

FROM NOME, 57 DAYS

Carl Knobelsdorf and C. D. Campbell Arrive.

THE ENTIRE TRAIL IN GOOD CONDITION

Nothing to Prevent those en Route Completing the Journey.

Winter Life in Nome—Law and Order Prevail—No Fevers—Provisions Abundant—Betsch and Gates Parties Making Good Time.

Shortly after the noon hour yesterday there arrived in the city two fresh appearing travelers driving five dogs to an ordinary trail sled. From the appearance of the men and dogs they might have come only from Fortymile, and when it was announced that they were from Nome the statement was scarcely credited. It was true, however, as evidenced by letters of introduction brought to parties here from acquaintances now at Nome. The two men are Carl Knobelsdorf, Prussian, and C. D. Campbell, American, both formerly of Chicago. After having stored their sled and its cargo in the Aurora warehouse and had their dogs comfortably stabled in Tom Chisholm's corral, they repaired to the McDonald hotel, where, wholly at ease, in solid comfort and to which plenty of time was devoted, they partook of the best meal it had been their privilege to encounter since leaving Nome 57 days before.

After dinner Messrs. Knobelsdorf and Campbell kindly accorded an hour and a half of their time to a representative of the Daily Nugget, and that hour and a half was the first quiet period they had enjoyed since their arrival, except when at dinner, as at other times they had been constantly surrounded by crowds of eager questioners and listeners all anxious for news from the new mining fields. Even the five dogs, four malamutes and a Scotch collie, the leader of the team, came in for a large share of admiration and favorable comment by people who daily pass on our streets hundreds of such looking dogs without giving them a thought other than the thought which accompanies a passing kick.

Both men talked freely when sequestered with the reporter, and from them was obtained all the important news and happenings in Nome between the date of the sailing of the last steamer for the Sound November 2d, and the date on which Knobelsdorf and Campbell started on the long journey over the ice, December 10th, a period of 38 days.

The readers of the Nugget will remember that typhoid fever was reported as being quite prevalent at Nome when the last steamer sailed for below; also that there was some question as to there being sufficient provisions in the town to keep its residents until navigation opens in the late spring. From these sources the recent arrivals assert no apprehension may be felt. Fever abated with the advent of cold weather, there being few if any new cases after the first of November. As to provisions, there are plenty, both as to quantity and variety to last until more arrive. In reply to the question: "What are the people doing in Nome?" Mr. Knobelsdorf, the older and more talkative of the two men, replied:

"As you already know, the mining season closed about the last of October, since which time the people have done little else than sit around waiting for spring. A few attempts at beach mining were made but with no success, the elements, wind and cold, being too strong to be contended against. The only place where any effort is being made to carry on winter mining is on

Snow gulch and with but little success. However, time does not drag as heavily as one would think; there are all kinds of resorts in the way of saloons, gambling houses, dance halls, etc., and those who do not look to those places for amusement have organized debating and reading societies, and there is a fine club with good apartments in which are billiard and pool tables and private card rooms. Besides, there are several secret society clubs, including Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Arctic Brotherhood and others. There is plenty of diversion at Nome to prevent a person from at least dying of ennui, although, of course, the wait for the long winter to pass away and active work to again begin is a long and tedious one."

Continuing Mr. Knobelsdorf said that but little freighting is being done from the town out to the creeks, the majority of the hauling being of wood into the town and in which work many dogs and quite a number of horses are being continuously employed.

Both men spoke of Nome as compared with what they had seen of Dawson since their arrival, neither of them having been here before, and both asserted that while there are not over 3,000 people wintering in Nome the business portion of that city appears to them to be more extensive than that of Dawson. Nearly all the business houses of Nome are of corrugated iron, hence there is practically little danger from fire, and as the stocks of provisions are all stored in iron warehouses which are isolated, their loss by fire is next to an impossibility.

Among the well-known Dawsonites in business at Nome are Doctor Koons, who is practicing his profession; "Ramps" Peterson, running the Pioneer lodging house, and Harry Machette, who presides over the destinies of the Kan Kan coffee house, all of whom are reported as prospering in their respective lines.

As to the condition of the trail, which subject, by the way, is of more interest to the people of Dawson at present than any other, the statement of Messrs. Knobelsdorf and Campbell as to their journey will be of particular interest. It is substantially as follows:

"We left Nome on the morning of the 10th of December, and 57 days later we reached Dawson, laying up six days, making the actual time traveled 51 days. On the first third of the trip over the ice from Nome to what is called the Kaltag cutoff, over that cutoff and for some days after striking the Yukon river, we averaged from 36 to 40 miles per day, but after that time, while the trail on this way was fully as good as that over which we had traveled, we did not rush the dogs, but traveled more leisurely. At the time we came over the Kaltag cutoff there was but little snow and the trail, though at that time practically untraveled, was easy going; in fact, on the entire journey from Nome to Dawson we wore our snow shoes only one day. We had no stoye and no tent, nor did we need them, as we slept out only two nights on the entire trip."

When asked if they met many people along route and of the chances of those whom they met reaching Nome over the ice both gentlemen laughed and said that while they had kept no accurate count of the number of persons met, it would reach at least 300, and if they failed to reach Nome it would be their own faults, as there was practically nothing about the trail to prevent straightforward travel.

They met Chris Betsch and his party about 80 miles below Fort Yukon on the 15th of January. The party was getting on finely and Mrs. Betsch was in the best of health and spirits. She stated that she lay in the heavy robes and slept a good part of the day. The intrepid little lady sent a letter back by Mr. Campbell to her mother here, Mrs. Pfrather. Betsch had 215 dogs in his "fleet" when met. Miss Gates and company were met two days' travel below Fortymile and were making good time. The Burnham party was seen at Forty-

mile, Mrs. Burnham having fully recovered from the effects of her immersion in the chilly waters of the Yukon a short distance below the Halfway house. With a justifiable show of pride Mr. Knobelsdorf remarked:

"After hearing our account of the trail ahead of them and clear on to Nome, people whom we met brightened up perceptibly and invariably left us in a happier and more cheerful frame of mind than when they first met us."

The appearance of the two men and that of their fine dogs is conclusive evidence of the truthfulness of what they say regarding the condition of the trail. Both men are looking hardy and rugged, and with the exception of a boil as big as a Lake Washington strawberry which Mr. Campbell is nursing on his right hand, both are in the pink of condition. Their five dogs, while looking somewhat gaunt on their arrival yesterday, are strong and vigorous, being principally bone, muscle and hair, but with no superfluous flesh. Knobelsdorf and Campbell work their dogs without swingle trees, but with one main string a la Labrador. As the animals' feet were protected with canvas boots there is not a limping dog in the quintette.

The travelers made the trip very light, purchasing the necessary provisions, of which they assert there is no scarcity, along the route as they were needed. They confirm the statement of Mail Superintendent J. B. Wingate published in the Daily Nugget some days ago as to the very moderate prices charged for provisions and dog feed on the lower Yukon.

In speaking of Sunday nights in Nome as compared with last night in Dawson both men said the contrast is indeed striking. Nome is run wide open seven days each week and there is no sneaking in at back doors seen there on Sunday. Yet, they say, Nome is a quiet and peaceful place, there being very much less violations of the peace and order law than one would naturally expect. Offenders against the law are tried by a United States commissioner appointed by District Judge C. S. Johnson, but who has jurisdiction in criminal cases only. On the arrival of ex-Governor John H. McGraw of the state of Washington, whose commission from the national capital gives him jurisdiction in cases both criminal and civil, Nome will have a full judiciary coterie in so far as minor matters are concerned. The men who arrived yesterday report having seen Mr. McGraw at Rampart City on his way to Nome.

Before leaving Nome Mr. Knobelsdorf made a house to house canvass of the city, gathering up letters for all points on the Yukon and the outside, for which letters he charged \$1 each. The two men brought between 50 and 60 letters to Dawson, the majority of which were delivered yesterday evening or today. They have a large number of letters for Seattle and other points on the outside.

The stay made by the two travelers in Dawson will be brief, as they will probably leave tomorrow, and at all events not later than Wednesday, for the outside by way of Skagway. On reaching the outside they will go direct to San Francisco on business of importance for parties in Nome. It is now their intention to take their dogs with them to San Francisco. Both men expect to return to Nome as soon as navigation opens. Regarding the mining proposition at Nome, extent and richness of the country, the two men could give no information in addition to what has been told and retold many times in the columns of the Nugget, as nothing new in mining circles has or could develop after the closing of the season which was previous to the sailing of the last steamer for below. Knobelsdorf and Campbell, however, reiterated the general expression of all who have been there and agree that it is a great country for a poor man.

Boston Page Killed.
From Messrs. Knobelsdorf and Campbell who arrived from Nome yesterday afternoon and who have since been busy disseminating Nome news to the people of Dawson it is learned that Boston Page was shot and killed in that place by a deputy United States marshal a few days previous to the departure of the two men on their way out. As may have been expected of any trouble in which Page was mixed up, there was a woman in the case.

Boston Page came to Dawson in the fall of '98 from Skagway, where for several months he was manager of Dave Blake's Theater Royal, which was burned the last night of that year. On reaching Dawson Page accepted a more humble position in the theatrical world, being box porter in the Monte Carlo.

Women and wine have ruled and ruined many men, but to these passions Page added faro, being while here and at Skagway, a veritable faro fiend. He would neither eat nor sleep so long as he had a dollar and a chance to play it on a faro table.

Some time last August, Page gave his enamored Maude Raymond, a well known member of the local vaudeville world, a severe beating and in consequence went to Nome in preference to the woodpile.

It is not surprising to those who knew Boston Page here and at Skagway to hear of his tragic death.

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