

can never be a contesting one with that by Skaguay unless a railroad is built for 150 miles to connect the watercourses. The Dalton trail over the Chilkoot is easy for the man who travels light and can afford to use horses, but for the miner with a year's outfit there is but one way—through Skaguay or Dyea. It is only twenty-five miles from tide-water to the lakes on the other side of White and Chilkoot Passes. That is a comparatively short distance in which to pack and sled an outfit, rendered cheap and easy now by reason of Brackett's macadamized road, the railroad now building, tramways, and excellent pack-trains. Once the lakes beyond the passes are reached, the miner can build his boat, put in his outfit, and travel easily down the great watercourse of 2,000 or more miles, if he chooses, transporting from one to ten tons, and without touching it again unless he chooses for the sake of safety to portage some of it at Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids.

Since I went in this spring three steamers have been built which now run in from Lake Bennett to Dawson City in a few days and people can go and come by means of these in a short time. However, it is possible to leave Skaguay and reach Dawson in seven or eight days. The return trip will take twelve or more days. I am not going to take up your time with a description of the White and Chilkoot Passes. Suffice it to say that the former is easy and safe, and with the present facilities of transportation you can get into a wagon at Skaguay and ride all the way to Lake Bennett. This is called "the rich man's road." Chilkoot Pass is steep and is called "the poor man's pass," because with the tramway facilities you can get your outfit put over a few cents cheaper than on the former. On account of the calamitous snowslide which occurred this spring near the Chilkoot Pass, people are very apt to consider it a dangerous route, and this may be true; avalanches may occur under certain conditions and people may be caught by them, but a little good sense will enable them to avoid the same. This year I found the climb of Chilkoot made easy from the fact that steps

had been cut up the steep incline. It is steep—so much so that the face of the ascent seemed only a few inches from the chest. I passed up during a snow storm, and when I reached the summit or a little on the other side a wonderful scene was disclosed. There, in a confused throng, mingled over 2,000 men, sleds, dogs, etc., indiscriminately. A long line of loaded sleds waited in turn to go down. A man with his loaded sled would start; all waited until he reached the bottom, which he did guiding his sled, more often the sled guiding him, and then at the bottom sled, man, and dog would pile up in a mixed condition, while eager and willing hands would try to find the man. The noise and confusion were startling.

We found the trail from Crater Lake to Lake Linderman good. At the latter place we found a veritable town of white tents. Two years ago I did not see a hut or cabin here. Now there is a population of 8,000 or so, an alert, eager, pushing, but good-natured crowd. It is four and a half miles across Linderman to the cañon which joins it with Lake Bennett. As I mounted the last hill, there stretched far away beautiful Lake Bennett with the high mountains on each side, and at my feet another town in this wilderness of some 15,000 people. I wandered through this place for two hours before I could find a suitable place to pitch my tent. It was a busy scene, stores, saloons, "bunk-houses," police quarters, log cabins, tents galore making up the place. There is a saw-mill here and lumber sells at twenty-five cents per foot; it is only fifteen cents at Circle City. Small Yukon boats are built for prices varying from \$100 to \$500. I saw one of the three steamers for the lake and river route on the way. It seemed to be 100 feet long by 15 feet beam. I spent Sunday preaching to 150 men or so. The ice was bad but I determined to "mush on."

Down the lake on the south shore the tents were so numerous that you could hardly throw a stick without striking one. While going down this lake we heard what seemed a far-off roar like thunder and look-

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