding them, and the trail was so bad the poor creatures "tuckered" out and still two days'

ment. Suddenly the noise of champing jaws told him something was happening. Turning quickly around he saw that while the dog who had lost the tail recognized it as his own and refused to eat it, the others were not so particular, and one of them was fast making that tail disappear.

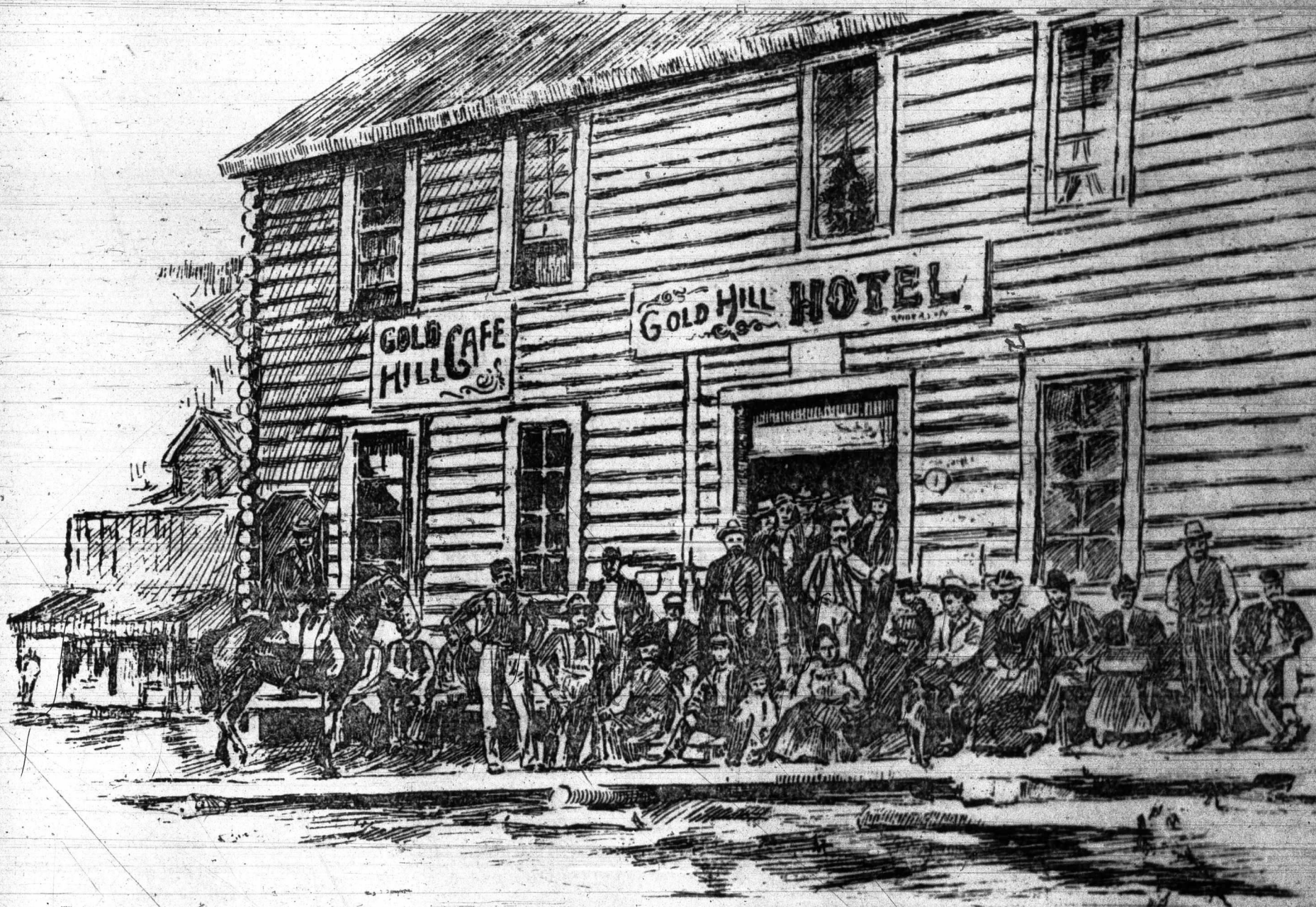
"Keno," says Pete. They'll eat one another's tails quick enough," and before you could say Jack Robinson the dogs had eaten heartily and were romping around like puppies. As soon as hitched to the sled they struck out for Fortymile, nor stopped for anything until they arrived.

Seems as though that bob-tailed team set the fashion on all the creeks, for I notice that eight out of twelve now-a-days seem to be shy their brush.

GEORGE H. MATLOCK.

Among the well-known, but most modest of the Bonanza claim owners is George H. Matlock, a partner of James Monroe in No. 16 above on Bonanza.

This gentleman, like the other old timers, first located in the lower country in 1887, coming from the state of Iowa. He came to the Klondike with



Max Endleman's Gold Hill Hotel.

never makes a mistake if offered his choice of a can of sardines or tomatoes. Several "old timers" or "Sour Doughs," as they are called, will vouch for the fact that a malamute can open a can of those little French fishes, put up on Puget sound, with the dexterity and celerity of a French "chei" from Galway. But that isn't what the veteran "musher" Jack Carr was talking about when we overtook him in camp last winter at Five Fingers. Jack's five dogs had only made 90 miles that day and dog feed had run out at the last road-house, so that Jack had to feed them from his own grub, of which he always carried a small supply when out on the trail.

"Yes," said Jack to a bunch of "Cheechahkos" who were just going in and who had stopped to admire his team. "Yes," they've been to the coast twice this winter, and I take pretty good care of them since the scurvy trick they played me a year ago."

"What was that?" inquired one of the strangers, patting one of the dogs on the head.

At this moment the conversation was stopped by the action of Jack's dogs.

storm and found I'd got to camp at an empty cabin on the bank. My dog feed was short, but I gave them what I had and turned them out. There was a cache outside, but it was ten feet from the ground and I went and took the ladder away myself for I knew Siwash's old tricks of breaking in. Well, it turned out bitter cold that night. About 70 below, and what do you suppose he done? Don't know eh? Why he went up to the first post which was under the cache and commenced to breathe on it steadily in one place. Of course his breath froze fast and soon there was a six-inch step of ice there. Then he got up on that and did the same in another place, and by and by he got to the top. Then he broke in. All the dogs were watching him, and he looks down and counted them. There was six. Then he throws down six pieces of bacon, and two more for himself. I wouldn't have thought anything about that, but you see then he comes down backwards and chewed off the steps of ice, so as to keep the other dogs from going up.

Stories like the following are charac-

teristic of the Yukon, and are told with much relish around every campfire. That night in camp the lonely man thought long and deep on the problem of how to feed his dogs, with nothing but snow on every hand and help two days distant. His dog harness was of webbing, or he could have fed that to them. If he fed them his remaining pair of moccasins his socks wouldn't last out the trip, and he would therefore freeze his feet. Suddenly, as he sat there looking at the sleeping curs, he seemed to be struck with an idea, for he straightened up and remarked emphatically:

"I wonder what good a dog's tail is anyhow?" There was certainly nothing the matter with the caudal appendages of his team, for they were both long and big.

"I wonder if they'd eat 'em," says Pete to himself.

No sooner said than done, and in a moment one of the dogs, through the intermediary of a hand axe, was smelling his own tail which laid on the ground in front of him. It weighed about two pounds, but the dog turned away from it with a saddened and discouraged mien. Pete was at his wits end, and turned away in discouragement.

the rush in 1897 and located the claim with which his name has become connected.

He is a pleasant gentleman, somewhat retiring, but being widely known, just the same, through his kindly ways and high integrity.

No. 16 is not so rich as some of the claims which have made Bonanza world-famous; but it is a good claim, just the same, and is making its owners rich men. The paystreak is very wide and deep, and the pay uniform, which are the best features of a good claim.

Mr. Matlock works a corps of ten men on his ground, using the most approved methods, and has proven very successful.

Not the Ocean.

It was the morning after their arrival at a Klondike resort.

"I have often heard of the roar of the river," she said dreamily, "but I never knew it sounded like that."

"That's not the roar of the river," answered her more experienced husband. "That's the roar of a departing guest who has just been presented with his bill."