

A CLONDYKER'S DIARY.

Sept. 1.—It is all scenery—scenery, to the front of you, scenery to the back of you, scenery on either side of you, scenery beneath you, and the sky above. There is nothing, if there is anything! but scenery, and oh! how beautiful. Breakfasted this morning off a sublime view, and shot the chutes down a mountain on a snow slide, without the option of a toboggan, or one of your Vancouver Clondyke sleds for sale at Tom Dunn's or McLennan & McPeely's. As a summer resort Gundy Island is not in it with this place. The fresh air is unlimited, while fresh eggs and butter, meat, &c., are a rarity, in fact almost unknown. A case of eggs came the other day from the American side, and they were such a curiosity as to draw the attention of everybody, but were valued for a good deal more, and the temptation was too much for me, so I ordered a breakfast of ten eggs, a cup of coffee and a sea biscuit, which cost just \$10—\$10 for the eggs and \$2 for the coffee and biscuits. Big Pete Grimes followed suit for a breakfast of twenty eggs, to the tune of \$20. No book peddlers nor insurance agents here, only two years' walk from the train. If you try this place once the chances are you will never go home again nor anywhere else.

Sept. 2.—Dined off a snowball: being a part by profession this recalled old times. Memories of home and dear, kind creditors crowded my brain, and I shed a few timely tears. They were hot, scalding tears, and thawed the snow and ice for quite a way in front of me, so that I was able to progress more rapidly on the road to fame and fortune. However, I was struck by another avalanche about 6 p.m. and buried under about 100 feet of snow. I didn't mind this much, however, as I hadn't far to go for a shovel to dig myself out with: there are no snow plows in the Klondyke—we don't need plows.

Sept. 3.—Slept comfortably all night, but dreamed some heavy weight was pressing on my chest. With my patent folding snow shovel I soon cleared a path to liberty, and went my way with a lighter heart. Made a century run on my patent snow bicycle—by the way, there is so much air up here that pneumatic tires never need pumping, but they have to be punctured in several places in order to prevent bursting. In a long and varied experience never noticed so much wind anywhere else.

Sept. 4.—Remarkable how cheap ice is here. No wonder you Vancouverites find it hard to believe all you hear about Alaska and the Yukon. The natural resources in the way of ice are nothing short of phenomenal. Think of wading in the morning and sliding ten tons of ice on your door step, instead of a wet spot on a bill for \$5, or a summons to attend a small debts court for an unwarranted extortion by the medium of

billed for the Clondyke at 27½ o'clock this m.p.

Sept. 5.—Arrived at Clondyke last evening and staked a claim. To-day I am building a house of gold bricks and amusing myself in odd moments by throwing nuggets at the birds. Shall get up a petition to have the streets watered three times daily, as complaints are becoming numerous from many of our best storekeepers to the effect that much of their fine drapery, laces, curtains, &c., is made to appear like gold laces by the dust storms so common here, thereby affecting the sale of them very materially. Am beginning to feel the need of some of the biscuits mother used to make. All the same lead.

Sept. 6.—Carried 250 pounds of gold quartz, 22k fine, up the gulch to Hyena Hank's resort to exchange for needed stimulants. It was a big load, but I carried a bigger one back.

Sept. 7.—Watched as pretty a fight as I ever saw between a moose and a polar bear in my back yard this morning. My neighbor, Deadly Bill, formerly a Vancouver preacher, offered to bet me \$2,000 in dust on the bear. As the fight progressed, however, quite a crowd gathered, and I made a book at even money. Finally the moose ran the 34th prong of his left antler through the bear, but the latter got back with a corker on the moose's solar system. Both went down and somebody yelled "draw!" Everybody pulled a six-shooter, and when the scrimmage was over I was the only one able to sit up and take notice. There are now \$437,000 in nuggets and dust staked up in my back yard.

Sept. 8.—Have just paid the \$437,000 for a bag of flour, and traded my entire claim for two dozen coffee beans.

Sept. 9.—Started for the Coast. Got up at 5 o'clock so as to have an early start. Oh! ye Vancouverites, lose no time in turning your attention in the direction of a smelter. The interior will look after itself. Be up and doing; lots of time by-and-by for missionary work—air slips or other easier means of transport may be in use ere the great missionary guns (?) need to be called into requisition—long time yet.—HAZY BILL.

ONLY ONE THING WANTED.

The following jeu d'esprit from the columns of the Miner and Electrician is well worth reproduction, though its suggestion of the need of a "pack train of bald eagles" for an elevated mine property, said to be located in the Slocan, is rather hard on the best profit earning region of mining in B. C. The Slocan country's value is, however, sufficiently high to stand a little jocularly, for though the mines are "steep" their precious metal wealth goes deep and bids fair to be long enduring:

There are a great many kinds of mining experts and their reports are varied as the men themselves. Some

market for a silver-lead mine. Among the many propositions submitted was one from the silvery Slocan, says the Miner and Electrician. This proposition seemed so reasonable and the ore assayed so well that the company was disposed to treat with the owners of the mine and to that end an expert was sent to examine it. He reported favorably, said that the ore was there, the values were there, and undoubtedly great quantities of it existed within the boundaries of the claim.

But there seemed to be such a vast difference in the real value of the mine, according to the expert's report, and the price asked by the owners, that the company felt disposed to examine further. A well known mining man of this city recommended that a certain party be sent in to examine the property. "You can depend on his judgment," said the mining man, "and he'll tell you nothing but the truth; you had better depend on his report, which will be short and very much to the point, most likely."

The party referred to did not boast of his knowledge of mines; in fact he had never worn a pair of red boots in his life, but he had, by following his own judgment, made himself independent and recognized that experience and not boots had taught him geology and mineralogy. He was employed, and, as predicted, his report was meagre but full of pith. It was about as follows:

"Dear Sirs: I have made an examination of the Cliff Dweller mine and report that the ore is here as represented, that it assays high, that it is here in plenty, but to get your supplies in and ore out you will need a pack train of bald eagles."

CLONDYKE CRAZED.

New York companies and syndicates are now being organized to develop the Clondyke for all that it is worth and a good deal more, judging by the aggregate capital already asked and in considerable measure obtained. New York companies ask at present for about \$100,000,000 for this purpose. London is not quite so crazy, the companies there formed and forming probably not aggregating a capital equivalent to more than \$20,000,000 or so. There will assuredly be more gold spent in—or rather in the name of—Clondyke than will ever be got thence, even if that northland "pans out" as well as did old Cariboo, which is about as much as can at best be expected. One of the few London papers wise enough to discountenance the craze, is the old-established Mining Journal, the editor of which has evidently a long head on his shoulders. In proof of this he prefers for safe investment copper to gold production, more especially when the former deposits, as in many parts of B. C., contain a moderate amount of gold and silver in association with a bulk of copper.