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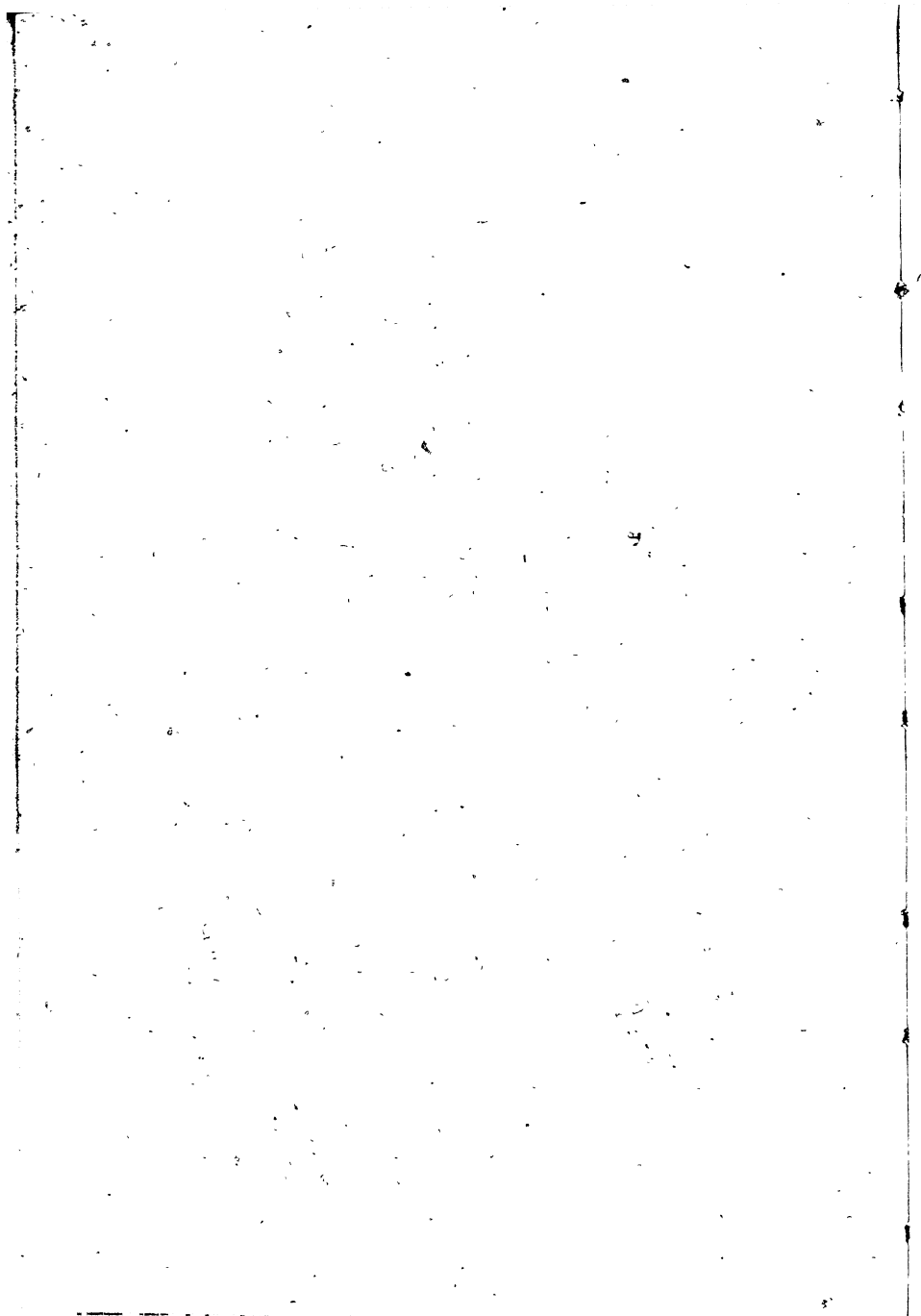
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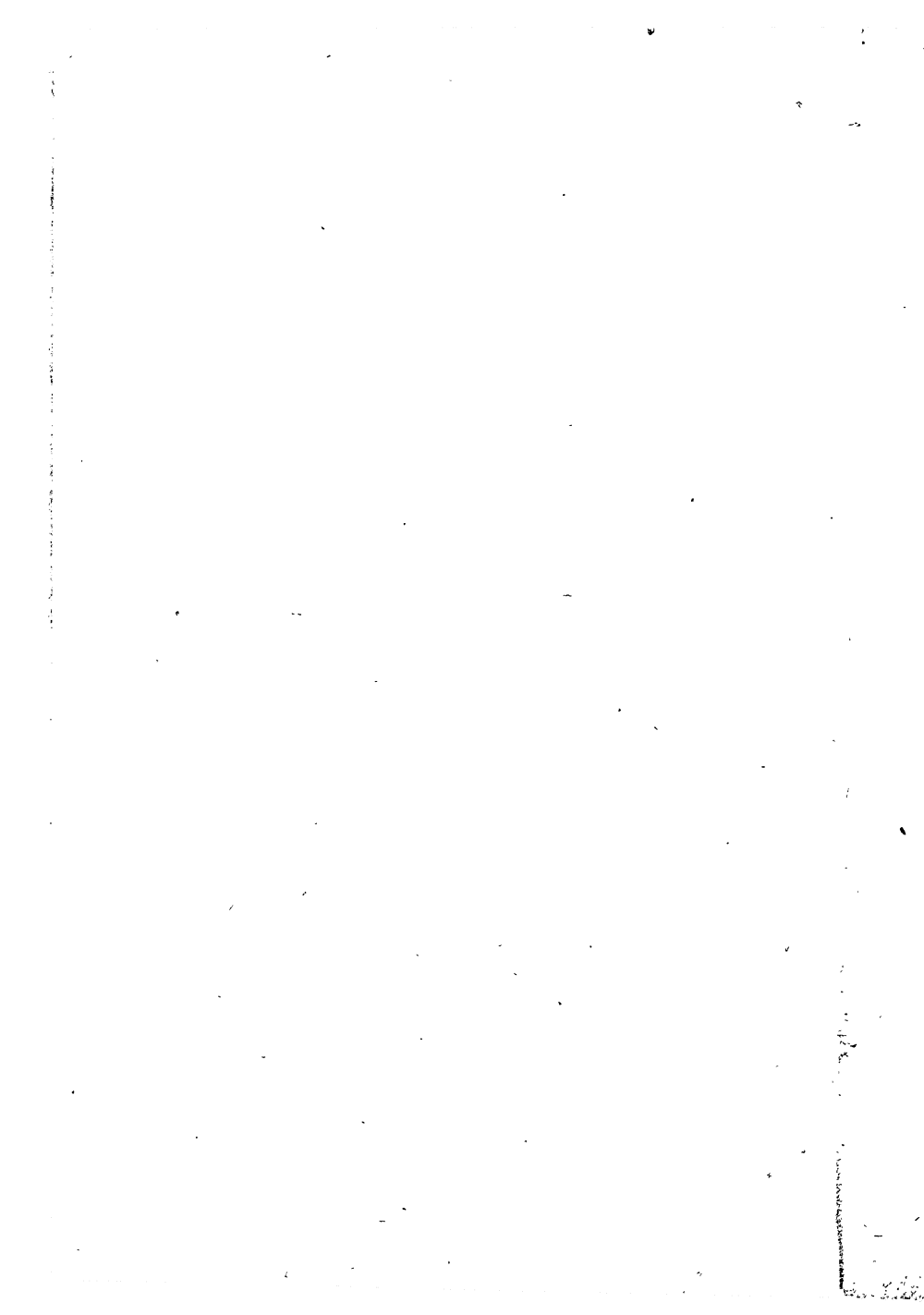
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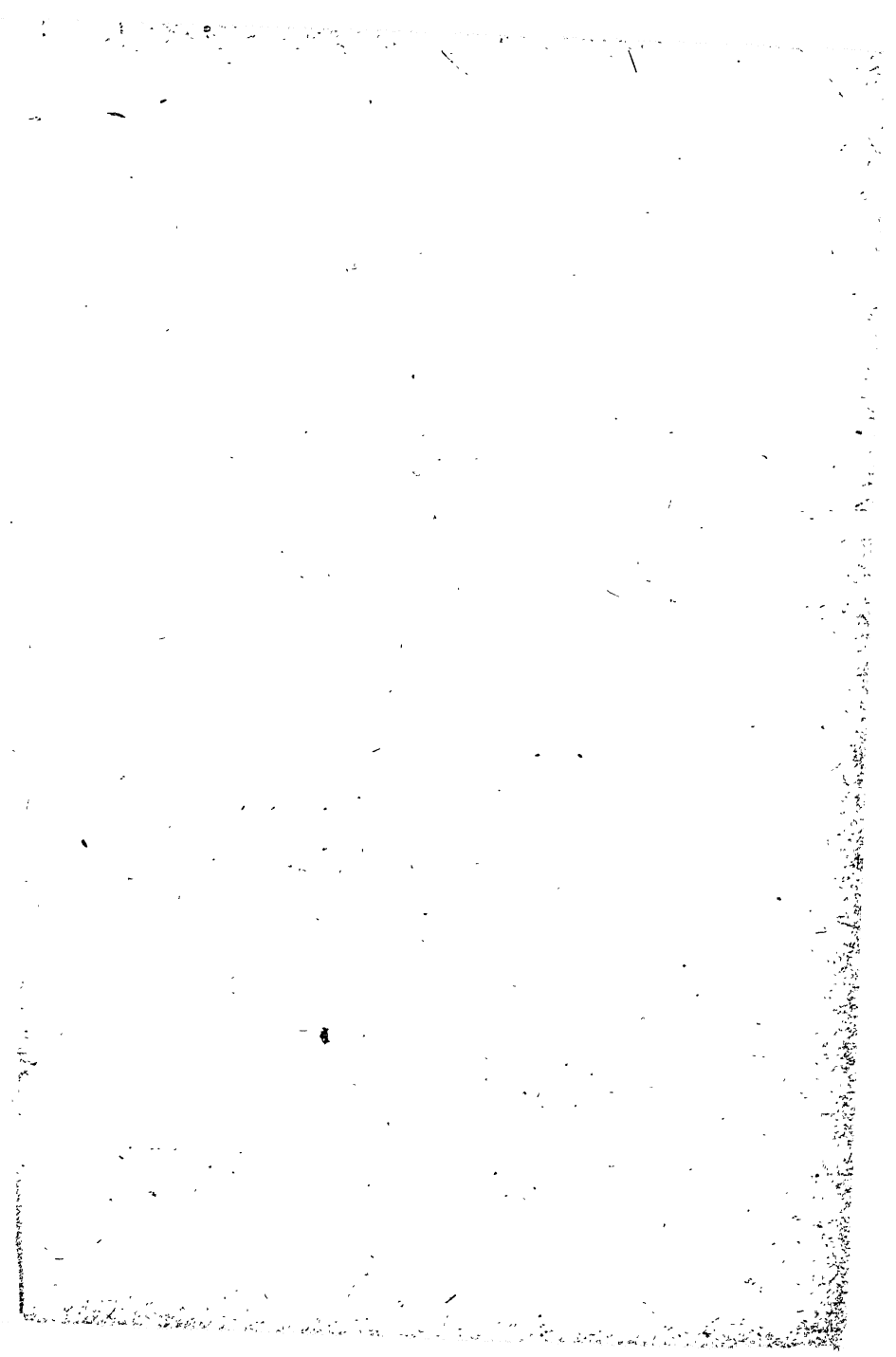
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**MY EXTRAORDINARY YEARS
OF ADVENTURES AND ROMANCE
IN KLONDIKE AND ALASKA**







Mrs. S. E. Pasche.

MY
EXTRAORDINARY YEARS
OF
ADVENTURES AND ROMANCE
IN
KLONDIKE AND ALASKA

BY
MRS. SARAH ELIZABETH PATCHELL

LONDON—
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DEDICATED
TO
MY FRIENDS
IN DEEP GRATITUDE FOR
MANY KINDNESSES

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PREFACE

MUCH of the material of this book, especially that part in which the dialogue style has been adopted, is taken from my diary, and combines happenings and reminiscences, both sad and pleasant, beginning with my disappointed arrival in Dawson City, Yukon Territory, in 1904, following an experience shattered romance. story of self-sacrificing love, permeated with the highest inspirations, explores the greatest and most magnificent power within a woman's heart, and should impress all readers with the indisputable fact that life in this beautiful world, with its joys and sorrow, its successes and disappointments, is after all well worth living.

This fictionless work, which I assure you will be found both interesting and instructive, reveals the story of my life and adventures, since as a young woman, filled with the hope of untried life, I entered the Yukon and afterwards Alaska, to join my husband, who was one of the many thousands lured by reports of rich discoveries of gold, to participate in the great trek of 1898. On the whole, this book will be found both descriptive and historical, replete with tales of human interest, embellished with humour and pathos, wholesome, beautiful and inspiring ; it is at times tinged with

PREFACE—Continued

sadness—varied with illuminating, holy and heavenly thoughts. As has been well said, "The finest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly welded by the fiercest fire,"—and that has surely been true in my case. The narratives related by the different characters, and fascinating stories of brotherly devotion and sacrifice in real life, are beautiful and elevating. Superb examples of chivalry, love and friendship will be found set forth on page after page of this work. This book can be read again and again with absorbing and sustained interest, and it is certain to make a deep impression on minds imbued with the spirit of human sympathy and devotion.

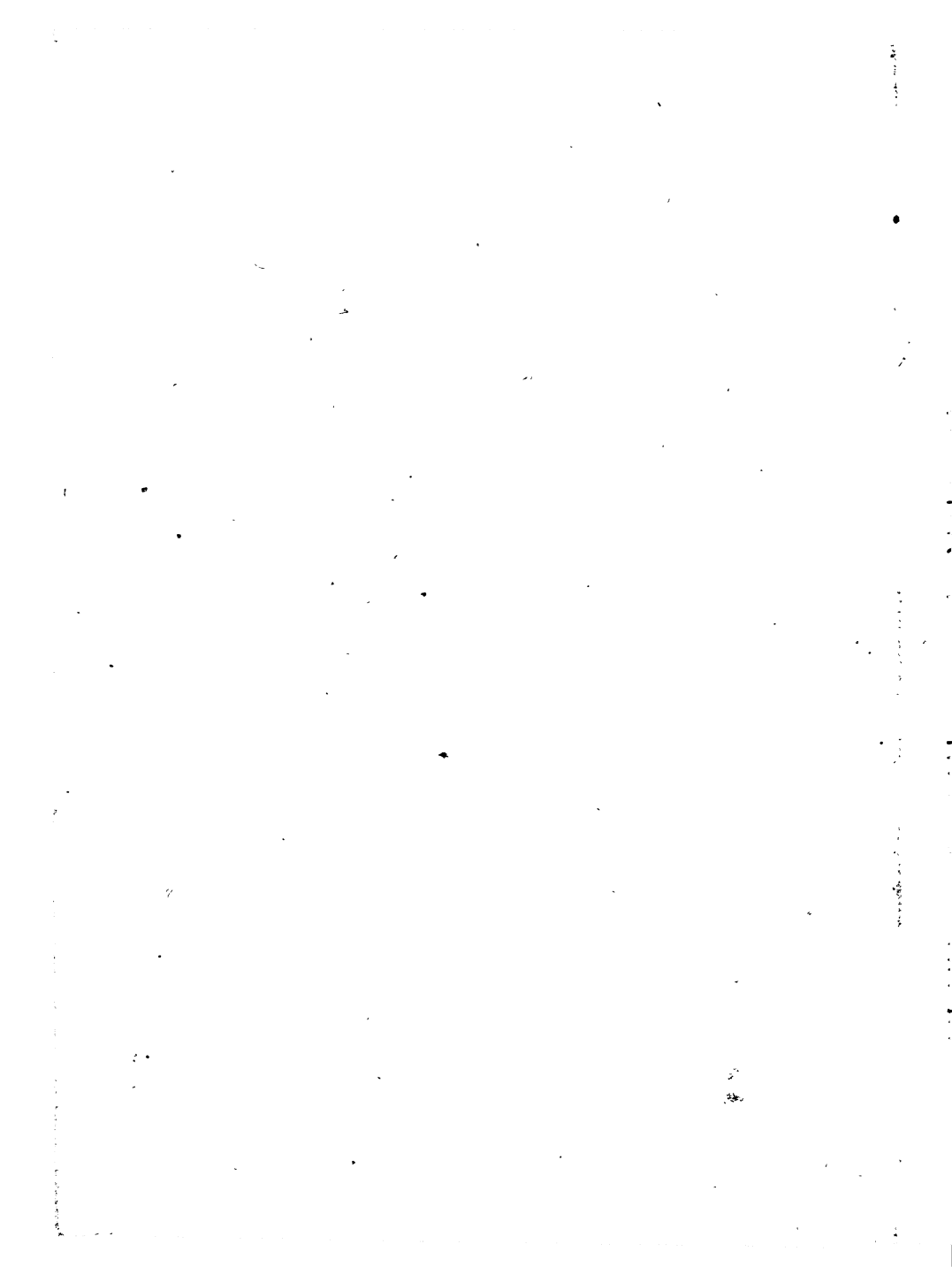
The gloriously picturesque scenery of the Klondike and Alaksa, and the gay social life, the hospitality and brotherly spirit in evidence at a time when the host Northland, within the scope of the Arctic Circle, was the Mecca of adventurous men and women of every clime, in their pursuit of the fickle goddess of fortune, furnish a background for these most striking and thrilling narratives. Those who peruse these pages will find the most astounding climax of over thirty years of travel, adventure, sacrifice and staunch fidelity to conscience, almost unbelievable; yet every line recorded bears the stamp of sincerity and truth, and well exemplifies the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

If I might be permitted to point to a moral in this work that might at some time benefit my readers, I

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would say that my experience has amply demonstrated the truth of the statement that reveals the spirit of true romance and happiness; after all the hardships and heartaches, my life is now a happy one with my kind husband, who is one of the best in the world.

I have given fictitious names to a number of the characters in this book.



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My Extraordinary Years of Adventures and Romance in Klondike and Alaska

CHAPTER I.

I FIRST saw the light of day in a pretty cottage on the hill-side at Waasis, County of Sunbury, Province of New Brunswick. My parents, John and Mary (Carr) Wade, both natives of Ireland, were staunch and devoted Christians, very proud of their large family of four boys and five girls. During my girlhood days at home, I lived a very happy life under the guidance and care of a faithful, prudent mother, as my father died at the age of eight years old.

At the age of nineteen, I married Thomas T. Patchell of Fredericton, New Brunswick. A year after our marriage, news of the great Klondike gold discovery spread throughout the globe and my husband was among those who wished to join in the stampede to the Yukon Territory to seek their fortune in that gold region country. After days of debating on the question as to whether he should go or not, I sadly consented in his favour as I realised the lure for gold was strong in his veins. The day on which he was to take his departure, May 10th, 1898, soon arrived; I accompanied him to the depot and for the first time his eyes filled with tears that rolled down his deep flushed cheeks. Looking up at me with his earnest face, the brilliant sunlight blaze of crimson glory shining full upon his handsome features and stately form as he stood there ready to board the North-bound train en route on his long journey

to the Klondike, he said, " My darling wife, I wish you were coming with me, but that I know is impossible." I told him I was afraid to let him go so far away ; the agony of parting was more than I could stand and I yearned to go with him. " How weary will be the days when you are away from me," I said. He replied in his tremulous voice, " My dear, the parting is only for a little while because after I reach my destination and get settled, I will send for you. I don't want you to grieve after I have gone ; I want you to feel happy, and if I make a million dollars, it will all be yours, my dear Sarah Elizabeth."

Tears dimmed my eyes as we kissed each other farewell. As the train moved onward and he was speeding on his journey far away, I hastened to my dear mother at home where I found consolation and a cure for grief.

Slowly the months dragged their weary lengths away as I waited for word to follow Tom, my husband. Although I had received many letters from him, describing the hardships he was enduring, the one which proved to be most discouraging and disappointing to me was written after his arrival in Dawson, as in this letter he stated that he was four months in making the journey and advised me to remain at home and not attempt the trip, as Dawson was a wild and rough country.

He then engaged in the gold mining business and year after year passed away while I waited for him to make his fortune and return home, but I waited in vain. Finally on November 24th, 1903, I wrote to him, stating that I had decided to proceed to Dawson. Two months later I received a letter from him stating that if I were determined to travel to the Yukon, I would have a long hard journey before me, especially from White Horse to Dawson, as this part of the trip

My dear Mr. Parobell



Mr. Husband Thomas T. Parobell.

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would have to be travelled by stage over the Winter Trail and which he described as a freezing journey. He also stated that on March 10th, he would return to his gold prospecting and would not reach Dawson again for at least a year, as the gold regions were remotely located from that city where I would be left alone among strangers. I would not be persuaded or discouraged now by anything he wrote to me, although the prospects of my venturing out on such a long journey, alone, afraid, timid and shy against a wintry sky, looked gloomy indeed ; so trusting in God and with a brave heart, I prepared for my long journey.

While visiting friends in Saint John, N.B., I called at the Bishop's Palace to consult with His Lordship, Bishop Casey. When I told the Bishop of my intention to travel to Dawson to join my husband there, he said, " My dear child, I feel very sorry to hear of your going so far away from your home alone, and to a country you know so very little about. You are indeed a very brave young woman, and I know you have great faith in God, which I feel sure you will always possess. God has established rules for the use of our souls and bodies. No matter where we travel we can always communicate with Him by prayer. When we pray, we talk to our Heavenly Father ; it is an expression of our love for Him. God always hears our prayers and He will grant what we ask and what He knows is best for us. Never cease praying to God for protection and always practise the virtue of justice and all that pertain to a religious life. Have faith in our Heavenly Father and no harm will ever come to you, and always remember to practise your good mother's instructions. I will pray and ask God to guide and protect you and bless you, and inspire you to remain a true and faithful Christian. May His blessing and my blessings be ever upon you."

I felt very happy upon receiving such a great blessing from Bishop Casey ; so, bidding him good-bye, I left the palace and returned home with a feeling of new strength and courage.

On February 4th, 1904, the day I was to leave on my long journey of over five thousand miles to Dawson, Yukon Territory, I arose early; the morning air was bright and frosty the red gleam of the sun far up in the heavens shone brightly down on the blanket of snow that covered the once green fields, surrounded by a border of magnificent green trees. As I looked upon these scenes which were the home of my happy girlhood days and thoughts of leaving the mother who cherished and loved me so well, a tempest of grief swept over me as I was about to say good-bye to my dear, kind, almost heart-broken mother, my sister, Mary Jane, and brother, William. My heart felt sad as I heard my mother's sobbing voice say, " Good-bye, my darling daughter, God bless you, until we meet again." My eyes filled with tears as I feared that I would never see them again.

I proceeded to Fredericton, New Brunswick's capital city, where I had some business to transact, and also where I wished to say farewell to some old friends. I first called on H. B. Winters, of the Dominion Government Savings Bank, who was astonished to learn that I was on my way to the Klondike. He commended me for my courage in setting out alone on such a long journey ; he also requested me to convey his kind regards to my husband, and made me promise that I would call upon his son, George H. Winters, a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police located at Dawson City. Another pleasant call which I made while in Fredericton was at the office of the Daily Herald, where I greatly astonished the City Editor, Robert P. Allen, with the announcement that I was on my way to Dawson City

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to join my gold-seeking husband. "Well," he remarked, "you have some journey ahead of you, but I am sure you will get through all right and know you will make many friends. As you know, your husband, Tommie, is an old and esteemed friend of mine. Please convey to him my best wishes, along with the hope that he will some day strike it rich. I hope that when that happens, you will both return to Fredericton and settle down here."

Travelling by train from Fredericton to Montreal, I felt very lonely, going so far away from my dear ones, not knowing what the future would have in store for me. At Montreal, I boarded the Canadian Pacific Railway train for Vancouver, B.C. which meant a journey of six days. The parlour car was filled with a fine and jovial class of people. When I told the conductor of my long journey to Dawson, on which I was embarking, he looked at me in astonishment and said: "Oh, my dear young lady, what wonderful courage you have, travelling to that far away country alone." Both the conductor and passengers became very interested and it was not long until I had made the acquaintance of many nice people, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Moss, travelling from England to Vancouver, and Roy Allen, who was en route to Dawson to engage in the banking business. Their hearts were full of kindness and sympathy for me and they told me that I was one of the bravest young women in the world for undertaking such a long journey alone.

Mrs. Moss and I became very dear friends and she was very much astonished when she learned that I had not seen my husband for six years. After I explained the happenings of that period, she said, "My dear, what a lonely life you have endured during these years: you are so young and charming, and I hope your husband

is as good as you appear to be. Dr. Moss as well as myself believe you are too young and attractive to travel alone into that wild region. We would like to keep in touch with you while you are in the North and when you return to Vancouver, we hope you will come to visit us."

"Thank you, Mrs. Moss," I replied, "I shall feel very happy to be your guest when I return."

During those six days on the train, I made many friends and everyone was very kind to me; so this part of my journey was made very pleasant for me. I also enjoyed the wonderful scenery especially through the Rocky Mountains, which was beautiful and thrilling. Upon my arrival in Vancouver, Mrs. Moss expressed appreciation of my company and felt very sorry to see me going so far away alone, and suggested to Roy Allen, a travelling companion, that he act as a brother to me and watch over me as he would his own sister; all of this Roy promised to do, adding that he would do everything in his power in my interest and welfare. My friends bade me farewell, wishing me God's blessings, as I left them and proceeded to the Vancouver Hotel, where I remained until the Princess Beatrice, the steamer on which I had booked passage, sailed for Skagway.

On February 14th, we sailed with about sixty or seventy passengers, including myself, making the trip. Most of these passengers were sourdoughs, miners, prospectors and business men returning to the North. My room-mate, Mrs. Mac, introduced me to a great many of them and they expressed great delight to meet a real Cheechako, as I was also glad to make their acquaintance. Speaking to a man by my side, I asked the meaning of the word "*Cheechako*." He graciously replied that a Cheechako is one who has never been in the North before, and that a sourdough is one who

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has spent at least a year in the country ; I was also told that the Northern people are kind and sympathetic and make strangers feel absolutely at home. They usually call one another by their Christian names and expect reciprocation, their reason being that they feel like one big family ; it exemplifies the jovial spirit of the Yukon.

As the days passed I enjoyed my voyage immensely and my room-mate proved herself a real companion and pal, besides being most interesting. We had several interesting conversations regarding our affairs ; she related many interesting events and gave me a brief description of the Northern Country. She also informed me that she was the wife of a wealthy miner in Dawson, where she had spent many summers. She insisted upon my calling her by her Christian name of Maxie, as she already addressed me by mine, Sarah Elizabeth.

I gradually learned much more about the Northern Country from my many new acquaintances and especially from two distinguished looking gentlemen, whose Christian names were Wilford and Carl. I also made the acquaintance of many other fine gentlemen, including Doc. Montana, Carson, Maurice and Earl, who displayed a kindly interest in me, describing the scenery for my benefit as we sailed onward. Our chief amusement on board apparently seems to be card playing and dancing. Many of the passengers gather in the dining-room each evening to play cards. Maxie and I were escorted by Wilford and Carl ; at the table Wilford sat opposite me. I noticed he wore a beautiful rose and Mrs. Ward, another passenger, who seemed very fond of him, said, " Wilford, that's a pretty rose you are wearing ; if you were to give it to a lady, who would the favoured one be ? "

To my great surprise, he came to where I was sitting

and pinned the rose on me. Everyone congratulated me on this incident, and I thanked Wilford most graciously for his beautiful rose. I enjoyed a very pleasant evening, and after midnight supper we all went on deck for a stroll. As we walked about chatting Carl, with flowery language, said to me, "Mrs. Patchell, I admire your rose; it is very becoming to you with your dark eyes and beautiful hair, which we all admire, Wilford was right in giving the rose to the most charming lady on the Princess Beatrice."

"Carl, you flatter me," I explained.

"No, indeed," replied Carl, "What I say is the truth." "Mrs. Patchell, please tell me your Christian name," he went on.

I replied, "It is Sarah Elizabeth."

"Oh," said Carl, "what a pretty name you have. I like the name of Sarah, which is my mother's name. Tell me, Sarah Elizabeth, is it true that your husband intends leaving you alone in Dawson?"

"Yes, Carl, it is true," I replied. "He wrote to me before I left my home in New Brunswick stating that he would return to his mines (which are located hundreds of miles from Dawson) on March 10th, and that he would not be able to be in Dawson again for at least a year."

"Tis a sad plight, my dear young woman," said Carl. "You are too young and attractive to be left alone in a lonely cabin in Dawson. You will meet with all classes of people from all parts of the world—evil ones as well as good."

"Carl, you frighten me," I said, "don't you think I'll be safe there? Please, Carl, tell me more about the Northern people and their cabins."

"Well," said Carl, "the North has many cabins scattered all over the country, unlocked and unguarded.

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Everything inside would be perfectly safe, except a beautiful woman left unprotected."

"Carl, you give me the impression that I will not be safe there, and that something may happen to me if my husband leaves me alone. If he does, I fear that I shall be very sad and unhappy, alone in a strange country and friendless. I have always had a great horror of that country and yet I have ventured on this long journey alone."

Carl's reply was: "I'll protect you as a brother."

Our conversation ceased as Roy Carson and others joined us. Soon after I bade them good-night and retired to my state-room. As I entered it, Maxie said, "Oh Sarah Elizabeth, I have something I wish to tell you. Apparently after the card party Mrs. Ward met Wilford and she remarked to him that she noticed he was much interested in the young lady Sarah Elizabeth, and Wilford had replied, "Yes, indeed, and I think she is the most charming woman God ever made."

"Sarah Elizabeth," Maxie went on, "do you know Wilford admires your brave and courageous spirit, and in fact, everybody on board is interested and very fond of you."

"Maxie, to be truthful," I replied, "I don't want men to admire me. I've always tried to avoid the admiration of men; but it seems that on this journey it is almost impossible."

"Well, my dear," Maxie continued, "you can't prevent men from being fond of a charming woman who is apparently neglected by her husband."

"Maxie, I really don't see what they see in me that should be fascinating to them."

"My dear," replied Maxie, "It is your pleasing personality and striking appearance. I believe your husband has neglected you for gold."

"Maxie, if I felt that my husband has neglected me, I shall feel very unhappy in this new country."

To this Maxie encouragingly said, "No you won't, Sarah Elizabeth, you will have a bright future; and if you take my advice, you will be happy. I believe your husband has neglected you during these past years, and just imagine him expecting you to live in a lonely cabin in Dawson. What an expectation! It's so ridiculous and I feel very angry at him. You are a beautiful woman going into a rich country, and with your commending grace and will-power you will be much admired among the wealthy."

"Maxie, my dear," I promptly assured her, "their admiration means nothing to me in the way of encouragement. As you know, I have a husband and am still loyal to him."

"That's all right," said Maxie, "many a woman has divorced her husband for neglecting her and then married a worthy rich man in this Northern Country."

"But, Maxie, I never could do that; I might let them act as brothers to me, that's all. I can't understand why everybody here thinks that I should divorce my husband and then marry a rich man; I never had anyone talk to me like that before."

"But, my dear," continued Maxie, "if your husband continues to neglect you, you cannot live a secluded life in a lonely cabin in Dawson unprotected. You will have many opportunities to associate with the best class of people in this country, and it will be your own fault if you are lonesome. You will soon learn all that is worth knowing about the country, and my advice to you is to make a second choice in marriage and choose a good, rich man and I know you will have many to choose from."

"But Maxie, you don't understand me, as I have never thought of such a thing."

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"My dear Sarah Elizabeth," she replied, "you are young and lovely; I am very fond of you and I want to see you happy. You have your future to consider; you cannot sacrifice your young life for a man if he neglects you."

"Why, Maxie, if you were a man, I'd say that you were the biggest flatterer I've ever met; I know that the men enjoy my company, but they all realise that I have a husband."

"You don't understand, my dear," said Maxie. "I'll bet a thousand dollars you'll be married to a rich man within a few years; make a note of it."

"I will, Maxie," I replied. "I am keeping a diary while I am in this country. Maxie, you'll lose, but I won't take your money." Our conversation ceased as we bade each other good-night and retired to bed.

CHAPTER II.

I AROSE early the next morning, dressed, pinned my rose on and went on deck for a walk. There I met Carson who greeted me a heartily good-morning, as he said, "Mrs. Patchell; how charming you look, and I see you are wearing my friend Wilford's rose. He is a mighty fine man and a bachelor, you know."

"Well Carson, please tell me how is it that so many of the fine gentlemen on this steamer are bachelors. There's Maurice, Carl, Wilford and yourself, and no doubt there are others."

"Oh, I'm a widower," said Carson. "I understand that your husband has been in Dawson for the last six years; I wonder how he could remain away so long from such a charming wife."

I replied, "Perhaps it may be my fault as much as it is his, but still he never wanted me to come into this country. He wrote to me, stating that it was a rough and wild place in which to live; he didn't want me here."

"It is a wild and rough place," admitted Carson, "but he could have you with him."

"No, I don't think so, because his mines are located hundreds of miles from Dawson. Don't you think I'll be safe living in Dawson?"

"It wouldn't be any fit place for you alone," he replied. "You are too young and attractive. Couldn't you live in an hotel?"

"I presume living in hotels in Dawson would be very expensive."

"Yes," said he, "but you would feel more comfortable and safer there."

"Do you know, Carson, I am beginning to feel terribly frightened," I exclaimed. "Everybody tells me that I cannot live in Dawson alone."

"My dear young lady," he went on, "you must not worry, and don't ever let me see tears in your beautiful eyes again. It hurts me. I'll help you and be a true friend, if you will permit me."

"Oh thanks, Carson," I replied, "but I shall not need any help: I'll try to take care of myself."

"My dear, you are wonderful," said Carson, "and it grieves me to see you worried. Please promise me you won't worry any more."

"I'll try not to," I said. At this moment Roy came along and led the way to the dining-room for breakfast. At the table I was seated between Roy and Doc Montana. Doc always managed to have a nice chat while dining. He told me it was about the only chance he had, as there were so many people around when he wanted to talk to me.

After breakfast, I accompanied Roy for a walk on the deck. He wanted to know why I looked so sad when I was talking to Carson.

"We were speaking about conditions in Dawson," I replied, "and I felt frightened. Everybody has been telling me I will not be safe living alone in Dawson while my husband is away."

"Please, Mrs. Patchell," said Roy, "don't worry, you'll be all right there. You remember my promise to Dr. and Mrs. Moss, I'll be a big brother to you, and if anyone molests you, I'll kill them. I have heard a great deal myself about this Northern Country; they tell me if a man neglects his wife there, a good woman has a hundred chances to marry a wealthy man."

Maxie and Wilford joined us, interrupting our conversation ; after a short talk, Maxie and I returned to our state-room. The afternoon and evening were spent quietly in playing games and otherwise enjoying ourselves.

I arose early the next morning, expecting to arrive in Ketchikan. After breakfast Maxie and I went on deck, where Wilford and Carl joined us.

"Mrs. Patchell," said Wilford, "I want to explain to you the most important industries of Ketchikan, which is the first city of Alaska : the most prosperous, and the home of a large salmon and halibut fishing fleet. The town partly clings to the hill-side, and possesses modern stores, cannaries, cold storage plants, and very comfortable homes. It is the headquarters of the most extensive halibut fishing industry in Alaska ; it is also the most valuable home base for salmon fishermen.

Ketchikan is also a mining centre for gold, platinum, silver, copper and lead. The mining settlements are within a short distance, and here the Indians have quite a variety of totem poles at their village on the outside of the town ; the scenery along the banks, hills and mountains is beautiful, and I hope you are enjoying your voyage."

"Yes, Wilford, I have enjoyed every moment and also your kindness in describing the most important industries and relating historical events of this country. I am deeply interested in what you have told me, and I feel most grateful to you."

"My dear lady, it was a pleasure, and I felt happy to have the opportunity," replied Wilford. "I fancy you like to travel."

"Oh, indeed I do, Wilford," I assured him. "I have always had a great desire to travel and I believe I have made a pretty good beginning."

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"You certainly have," said he, "and I assure you, you are a very brave young lady to have ventured on such a long journey alone into this freezing Northern Country during the winter time."

We were interrupted in our conversation as Roy and Carson joined us and later we went to the dining-room for luncheon.

Shortly after noon, we arrived in Juneau. I was out on

On February 18th, the day was bright and warm. deck conversing with many of the passengers as Wilford joined me. "Juneau," said he "is the capital of Alaska, it is a pretty little town nestling at the foot of a towering mountain. There are fine streets, capital buildings and attractive homes and public structures. Bow Basin, at rear of the town, is one of the extensive mining operations. Juneau also has a bank, stores, schools and is social ; it has a dancing hall, club-house, public bath-house, billiard room and bowling alleys. The surrounding country is beautiful and interesting, as travellers may see for themselves."

"Wilford, I quite agree with you ; Juneau is a picturesque and an inspiring town, and most expressive scenery which I have greatly enjoyed. My voyage from the coast to this part of Alaska has been a very pleasant one, and I certainly appreciate your kind attention to me and your ever pleasing company, and I wish to thank you again for the beautiful rose that you so kindly gave to me on the ship which delighted me, as roses are my favourite flowers."

"My dear lady, presenting you with that rose, I assure you, it was the greatest pleasure of my life, and I am so glad to know you liked it. And I am pleased to have had your delightful company on this voyage, which has been one of the most pleasant journeys of all my trips to Juneau and I am sorry it

will end so soon; for, as you know, I am going to Atlin. I hope upon your arrival in Dawson you will not forget to send me word of yourself; I'll be in Dawson City someday soon and I shall feel very much pleased to see you and meet your husband."

I assured Wilford, he should hear from me upon my arrival in Dawson, and that my husband and I would feel very happy greeting him upon his arrival.

As the day passed and this evening was our last night on the ship, Maxie and I had made plans to attend the dance given in the ball-room. We were accompanied by a number of ladies and gentlemen, including Roy, Carson, Carl, Maurice, Earl and Wilford. After the dance we went to the dining-room, where we partook of a midnight supper, while we conversed with one another. Carl remarked to me, "My dear friend, why do you seem so sad?"

I replied, "Carl, I feel sad because I am always thinking about Dawson, and if it is as wild as these people tell me, surely my husband would never leave me there alone—the very thought of it frightens me."

"My dear young lady," said Carl, "you must not feel frightened; it grieves me to know that you are afraid. Please don't worry—no matter what the consequence may be—after you arrive in Dawson, I'll protect you and I wish you to remember that in me you will always have a brother, a friend and protector."

Our conversation ceased as supper was over and bade each other good-night.

The following morning we arrived in Skagway and took up our abode at Mrs. Pullen's, a popular hotel. In the afternoon, Maxie, Roy, Wilford, Carl and several other friends, including myself, went sight-seeing. As we journeyed through the City, Carl explained to me the most important events and happenings since the

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discovery of Skagway. He explained how Skagway consisted mostly of log cabins, the same as would be found at Dawson, although there was also a bank, hospital, school, stores and a hall for social entertainments; how the people that lived here consisted mostly of law-abiding citizens since the capture of the notorious "Soapy Smity" and his gang of desperadors. He then told me how it was that in 1898, "Soapy" and his gang took possession of Skagway; opened a gambling joint and dance-hall and with his men robbed the miners coming into the town; that he was known as the worst rogue in the West and because of this was called the "King of Terror" throughout the Yukon Territory; that he had men on every steamer between Seattle and Dawson who directed the men of money to his joint, where they were drugged and robbed; that the crimes became so numerous that the citizens finally rose up in arms and demanded an investigation; that Frank Reid, a very prominent citizen, their leader, called a meeting to decide how to bring "Soapy" and his gang to justice; how "Soapy" heard of the meeting, armed himself with a revolver and attempted to enter the hall where it was being held, but was refused entrance by Reid; how this resulted in guns being drawn and shots exchanged, with the result that "Soapy" was instantly killed and Reid fatally wounded; and how their bodies were buried in an abandoned churchyard about two miles from Skagway. On Soapy's wooden board were inscribed the words "Jefferson R. Smity, died July 8th, 1898." Over Reid's body was placed a costly tombstone, bearing the inscription, "Frank H. Reid, died July 20th, 1898—He gave his life for the honour of Skagway."

After my interesting journey and appreciating Carl's kindness in describing many important events for my

interest, we returned to the hotel. In the evening, the Arctic Brothers royally entertained us with a dancing party in their social hall, which we greatly enjoyed. We left the hall in the early hours of the morning and on entering our room in company with Maxie, I discovered a large box of delicious candy with Wilford's card and compliments.

We left Skagway the next morning at 9.30 by train, en route to White Horse. After having secured seats in the observation car so that we might be able to view the scenery as we passed along, Carl sat by my side and remarked, "Sarah Elizabeth, I will tell you about this railway. The construction of the famous White Pass and Yukon Railroad is one of the most remarkable engineering feats in the annals of the world.

"In 1897, Mr. Heney and his engineers went north and they named the Skagway trail for the great railway. Also in 1897, Captain Moore of Mr. Ogilvie's survey, named the White Pass interior.

"Mr. Heney commenced work on this dangerous and daring job at once. He was a big, strong man with a brilliant intellect of great wisdom and power, possessing wonderful courage. Associated with him was Mr. Hawkins, who was one of most famous engineers in the world. They endured hardships for many months, and long hours of unwavering faithfulness, which saw many great obstacles overcome. This helped make history for the Yukon and Alaska. The road cost an immense sum of money, the first twenty miles accounting for two million dollars. The average cost per mile to the summit was one hundred thousand dollars. The road is built on the mountain sides so steep that the cliffs are perpendicular and where there was no foothold, the workmen had to be suspended in slings from above. At one point, a cliff one hundred and twenty

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feet in height, eight feet deep and twenty feet in width had to be entirely blasted away for the road bed.

"This road clings to rock over the mountains. Thirtyfive hundred men were employed in its construction. They worked in all kinds of weather, rain or sunshine, and thirty men were killed during the period of its construction.

"Many prospectors were eager to work their way into the land of gold, including college graduates, all self-respecting and energetic men. In one day, following a report of a new strike in the Atlin country, fourteen hundred men drew their pay and rushed for the gold fields. This and all other obstacles pertaining to its construction were surmounted and the one hundred and eleven miles of railroad brought to a successful completion within eighteen months, and trains ran on schedule time from Skagway to White Horse. I know you will feel thrilled as we pass over it," said Carl.

I replied, "Carl, I am greatly impressed with the marvellous scenery and it certainly must have required a lot of mental as well as physical energy to complete the wonderful engineering feat of this railroad; I am enchanted with this journey by the bewitching angles of the speeding train that is so heavily loaded with machinery and merchandise of all kinds."

Carl continued, "This train is drawn by three engines as she heads up the Canyon and makes a loop of many miles and returns to the canyon hundreds of feet above its bed. The scenery is constantly increasing in grandeur; the cascades, snow peaks, glaciers and over-hanging cliffs of stone combine to make a beautiful spectacle." For two and one-half hours, we climbed leisurely with frequent stops—from the level of the sea

to the summit of the pass, a height of eight thousand feet. We pass through only one short tunnel and this is the most thrilling experience of my journey. The rocking train clings to the leaning wall of stone—a depth of hundreds of feet to the river below, and through the narrow banks the train overhangs it as a spider clinging to its web. As one would gaze down on the depth of the canyon with great fear lest something would go wrong and the train would be hurled to the rocks below, this scene would send a thrill over you such as you had never experienced before. In other places solid rock and cliffs jut out dangerously over the moving train. After passing through the tunnel, the train creeps across a steel bridge flung from cliff to cliff hundreds of feet above the river bed. Beautiful and impressive is the scenery on this journey—scenery which one would never forget.

“As the train moves slowly, we come to Clifton. Here we look down upon the immense block stone of, under which, I have been told that three men were hurled alive by a blast during the construction of the road. As we sweep around the mountain sides and projecting cliffs, we pass near the perilous trail of the relentless White Horse Road over the Chilkool Mountains, the scene of terrible hardships before the railway was built. It was over this trail that thousands of gold-seekers, including your husband, travelled and struggled along in the early days of gold excitement, with many dying of privation and because of the terrible hardships which they endured.

“We then come to the old trail called Dead Horse Gulch, where in the early days of the gold rush thousands of horses and mules were used to carry heavy loads for the stampedeers. The poor beasts were often overloaded, over-worked, and in many instances, treated

with unspeakable cruelty—this was one of the heart breaking sins of the country and has never been forgotten by the Northern people," said Carl, as he pointed out more interesting details. Looking down on Dead Horse Gulch after the snow disappears, one can see the bleached bones where animals by the thousand gave up their struggle and left their bones along the trail. This is what gave the gulch its name. After leaving the summit, we followed the shores of the rivers and lakes until we arrived at Lake Bennett, one of the largest of the Lakes, and where we stopped for a few hours, and had our midday meal at the hotel.

After luncheon, while I conversed with Wilford, he said, "My dear friend, Sarah Elizabeth, I regret very much that I have to leave you and my many other friends, as I am to change here for Atlin. You seem like a real sister to me and I have enjoyed your charming company, and with the highest esteem I ask you to accept this little token of faithful brotherly friendship, and I hope you will please let me hear from you after you arrive in Dawson"

"I thank you very kindly, my friend Wilford," I replied, "and you were like a brother to me, and I appreciate all your kindness. After I arrive in Dawson, I shall mail you a gift of remembrance."

"Thank you, my dear friend, I shall love any remembrance coming from you," was Wilford's reply. Then he took my hand softly in his, as he said, "Please wear the gold chain and cross in remembrance of me. Good-bye and God bless you," were Wilford's parting words to me.

After Wilford had gone, we boarded the train and resumed our journey, travelling along lakes and over mountains—and picturesque scenery—until we arrived at Caribou Crossing, where at certain seasons of the

year, said Carl, the caribou cross this point of the river in vast herds on their way to the different feeding grounds. In 1903, thousands passed through the hills and valleys of the Stewart, Klondike, Sixty Mile and Tanana Rivers, and consumed more than eighty days in crossing the head of forty Mile Valley. At least a thousand animals a day passed during that period; they covered from one to four miles in width and they tramped the snow they passed over as solidly as the highway road. The miners slaughtered them in vast numbers, dressed the carcasses and stored them in mine shafts, and tunnels, thus providing themselves with a supply of delicious meat sufficient for at least a year.

As we travelled onward we arrived at Watson River and Lewis Lake which have an interesting history—Engineering Experts in attempting to lower the level of the lake by several feet almost drained it when they dug a channel through the sandy hills. The water ran its swift furious course, cutting a vast canyon for its bed, thus lowering the lake by seventy feet. Below is Heartbreak Trail and White Horse Rapids; many lives were sacrificed there—adventurous men trying to cross mighty rapids were the victims.

Arriving at White Horse in the evening which is the end of the Railway line, many of the passengers, including myself, registered at the Hotel White Horse, and later I joined a number of friends on a journey through the City and to see the Grand Canyon. This district is a very busy prosperous place and centre of rich copper, also silver and coal mines. While in the City, I was the honoured guest of Mr. and Mrs. Miles, very charming Alaskan new acquaintances, who expected to be in Dawson during the early part of the summer en route to Alaska.

On February 27th, 1904, ten passengers, including

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myself, left White Horse for Dawson by the White Pass Stage which is operated by four horses. Although we wore fur overcoats, fur caps and fur mittens and had plenty of fur robes and foot warmers, I felt very cold by the time we reached the first stopping place, as the temperature ranged about fifty degrees below zero during the early hours in the morning. The stopping places were situated so that we would reach one about noon, and after dinner we would start out again with fresh horses (the drivers always changed horses at each road-house); we would reach the next one about nightfall.

During the journey from White Horse to Dawson, we were very fortunate in every respect. Our drivers were extremely careful, kind and courteous; our stopping places were remarkable for neatness and the kindest attention was shown to the travellers on the trail of the lonely forest region. They abounded in hospitality, and we lacked nothing in the way of comforts; there was a constant series of good breakfasts, dinners and suppers served which we always enjoyed with ravenous appetites. We retired early each night, as we were all very tired and having to resume our journey in the cold and frosty morning. We had no snowfall to contend with, so the weather was good for travelling; for several hours during the day the sun shone beautifully, and the view of the mountains with their snow-capped peaks and ice crystals were quite beyond description; the sky was bright and clear, letting a soft blue light fall upon the glorious throne of Nature, a picturesque scenery. We were five and half days making the journey—a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. All the passengers were very kind and courteous to me, especially a distinguished gentleman Doctor Lachapelle whom I was introduced to at White

Horse, and who returning to his home in Dawson. On the stage he occupied the seat next to me, and he constantly attended making me comfortable on the long cold journey, and upon our arrival at the depot when bidding me good-bye he said, in a gentle voice, "Mrs. Patchell I wish to extend to you a cordial invitation to call at my home within a few days, as I am very anxious about you and I shall be pleased to meet your husband. Good-bye and God bless you."

I felt very grateful to the kind hearted Doctor, thanking him very graciously for his kindness to me, and promising him that I would call at his home.

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CHAPTER III

I ARRIVED in Dawson on March 5th, 1904, at 11 a.m., and my husband met me at the stage depot. He knew me, but I hardly recognized him, as he had changed considerably. The hardships which he had endured during those long years had left their marks upon his features. I felt very sorry for him. After an exchange of affectionate greetings, he led the way to his little cabin, where he made his home while in the city. It was just a miner's cabin, and as I entered the door, a feeling of disappointment came over me; I felt heartbroken and I was at a loss to know just what to do. My hopes appeared to be completely crushed. I gently said, "Tom, dear, I can't remain here."

Looking up into my sad countenance, he quietly invited me to go to the home of his acquaintance, Mr. and Mrs. Cambern. Upon entering their home, and as Tom introduced me to them, Mrs. Cambern exclaimed, "Why Mr. Patchell, you never told us you had such a beautiful young wife," "No," he laughingly replied, "I wanted to surprise you."

Mr. and Mrs. Cambern greeted me most cordially and invited me to make my home with them until we could have our little cabin remodelled and made comfortable, to which I gladly accepted and expressed my sincere gratitude. In the course of our conversation, I extended to my husband the many kind messages that relatives and friends had given me before I left Fredericton, and he was greatly pleased to hear from his old friends, especially from his dear old father, and he related to

me how he had enjoyed reading the Fredericton Daily Herald in his cabin during his lonely hours.

After luncheon, Tom invited me to accompany him to call on his old school friend, Mr. Dunn, at his place of business. As we entered and exchanged greetings, Mr. Dunn said, "Tom, I congratulate you upon your stunning and attractive wife, and believe me if you go far away hunting for gold and neglect this charming lady by leaving her here alone, you will surely lose her; as you know, there are many marriageable men in this country who would try to win such a lady, and no one would blame Mrs. Patchell or reject her choice." To Mr. Dunn's remarks Tom made no reply. Mr. Dunn then extended to us a standing invitation to his home to meet his wife and to dine with them. We thanked Mr. Dunn for his kind invitation and we departed to call on other friends.

We then called on Roy Allen, who was pleased to see me and glad to meet my husband. After a pleasant chat with Roy, we called on Doctor Lachapelle, who was exceeding glad to see me and happy to meet my husband. After the introduction, the Doctor said, "Mr. Patchell, I understand you are leaving soon on a prospecting journey. Do you intend leaving Mrs. Patchell here in Dawson? Don't you think she will be very lonely during your absence?"

"Well," said he, "I never wanted Mrs. Patchell to come to this country while I was prospecting for gold. But she is here now and she will have to become accustomed to staying alone while I am away; I cannot neglect my gold prospects."

The Doctor replied, "I understand, Mr. Patchell." Then addressing me he said, "Mrs. Patchell, should you be lonesome and afraid during your husband's absence, I want you to make my home your home. The lady



Mrs. S. E. Parbel standing among flowers at Dawson City.

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who has charge of my home will be glad to have you for company and she will make you comfortable ; there is plenty of good reading material and my singing bird will charm you with his beautiful melodies."

I thanked Dr. Lachapelle most sincerely for his kindness to me as I bade him good-bye and promising him I should call within a few days. Shortly after leaving the Doctor's home we met Carl and Carson. They were overjoyed at seeing me and pleased to meet my husband. Conversing with them for a short period Carl extended an invitation to us to dine with them. We accepted and accompanied them to the hotel where they were staying. After enjoying a sumptuous dinner, considerable time was spent as the men apparently had many matters to discuss concerning gold mining. I gathered from their conversations that my husband had not been very successful in his prospecting but he hoped that his new prospects would yield him better results. He also informed the gentlemen that he intended leaving Dawson within a few days, and would not be able to return for at least one year, as his prospecting region was located several hundred miles from Dawson and during that period of time he would not be able to send any word of himself as there was no way of any communication.

Carson replied, " Mr. Patchell, is it a fact that you intend leaving Mrs. Patchell here alone in a country so unfamiliar to her ? "

Tom replied, " I never wanted Mrs. Patchell to come to this country, as I felt that I could not give her the comforts that she enjoyed on the outside. However, she is here now and she will have to make the best of it. After all, she need not be lonely ; she has many good friends some of the best in this country from our home town who will be glad to entertain her and escort her

to the grand balls and entertainments in Dawson, where I am sure she will enjoy herself, and she will meet many fine people there. Since 1900, Dawson has been the scene of many grand social functions especially the St. Andrew's Ball ; there will be plenty of entertainments and she should not be lonely. I cannot stay here and neglect my mines ; if I do, I'll lose them. I am in the mining business and I am going to continue at it until I make a stake."

Carson's comment was : " Then, Mr. Patchell, you will neglect your young wife for gold mines by leaving her here alone ? " Tom made no reply.

" I can answer for him," I responded. " I regret to say that I found my husband a changed man since he took up mining and he appears to be so wrapped up in hunting for gold that he cannot seem to think of anything else."

" You know, my dear," broke in Tom, " I never wanted you in this country while I am engaged in mining, but you came and it is no place for a young lady like you. Ask these gentlemen if I am not right."

" Yes," said Carl, " that is just what Carson and I have been telling Mrs. Patchell—this country is no place for her to be living alone."

Our conversation ceased as we thanked the gentlemen for their kind hospitality. Carl remarked that he and Carson were returning to their mines and expressed the hope that Tom would remain in Dawson for some time.

As I walked homeward, my heart felt heavy as I recalled all the years of worry and sadness, and of the solitary life that had been my lot—just for the sake of a husband whose body and soul were so wrapped up in the earth looking for gold ; I did not relish the prospect of being left in Dawson alone, among strangers.

However, I felt that I must obey my conscience and banish from my mind all suggestions of divorce, and live in the hope of my husband's success ; so I resolved to continue my solitary life for the sake of my husband and religion, which I believe to be well worth such a great sacrifice. I then said to Tom, " Are you sorry that I came into this country ? "

" I'd rather you had not while I am mining. You'll have a hard time of it here alone ; you are very attractive and men will become infatuated with you. No doubt you will have many to advise and persuade you to divorce me and marry a rich man in this country. You were a lady when I married you, you are still one and I know you will always remain one. I want you to have the best in life, but I can't afford to give it to you, as I have no means of support unless I make a rich strike and it may be years before I am successful. I have tried so hard to make a fortune for your sake."

" Tom, my dear," I sobbed, " you couldn't have cared so very much for me when you were contented to leave me on the outside so long."

" Sarah Elizabeth, dear, I could not have sent for you owing to my failure to succeed as a miner."

" Tom, my dear, I believe you should have worked for wages instead of at mining on your own account."

" Darling," he replied, " you do not understand me ; my dear, you should have stayed outside at your mother's home while I am away mining. What are you going to do here ? I have no money with which to support you."

" Tom, dear, I have always possessed an ambitious feeling : I shall work and retain my independence, and please don't think I will ever be persuaded to divorce you and marry a rich man, as long as you are alive. Perhaps you do not understand the rules of my

religion, as you are not of my creed. Being a good Roman Catholic, I don't believe in divorce and re-marriage. I profess God's teachings and I try to please Him, by fulfilling His commandments. God means so much to me and I always trust in Him. And Tom, dear, I wish you would give up mining, as I need your support and protection. Do you not realise the lonely life I endured during those long years and that I have travelled thousands of miles because I yearned to be here with you."

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear, I feel heart-broken with the thought of leaving you here alone, but I want you to know that my heart and soul will always be with you."

The next day Maxie invited us to luncheon with her and as we talked with each other, she whispered to me, "My dear, you have been disappointed; I see sadness in your eyes." I assured her that I did not wish anyone to know of the sadness that I felt within my heart. Leaving Maxie's home we then called on George Winters, a Fredericton youth and a member of the Northwest Mounted Police. Greeting us most cordially, and seemingly very happy to have us visit him, especially me as I came from his home town and he felt very grateful and appreciated the messages which I had conveyed to him from relatives at home. After spending a pleasant visit with him, we called on other New Brunswick friends, including Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Black, whom we dined with at their home. In the evening we were joined by Mr. J. B. Black, a brother of our host.

The following morning, we were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Cambern, renovating the interior of the little cabin, and at the expiration of a few days we had every thing in order, neat and clean, but with the loneliness and the cold weather to contend with, I must confess that the prospects did not look any too bright for me.

Four days later, Tom was ready to proceed with his partner on their long journey to the scene of their prospecting. Tom felt very low in spirits as he bade me a fond good-bye; as I bade him farewell, I tried to be brave as I told him I would be all right here and I will be watching and anxiously awaiting his return. Although at that moment my heart was almost broken with grief as I thought of the lonely life that lay before me. Shortly after he had gone, Mrs. Cambern called and very kindly invited me again to make my home with her and her husband, which I thanked her most gratefully for the kindness and loyal hospitality she so kindly extended to me, as no one could have been more kindly received than I have been at their home, but explaining to her that as I planned on living in this country I might as well become accustomed to staying alone. with a sad expression she replied,

"But, my dear, you will suffer dreadfully with the cold here in this little cabin."

I soon had reason to appreciate the truth of Mrs. Cambern's words. Days passed by and I was very cold and uncomfortable in the little cabin. When the fire died out at night everything froze solidly, and some times I thought I would actually freeze to death. Words can never describe how I suffered from the cold and the loneliness during those dull, dreary days. At last, I decided to go out and call on my friends.

I first went to the bank to deposit some money which I had brought from home. Roy greeted me with delight, as he cried out, "Sarah Elizabeth, I am so happy to see you, I was terribly worried for fear you were ill and all your friends have been inquiring after you. Carl, Carson and the Doctor have 'phoned me several times asking if I had seen you. Doctor said if he didn't see you to-day, he would go and find out if you

were ill. You had better 'phone him now, for he is very anxious about you."

I immediately 'phoned to the Doctor, who exclaimed, "Mrs. Patchell, I am so pleased to hear your voice. I wondered what had happened to you. Have you been ill?"

"No, Doctor," I assured him, "but I have nearly frozen to death."

"Oh, my dear, come right to my home now before I go out on a sick call to Bonanza Creek."

"Thank you, Doctor Lachapelle, I shall go now."

Roy was waiting for me, and extended an invitation to me to have luncheon with him, which I accepted.

As I arrived at the Doctor's home, he greeted me most royally, saying, "My dear, you should not have stayed in that cold cabin. You should have come here as I had told you to make my home your home: We would feel very happy to have you with us."

"I thank you, Doctor, very kindly but I expect to remain in this country for many years, so I must become accustomed to the cold."

"My dear," he continued, "your husband had no right to leave you here alone. You cannot live in that cold cabin; it is no fit place for you. I was worried about you and I was preparing to go out to see if you had been ill when you 'phoned me. You will please come and dine with us at 6.30?"

"Thank you, Doctor, I shall feel happy to join you and your friends at dinner."

When I returned to the bank, Carl, Carson, Roy and Maxie were there waiting for me and we had lunch together at the hotel. Maxie scolded me for staying away so long and Roy said it was not fair to him, as he was trying to be a brother to me.

After luncheon we called on a number of the ladies,

and all were glad to see me. At six o'clock, Carl and Maxie escorted me to the Doctor's home, where we had been invited to dine, after which we spent a pleasant evening playing cards.

Carl, and Maxie walked home with me. It was a bitterly cold night and in trying to unlock the door my fingers were so nearly frozen that Carl had to assist me; he also made the fire in the little heater and very soon the place became quite comfortable.

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Carl, "This place is just like a doll's house, but so cold that you cannot remain here. If you do, it will be the cause of your death. You look upon me as your brother; won't you please let me provide something better for you?—you will surely freeze here."

"Carl I value your kind, honourable, brotherly friendship more than words can ever tell, but I must remain here. It would be utterly impossible for me to do otherwise. It is true that this little cabin becomes very cold after the fire dies out and, of course, I nearly freeze and suffer greatly from the cold, but I must be brave and remain here."

Maxie agreed with Carl, saying, "Sarah Elizabeth, you will freeze to death if you remain here. Why not stay with me or Mrs. Cambern?"

"Thank you, Maxie, my dear, I know I would enjoy the comforts of your home, but I feel I must remain here."

After Maxie and Carl had left my home, I felt very nervous, frightened and very tired; I retired early, feeling very cold as the fire in the little Yukon heater had nearly died out. I soon fell fast asleep, and when I awoke in the morning I was cold and numb; I was too weak to start a fire, there was frost all over my face and hair. It was 50 below zero and when fire dies

out, the inside of the cabin becomes as cold as the outside. Everything inside freezes solidly. The only hope I had was that I knew Mrs. Cambern usually called in the morning to see how I was, and fortunately she came soon after I had awakened. With great difficulty I succeeded in opening the door.

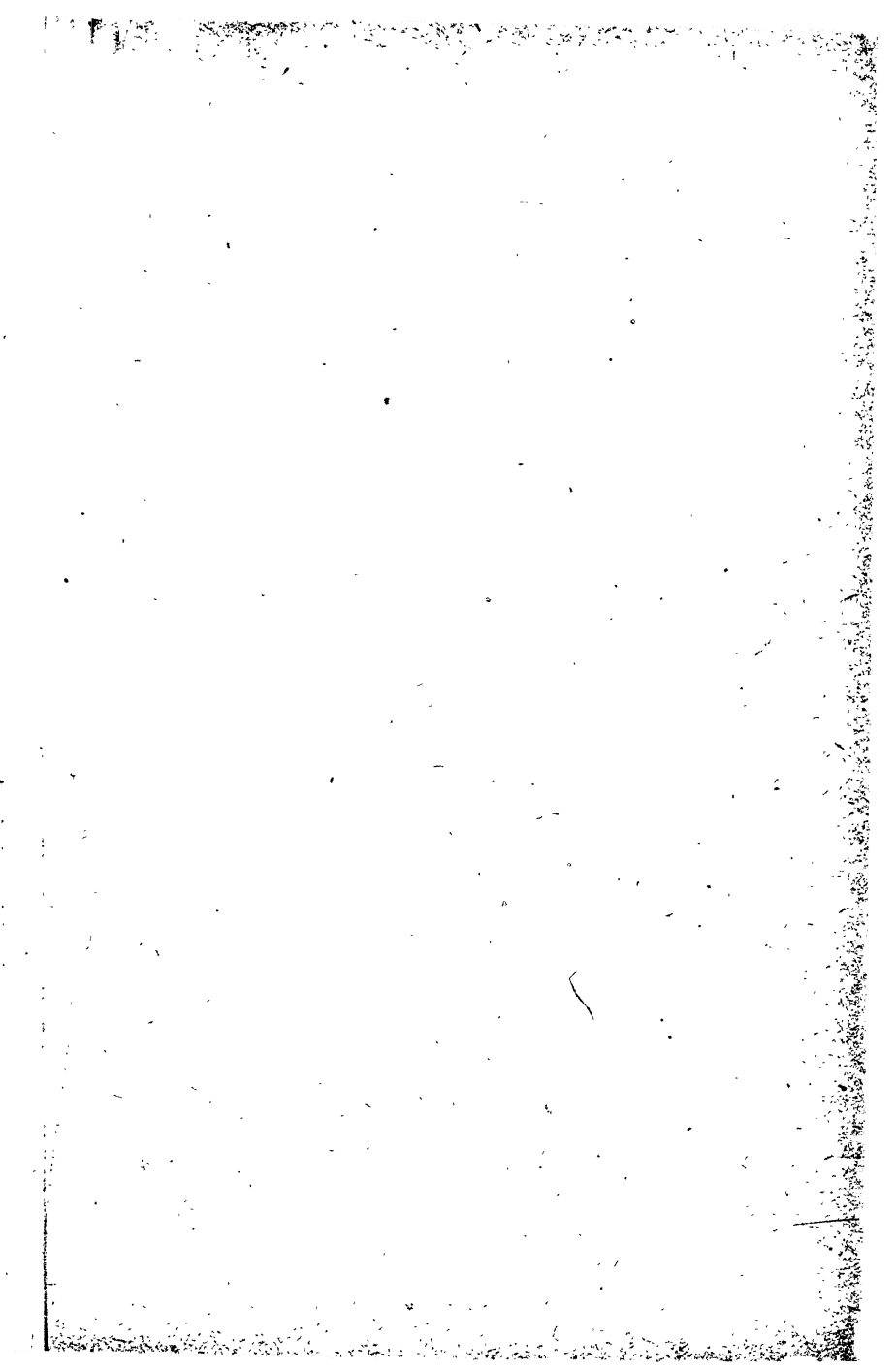
"Oh," cried Mrs. Cambern, as soon as she saw me, "you are freezing to death." She called to her husband, who came at once. They carried me to their home not far distant and summoned the Doctor. The cold had extended to my lungs and had developed into pneumonia. I nearly lost my life and was very ill for days under the Doctor and nurse's care.

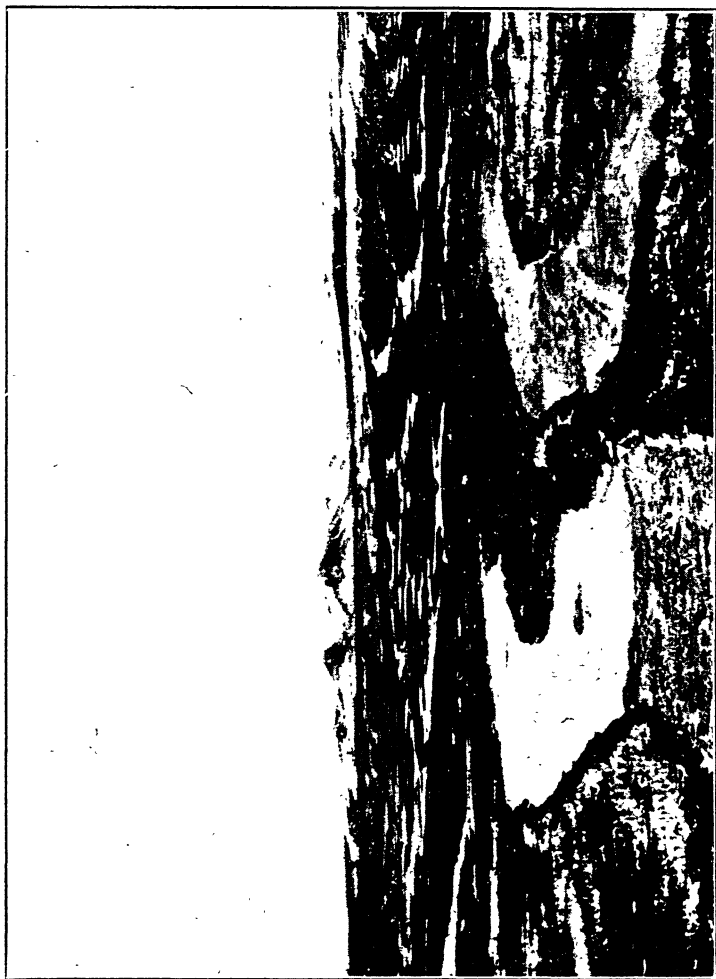
During my illness, many friends came to see me and one day while talking with Carl, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I am very sorry you have been so ill from the effects of the cold you experienced. Had it not been for Mrs. Cambern, you would have frozen to death in that lonely cabin: I regret that I did not insist upon your going to Mrs. Cambern's home, as I realized on my return home it was a bitterly cold night."

"Yes, Carl, it was indeed a very cold night and after you and Maxie had departed I felt very weary and retired early and soon was fast asleep. Breathing the frosty air into my lungs developed pneumonia."

"Sarah Elizabeth, it grieves me to know that you have suffered so much since you came to this country and I hope you will remain here with Mrs. Cambern until the weather gets warmer."

"Yes, Carl, I shall," I assured him.





The Yukon River, one of the most crooked rivers in the world.

CHAPTER IV

ONE day after having fully recovered from my illness, Anna Cambern, Maxie and I started for a walk in the beautiful sunshine of a glorious spring morning: the air was sharp and clear and the sky bright and blue. As we climbed a trail winding around the rocky heights, I walked on a little ahead of my companions, being so delighted with the solitude and scenery that I preferred to walk alone. As we rounded the long sweep to the top, I was greatly impressed with the grandeur of the scenery—all around were to be seen great mountain ranges, crowned with snowy caps high up in the blue sky, and from this height we looked down in to the green and graceful trees and the Yukon River flowing close to broken hill shaded with green trees; then across to a snow-crowned region of peaks displaying their outline against the blue sky on which the sun cast a magical light of blue and white shades from the height to the depth, all blending into a picture full of grandeur. We returned home filled with enthusiasm over the beautiful scenery which we had seen in this fantastic country of dreams.

On June 20th, the third steamer from White Horse arrived in Dawson, and as a large number of the people go to see the steamer dock, so Maxie and I also went and to our surprise Wilford stepped off the steamer. He greeted us most cordially, as he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I am delighted to see you and Maxie again and happy to find you looking so well; I was very sorry when I learned of your illness and that your husband had

returned to his prospecting in the far away region district shortly after your arrival, leaving you alone here in Dawson. I wish to advise you as a brother—never remain in this country during the winter: spend the winters in a warmer country and return here in the spring."

I replied, "My dear Wilford, I am pleased to see you again and I certainly appreciate your brotherly advice but I ventured on this long journey to join my husband here and I must remain during the winters: but I am sorry to say I have found my husband greatly changed, which has somewhat discouraged me, but I must continue and trust in God who has never failed me, and now that I am keenly interested in this country I want to remain, as I believe my experience will be interesting."

Maxie invited Wilford to dine with us at her home where I was visiting, and upon our arriving there Wilford related to me all the events of his journey to Dawson, adding, "I must not forget to extend to you my most heartfelt sincere thanks for the beautiful gold souvenir pencil that you so kindly sent to me after your arrival in Dawson. I love it and I always carry it in my vest pocket."

After dinner, when Wilford was about to take his departure, Wilford invited Maxie and I to accompany him to the Dome the following evening to see the "Midnight Sun" set and we gladly accepted his kind invitation.

The following evening, Wilford called at Maxie's home for us and he pointed out to us that the day being June 21st, was the longest day in the year, and the sun shines brightly at midnight on the Dome, which is two thousand feet in height.

We made our way up the winding trail of the Dome.

Masses of beautiful flowers were growing in abundance on every side ; and the air was full of the happy chorus of song birds in their evening serenade and varieties of butterflies flitting about on the sweet scented flowers, as the sun set slantingly in the west. High up on the Dome, the panoramic view of Dawson City and the surrounding country which presents itself, is beautiful.

Dawson City is surrounded by mountains and nestles in one of the most beautiful valleys, surrounded by all that is lovely and sublime ; the valley slopes towards the Yukon River, the banks of which are shaded with glossy, green trees, evergreens and flowers ; the background of mountains with their snow-covered peaks pierce the blue sky behind them through the soft blue atmosphere and the clouds breaking apart to allow the softened light of the sunset to fall upon the hills and mountains, making the reflection upon the water a scene of enchanted beauty. There were also gorgeous ferns and moss-roses, and many other beautiful coloured flowers. Looking down from the mountain is a wonderful view of the green hillside, covered with a variety of gorgeous wild flowers, and the valley sprinkled with large and small brightly painted cabins — this never-to-be-forgotten scenery, as I gazed on and on.

“ Sarah Elizabeth,” said Wilford, “ isn’t it beautiful as we look down upon the whole of Dawson City from this mountain ? Can you imagine how Dawson looked from here six years ago in 1898 ? Thirty thousand people were then living in tents, scattered all over the hillside and valley and sheltering all classes of people from every part of the world. Dawson was the scene of the greatest gold rush ; it was the spear-head of the whole Klondike and the focus of the world. Many brave men fell from exhaustion in the early days

struggling into this country and are now sleeping in lonely graves near the trails along the mountains and river sides, awaiting Judgment Day. To-day it is a greatly changed place. The highly coloured and gay life, the chapters of Dawson's past history, is gone. Now all is quiet and peaceful and Dawson, situated on the bend of the Yukon River, is substantially built with comfortable hotels, beautiful churches, hospitals and fine homes. It is patrolled by a large number of the Northwest Mounted Police—that wonderful organization of men, so faithful to their duty and performing it most conscientiously." As Wilford paused I replied,

"Wilford, I have enjoyed this wonderful scenery so very much and what a glorious remembrance it will be. I have seen the sun shine at midnight in this far away country in the north—something well worth remembering. I could love this country and be happy if I had a husband who was less enthusiastic over hunting for gold in such dangerous places; I have worried a great deal about him and he keeps me in constant suspense."

"I understand," said Wilford, "There are many men in this country who have forgotten everything except the one idea—the great craze for gold."

"I fear my husband is one of them, he'll never give up mining now and I will always be left here alone."

We travelled homeward in company with Maxie; arriving at her home, Wilford bade us good-night.

The following morning, Maxie and I accompanied Wilford on a journey to Carl's mines, and there we enjoyed an excellent dinner at the cook-house, after which we strolled over the rich mining ground, Wilford keeping us informed of the value of the different properties. As we travelled along, Wilford remarked how grand it was to be travelling through this glorious

country during the summer period of two months daylight. We walked for miles over the gold mining creeks and every creek appeared to be washing down its rich sands of gold. Wilford told me that very often one penniless will try his luck and within a few days may have thousands of dollars within his grasp. It certainly is interesting and exciting in this gold mining country and little wonder it has turned men's blood to fire. I can now realize what thousands of venturesome men had in their minds in 1898 as they plodded madly over the trail, struggling on to the gold fields—nothing but death could check them.

Arriving at Mrs. Rice's home, a very charming lady whom I had met in Dawson, she invited us to have supper with her, which we accepted as we were very hungry from the effects of our long walk in the balmy air. After we had finished our meal, we stood outside viewing the surrounding country. I noticed that the valley and hills seemed to be strewn with beautiful flowers, ferns, foliage and green trees, while off in the distance the lofty mountain peaks were wrapped in mantles of snow, all so beautiful, a picturesque feast for the eyes. As Wilford had to make a business trip to the mining district farther on, Maxie and I returned home.

Two days later, Wilford returned to Dawson, and he invited Maxie and me to dine with him at the Regina Hotel where he was staying. After dinner Maxie invited us to accompany her to St. Mary's Hospital to meet her friends there. Among the first whom I met was Alex McDonald, better known as the "Klondike King" and on greeting me, he said he was happy to know me, especially as I came from the East where he was born. We also met Dr. Lachapelle and he invited us to his home to have a game of cards,

which we accepted and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

On St. John the Baptist Day, June 24th, 1904, the Yukon Lodge No. 79 gave a grand ball in the Masonic Hall. I attended the ball with Wilford as my escort and we were accompanied by Maxie and Mr. and Mrs. Cambern; I wore a French gown of black silk chiffon and lace insertion over white silk chiffon, court train; diamonds and pearls for ornaments. During the evening, I danced with a number of friends from my home town, among whom were Mesrss. John Black, George Black, and C. W. C. Tabor, all attorney's-at-law; I also danced with George Winters and was the recipient of many compliments from them all. And Maxie whispered to me, "Oh! Sarah Elizabeth, you look beautiful in your gorgeous gown; you and Wilford are greatly admired as the most distinguished looking lady and gentleman at the ball." I spent a very lovely enjoyable evening.

The next day, Wilford went to Forty mile District on a business trip and did not return until June 30th; and as he was leaving shortly for the outside, Dr. Lachapelle entertained in his honour at an enjoyable dinner party with ten guests present, with the following menu: Fruit cocktail, French wines, chicken broth, pickles, olives, combination salad, lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, french dressing, broiled T-bone steaks, mushrooms, French potatoes, French peas, French rolls, apple pie, snow pudding and coffee. After dinner, we had a rubber bridge.

Just prior to his leaving for Atlin, Wilford was host at a farewell dinner party given at the Fairview Hotel. After dinner, as we were chatting, Wilford looked up at me with his blue eyes half concealed beneath his long drooping lashes and said in a kind tone, "You were

very young when you married Mr. Patchell, were you not? You don't look a day over twenty-five now—indeed too young to be living in this country alone and especially during the long lonely cold winters—could you not arrange to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Rice and Maxie on their journey to the outside when they go and spend the winter with them? I would feel happy to have you and Maxie come to my home and meet my dear mother, I know she would be glad to have you and Maxie as our guests."

I replied, "My dear Wilford, I certainly appreciate your kind advice and invitation but what you suggest is impossible. Young as I am, I must remain in this country during the winter and if I become too lonely, I will practice my profession—Nursing; I feel sure that Dr. Lachapelle will be pleased to have me caring for his patients and I will feel more contented having my mind occupied."

"Why," exclaimed Wilford, "didn't you tell me before that you were a nurse?"

"Because I did not know that it would interest you," I replied.

"You know I am interested in everything concerning you. Nursing is a noble profession and what a beautiful nurse you will make and I know your patients will all love you, but I fear that in many places you will endure hardships."

"I'll be careful and with my sincere faith in God, I am sure that in the lonely hours I will have greater peace of mind."

"That is true and you have one of the finest personalities I have ever seen and your charitable nature has won you many hearts who will always love you."

Wilford then walked home with me and before parting, he made me promise that I would come to the

boat to see him off in the morning. So, according to promise, the next morning Maxie and I went to the hotel where he was staying and accompanied him to the steamer; many other friends were there to bid him farewell and when bidding me good-bye, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, please write to me, as I shall be anxious to know how you are enduring the long winter"; Then clasping my hand in his, he said, "In God's care I leave you—Farewell."

As the steamer moved away, Carson remarked, "There goes one of the finest men that has ever come to Dawson."

And as Maxie and I returned home, she remarked, "My dear, I know you feel sad parting with our mutual friend. I have known Wilford for many years as a staunch friend and I have recognized his many principles, his integrity and honour. His social qualities are as remarkable as his intellect; he is frank, open and above board. Nothing mean could find a place in his heart; I have never known him to exhibit ill-temper. He is always kind, cheerful, witty and keen; possessing a wonderful consciousness of power and influence. There is a certain nobleness about him that distinguishes him from other men and he is very handsome as well. He admires you because you possess a heart and qualities similar to his own, and I hope you will not go on sacrificing your life for one who is neglecting you by leaving you here alone—you married when you were too young and knew very little about choosing a husband."

"Maxie, dear, I have given you an outline of my life. Of course I was young when I married Tom and I had built such high hopes for my future; and when my husband ventured on his long journey to seek his fortune, I grieved over his departure



Mrs. S. E. Patchell at Masonic Ball.

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and during all those years that he lived in this country, I had a lonely life, and then when I arrived in Dawson, I scarcely recognized him—he had changed so much—and I felt very badly; then when I saw his little cabin and its contents, I was disappointed, as all my dreams seemed to have crashed. I felt almost heartbroken as my despairing eyes glanced restlessly around; a sense of desolation and despair came over me as I realized my disappointment and the position I occupied in this country among strangers. Suddenly I thought of God in whom I had always trusted and I felt He would help me now and inspire me to bear my sorrow, and, dear, as you know, with the encouragement of my kind sympathetic friends, my sad life has surely been brightened to a great extent.”

“My dear, I know you have suffered and that you were dreadfully disappointed when you found your husband so changed; he is no doubt neglecting you, leaving you here alone among strangers. His friend, Mr. Dunn, whom he introduced you to, told me you were the most beautiful lady that has ever come to this country and he wondered how you came to marry a man like Mr. Patchell, who cares only for gold hunting, leaving you here alone. Why not come outside with me in September and obtain a separation from him for neglect—I want to see your life made happier.”

“Maxie dear, what you suggest is absolutely impossible. I appreciate your fondness and good wishes for me, but I must try to make myself happy. It doesn't mean a thing to me what Mr. Dunn or any one else may say with regard to my husband's faults. When I first met him, I considered him a gentleman, possessing fine qualities and good understanding and he was a remarkably handsome man. I admit he evidently has changed considerably since I last saw him, but

my dear, he is my husband and should our romance ever be shattered and I should obtain a separation from him as you suggest, in the eyes of God, and as I believe, he would still be my husband, therefore no matter what the consequences may be, I will never marry again as long as he is alive."

"Oh, my dear, I feel very sorry for you, as I realize now your life will be a sad one."

"No, it won't, Maxie, dear. God gave me intellectual wisdom and grace, and with His help I shall make my life a happy one." Thus ending our conversation as other friends called and joined us for lunch.

On July 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Miles arrived at Dawson from White Horse for a few weeks stay in the City.

July 25th, my charming friends Mr. and Mrs. Miles left Dawson this morning en-route to Fairbanks, Alaska. Extending to me and to their many new acquaintance who entertained them royally a cordial invitation to visit them in their new home in Alaska.

The following day, after my friends departed to Fairbanks, Mrs. Rice called on me; inviting me to accompany her to her home and make her a long visit, which I appreciated and accepted with great joy.

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CHAPTER V.

I HAVE been enjoying a grand visit at Mr. and Mrs. Rice's home at Bonanza Creek, which is a short distance from Dawson. I roamed over the mountains, hills and valleys with Peter, their only child, who is somewhat delicate and has to be out in the air and sunshine most of the time. Since I came here I had Peter on a special diet and his health has improved considerably ; his father and mother said it was all due to my great care, and they want me to accompany them to California when they go and remain for the winter—this prospect greatly delights Peter, and he has chosen me as his adopted sister.

Peter's father owns a rich gold mine. He gave Peter and me permission to dig from the clay dump and wash out the gold ; some days I would wash out of the clay as high as \$25.00 worth of gold dust, while Peter's strength would not permit him to pan more than \$6.00 worth in a day.

One day as Peter and I went for a long walk in the glorious sunshine, our old friend, Doc. Montana, joined us and told me many interesting stories of the tragic days of 1897 and 1898. As we travelled along, I said, "Doc. who named Dawson City and when was the first gold discovered here ?"

"Well," said Doc., "Dawson was named by Doctor G. M. Dawson, an eminent geologist and director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Gold was discovered in this country in 1897 by George Carmack, Robert Henderson and two Indians, Skookum Jim and Tagish

Charlie; when word reached the outside of the great discovery, people by the thousands started for the new diggings. They were of all classes, wearing all kinds of clothes and carrying suitcases and various kinds of baggage. All one could see for miles was a thin black stream of people, horses and mules, all heavily laden, travelling along one after another in Indian file. Hundreds of horses and mules died along the trail—some had lost their footing and were dashed to death on the rocks below; others had sunk under their heavy burdens, exhausted, and still others had been shot and some brutally abandoned to slowly starve to death. When they began to climb the famed Chilkoot Koot Pass, three thousand five hundred feet in height, many people were struggling hard to drag themselves along; there was no turning back—on they proceeded to the Klondike. Surely the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong. Those who could not endure the heavy strain fell and perished and now occupy lonely graves by the mountains and trails, awaiting the sound of Gabriel's trumpet.

"It was a sad, heartbreaking sight to note the number of brave men who perished and the many animals sacrificed along Dead Horse Gulch, and the cruel treatment of thousands of suffering, over-burdened and bleeding animals that caused many of them to drop dead along the trail.

"At one time there were ten to twenty thousand men and women camped in tents at Lake Bennett in 1897; old and young people came in by the hundreds, struggling over the trail, and then building boats and rafts on which they loaded their outfits and drifted down the mad rushing water. Often they came back without raft or outfit, working their way back to the States to get further equipment.

"Good and bad people of all nationalities poured into Dawson, over thirty-five thousand were living, at one time, in tents erected in the mud and along the water front. Log buildings sprang up rapidly: day and night the streets were crowded with people, and gambling saloons and dance halls ran wide open for the twenty-four hours of the day.

"Many rich mines were discovered and miners came in from the creeks with well-filled pokes containing thousands of dollars worth of gold dust and many of them only to spend their time among the gambling dens, saloons and dance halls until their money was all spent, then they would return to their mines for more. Of course money was plentiful and spent freely. On one occasion, a man came into a saloon and threw a poke of three thousand dollars worth of gold dust on the bar and invited everyone to drink as long as it lasted, while another man gambled his poke of fifty thousand dollars—men made fortunes and lost them during the early days when Dawson was a wild country and before the Northwest Mounted Police arrived. I have seen people shot and killed; men and women drinking and fighting—Dawson was then a place of turmoil and confusion—humanity gone mad."

"Doc, I am thankful I was not living in Dawson in those days and my husband away in the hills."

"My dear young lady, you would not have been safe in Dawson alone in those days, but you need never fear now; you have many true friends who will protect you as they would their own sister."

"Yes, and I thank God for such faithful protection." I replied.

"Doc." I enquired, "how long were you in Dawson before you went outside the first time?"

"I went outside in 1903," he replied, "to my home where I had left a wife and two little girls. It was a

beautiful home that I had built in 1895, but alas, what a change—I had lost my wife—and under the circumstances there was nothing for me to do but place my children in a convent and return to Dawson and that is what I did."

I could see that this had brought sad memories back to him ; so in order to change the subject, I said, " Doc., have you ever seen a large herd of caribou or moose in this country ? "

" Yes, I have seen countless herds of caribou swimming the Thistle and Kirkman rivers and stampeding to the feeding grounds ; I have also seen thousands of year ; but nowadays they never come within miles of moose in herds. They came into Dawson one year and we killed them by the hundreds and stored the meat in the shafts and tunnels of our mines, where it kept well in a frozen state and supplied us with fresh meat for a Dawson, although some day when the gold is all taken from the ground and the country is deserted, they will have their freedom again. Mrs. Patchell, did you ever read the poetry about the Moose's Revenge ? "

" No, Doc, I have never read it."

" Then, I shall get a copy of it for you when we return to Mrs. Rice's home."

After Peter, Doc. and I returned, Mrs. Rice invited Doc. to join us at dinner ; he then gave me the following verses written by Merte H. Craig :

REVENGE WILL BE SWEET

REVENGE will be sweet to the moose one day,
 As he stalks o'er the land where the North wind blows;
 When the works of the daring ones fade away,
 And he tramps the graves of his fallen foes.

He will thunder his summons and call for his own,
 And with thousands of hoofs, once again, once again ;
 With never a thought for humanity's mean,
 He will beat down the graves of the children of men.

The snow sifting silently all the night long,
 Will crystal each crack, until only a gloam ;
 Announces the dawn of the dim polar day,
 Where he stables himself in a castaway home.

And each sunless day, as it follows the dawn,
 Of a filtering light thro' the blizzard's wild birth ;
 Will find the moose quartered with hovering souls,
 Who, impassioned by gold, are still shackled to earth.

A passion so vast that the wraiths of the dead,
 Must daily return to the scenes left behind ;
 There with waiting and longing and fierce racking pain
 The whirl of the wheels did their daily grind.

Yes, the hour draws near when the moose will prevail,
 Through these valleys and hills he will range as of
 yore ;

And the pack-laden human who followed his trail,
 Will vanish ; the Klondike will know him no more.

The next evening, Mr. and Mrs. Rice entertained twelve guests in my honour at a dinner party and while conversing with Mr. Cambern, one of the guests, he informed me that his friend had made a rich strike of gold on Jack Wade Creek and that he had made arrangements for Mr. and Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Cambern and myself to accompany him there within a few days to stake some claims.

CHAPTER VI

ON August 8th, after having made preparations for our long journey to Jack Wade Creek ; we left Dawson by steamer for Forty-Mile City, where we stopped over night. The following morning we proceeded up Forty-Mile River, and we rowed for some distance until we came to the swift rushing rapids where we were compelled to disembark in order that we might make greater progress by walking along the shore. At twelve o'clock we camped on the bank, made tea and ate our lunch.

After lunch, the men resumed their hard toil of pulling the boat along, struggling onward for hours, making slow headway, while Mrs. Gill, Mrs. Cambern and myself travelled on the old trail through thick timbers, over valleys and mountains, losing site of the boat and the men as we journeyed onward, working our way up a great bastion of stone that loomed up ; and on reaching the top, I looked down with a feeling of awe on the mad rushing rapids below to see if I could see anything of the men coming, because the rain began to fall and night coming on we did not want to go too far away from them. In my amazing excitement, I ventured too near the edge of the cliff and slipped downward, but with quick motion and presence of mind, I grasped a little tree that held me from rolling down into the rapids ; and my companions, who had seen me slip, came running to my rescue and seeing the dangerous position I was in, quickly found a long pole which they reached down to me and, while they held one end of it, I slowly made my way up to safety. The rain was falling

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fast and it was nearly twilight. Fortunately, I had some matches and bark which I carried with me for such a contingency, and we managed to start a little fire under the heavy green trees as we had decided to go no farther until the men came.

As the night drew darker ; the fall of the rain on the trees and the roaring waters below cast a spell of gloom over me as I sat by the fireside anxiously awaiting the arrival of the men. My thoughts wondered back to my home and dear ones so far away.

SAD RECOLLECTIONS

THE night was dark and dreary,

The air was damp and gloomy ;

The rain was falling fast

Upon the waters rushing past.

And while I listened to the roaring waves,

Like a sound from out the caves ;

A dream came o'er me like a spell

Of my home far away in the dell ;

Remembrance and sad recollections

Of my mother so dear with affection

When we parted and said good-bye,

She with tears in her eyes.

I can see her sweet face,

As in the train I took my place ;

And her parting words with me remain ;

" Good-bye, God bless my daughter till we meet
again."

I was aroused by the voice of Mr. Cambern calling ;
I answered him and within a short time, he arrived.
When I told him of my experience, he went to the edge

and looked down from where I had slipped down the bank and remarked, " My dear lady, you certainly had a very narrow escape from death ; had you not grasped that tree; you would have been dashed on the rocks below."

As there was a road-house up stream a short distance, we were informed by Mr. Cambern, we proceeded on, as we did not relish the idea of staying out of doors all night. We reached the camp very tired and hungry, but a palatable dinner revived us and we retired early.

We arose early the next morning and after a good breakfast, we resumed our journey ; we rowed in the boat for some distance until we again came to rough water and rapids. We women then took to the trail as before, through thick, dense timber and over valleys and mountains, while the men had to cable the boat through the rapids.

The mountains seemed to increase in numbers and height as we went on ; we travelled upward on a bluff and walked for miles on broken stone, so near the edge that a misstep would mean a plunge into the roaring stream below, until we came to a hill above the lake. We could hear the men struggling on with the boat along the shore. The surrounding country was the most picturesque of our journey ; the shores, hills and mountains were very beautiful, and in many places covered with delicious blueberries and redberries and beautiful wild flowers. The sun was shining brightly through the light and dark green trees ; and the brilliant foliage of the richly tinted colours glittered joyfully in the sun as their shadows fell on the variety of flowers, ferns, moss and grass. Then there were long ranges of mountains with their snow-capped tops—many seem to be embedded in the dim blue sky—and the shining sun fell upon the hills and mountains, forming beautiful

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and impressive scenes. Its wild beauty is redeemed from harshness, so wonderful is the work of Nature ; and the very air breathes vigour and purity—there could be no fresher, more wholesome atmosphere, and the sweet warbling notes from the many different coloured birds thrilled us with joyful feelings.

From the hilltop, we travelled down into high, thick timbers. I was leading the way through the thicket when all of a sudden a huge brown bear claimed the right of way ; I immediately thought of the matches and bark that I carried with me and utilized them to start a fire at once. The bear, who had been eyeing us all the time, then upon noticing the fire, turned and ambled away. My friends afterwards congratulated me on my quick thought and action ; being defenceless, they were terribly frightened for the time being and remarked that had I not started the fire, the bear might have attacked us—to which I replied that our journey was not only a picturesque one, but also a thrilling and adventuresome one.

I walked on in advance and soon we emerged from the lonely thicket ; winding our way down to the river banks where we waited for the men to come along in the boat as we were past the rapids. We did not have to wait very long until they came up along the shore in the boat and we rowed until we came to a place where we stopped over night. We arrived just as the sun was setting and being very tired and hungry, we partook of a good meal, and I retired early in the evening.

After an early breakfast, the next morning, we started out again on our journey in the bright glorious sunshine and we rowed in the boat as the water was not so swift, but in some rushing rapids as we rowed along, it was certainly a thrilling experience as the men piloted the boat through the rough water with rocks and large

boulders on either side, and with the shaded banks of green trees and luxuriant varieties of coloured flowers, foliage and fire weed in its brilliant flaming beauty forming a picturesque border shore line adding more pleasure to our journey.

We arrived at Jack Wade Creek in the evening, and the following morning we travelled several miles to a region where we each staked gold mines.

Early in the next morning we started out on our return journey home.

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CHAPTER VII

OUR voyage down stream to Forty-Mile was a dangerous, thrilling and exciting journey. As we sailed away from the shores of Jack Wade Creek, the current carried us down the dangerous stream full of boulders and rocks and the mad, foaming rapids, so swift in their course, caused us all to hold our breath with fear, as we had learned of many a boat being cut in two on this creek by dashing against the boulders. The river was narrow and swift, with numerous bends which account for the many wrecks of small boats while en route downstream in the hands of the prospectors during the early days; the water was clear and the bottom of the river could be seen quite distinctly in the shallow places. The numerous rocks and boulders in the river all appeared to have some kind of a history. As we dashed onward with the men almost exhausting their strength trying to steer the boat clear of the boulders, we suddenly clashed with a huge one, throwing us into the water, but the men managed to cling to the boat. I struck up against a rock and was picked up for dead, but was quickly revived, having been only stunned. As the weather was warm, we had no serious effects from the cold plunge, and as it was nearly night we proceeded only a short distance down stream to where we had stopped over night on our way up. After drying our clothes, we ate a good meal and then retired.

In the morning, we resumed our trip with more dangerous experiences. We clung to the boat and held our breath at times when the mad rushing rapids would carry us within a hair's breath of dangerous boulders.

We swept through roaring wild waters for some time and were greatly pleased when they became more tranquil.

In the quiet stretches of this river, with wooded banks and peaceful valleys, there are many beautiful vistas, and as the evening sun set, throwing its alternate shadows and glowings through the majestic trees on the smooth surface of the silent, running river for miles, there came a sense of solitude and quietness, a peaceful reaction from that of the scene of the whirling rapids. We drifted slowly down the river the last ten miles and arrived at Forty-Mile about eight o'clock in the evening.

The following day we sailed on the steamer from Forty-Mile to Dawson and after arriving in the afternoon, I thanked God for our safe return.

I look back with mingled feelings of joy and fear over the thrilling experience which I had on my first journey to the gold regions with the gold seekers to stake a claim. I shall never forget this journey and it aroused my sympathy for the pioneer gold seekers and their sufferings, who had their boats tossed about and broken against the rocks, to say nothing of the sacrifice of many lives during the early days of the trek for gold.

A week after my return, Carl called at Cambern's where I was staying and on greeting me, he said; "Sarah Elizabeth, I feel very happy to see you alive and looking so well after that dangerous journey you had taken to Jack Wade Creek. George and Anna told me all about the hardships, and that you nearly lost your life."

"Carl, that journey was my first experience in staking a gold mine and I found it very thrilling and exciting and enjoyed it very much, although we were in some dangerous places at time."

"But those trips are too hard for you to undertake."

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he went on. "Mrs. Rice has been worrying about you and she wishes you to come to her home with me when I return this afternoon and make her a visit before they leave for California. I'll be leaving within an hour after we have lunch."

I thanked Carl and assured him that I would be delighted to join him at luncheon and accompany him to Mrs. Rice's home.

In the afternoon, Carl and I journeyed to Bonanza and as we entered Mrs. Rice's home, she said: "Sarah Elizabeth, I hope you have decided to come outside with us; you should not remain alone in this wild country during the winter."

Just then Peter came in, interrupting us with the remark: "Sister Sarah Elizabeth, you're coming outside with us?"

"No, Peter," I replied, "not this time."

"Ah Gee!" exclaimed Peter, "I want you to come with us to California."

"Peter, I only wish I could go, but I must remain here in Dawson."

Two days later my friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Mac. and Carson, left for the outside and, bidding me farewell, leaving me in Mr. and Mrs. Cambern's care, wishing me good health and abundance of good luck.

I felt sad as the steamer moved away. Carl looked earnestly at me as he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, you are sad and lonesome."

"Yes, Carl," I replied, "I do feel lonely, parting with my dear friends."

"Ah!" cried Carl, "I know where we'll go—to the hospital. I know the dear sisters will cheer you and make you feel happy. As you so often told me when you visit them you always feel inspired with happy thoughts."

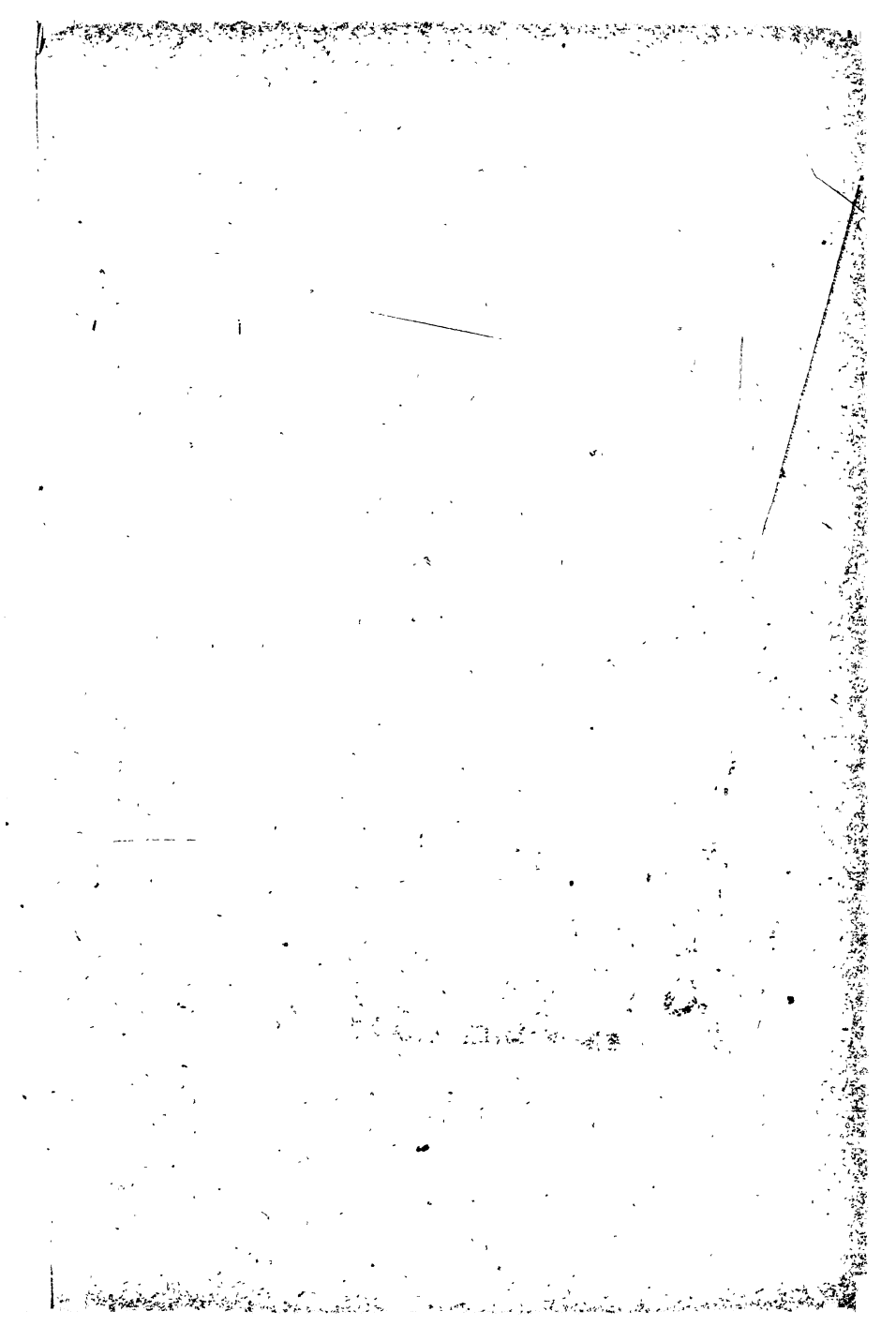
"Very well, Carl, let's go," I replied.

After breakfasting with Mr. and Mrs. Cambern, we made our way to the hospital, including Carl, and enjoyed a very pleasant visit. We also called on Alex. McDonald, who was a patient; and after a pleasant visit with him, we returned to Cambern's home, where we had dinner. After dinner, Carl bade us good-bye, stating he and George were leaving in the morning for Thistle Creek.

During the evening while I sat alone deep in thoughts meditating as to what was best for my future because of my husband's lure for gold which has prevented him from securing a home for me, I realized now for the first time during my life, the great danger I was in, far away from my relatives and among strangers; never before had I needed protection as I did now. Suddenly an inspiration came to me. placing myself in God's care and promising Him I shall live according to His Commandments and, with His help and protection I shall support myself, with assurance that a young woman in a strange land must be discreet and honourable, and realizing that to retain one's independence, one must have means and in order to get money one must work, for money honestly earned means self-respect, proper pride, honour and independence, and lacking these principles one would feel very unhappy. Work was the only cure for a lonely mind and, with the help of our dear Lord, I came to the conclusion that by nursing in this Northern Country I could maintain my honourable principles and independence, so I decided to consult Dr. Lachapelle concerning my nursing intentions.

The following day I called on Dr. Lachapelle. As I entered his home, he greeted me with the remark: "Mrs. Patchell, I am happy to see you."

"And, Doctor, I am pleased to see you," I replied,





Mrs. S. E. Parche.

"I came to have a good sensible talk with you. I am not contented and I feel that I have too much idle time. I have come to the conclusion that if my mind were more occupied, I would feel happier and more contented. Doctor, I am a nurse."

"A nurse!" exclaimed the doctor. "My dear, you never told me that before. What a charming nurse you'll make. I am so happy to know you are a nurse; I need you on a case now. I have a patient who will not go to the hospital and she requires a nurse's care at her home. It is about time I should make my call, but I'll wait for you if you will take the case."

"Yes, indeed, Doctor Lachapelle, I shall be delighted to take the case. I'll go home and change my dress and get what things I'll need and I'll return here within twenty minutes."

When I returned, the Doctor and I called to see his patient, Mrs. Terrell, whom I found to be a very sick woman. The Doctor prescribed and left me in charge. After nursing her for a month, she gradually recovered from her illness, during which time she constantly commended me for my skilful nursing.

One day while we conversed with each other, she said, "My dear, I consider myself very fortunate in having such a faithful nurse. When I recover from my illness, I intend to leave for California and I shall feel very happy to have you go along with me."

I then related all the events regarding my sad experience and my husband's apparent neglect, which brought tears to Mrs. Terrell's eyes as she expressed her feelings in a sympathetic tone.

"My dear, you must leave him and this country and come with me to California, where you will be much happier. I may never return to Dawson, because since my husband and I came in 1899 we have been

very successful and now we have sufficient means for the rest of our lives."

"My dear lady, I sincerely appreciate your kind invitation, but I really must remain here for the winter."

Time passes on and after careful care, my patient had fully recovered from her illness, and she was planning to leave for the outside, still urging me to accompany her.

When Carl and George returned from their mines the first thing that Anna tells them is that I have taken up nursing. Carl rushes towards me as he inquires in a gentle tone, "Why, Sarah Elizabeth, you never told me before that you were a nurse!"

"No, Carl, I never told you because I didn't think I would practise my profession until I consulted Dr. Lachapelle; he was delighted to learn that I was a nurse, and the day I told him he assigned me to my first case in Dawson—Mrs. Terrell, and they both gave me great credit for her speedy recovery. Mrs. Terrell has become very fond of me, and she wants me to go to California with her, and since I refused she is very much worried about my remaining in this country."

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Carl, "nursing in this country is very hard work for you. You are like a real sister to me and I wish you would let me help you."

"Thank you, my dear brother Carl, for your kind thoughts and consideration, but I like nursing, as it keeps my mind free from worry."

"Yes, I realize," said Carl, "and nursing is an honourable profession."

"Yes, indeed it is, Carl, and if you should become ill, I would be delighted to be your nurse."

"Thank you, my dear sister," he replied, "and I certainly would appreciate such a charming nurse."

You are a striking grand lady and at the age when you could enjoy home comforts in a warmer city. You will never be able to endure the cold, going from place to place nursing under so many inconveniences during the winter in this freezing country ; the hardships that you will encounter will injure your health."

"Carl, I must remain in this country during the winter and be here when my husband returns to Dawson."

"But, my dear lady, surely your husband would not expect you to remain here during the winters and suffer so many hardships. I wish you would let me help you as a brother should."

"Carl, indeed you have helped me and I appreciate it, as well as your brotherly kindness in escorting me to the entertainments, and especially your promise to take me to the Arctic Brotherhood Ball tomorrow evening : I shall feel very happy meeting my friends there. We shall have excellent music for dancing, played by the military band and one of the musicians, George Winters is an old friend of mine from back-home. He is a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and is a handsome man of fine physique. But please, Carl, don't ask me to give up nursing, if you wish me to feel happy."

"Sarah Elizabeth," was his reply, "It would break my heart to cause you any unhappiness. It will be my greatest pleasure to have the opportunity of escorting you to the ball tomorrow evening." Just then, we were interrupted by Anna, who served refreshments and soon after Carl bade us good-night.

On December 2nd, 1904, the Arctic Brotherhood gave a grand ball in the A. B. Hall. Carl and I attended the ball, accompanied by George and Anna Cambern. I wore a beautiful evening gown of pink silk chiffon,

with diamonds and pearls for ornaments. I received many compliments. Carl made the flattering remark that he felt proud of having the privilege of being the escort of the most beautiful lady at the ball. At this instant Roy joined us to remind me that the next dance was his. Looking at me with his earnest fascinating eyes, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, Oh! how beautiful you look tonight, you are considered the most admired lady here and I think you are the loveliest in this country." As Roy paused in his flattering language, I replied, "Roy, you should not pay me so many compliments; you are flattering me too much my dear good brother."

CHAPTER VIII

DAWSON, Y.T., December 25th, 1904. My first Christmas in this Northern Country, many a time did my thoughts revert during the day to my home and old familiar scenes of my childhood, and how I would love to see my dear mother on this Christmas Day. But I will be with her in thoughts, and I feel happy that I was able to send her a substantial cheque for her Christmas gift, also one to Mary my sister and brother William to make them feel happy. As the day passed, although I was far away from my dear ones, I felt happy and I must express my heart-felt thanks for the unflinching kindness and hospitality, as well as assistance from my many good friends whom I have met in this country. At the home of my dear friends Anna and George Cambern, I enjoyed a happy day and a most luxurious Christmas dinner with other friends. The menu consisted of fruit cocktail, bouillon soup, stuffed olives, sweet pickles, chicken salad with mayonnaise dressing, stuffed roast turkey and cranberry sauce, giblet gravy, creamed mashed potatoes, French peas, asparagus tips, wines served with the dinner, plum pudding with brandy sauce, ice cream, coffee, candy and nuts; we all enjoyed a very merry Christmas.

During the holidays, I received many greetings and gifts from friends, and I attended many afternoon teas and card parties.

On February 22nd, 1905. The members of the Dawson Military Band gave a delightful ball in the A.B. Hall. I attended in company with Anna and George

Cambern, and George Winters my escort. I wore a beautiful gown of blue chiffon and gold lace, which attracted much attention, and especially by my escort. George's comments, "Sarah Elizabeth, no one looks as lovely as you and you dance gracefully."

"Thank you, George," I replied, "you certainly dance well yourself."

George continued, "You are too attractive and charming to be left alone in this country. Are you going to permit your husband to go away and leave you here alone? I believe he has changed considerable since he left Frederickton. Apparently the lure for gold has got complete control of him."

"George, I am very sorry to say my husband evidently has a mania for gold. I wouldn't mind his mining ventures if he was actually getting some gold. In all these years he has not had any success and now I have come to the conclusion that I will have to look out for myself as best I can and by helping myself I will also be assisting him and safeguarding the future."

"My dear lady, you are right; to begin well is a point achieved and one of great importance. Happy is she who keeps more or less engaged in righteous duties. And always remember a false step would be difficult to retrace, or to redeem lost time. I don't think you would ever anticipate divorce."

"No, George," I replied, "I don't believe in divorce and marrying again. I realize now that if I made a mistake by marrying a rambler, I must abide by the consequences and with honourable principles and God's help I shall get along all right in this country. My husband never wanted me to come out here, but I am glad that I did come; it is a beautiful country.

and here we meet the finest people from all parts of the world, and George, you have a wonderful Mounted Police System; they are indeed a magnificent body of men."

"Thank you, my true friend, Sarah Elizabeth," said George, "for speaking so highly of our men, the Northern Mounted Police."

"George, I speak the truth, and I feel happy to say we are well protected in this country. If anyone commits a crime, I have been told your men never fail to get their man."

"You are right, Sarah Elizabeth, you need never be afraid while we are here. If anything goes wrong, just let us know."

"Thanks, George, I feel very happy to know that I have such wonderful protection. I really don't know what I would have done had it not been for Carl, Roy and several other gentlemen acting as true brothers to me."

"Yes, indeed," said George, "They are fine men. Carl is one of the best and richest men in Dawson and I feel sure he esteems you in the highest degree. My dear lady, no man could resist loving you. You are a very charming woman and I am charmed to be in company with one so lovely from my home town." Our conversation ceased as Maxie and Roy joined us and I danced the next dance with Roy. As we conversed, he said "I like your friend, George Winters; he is a handsome looking gentleman."

Dr. Lachapelle was my next dancing partner, and I also danced with Mr. John B. Black, George Black his brother, Charlie, all from Fredericton, N.B. The band music was excellent for dancing and I spent a very delightful evening.

On February 28th, I had a happy surprise—My

husband returned home for provisions. While we were arranging his outfit, I said : " Tom, dear, I think you had better give up mining and work for wages. It's nearly eight years since you started mining and you haven't had any success."

" My dear Sarah Elizabeth," replied Tom, " I'll never give up mining until I make a rich strike. There's lots of gold in the ground and I'm going to keep digging until I strike some of it. My partner and I intend travelling through the Pelly River country next year, as gold has been discovered in that vicinity."

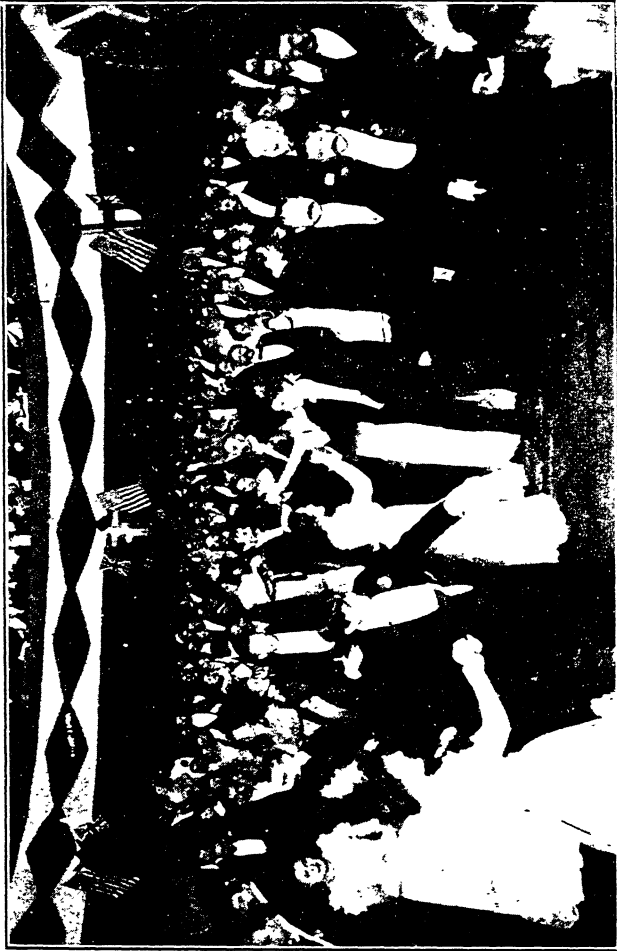
" Dearest, I fear you always go to the wrong places to hunt for gold. Wouldn't it be much better if you were at home working for wages so that you could provide a comfortable home for ourselves and protection for me ? Don't you realize it is a very lonely life here for me without you ? "

" You needn't be lonely, my dearest one," he replied, " you have many friends from our home town who would be pleased to take you to places. There's also George and Anna and those gentlemen you introduced me to, are the finest men in this country—don't stay in this lonely cabin ; go to the dances and parties with our good friends, as I want you to be happy and don't worry about me. I'll be all right and if I make a million, it will be all yours, my dear."

" But, my dear Tom, wealth doesn't always bring us happiness. You are certainly too anxious for gold. I am afraid something will happen to you out on these long journeys."

" Well, my dear," he said, " I'll always return at least once a year for food, and if I ever fail to return within a year and a half, then you will know something has happened to me."

" Oh, Tom," I exclaimed, " you frighten me so. I



St. Andrew's Ball.

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have worried so much about you during all those lonely years ; and still I am worrying."

"But dear, there's no use worrying," said Tom.

All during the next week, I pleaded with Tom to remain at home and give up mining, but to no avail. So early on March 5th, he and his partner left on their return to their prospecting region. I felt very sad as I bade Tom good-bye and shortly after he had gone Anna called and found me grieving. She said: "My dear, that man will worry you to death. Why don't you give him up ; go outside and get your divorce."

"Anna dear, divorce and choosing a man for a second husband is the least of my troubles. You know very well I don't believe in divorce and remarriage. Let's not discuss this subject any longer ; let's go hunting."

"Very well," said Anna.

The day was bright without a cloud in the sky ; the midday sun was shining in all its Arctic brilliancy ; the air was cold and refreshing. We travelled up high ranges and snow-clad mountains, which gave us a magnificent view of the beauties of the surrounding country. As I gazed around, a religious impulse inspired me to give thought to God's beautiful world,—what a lesson we might learn from Nature ! At 4 p.m. we returned home with a number of game birds. We enjoyed a delicious dinner and retired early, as we were both weary after our excursion.

During the latter part of March, many of my friends who spent the winter in the south, returned, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Peter, Carson and Mr. and Mrs. Mac.

The beautiful spring months passed until June, the glorious month of roses ; and to me it was nothing but visions of golden sunlight and fragrant flowers and every day filled my heart with happy thoughts. One day

as the sun was shining far up in the blue sky, Maxie and I walked along the Yukon River, climbing about a mile up the mountain path. We rested in a shady spot overlooking one of the grandest views of the valley. And high precipitous peaks towered up on all sides of us. Above us was the blue vault of heaven ; around us the green trees with birds singing therein ; at our feet and around us beautiful roses and flowers. Below the cliff we watched the waves dash against the rocks. It was an ideal spot and we had a grand time. I was inspired by the wonderful beauty of the enchanting scenes. We returned to Maxie's home following the Yukon River, with its green banks dotted with trees.

On June 24th, the Yukon Lodge, No. 79 again gave a ball at the Masonic Hall. I attended with Dr. Lachapelle and Roy accompanied Maxie. The music was good and we had a lovely time.

On July 4th, I received a letter from Wilford, stating that he would arrive in Dawson on July 10th, so Maxie and I were at the dock as the steamer sailed into the harbour. Wilford stepped from the boat smiling, his blue eyes beaming with joy as he greeted us most heartily with his cordial handshake. As he stood chatting for some time, Maxie then invited Wilford to dine with us at her home, where we enjoyed an excellent dinner and a pleasant evening. As Wilford and I conversed, he said, " Sarah Elizabeth, I feel very happy to find you looking so well after the long, cold winter. You were never absent from my mind and I never ceased telling my dear mother what a charming sister I had found in the Northern Country. She loves your picture and she will feel very happy to have you come and visit with us next winter. You will come, won't you ? "

" Thank you, my dear, Wilford," I replied, " I

will be happy to visit you and your dear mother some day. You are a grand and honourable man and there is something inspiring about you. You are different from other men. I cannot find words to express my heartfelt gratitude for all your kindness to me, and I hope God will always bestow his great blessings upon you."

As Wilford was leaving, he promised to call for Maxie and me the next day, to go calling on our friends in the city and at the hospital.

So the following afternoon Wilford called at Maxie's home and we went to St. Mary's Hospital to call on the Sisters. We also visited other friends, including Alex McDonald, who is still a patient at the hospital and a very dear friend of Wilford's. Leaving the hospital, we called at Cambern's home and Anna invited us to dine with her. While there, Carl arrived from Selkirk, feeling very happy as he greeted his friend Wilford. After spending a very pleasant evening, Wilford, Maxie and Carl bade us good night, promising to call in the morning for Anna and me to accompany them to the mines and to Mrs. Rice's home.

Accordingly, early the following morning Wilford and Carl called at Cambern's, where Anna and I joined them on a journey to the mines. At noon we ate our midday meal at Carl's cook-house, where most tasty food was served. As we chatted, I said: "Carl, I just love visiting at the gold mining creeks and I certainly enjoy such delicious food."

"Oh, thank you, Sarah Elizabeth," said Carl. "I feel happy to hear you say you like the creeks and exceedingly pleased that you like our food."

Then after a pleasant visit with Carson, we continued our journey to Mrs. Rice's home. At 11 p.m. Wilford bade us good-night, as in the morning he planned to

leave on a business trip to the mining creeks farther north.

Anna and I remained at Mrs. Rice's home for a few days and while there, accompanied by Peter, we roamed over the valleys, hills and mountains, picking beautiful wild flowers and delicious berries, thus making our visit a delightful one.

Around the middle of August, Wilford returned from his trip to the northern creeks and plans on leaving for the outside the next week. In the meantime, he was given many delightful farewell parties by Mr. and Mrs. Cambern; Mrs. Anderson; Dr. Lachapelle; Carl; Carson and Roy; and Mr. and Mrs. Rice. The night before his departure, he entertained his friends at a dinner at the Fairview Hotel and afterwards accompanied Maxie and me home. Bidding us good-night, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, and Maxie, I'll see you both in the morning before I board the steamer for the outside."

After breakfast the following morning, Maxie and I proceeded to the Fairview Hotel to see Wilford before he went on board the steamer for the outside. When we entered the drawing-room, Wilford was talking to the manager. I went forward, saying: "Oh, good-morning Wilford, but I fear I have interrupted you."

"Not at all, my dear," he replied. "It is a welcome interruption, and I feel very happy to see you, but, Sarah Elizabeth, I feel sad parting with your sisterly company. You have a very dear place in my heart and thoughts, and I feel grieved because you are going to remain in this cold country."

"Wilford, permit me to thank you again for all your kindness and thoughtfulness of me. I would dearly love to do as you and my friends wish, but I feel it is my duty to remain in Dawson. I do not wish

to be selfish with my many kind friends who wish for my comfort and I am thankful for the company of such a noble and honourable friend as yourself."

Maxie and I then accompanied Wilford to the dock, where about twenty-five friends had gathered to bid him farewell. After the steamer had sailed, Carl and Carson joined us at lunch, and afterwards they returned to their mines.

A few days later, Carl called at my home in the afternoon and in greeting me, he said: "My dear, Sarah Elizabeth, I feel very sad. I have received word that my dear mother is quite ill and I fear I must leave as soon as possible. My dear, won't you please come along with us when we go?"

"No, Carl," I replied, "I must remain in Dawson. I would like to go outside for the winter, but I feel I must remain here and continue nursing. I am very sorry to hear of your dear mother's illness—you must go to her at once."

"You are a brave young woman, your eyes shine with happiness and I can never forget the wonderful power of self-control you possess. You always appear so calm that one could not believe you ever endured a sad moment."

"Carl, dear, we are told to be contented with our lot and God has given me strength to overcome worry and sadness."

"My dear, you are a magnificent woman and I shall miss your company when I leave."

We were interrupted as Anna called and invited us to dine with her. After dinner Carl returned to his mines, feeling very sad and lonely.

The following day, Carl and I called at St. Mary's Hospital to visit with the Sisters. They were delighted to see us, but very sorry to hear that Carl's mother was

ill. We also enjoyed a pleasant visit with Alex McDonald, the Klondike King. After leaving the hospital, we called on Dr. Lachapelle, who invited us to dine with him and spend the evening. After dinner, the doctor 'phoned Maxie to come and join us for a few games of whist. After refreshments were served, Carl walked home with Maxie and me and as we walked along, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I wish you would go outside with your friends and return to Dawson in the spring."

"Carl, I want to remain here for the winter, to be here when my husband returns for his provisions. I also would like to remain in the north for a few years, as I am growing fond of this country. There is something inspiring about this Northern Land."

"Yes," replied Carl, "I, too, like this country. It has made a rich man out of me, thank God, and as you said, there is something inspiring about it. I would have stayed in Dawson this winter had my dear mother not been ill."

"I realize you wish to remain in Dawson and be here when your husband returns from his mines. I sincerely hope for your sake he is successful in his prospecting, so that he can provide a comfortable home for you, so that you will not have to nurse any more. You had better not take any nursing cases this winter, as I know journeying to the different creeks through the snow during the freezing weather is very injurious to your health."

"But Carl," I replied, "What if the Doctor wants me to nurse his patients?"

"Don't go," said Carl, "The Doctor can take his patients to the hospital."

"Maybe he can," I replied, "But Carl, I could not refuse the good doctor—he has been so dear and kind

to me. This winter I'll make my home with Anna and George, where I shall be comfortable during the cold weather."

"That's a fine idea, Sarah Elizabeth, you will enjoy many hunting trips with Anna and George. You will also have plenty of time for reading. I shall bring you some books before I leave for the outside, which will be within a few days."

Arriving home, Carl and Maxie bade me good-night, stating he will call for me in the morning to accompany him to the Rice's home. The following morning I journeyed to Bonanza, with Carl, where I enjoyed a pleasant visit. Mr. and Mrs. Rice and Peter would sail for the outside soon, and they insisted upon me joining them and spending the winter with them in California, Peter pleaded earnestly with tears in his eyes as he said: "My dear sister, won't you please come with us? I want you to come."

My eyes dimmed with tears as I looked into Peter's sad eyes; with quivering voice, I said, "My dear brother Peter, I would dearly love to go outside with you and my dear friends, but owing to serious circumstances I must remain in Dawson this winter." According to my explanation, Peter and his mother felt very sad as they realized their pleadings were of no avail. Two days later Peter accompanied me to Dawson, and to Maxie's home where we dined. After dinner Peter bade us good-night, stating he would see me on the morning when he boarded the steamer for the outside.

CHAPTER IX.

ON August 26th, Carson was host at a farewell dinner party given at the Regina Hotel in Carl's honour. Ten guests were invited, including myself. After dinner we were invited to the Cambern's home by George and Anna, where we spent the remainder of the evening. During the evening as I sat by Carson's side, conversing with him, looking up at me he said, in a gentle voice: "Sarah Elizabeth, my dear, you have a sad expression upon your lovely face and it grieves me. You should never worry; you are a wonderful, beautiful woman—I love you and I have a fortune to offer you if you will divorce your careless husband and marry me."

"Carson, my dear," I replied, "I could never do that, for my faith's sake; I am married to him for life."

Our conversation ceased as Anna served refreshments and soon after we bade each other good-night. Maxie, Carson and Carl walked home with me and as I talked with Carl, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I shall miss your lovely sisterly company when I am outside—"

"Carl, I assure you I will miss your good company, too. You have been like a real brother to me; and I shall never forget the first time that you said you would be a brother to me—that was on the Princess Beatrice, coming to Dawson, I shall never forget that journey."

"Yes, indeed, my sister," remarked Carl, "I too shall never forget that voyage as it holds pleasant memories for me and I only wish you were returning again over

the same route outside with us ; my journey homeward will be a sad and lonely one."

" And Carl, it is indeed a pleasure for me, too, and remembering that delightful voyage to Dawson in company with such grand, honourable and hospitable friends, and I hope some day I shall return outside over the same route with those magnificent friends."

Arriving home and bidding Maxie, Carson and Carl goodnight, I said to Carl, " I shall see you in the morning at the steamer before you go on board. And please don't worry ; I'll pray for your dear mother's recovery from her illness, and if it is His Holy will, that her health may be restored."

" Thank you, my dear sister," he replied, " you are like a real sister to me and my greatest comfort and inspiration ; I certainly feel very sad at bidding you good-night tonight."

The following morning I arose early. George, Anna and I went to the steamer to see our friends off for the outside. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Peter, Mr. and Mrs. Mac, Carson and Carl. Our eyes were dimmed with tears when they bade me farewell, leaving me in the care of Dr. Lachapelle, Roy, Anna and George. As Carl bade me good-bye, he said in a sad voice : " My dear, I am dreadfully grieved because you are remaining in this cold country during the winter, but you'll never be absent from my thoughts and I have asked God to bless and protect you."

During the next month, I received letters from Wilford, Mrs. Rice, Peter, Carson and Maxie, all wishing that I were with them, enjoying the beauty and comforts of the outside ; I also received a letter from Carl, stating that his mother was very ill.

On October 16th, members of the Yukon Lodge gave a grand ball. I attended with Dr. Lachapelle as my

escort. The Military Band furnished the music for dancing, which was excellent. I wore a beautiful French gown of peach silk chiffon and was the object of many flattering comments from my friends.

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Dr. Lachapelle, "you are beautiful, charming, and a most graceful dancer."

"Thank you, Doctor, for your compliments, but I fear you are flattering me."

"No, indeed, my dear," he assured me, "I am not flattering you; you are the most admired lady here."

At this moment Doctor Buttler joined us as I was to have the next dance with him. The ball was a grand affair and I had a most delightful evening.

The next ball was on December 2nd; Camp Dawson of the Arctic Brotherhood, in commemoration of its anniversary, gave one at the A.B. Hall and we again had the Military Band furnish the music. I attended the ball with Roy as my escort and we were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cambern.

On December 24th, 1905, the Pioneers of the Northern City of Dawson celebrated the Christmas Festival with a grand ball and supper. I attended with George Winters my escort; a most delicious turkey supper was served and we all enjoyed a splendid time.

The following day, I enjoyed a delightful Christmas at Mr. and Mrs. Cambern's home, where I partook of a sumptuous dinner. After dinner, I looked over my many greetings card which I had received, including ones from Wilford, Carl, Peter, Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Mac, and many others.

During the winter months, I spent most of my time nursing. On April 15th, I received a letter from Carl, stating that his mother had passed away on March 1st, I answered his sad letter, extending my heartfelt sympathy to him.

I also received letters from Mrs. Rice, Peter and Maxie, stating that they were not returning to Dawson and urging me to come outside. This news made me feel very sad and lonely, as I had missed my dear friends greatly during the winter and was waiting patiently for their return.

During the early part of June, Mr. Rice, Mac, Carl and Carson returned to Dawson after spending the winter in different parts of the United States. Mr and Mrs. Cambern, myself, and many other friends met the steamer upon its arrival. I felt very happy greeting my dear friends. We all had dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Cambern's. After dinner, Carl and I went for a walk. As we strolled among the flowers, I remarked: "Carl, isn't this a glorious country? We have daylight for two months and can gather the beautiful flowers and view the magnificent scenery at all hours."

"Yes, indeed, my dear sister," he replied, "and you are beautiful standing among the flowers. I'll take a picture of you."

"Thank you, Carl, I'd love to have one, standing among these gorgeous flowers."

After taking several pictures, Carl remarked: "Sarah Elizabeth, when I was outside during the winter, I felt very lonely and longed to return to this country and to be with my sincere friends again and whom I was delighted to see and enjoy their grand company."

"And, Carl, I am sure your friends all feel happy to see you and have you with them again. I missed your good brotherly company, too, after you left Dawson, and when I learned of your dear mother's death, I felt very sad and I grieved for you in your sorrow."

"My dear sister," Carl continued, "your sympathetic and inspiring letters consoled me, as I felt very sad over losing my dear mother. She felt happy to have

me with her, and I was very fortunate and glad to have had the opportunity to be at her bedside when she passed away. Perhaps had it not been for your good judgment in urging me so strongly to go, I might have remained in Dawson all winter and away from my dear mother when the end came. You are one true, honourable woman, and all that I have in the world to care for. Now tell me, dear sister, how did you spend the winter?"

"I made my home with Anna and George," I replied, "except when I was on nursing cases. I attended many social parties; and I also enjoyed great fun hunting—Carl, I like this country."

"Yes," said Carl, "It is indeed a wonderful country; there is something consoling and fascinating about the atmosphere of this Northern Land; don't you think so, Sarah Elizabeth?"

"Yes, indeed, Carl, I do, it is the land of great things and the midnight sun, and the land where treasures are rich in abundance; and it is the land that produces delicious vegetables, and varieties of berries, and gorgeous flowers. And there are beautiful mountains, valleys, rivers, wooded forests and abundance of game, fish and fur bearing animals, and it is the land where no distinction is made between the rich and the poor; where everyone is given a glad hand, that never could be forgotten."

"Sarah Elizabeth, you are a wonderful observer and you have the right ideas of this country."

"Yes, Carl, I have learned much about this country since I came here; it is here that the largest animals ever known were believed to have lived, as the mammoth lived here several thousands of years ago when this country had a warm climate."

"My dear, you astonish me about those mammoths,

I had no idea you knew about them. Miners very often find tusks measuring over eight feet in length when digging down to bed-rock; you can imagine what huge animals must have carried them. All the beautiful ivory you see here in the jewellery stores is made from the tusks of those mammoths. Sarah Elizabeth, you are wonderful and you know so much about the geology of this Northern Country."

"Yes, Carl, I am trying to learn everything that is worth knowing about this wonderful country."

Carson joined us and we returned to Cambern's, where we had an enjoyable evening. As Carl was bidding us good-night, he promised to call in the morning to have Anna, George and I accompany him to his mines.

Next morning Carl called for us as he had promised and we journeyed along with him to Bonanza Creek. After we reached the mines, we dined at Carl's cook-house where the men take their meals. We enjoyed a very pleasant day visiting with friends; I also enjoyed a happy call on my good friend, Carson, who seemed to never grow tired of telling me of his great love and devotion for me.

On July 1st, I received a letter from Wilford stating that he would arrive in Dawson on July 4th, so Anna, George, Carl and myself, were on hand to meet him as the steamer arrived at the wharf. As Wilford extended his hand to me, he said: "My sister Sarah Elizabeth, I feel very happy to see you again after months of absence."

"Wilford, I feel extremely happy to see you," I replied.

After Wilford had greeted his other friends, Carl invited us to dine with him at the Regina Hotel; after a delicious dinner, we spent the evening at Cambern's

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home, where we talked over the events of the past winter and spring. After refreshments, Carl and Wilford left, promising to call in the morning for Anna, George and I to accompany them to some mines.

The following morning we joined Wilford and Carl and accompanied them to the mines. While there, I took a number of pictures of the men at work. During the afternoon, we visited with friends and then returned to Cambern's home. As Wilford and I talked over events of the winter, he remarked, "Sister dear, I felt very sad and lonely when I bade you good-bye last fall and upon my arrival home my dear mother felt disappointed because you did not come to visit her, as she expected you to spend the winter with us. I told her about the hardships you had endured; that I considered you to be a true sister to me."

"Wilford, I assure you, I feel honoured and happy in recognizing you as a brother. My own real brothers couldn't be any dearer to me than you are. And I appreciate you and your mother's kind thoughts of me."

One morning a few days later, Wilford called at Cambern's home and invited Anna and me to join him on a trip to Gold Bottom Creek to see a clean-up of gold dust. Arriving at the Creek in the afternoon, we saw seventy-five thousand dollars worth of gold dust washed out of the clean-up on the claim. It was a wonderful sight to see so many dollars worth of gold dust in the one place. The owner of the mine gave Anna and I each a large nugget of gold. The surrounding scenes were beautiful and the mountain tops with their loftiest peaks wrapped in clouds of snow and high above the sun sends her beaming rays down upon the wooded valleys and hills. And countless birds filled the

air with rich music. We enjoyed a very pleasant visit with our friends, and while we were there we made many new acquaintances. Wilford remained at the mines, while Anna and I returned to Dawson.

The following week, I was called to Gold Bottom Creek to nurse a woman who had been taken suddenly ill. After two weeks care, she had fully recovered from her illness and I was accompanied to Dawson by Wilford and Dr. Lachapelle. Arriving in the city at noon. After luncheon, we called at St. Mary's Hospital to see friends there. After a pleasant visit with the Sisters, they invited me to visit them often and speaking to Wilford, they said, "You know, we all love Mrs. Patchell."

Wilford replied: "Yes, I believe Mrs. Patchell is beloved by everyone who knows her."

After bidding them good-bye, we journeyed homeward. Along the Yukon, we stopped to view the scenery, which was enchantingly beautiful. As we resumed our journey onward, Wilford looked at me and said: "Sarah Elizabeth, you seem very happy to-day."

"Yes, Wilford," I replied, "I feel happy living in Dawson and enjoying the hospitality of so many good friends. Words cannot express my feelings towards these friends, so liberal, true and noble-hearted. They came into my life in a mysterious way and their kindness will always be appreciated by me."

"Sarah Elizabeth, your friends all love you and we consider it a great pleasure to be in your company and plan for your comfort. I wish you would come outside for the winter and visit your friends and my mother."

"Wilford, you make me feel sad when you plead for my going outside. I cannot go this year, but some

day, I'll go and visit you and your mother. Will that please you, Wilford ? ”

“ Yes, anything you say will please me ! But my mother will be disappointed and it grieves me to have you remain in Dawson during the cold winter. ”

We resumed our journey to the city and dined at the restaurant. After dinner, we called on Mr. and Mrs. William Black and spent a very pleasant evening with them. As we walked homeward, Wilford remarked : “ Sarah Elizabeth, you certainly have lovely friends in Dawson ; I think the Blacks are charming people. ”

“ Yes, indeed, Wilford, they are and they were among the nicest people in Fredericton, N.B., my home town. George and John Black are widely known men and clever attorneys and, I believe, George Black has a great future before him. Some day he will be Governor of the Yukon and a member of parliament. ”

“ They are indeed illustrious people, George is one of the cleverest attorneys I have known in this country and holds the esteem of all, ” quoth Wilford.

“ You are right, Wilford, and they are all very thoughtful of me. ”

“ Sarah Elizabeth, you have many friends in this Northern Country. With your cheerful, charming manner and pleasing disposition you could not avoid

NOTE :—George Black was appointed Governor of the Yukon in 1912, but resigned three years later to go overseas in command of the Dawson Company of Infantry which became part of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, being severely wounded after spending three years in the trenches. Following his return to Canada, he was, in 1921, elected to represent the Yukon in the Federal Parliament. In 1930, he was elected Speaker of the House, occupying that honourable and dignified position until 1934, when he resigned on account of ill-health. His wife, a very charming woman, then succeeded him as M.P. for the Yukon.

making friends and I notice that to worthy friends you are enthusiastically loyal."

Arriving at Cambern's home, Carl joined us and as I carried on a conversation with him about nursing, he complimented me by saying, "Sarah Elizabeth, you are a brilliant young woman with a grand personality; you have kindness written all over your face and I notice you always keep your mind keen and active by doing something worth-while. You are marvellous and your keen, cheerful and tender sense of humour, and sympathetic nature, have won many hearts that will always love you."

"Carl, I love everything that is elevating to the mind, and the reading of good books and music especially, as singing always delights me and drives away the sadness from my heart. Your voice, so mellow and soft, charms me as the song birds in the early morning. I have always taken life seriously and I never could tolerate laziness, dishonesty or slovenliness. It is so easy to keep clean in person and in mind in this lovely life of ours; in this world so beautiful to look upon, so full of peace and abundance of everything to make us cheerful and glad, and nothing makes me feel more happy than living a life pleasing to God in His glorious world. I love to help others and I love good people, although I hate sin, but I never shrink from a sinner whilst there is any hope of winning them to the finer and better things of life. But should a malicious tongued person ever accuse me of a false accusation, in the eyes of God, I forgive them, but I renounce their friendship forever by leaving them absolutely to themselves, and I always pray and ask God to grant me grace and blessings."

"Sister dear, as I watched your spiritual face and moving lips relating those inspiring words that

indicates a beautiful life, I know that God will always rejoice in your goodness and Heaven will be your final reward."

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CHAPTER X.

ON the afternoon of August 7th, Wilford called at Cambern's home, appearing very melancholy as he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, I had a very peculiar dream last night which worried me. Apparently you and a number of people were hunting and someone in the party got hurt—so it seemed. Sister, I wish you would not go hunting this winter. If anything should happen to you, it would worry me dreadfully."

"Wilford, my big brother, you must not let dreams worry you. Nothing is going to happen to me. You worry me because you look so sad."

"Sister dear," said he, "you are a beautiful, calm brave young lady, with an ideal expression of refinement and sublimity."

"Yes, Wilford, I believe I am a courageous woman to endure so much loneliness and sadness and keep smiling through it all as I have done and be happy, when I certainly desire something better than this lonely life."

"Sarah Elizabeth, I wish you would let me help you as a brother should help his sister, as you are like a favourite sister to me now. I shall never forget the day I first saw you—it was in the Vancouver Hotel lobby at Vancouver, B.C. You were talking with Roy and I thought you were brother and sister. At the time I was chatting with the Manager at the desk and he said to me, 'Do you see that lovely young lady over there talking to the young man? She is going to Dawson too.' I then asked if you were the young man's sister and his answer was, 'No, she is alone.' I watched

you with critical eyes, observing a look of anxiety on your beautiful countenance and a perfect grace of good-breeding. The thought came to me if I only had a sister like that lovely lady, how very fond I would be of her ; I was fortunate, as since then I have been blessed with the great honour and privilege of claiming you as my sister. During my life, I craved for the companionship of a sister at home and now my attachment for you is brotherly love, and now you can understand why I wish to help you and do something for you before I leave Dawson. Won't you please accept a cheque from me as a token of brotherly friendship ? ”

“ Thank you, brother Wilford, but I have been taught never to accept money from men. I really don't need money ; I have a sufficient bank account. ”

“ Sarah Elizabeth, ” he continued, “ I realise that you have suffered great hardships nursing in this cold country during the winter and it would be perfectly right for you to let me help you, as a brother. Why not let me ? ”

“ My generous one, I thank you most sincerely for your kind consideration in regard to my welfare. You must not worry about me, but I promise you that if I ever should need assistance, I shall come to you. Will that please brother Wilford ? ”

“ Yes, indeed, ” he replied, “ and my desire is to please you. ” Looking at me with his wistful eyes, as he took from his pocket a package—presenting it to me as he said, “ Sister, please accept this souvenir of a gold nugget necklace with all my brotherly affections. ”

“ Wilford, please accept my sincere thanks for the beautiful gift. I have a gold nugget souvenir watch chain for you, and gold souvenir teaspoons for your dear mother. ”

“ Thank you, my sister, for all your beautiful gifts

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of pure gold. They are very precious to me, and will be, I am sure, to my mother, who loves you and wishes you to visit us."

Anna interrupted our conversation by announcing dinner and inviting Wilford to dine with us. At an early hour after dinner, Wilford bade us good-night, hoping he would see us in the morning before he boarded the steamer for the outside.

The following morning George, Carl, Anna and Carson accompanied me to the steamer. Many of our friends were there to bid Wilford farewell. Wilford appeared very sad as he said good-bye.

We all felt depressed at parting with our excellent friend. I returned home with Anna. Carl and Carson joined us at luncheon. As Carl conversed with me, he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, we shall miss our dear friend Wilford."

"Yes, indeed, Carl, we certainly will miss him. I consider Wilford a grand and honourable man, like yourself and Carson." Carson joined in the opinion that Wilford was one of the greatest men that ever came to Dawson, and loved by everyone who knew him.

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Carl, "you are my wonderful sister, one of the loveliest women I have ever met; your thoughts and actions indicate that you have lived a beautiful and honourable life."

"Thank you, brother Carl, for your lovely kind thoughts and expressions, and I assure you, I can return your commentaries with great joy; you are a grand gentleman and an honourable brother to me. And I appreciate all your kindness which I shall never forget."

"Sister," continued Carl, "I wish I could do something to make your life happier."

"My brother Carl, your good company make me

feel happy, and if you will sing for me, I shall feel more happy."

"Sarah Elizabeth, what shall I sing for you?" he enquired.

"Please sing *Juanita* one of my favourite songs. Come to the piano and I will accompany you." Carl followed me, and stood by my side and he sang my favourite song in his rich musical voice; his whole heart and soul seemed possessed of great dramatic power. As he paused he said: "do you like that song?"

"Yes, indeed Carl, I love it, and also your singing. Please sing one of your favourite songs?"

"Perhaps you will like my favourite Irish songs," said Carl.

The following songs that Carl sang before he and Carson took their departure to the mines were beautiful words and the air he played was sweet.

On October 20th, I had a very pleasant surprise and I felt very happy, greeting my husband upon his return home from his gold prospecting search from far away regions. I surely was glad to see him again. One day while we were discussing mining matters, I said, "Tom, dear, don't you think you had better give up hunting for gold and work for wages? I know where you can get a position as timekeeper. Your salary amounting to fifteen dollars per day and board. Tom, do you realize during all these years you have failed in mining, and don't you think it would be wise for you to try something else where you could be home and company for me?"

"No, my dear," declared Tom with emphasis, "I'll never work for wages in this gold mining country. I am going to hunt for gold until I make a rich strike, and there is no use trying to talk me out of it. I think you had better go home where you will be more comfort-

able with your mother and sister. I have nothing here to support you with ; as you know I only make enough, or rather get sufficient gold dust to support my grub-stakes."

"Tom dear," I said, "Do you realize that is all you have accomplished in the last eight years? I fear that you are only wasting your time and injuring your health."

"My dear wife, I can't help it; I guess I have the gold craving. I think you had better go home. You would be more comfortable and happier there than remaining here in this freezing country during the cold winters, which I know are very hard for you to endure."

"Tom dear, I am young and independent ; with my ambition and energy, I shall remain in this country and continue nursing and earning my own living and making my own home. My people must never know that you have failed to support me and that I am alone in Dawson. If my mother knew that, she would grieve herself to death, realizing the embarrassing position I am thus placed in by your being in the hills hunting for gold. I could never go home and be dependent upon my mother. To me it would be too humiliating for words to express.

Day after day, I tried to persuade Tom to give up mining but all to no avail. During the time that he was home, he and I attended many luncheons and dinners given in our honour."

Early on the morning of October 30th, Tom left Dawson for his prospecting site. Shortly after he had gone, Anna Cambern called on me. Noticing that I was worrying, she said : "Sarah Elizabeth, you must not worry about him. He is just forgetting everything and is going crazy over gold. Let him go and you try

to make yourself contented here without him."

"Anna dear, I cannot help worrying about him; I have worried about him for years now, I am afraid something will happen to him in the hills."

"Dear," said she, "let's go hunting, so that it may ease your mind." To this I readily consented. We had a successful trip and upon our return George informed us that he had a chance to sell the claims that we had staked in the Jack Wade country. The deal was closed the next day and we each received several thousand dollars for our properties.

On November 18th, I attended the Military Ball given in Dawson. I was escorted by Dr. Lachapelle, in company with George and Anna Cambern; I wore a beautiful French evening gown of peach satin diamonds and pearls for ornaments. I was the attraction of many flattering compliments extended to me by the attendance. The ball was a very fashionable one and a wonderful success.

Another grand ball on December 5th, given by the Masonic Club Members which proved to be a very gay affair. I attended the ball in company with Mr. and Mrs. Banks and their friend Dr. Gray as my escort. For this occasion I wore a magnificent French gown of rich mauve velvet, Irish lace, diamonds and pearls. Dancing began at 10 p.m. and a sumptuous supper was served at 11.30. The tables were beautifully decorated. I danced with a number of gentlemen from my home town of Fredericton, N.B. Enjoying a most delightful evening.

December 25th, 1906, Mr. and Mrs. Banks were host and hostess at a delicious Christmas dinner. Twelve guests were invited, including Anna, George, Carl and myself. The menu consisted of fruit cocktail, oxtail soup, stuffed olives, chicken salad, oyster patties,

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stuffed roast turkey, giblet gravy, cranberry sauce, French peas, mashed creamed potatoes, asparagus tips, pickles, beets, steamed plum choice fruit pudding with brandy sauce, fruit cake, sponge cake, ice cream and coffee. Wines were served with the dinner. We spent a joyful evening in music, singing and card playing.

The following week, one fine day, Carl called at the Cambern home, where I was staying, and in greeting me he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I brought you some books to read, I hope they will interest you and keep your mind from worry."

"Carl, I am pleased that you called. I am grieving about my husband returning to the hills hunting for gold with no success. While he was at home, I pleaded with him to give up prospecting for gold so far away. He has such a craving for gold that he cannot think of anything else and I could not persuade him to do anything different—and I fear his case is hopeless!"

"Sister Sarah Elizabeth," replied Carl, "I understand such cases and I fear you will never be able to change his mind now; evidently he has a prospecting desire for gold, never realizing he is and has been neglecting his lovely wife. You must not worry; you have nothing to regret. You did your duty and did it well, suffering and sacrificing your young life during all these years, but you can't go on, continuing a worrisome lonely life."

"Yes, Carl, I can go on and I must continue for my own sake, and forget worries."

"Then, sister, won't you please let me help you as I would my own sister if I had one? You are like a real sister to me, and I wish to help you. Nursing in this country is hard work during the winter weather, and I know your hardship going out in the cold."

"Thanks, brother Carl, for all your kind desires and generous offerings to me, but I nurse chiefly for my own consolation. And therefore I would not accept help from you nor any other man. However, I have sufficient amount of money of my own to get along on. When I came here I had a very creditable bank account and since then I have increased it considerably. Carl, do you realise that sometimes I make as high as ten dollars per day at nursing? If I continue nursing for several years in this country, I should have a substantial bank account when I retire from nursing."

As I paused, Carl raised his handsome face, looking at me with his lustrous eyes as he said, "Sister dear, you are marvellous, grand and so patient."

During our conversation George came into the drawing-room interrupting, our talk as he invited Carl to go hunting with him. They bade Anna and me good-bye as they rushed off. Three hours later they returned with a number of game birds.

December, January and February passed and I was anxiously awaiting the return of my husband to Dawson with the prospect that he would give up mining and remain at home with me.

CHAPTER XI.

ON March 20th, I nearly lost my life in a snowslide from a steep mountain while hunting. Carl, George, Anna and I started out on a hunting trip. It was a beautiful sunny day. Anna and I travelled up a mountain where ptarmigans were plentiful. These mountains are treacherous and slope abruptly in some places, and owing to the deep snow one cannot tell when they are near the steep edge. I accidentally walked too near the edge and suddenly I began to slide down a slope of thirty-five feet, causing an avalanche of soft loose snow. I called to Anna, as I began to go downward and luckily she heard me, and when she saw the snow-slide upon me, she called to the men. They rushed to the place where I was buried beneath a great heap of snow. With their hands and the help of their guns, they rescued me in an unconscious state, as I was almost smothered. I did not know what had happened for sometime, but when consciousness was restored, I was lying on the snow, with Carl and Anna working over me, vigorously rubbing my face and hands. As I opened my eyes, I heard Anna say in a trembling voice: "My dear, thank God you are alive!"

George had to travel some distance to get a dog team on which to convey me to their home where I was staying. Dr. Lachapelle came shortly after our arrival, feeling very much alarmed. After an examination, he stated although I had certainly had a very narrow escape from death, I was lucky to have received nothing more than a dislocated shoulder which I must

have received by striking against a protruding rock in my downward plunge.

Carl and all my friends came daily to see me during my illness, bringing me plenty of nice things, and expressing regret that I had had such an accident.

As Carl visited with me one day, he said: "My dear sister, you were almost dead when we rescued you from beneath the heavy pile of snow. Indeed I thought that you were dead until after working over you, I suddenly felt your heart beat and saw your lovely eyes open and look up at me so wistfully. My heart leaped with joy; then your eyes closed and you lay still until we reached Cambern's home."

"Carl, I would have died under that heap of snow had it not been for your thoughtfulness and quickness. I consider I owe you a great gratitude for saving my life, and I appreciate all the kindness you have extended to me since that dreadful accident. I am also very grateful to my many other dear friends, especially George and Anna, whose kind hospitality I shall never forget."

"Sarah Elizabeth, we all love you and we wish for your speedy recovery." At this moment Anna announced dinner was being served. Shortly after, Carl bade us good-night.

On April 3rd, Mr. and Mrs. Mac and Carson returned to Dawson. Anna and George met them upon their arrival at the stage depot, and invited them to their home for dinner. Upon their arrival at Cambern's they greeted me most heartily, happy and delighted at seeing one another again, and extending their sincere sympathy in regards to the dreadful accident that had befallen me. They all brought me beautiful gifts, including Mrs. Rice and Peter sending me pretty garments to wear, and a message, hoping that they

would see me in California next fall and that I would make them a long visit.

While Maxie chatted with Anna, Carson sat by my side, speaking in his gentle tone of voice, as he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, my faithful friend, I have never seen any other woman during my travels so charming and lovely as you. You are my choice among all other women, and I wish it was my luck to win such a lady for my wife."

"My dear Carson, you must be satisfied with my sisterly friendship. I make no secret of my affection for you. I esteem you in the highest degree and I love you as a faithful sister should love a brother."

We were interrupted in our conversation as Anna served dinner. After dinner we played cards and Carson did not get an opportunity to talk privately with me again during the evening before he took his departure.

During the month of June I was busy nursing after fully recovering from the effects of the snow-slide accident. On July 7th, I received a letter from Wilford stating that he would arrive in Dawson on July 10th. Accordingly Anna, Maxie, Carson and Carl met Wilford upon his arrival at the steamer. We all felt very happy greeting our dear friend once more on his return to the north. Anna invited us all to her home for luncheon. After lunch Carson and Carl returned to their mines and Wilford, Maxie and I went to St. Mary's Hospital to call on the Sisters and on friends who were patients at the hospital. Returning home, we walked by the hillside where beautiful flowers were growing. As I gathered some of them, I said: "Wilford, I love to gather flowers, pick berries and hunt. I have been on several hunting trips since you left Dawson, which I greatly enjoyed. Anna loves to hunt, too."

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear," he said, "Anna told me

you had a narrow escape from death on one of your hunting trips."

"Yes, Wilford, I surely did and after the accident I thought of the dream that worried you so."

"Sister dear," he continued, "while at home I was constantly worrying about you. I would sit in my study for hours day after day thinking about you so far away in this Northern Country alone. I longed to be near you to comfort and protect you, and now just seeing you and knowing that you are alive has made me feel more happy than anything in this world could have done. You are one of God's faithful women, possessing high and noble principles, and you have a spirit that encourages nobleness and greatness. During my acquaintance with you, I have always noticed that God means much to you in life. Your confidence in Him and your obedience to Him are perfectly wonderful and for your reward God has bestowed great gifts upon you, and I sincerely believe His hand is always over you, guarding and blessing you for your true faith in Him."

"Thank you, Wilford, for your beautiful sentiments. I believe obedience to God is the greatest and noblest motive that can exist in the human heart. This belief strengthens and encourages us to fulfil His commandments, and in our labours and trials and sufferings we are borne up by the knowledge of God's infinite love and throughout life we are sustained by the hope of enjoying an eternity of love with Him in Heaven. These motives are very consoling to me."

"Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, "you live a righteous, beautiful life in this world and Heaven will be your reward."

We continued our journey homeward, carrying huge bunches of gorgeous flowers to Anna. Arriving at Cambern's home, Anna invited Maxie and Wilford to

join us at dinner, and spend the evening. After enjoying a delicious dinner, during the evening we played cards and talked over matters in general, and after refreshments Maxie and Wilford bade us good-night.

On the next morning Wilford called according to his promise, as he was leaving on a business journey to the mining creeks; after a brief visit he bade us good-bye. We did not see him again until July 30th, when he returned from his tour of the creeks. He then called at Maxie's home where I was staying, and Maxie invited him to dine with us. Upon entering into a conversation with me, he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, I wish you would come outside with us when we go. Your friends including myself are worrying about you remaining in this country, neglected by one to whom you were so loyal and risking your life for him by coming into this country. I shall never forget the impression you made upon me when I first met you. I read in your calm beautiful face and smiling eyes, purity and loveliness, and during all these years you have lived a lovely life, doing good and so faithful to God, which is proof of the grandest and noblest type of womanhood. You were one who had faced the world alone among thousands of strangers, and by your honourable principles and unselfish nature have taught and inspired men and women to purer and higher ideas."

As Wilford paused, I said: "Wilford, my dear, you pay me too many compliments and you must not worry about my being here alone in Dawson. I realize my life has been sad and lonely. I have no joy whatever except that provided by a few kind and loyal friends, whom Heaven has preserved for me and had it not been for their faithful attention my life would have been more solitary."

"Sister dear," he replied, "I understand all that

you have suffered and at times marked the weight of circumstance and the many obstacles to struggle against ; yet you still wish to remain here. You are considered a very beautiful woman, possessing a fine understanding, but you should not be alone in this country. My dear, I speak to you as I would speak to my sister, if I had one, and she were in your position."

" Wilford, please do not plead with me to go outside. My heart feels sad and I shall miss your true, loyal company, but you will never be forgotten by me. Some day I will go outside and pay a visit to all my dear friends and be your dear mother's guest. Will that please and cheer my brother, Wilford? "

" Yes, Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, " everything you say and ask for pleases me."

" Then, will you please play the piano and sing for me? " I asked. Wilford readily complied, singing many songs, including *Juanite*, and *When Irish Eyes are Smiling*. After spending an enjoyable evening Wilford bade Maxie and me good-night and departed.

The following week, Wilford was honoured guest at luncheons and dinner parties given by Carl, Roy, Carson and several other friends at the Regine Hotel, as it was his intention to leave for the South again within a few days.

On August 8th, Dr. Lachapelle entertained at a dinner party at his home in Wilford's honour. Eight guests were invited, including myself. The dinner was a luxurious meal, and we enjoyed a jovial evening. Wilford walked to the Cambern home with George, Anna and me. As I walked by his side, he said, " Sarah Elizabeth, won't you please come outside with us and spend the winter with your friends? My mother will feel happy and proud to have you as her guest."

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and I would dearly love to go to a warmer country and spend the winter with my dear good friends, but as I told you before, I really must remain in this country for reasons I have already explained to you, concerning my husband." Thus ended our conversation as we arrived at Cambern's home, and we bade each other good-night.

The next day, Wilford entertained at a dinner party, given at the Regine Hotel. Ten guests were invited, and we partook of a most delicious repast. After dinner we proceeded to Cambern's home; Wilford walking by my side. After walking some distance in silence, he suddenly said: "My dear sister, I shall miss your good company when I sail for the outside, but you will be with me in thoughts, and never be forgotten."

"Wilford, I shall certainly miss your good company, too, as you have been a faithful friend to me."

"Dear sister," he continued, "if you were only coming with us, I'd feel so happy, also my dear mother would rejoice, but now when she learns that you are not coming outside to visit with her, as she expected you would do, I can imagine her feelings of disappointment."

"Wilford, dear, my heart longs to go outside, too, so tell your dear mother I may visit her next winter."

"Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, "my mother loves you and she admires the beautiful gold brooch and other gifts which you sent to her."

"Wilford, I am very fond of your dear mother, too, because she is your mother."

There was a long silence as we continued our walk homeward, both feeling very sad. Wilford broke the silence as he asked, "Please tell me what your opinion of me was when you first saw me on the steamer Princess Beatrice."

"Do you really wish to know," I replied.

"Yes, Sarah Elizabeth, I am anxious to know."

"Then to be truthful, Wilford," I said, "During my lifetime I have met many splendid men, but when I first saw you I was more favourably impressed by your distinguished and attractive appearance than I had been with any other man; your eyes seemed to observe all that was going on and I found your interesting face pleasing to study; I liked you and your charming company because I felt so much at home with you and I thought how lovely and good it was to know someone who would not misunderstand me. Wilford, that was my true opinion of you."

"Thank you, my dear sister, for your lovely expressions and honourable opinion of me. I feel highly honoured and flattered."

Arriving at Cambern's home, we were joined by our party including Carl, Roy, Dr. Lachapelle, Maxie, Mary, Anderson, Carson and Anna, who had arrived to spend the evening. Cards and music were enjoyed and we sang some old-time songs. After cake and coffee were served, we bade one another good-night, promising to see Wilford at the steamer in the morning before he left for the outside.

The following morning Anna and I called at the Regina Hotel before Wilford had started for the steamer. As we entered the drawing-room, he greeted us in his cordial manner and then remarked to me, "Sister, dear, I feel very much disappointed because you are not coming outside with us. I never felt more depressed at any time than I do at present."

"Wilford, my dear," I replied, "let us not discuss this sad parting further. You know I would dearly love to go outside with my good friends, but it is my duty to remain here; I want you to go away feeling happy. You know you have been like a true brother

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to me and I feel sad and lonely parting with you. Please do not worry about me as I will be all right here with my friends. Some day I will travel on my side and to your home and visit with all my friends. I may go next June with George and Anna ; they are planning to go then."

"Sarah Elizabeth," he said, "I shall be there to greet you and I cannot tell you how glad I shall be to see you again. I may not plan to return to Dawson in the spring, so please write to me often as I shall be anxious to hear from you ; and please, Sarah Elizabeth, accept this gift of a gold nugget brooch with brotherly love and esteem."

"Thank you kindly, Wilford, and I have a gift for you and one for your dear mother."

"Thank you also," he replied. "I will treasure all your gifts. They are beautiful and I prize them very highly."

While we were conversing, Carl, Carson and Maxie arrived, Maxie greeted us with a cheery "Good-morning," and added, "Oh, Sarah Elizabeth, dear, you should be coming outside with us, and spend the winter with me."

"Thank you, Maxie dear. Oh, how I would love to go, but it is impossible," I replied.

We talked for some-time and then went to the steamer where we were joined by our friends who were there to bid farewell to Wilford, Maxie and Carson. When those about to depart bade me good-bye, they expressed their regret that I was not going along with them. Wilford looked very sad as he said : "Good-bye, Sarah Elizabeth. In God's care I leave you and I hope to see you next year."

My eyes filled with tears as the steamer moved away with Wilford, Maxie and Carson waving us good-bye.

I felt sad and lonely parting with my dear, good friends. I returned home with Anna, and in the afternoon we went hunting and picking blueberries.

All during the fall I was busy nursing various cases. One patient had taken poison because of despondency ; another cut his feet very badly while chopping wood ; still another had broken several bones in a fall and so on, one case after another like these I nursed until December rolled around again.

One day in the early part of December, Carl called at the Cambern home and on greeting me, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I thought of you several times and wondered if your husband had returned from the mines as you expected he would."

"Carl," I replied, "I feel sad ; I am worried about my husband's absence. I am always afraid something will happen to him while he is prospecting."

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Carl, "it grieves me to see you worrying. I trust for your sake that he is alive and will return safely to you. I cannot help wondering myself why he won't give up mining and work for a salary where he could be happy and comfortable at home."

We were interrupted as Mary Anderson came in to call on us. And in the course of her visit, she reminded us of the Christmas dinner party to be given at her home on December 25th. Shortly after Mary called Anna served afternoon tea and later Carl left for his mines.

On December 25th, 1907, Mary Anderson was hostess at a luxurious Christmas dinner given by her at her home. Ten guests were invited, including Carl, Roy, George Winters, Dr. Lachapelle and myself. After dinner, we enjoyed a very pleasant evening in music, singing and card games until an early hour in the morning when the guests prepared to depart, extending our sincere thanks to our kind, charming hostess.

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On February 15th, a man by the name of Schwartz called at Cambern's home where I was staying; he informed me that he wished to convey me to Hunker Creek to nurse a young man named Karl, whom he reported as very ill. Arriving at the patient's home, I found him suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, under the care of his house-keeper and her husband.

After several days of careful nursing, Karl slowly began to improve.

Two weeks later, Karl's condition had improved so that he was able to write to his mother in Germany. Karl was a very refined young man, with a grand personality. He informed me, that his home was in Germany, where all his relatives lived. He came here several years ago with his uncle who died shortly after his successful prospects, leaving him a rich gold mine.

One month later, Karl's condition was fairly well, but when I spoke to him of my returning to Dawson, he would cry out: "Oh, no, nurse, I am not well enough for you to leave me." So I consented to remain with him longer. One day as we were talking, he asked me on what creek my husband was mining. When I related my sad story in regard to my husband's long absence, he looked at me in an amazing manner as he mournfully said, "I feel very sorry for you." Thus ended our conversation.

Hunker Creek is a very busy place, yet gay with social activities, and there are many creeks proving rich in gold. I had been invited to many dancing and card parties, but owing to the serious illness of my patient I had not attended any of them. Karl is very fond of playing card games; he and I played many games together. One afternoon as we played, he looked at me steadily for a time and said: "Mrs. Patchell, you are a lovely woman and a grand nurse; I feel I owe my life

to you, because I believe you saved me from death."

He was silent for a few moments, then suddenly raising his eyes again he asked, "Nurse, please tell me your Christian name?"

"It's Sarah Elizabeth," I replied.

"Sarah Elizabeth!" exclaimed Karl; "I love that name and please don't be angry with me, I love the one who answers to that name."

I made no reply to Karl's gestures of encouragement, although he knew nothing of my husband's apparent neglect of me.

He then continued in a sympathetic tone, "Oh, nurse, how I shall miss your grand company when you return home to Dawson; I would have died had it not been for your skilful nursing and encouraging words."

"Karl, I appreciate your faith in my nursing and I believe encouraging words very often help the patient to recovery."

Our conversation ceased as some of Karl's friends called on him.

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CHAPTER XII.

ON April 8th, early in the morning, I left Hunker Creek en route to Dawson, accompanied by Karl, who had fully recovered from his serious illness. Arriving at Cambern's home, Anna invited Karl to dine with us, which he accepted with sincere thanks. In the evening as Karl was about to leave for the hotel, bidding us good-night, he asked, "Mrs. Patchell, will you and Mrs. Cambern join me at luncheon to-morrow?" Anna and I thanked Karl very kindly and agreed to join him.

The following morning Karl called at the Cambern home as he had promised and accompanied us to the Regine Hotel where we had luncheon. After lunch, we returned to Anna's home and while Karl visited with us, he carried on a conversation with me regarding my affairs by his inquiring method of obtaining answers to his questions. He asked, "Nurse, please tell me why are you nursing when you have a husband who is a mining man? Can he not provide for you?"

In reply I said, "Karl, I am sorry that my husband has never had any success in mining."

"My dear nurse," he went on, "you surprise me by telling me that in all those years your husband had not made enough to support you. Oh! My dear nurse, this is shocking news to me. Then why does he not work for wages when he made such a failure on his own account?"

"Karl, my husband told me he would never work for wages in a gold mining country."

"Then," said Karl, "He expects you to continue nursing. I don't believe that man has any thought of making a home. If I had an honourable wife like you I would be willing to work my fingernails off for wages in an effort to make a home for you. I am more interested in you than you realize and very often I have observed a sad look on your lovely face, and now I understand the cause. Sara Elizabeth, my dear nurse, free yourself of that man ; I am rich and I am very fond of you and I will share my wealth with you if you will consent to marry me. You go to Seattle, and obtain a divorce and I will meet you there and we will get married. From Seattle we will travel to New York and to Germany and later return here."

"Karl, what you suggest is absolutely impossible for me to accept. Nevertheless, I feel honoured and I sincerely appreciate your gracious feeling for me and interest in my future life, but I must continue my work by remaining in Dawson, although I am worried and feeling very tired."

"My dear nurse," replied Karl, "I am very sorry to learn that you are worrying and that you have sacrificed your life for one whom I fear does not deserve it. You are a grand and graceful lady and I realise what a wonderful nurse I had. When I first saw you, I was so marvellously impressed by you and I esteemed you as the loveliest lady I had ever met—to me you are like a beautiful Princess."

"Thank you, Karl, for your lovely expressions, and—to me you are like a Prince."

"My dear nurse, I am very fond of you and I wish to show you how thankful I am, as I feel I owe my life to you because you saved it ; so, in appreciation of

your skilful nursing, I am going to pay you in gold dust."

Karl smiled cheerfully as he placed the chamois poke of gold dust in my hand.

As I thanked him very kindly, I said: "Karl, my dear patient, I fear you are giving me too much for my nursing service."

Karl, replied, "No, indeed, my dear nurse, I never can repay you for saving my life; I shall always love you and I wish you would let me make your life happier." We were interrupted in our conversation as Anna served afternoon tea.

Shortly after, Karl left, stating that he expected to return to Dawson very soon.

After Karl left, Anna and I went to the bank and had the gold dust weighed, and to my surprise, there were three times my nursing fee in the precious dust. Anna remarked: "Karl is a Prince."

"Anna, that's what I said to Karl during one of our conversations, when he said I was like a Princess, then I said, 'you are like a Prince.'"

"Oh, I see," said Anna; after Anna and I returned home we had a long conversation in regards to Karl's serious illness.

On June 4th, Karl returned to Dawson from Hunker Creek, and he called at the Cambern home where I was staying. Greeting me most heartily he said: "My dear, Sara Elizabeth, I feel very happy to see you. After I returned home I felt very lonely as I missed my charming nurse whom I sincerely believe saved my life, and since your return to Dawson I received a letter from my mother who is very grateful to you. She enclosed a letter of gratitude to you, which I have with me for you to read."

Below is an excerpt from her letter :

BERLIN, GERMANY,

April 8th, 1908.

" My dear Mrs. Patchell ;

My dear son wrote to me telling me of his serious illness, and stating that he believed you had saved his life by your skilful, careful and tender care of him, which he and I appreciate. I am more grateful to you than words can express. And should you ever come to Germany, I extend to you a cordial invitation to be my welcomed guest at any time. And please accept my greatest gratitude for your faithful care of my dear son."

Yours very sincerely,

Louise Bach.

When I had finished reading the kind letter, I said, " Karl, that was lovely of your mother to write me a note of appreciation."

" My dear nurse, Sara Elizabeth," said he, " Let's go to Germany and visit at my home as my mother desires. I came here today to repeat to you what I had suggested before."

" No, Karl, I cannot go now, but some day I may travel to Europe."

" Dear nurse, you can go now if you wish," he continued, " It would be a grand journey for you."

In reply, I said, " Please Karl, let us not talk about that journey."

So the subject was changed. Karl spent the day with Anna and me. Bidding me farewell, he said : " Sara Elizabeth, I enjoyed a very pleasant day visiting with you and Mrs. Cambern and I shall see you soon again." With a fond farewell, Karl returned to Hunker Creek.

After Karl had gone, Anna remarked: "Dear, that man is like a Prince—and so handsome and rich."

"Yes, Anna, he is indeed a fine man. He was stricken with a bad case of pneumonia and he sincerely believes that I saved his life."

We were interrupted by the arrival of George and Carl, who had just returned from Circle City, Alaska. Anna invited them to dine with us and in the course of exchanging greetings with Carl, he asked: "Sarah Elizabeth, have you been ill since I last saw you?"

"No, Carl, I haven't been ill, but I feel sad, that's all."

"Sister, dear, I knew there was something wrong: what can I do to make you happy? I'll do or bear anything in this world to make you happier."

"Thank you, my dear Carl; I assure you that your presence always cheers me."

Carl continued, "You should never have a sad moment; you are beautiful, charming and good and you could have everything in this world that money can buy if you wish."

"But, Carl, money alone cannot buy me happiness although I have the companionship of magnificent friends and apparently everything to make me feel happy, but the missing one makes my life feel sad. It is now over twenty months since he went away the last time. I fear he may be ill; I wish I could only go where he is and speak words of comfort to him."

"Dear, I have learned to believe that you are like a real sister to me and it grieves me to know that you are worrying for one whom I now believe has neglected you for the lure of gold. When I first learned of his negligence and of your situation, I felt sorry and I greatly admired you for your courage, bravery and sacrifices."

"Carl, I wish I could forget my husband's faults in his craving for gold and feel happier."

"My dear," he replied, "You have absolutely nothing to regret: you have risked your life coming to this country and you have been loyal to him. I shall never forget my first impression of you the first day we spent on board the steamer Princess Beatrice over four years ago and when you came into the dining room for dinner. You were seated opposite me at the table and I was charmed by the charming lady as I watched your beautiful features—I could not take my eyes away from you. Occasionally you would raise your eyes almost reproachfully, as though to say: "Why are you looking at me so! You were lovely to look upon and I have admired you ever since that day as a grand queenly woman, possessing a spiritual mind of heaven more than of earthly things."

"Carl, please accept my most sincere thanks for the splendid impression that you have formed of me and for the faithful interest and faith you have in me. I also shall never forget that journey as I considered myself very fortunate in having such grand friends to guard and direct me. I thank you most heartily for all your kindness; I was never more impressed by deeds of kindness in my life, as I have been by those that my many good friends have bestowed upon me, when I felt sad and lonely; my gloom was broken by the kind hospitality I received and there are no living friends whose good opinion I value more."

"My dear sister," replied Carl, "We all love you."

At this moment Anna joined us and we went to the dining-room for dinner. After dinner Carl sang his favourite songs and then turning to me, he asked, "Do you like my songs?"

"Yes, indeed Carl," I replied, "I would never tire of your singing."

Early in the evening, Carl left and Anna and I were alone; and the chief topic of her conversation was urging me to go outside with her—"Dear," she said, "You must prepare yourself and come outside with George and me when we go. I don't believe we will return to Dawson if George disposes of his property."

"Oh Anna, my dear, I should never care to remain here after you and George leave; I would surely die if I did. You and George have been as a sister and brother to me since the first day I arrived in Dawson over four years ago."

"Oh, my dear, I shall never forget the first day I met you; you appeared to be so sad and frightened in this country that seemed so strange to you."

"My dear Anna, I had reasons to feel sad and afraid. While travelling into this country I had been told strange stories about the Northern Country by my new acquaintance that frightened me, but after I arrived in Dawson and as time passed on, my fear and sadness vanished from my heart and my life was made happy by the thoughtfulness and kindness of my many dear friends to whom I am very grateful."

"My dear, you were indeed a very brave woman, travelling into this country alone; your grand personality and fine principles made you many true friends which you may be thankful for, without them you could never have succeeded."

The following afternoon, Carl called and in greeting me he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I just had to see you today as I am planning upon going outside with Carson, George and Anna when they go, and won't you please come with us?"

"No, Carl, I am sorry I cannot go."

"Why not," inquired Carl.

"Carl, my dear brother, you could never understand."

"I will understand," cried Carl, "If you will explain I shall carefully advise you. Sister dear, oh, why do you look at me with an expression of fear?"

"Carl, I fear something has happened to my husband; another year has passed away and he has failed to return."

"My dear sister, my desire is to help you; have confidence in me as you would in your real brother. Have courage and be brave, as you have always been."

"But Carl, the bravest and strongest heart will despair after years of disappointment and anxiety."

"Now, dear sister, let us suppose your husband travelled to further regions where a new discovery of gold has been located and it may be impossible for him to travel on his return during the summer weather as the prospectors usually travel during the winter with the aid of their dog teams. Please do not worry; I'll do everything in my power to discover some word of him and by inquiring from the prospectors whom I meet, I may obtain some tidings of his where-a-bouts. Then should he fail to return, you must plan for a happier future."

For some minutes Carl remained silent and seemed engrossed in thoughts, with closed eyes and his hands tightly clasped. Suddenly he opened his earnest eyes as he asked: "Dear sister, what do you propose?"

"My dear Carl, I certainly appreciate your kind sympathy and thoughtfulness in regards to my welfare, but I fear my plans may not meet your approbation. I must tell you that no matter what happens, I shall remain in this country for a few years at least and continue my duties. I have learned to be happy and contented."

"But, you are not required to suffer so," said Carl.

Our conversation ceased as Anna announced dinner being served in the dining-room. In the early part of the evening, Carl bade us good-night.

As the weary months passed on, no word or trace of my husband came, and I fear, as also my friends fear, a fatal ending may have befallen him. So the time wore wearily on, bringing little changes into my life except one proposal after another regarding my future.

CHAPTER XIII

ON July 24th, I received a message from my friend, Mrs. Miles at Dome, Alaska, conveying to me the sad and surprising news of her illness and requesting me to come to her as special nurse. After reading her letter with anxiety, I hurried to Anna's home to relate to her the sad news of my friend's illness and of her request. As I paused, Anna grasped my hand with glowing excited face as she cried, "Oh, Sarah Elizabeth, you are not going to Alaska!"

I replied, "Anna, dear, I must go."

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "I feel like weeping because you are going so far away alone among strangers."

"My dear Anna, travelling and associating with strangers means nothing to me now, as I have become quite accustomed to it, and I feel braver now than I did when I first arrived in Dawson. Millie, as I said, is a very dear friend of mine and I will feel quite happy with her. I am complying with her request because the fundamental law in nursing is for the ideal nurse to be inspired by love and kindness; to be sympathetic and faithful and to overcome all obstacles in order to respond to a sick call."

"My dear," Anna replied, "will you ever cease making sacrifices? My dear, I feel very sad about your going and I am sure your many friends will feel grieved when they hear of your leaving for Alaska."

"Anna dear, I assure you I shall feel very sad too,



Mrs. S. E. Patchell.

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parting with my dear generous enthusiastic Dawson people, whom I shall never forget or cease loving and I shall feel very happy greeting them on my return to Dawson."

I returned home, leaving Anna in a gloomy spirit. Shortly after I entered my home, Carl called and greeting me in a mournful voice, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I have been feeling sad and worried since I last saw you and I came to you for sympathy and consolation."

"My dear Carl," I replied, "I need sympathy myself; I have sad news. I received a letter today from my friend, Mrs. Miles, who lives at Dome, Alaska, stating that she is ill and asking me to come to her as soon as possible."

"But, Sarah Elizabeth, you won't go!" exclaimed Carl.

"Carl, my dear, I must go."

"Please do not go!" cried Carl, "You have been to me as the only sister I ever had; I love you, and the more you try to keep me away from you, the more I love you."

"You know, I told you from the beginning of our friendship that our love could be nothing more than brotherly and sisterly love."

"Yes, dear, I realized that you wished me to be as a brother to you during those years of hardships and sacrifices for your husband's sake and for the faith and conscience; but now you believe something has happened to him because he has not returned home during these years since he last left Dawson. During those years, I have been as a true brother to you, but now you are alone in this country, I want to help you to make your life happy."

Standing by my side, Carl turned his tall distinguished manly figure and stood before me, his earnest

radiant face so full of untold desires ; the eyes he raised to mine were dazed and heavy with grief. Taking my hand so gently in his, he said in a sad tone, " Your life has been so sad, my dear ; you are the loveliest lady I have ever met and I want to make you the happiest one. You are the only one in this world I have to care for and I love you with a true heart that will never fail. Please tell me you will not go to Alaska."

For a few minutes I stood speechless before Carl as in a daze, and realizing his great fondness for me I gazed at him sympathetically for some time. Then I replied :

" My dear Carl, you must become reconciled ; my friend may be in a dying state, and my going may save her life."

" But, my dear," replied Carl, " Dome, Alaska, is so far away. It is a long journey—a distance of nine hundred and seventy-five miles. I don't want you to go so far away and among strangers."

" Carl, my dear, you must not worry about my going to Alaska ; I shall be all right there with my friend, and after she recovers from her illness I'll return to my friends in Dawson and I may even go outside with George and Anna. Now Carl, let's get Anna and go for a walk among the beautiful flowers and forget our worries."

" Very well," replied Carl, and so as Anna joined us, we walked for some time, then proceeded to St. Mary's Hospital. Entering the hospital, we were greeted by the Sisters in their usual Christian manner and speaking with Mother Superior I informed her of my friend's illness at Dome, Alaska, and of her requesting me to come as her special nurse and that I had decided to leave on the first steamer that sailed.

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"Oh, my dear," said Mother Superior in amazement. "I am so sorry you are going so far away from us, but you are on a good cause and I ask God to bless you and I will remember you in my prayers." Then we bade each other a fond good-bye.

We also met Alex McDonald; he, too, felt sorry to hear of my going to Alaska. Bidding me good-bye, he said, "I expect to go to Alaska myself some day and I hope to meet you there."

After leaving the hospital, we called on Father Bunzo, who was delighted to have us pay him a visit. After conversing with him for a few minutes, I told him of my intention of leaving for Dome, Alaska.

"Oh, Mrs. Patchell, why are you going to Alaska?"

I replied, "Father Bunzo, I am going there to nurse my friend, Mrs. Miles, who is ill."

"Oh, I am sorry you are going so far away, but you are going on a good mission. Nursing the sick is a grand and noble profession. I presume you will return to Dawson again?"

"Yes, Father Bunzo, that is my intention."

After speaking on other subjects and as we were about to leave, Father Bunzo gave me his blessing and asked God to protect me on my long journey and also through life. We then returned to Cambern's home, where we dined and spent the evening.

The following morning at 10.30, I called on Dr. Lachapelle, and upon entering his home he greeted me most cordially, saying: "Oh, my dear nurse, how happy I am to see you."

I replied, "Doctor, I have sad news for you and I know you will feel sad when you learn I am soon to leave for Dome, Alaska."

"My dear nurse, you make me feel very sad and un-

happy ; you can't leave me like this. Why are you going to Alaska !”

“ Doctor, I received a letter from my friend, Mrs. Miles, at Dome, stating that she was ill and requesting me to come to her and so I have decided to go.”

“ My dear nurse,” cried the Doctor, looking up at me with his entreating eyes and imploring voice, “ I cannot let you go from me now. I have known you ever since you came to this country and you have been a marvellous help to me and so loyal ; I don't want you to go to Alaska. Sarah Elizabeth, you are my favourite nurse and you have been so faithful to my patients.”

“ But, Doctor, she is my dear friend and I feel it is my duty to go to care for her.”

“ Yes, you are right, but I am sorry you are going and how I shall miss you. If you go, please promise me you will not remain long in Alaska.”

“ Doctor, my dear good friend, I promise you I shall return to Dawson just as soon as my friend recovers from her illness. Now cheer up, Doctor ; don't you think my heart doesn't ache with grief leaving all my dear sincere friends who have been so kind to me in this Northern Country and whom I honour and love. Especially to you, my dear Doctor Lachapelle, I owe great gratitude for all your sincere kindness and hospitality ; no one could be more kindly received at your home than I have been. When the days looked sad and gloomy for me and during my illness, you treated me with sincerity and devotion, for which I love and esteem you in the highest degree. You have been more than a brother to me and I will miss your grand company until I return to Dawson.” As I spoke the last few words, my eyes filled with tears.

The Doctor made no reply for a few moments ;

only choking sobs came in response. Then suddenly he raised his eyes and smiled, but it was a painful professional smile, as he said: "My dear nurse, I wish I could make life happier for you. You are charming and so nobly good; I am very fond of you, my dear. You have many admiring friends, who will feel very sad at your departure. My dear nurse, you join me at lunch and I will arrange for a farewell dinner party at my home this evening."

"Thank you, Doctor Lachapelle," I replied, "you are very kind to me and I appreciate your kindness very much indeed."

While having lunch with the Doctor, the chief topic of our conversation was regarding my husband's long absence; we both feared he had been the victim of ill fate. After lunch, I returned home and in the evening Dr. Lachapelle was host at an exquisite dinner party in my honour; there being fourteen guests invited. At the dinner, the Doctor presented me with a sapphire and diamond ring and as he placed it on the fourth finger of my right hand, he looked at me with a handsome gentle and joyous expression in his well-cut features, at the same time, bearing himself with dignity and confidence, he said: "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, please accept and wear this token in remembrance of my admiration and esteem for you. I regret that you are going to Alaska, and those who have known you for the last four years share in my loss of an honourable sincere friend; one who has borne the great trials with wonderful fortitude and a cheerfulness which is a lesson to us all."

I most graciously thanked the Doctor for his gorgeous friendship gift and for the great compliment he paid me. After dinner, we spent the evening in music and singing.

The following day, Roy entertained at a luncheon given in my honour with fourteen guests present. At the luncheon, Roy presented me with a souvenir gold nugget necklace and placing it in my hand, he said, "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, please accept this token of love and esteem from your faithful friend. It was with deep regret that I learned of your intended departure for Alaska, and I feel very sad because I consider I shall lose a faithful friend whom I have admired since the first day we met over four years ago. Since then I have treasured your most pleasing and delightful company in my heart with strong devotion of attachment and I am happy to say I have obeyed Dr. and Mrs. Moss's commanding suggestion to love and protect you as I would my sister. I will always treasure you in my heart as my devoted adopted sister and I am very sorry you are going away even for a short while; please write to me, as I will feel anxious about you and I shall always be interested in you and your welfare and I will feel very happy greeting you on your return to Dawson."

As Roy paused, I replied, "Roy, my dear noble brother, I thank you for your valuable gift with a heart full of fondness and admiration for you and for all your devoted kindness shown to me, which I appreciate more than words can explain; my heart holds the highest esteem for you as you have been a faithful brother and friend to me. I can say many more pleasant things about you which you deserve as a gentleman of refinement and courage, whose grand company I shall miss when I leave Dawson, but I will never forget you."

"Sister Sarah Elizabeth," he said, "It was a great pleasure to me to be kind and courteous to a delightful handsome lady whose cheerful company I sincerely

enjoyed, and I hope to have the pleasure within a short while of greeting you on your return to Dawson."

After lunch, Roy walked home with George, Anna and me, and in the evening Mrs. Anderson was hostess at a dinner party in my honour, given at her home—fourteen guests were invited—and at the dinner, my friends presented me with beautiful varieties of jewelleryes and gold nugget gifts.

The next day at 12.20, Carson was host at a sumptuous luncheon given at the Regina Hotel in my honour; covers were again laid for fourteen guests. Carson's presentation was a beautiful gold bracelet, made from products of his mine as a souvenir and remembrance of his true brotherly friendship, expressing his feelings and thoughts in a sentimental manner and in a sad tone of voice as he said, "My dear sister, Sarah Elizabeth, please accept this token with my sincere love and esteem, which has never ceased since our first acquaintance. You were the loveliest, most sublime lady that ever came to this country and I am grieved to learn of your near departure for Alaska; going to a country so far away from all your friends who love you, although you will never be forgotten by me and I shall always cherish your charming company in my heart as long as I live and remain a true friend to you. I will ask our dear Saviour to bless and guard you through life, and on your safe return to Dawson your friends will greet you with loving hearts."

Once or twice while Carson was speaking, his beautiful eyes which showed evidence of sadness sought mine on the verge of tears, but I smiled as I said: "My dear brother Carson, I thank you most gratefully for the beautiful gift with a sincere loving heart and I feel flattered by your affectionate sentiments, but I assure you I can gladly return the compliments as I consider

you a magnificent gentleman; one whom I have greatly admired and esteemed and especially for your noble hospitality. You have been a true, kind, affectionate brother to me during our years of acquaintance and I am happy to say that I have spent many happy hours in your honourable company; I thank you for all your kindness, which I appreciated, and I shall wear this precious token of your love and esteem in remembrance of my dear friend Carson, who will never be forgotten by me while I am in Alaska."

At the luncheon I also received many other beautiful souvenir gifts from the guests.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Cambern were host and hostess at a dinner party given at their home in my honour with fourteen guests invited. At the dinner George and Anna presented me with a gold napkin ring made of gold taken from Bonanza Creek, my monogram was beautifully engraved on it.

George and Anna looked gravely at me as George said, "Our dear sister, Sarah Elizabeth, this token is but a small proof of the sincere love and esteem that we hold in our hearts for you and I deeply regret that we are so soon to lose one who was like a real sister to us; your bright and cheerful company that we so greatly enjoyed since the first day we met you. You won our hearts' love by your dignity and grand qualities of sterling integrity of character and thoughts; we feel deeply grieved that you have decided to go to Alaska, but we hope on your return to Dawson, you will join us on our journey outside and make us a long visit at our new home in Pennsylvania. We wish you every success in your new field and a safe return to Dawson."

As I listened to the inspiring sentiments paid to me by my dear friends Anna and George, I said: "My dear friends, I thank you most sincerely for the beautiful gift and I am deeply indebted to you for your kind,

sincere hospitality which you so graciously extended to me during these years of our acquaintance ; your company and staunch friendship have been a great pleasure to me—something never to be forgotten—and I feel happy to carry with me my dear friends' affections and love, and I assure you that I will constantly remember them with sincere love and esteem while I am in Alaska."

As dinner was finished, the guests withdrew to the drawing-room, where a most enjoyable evening in music, singing and card games was enjoyed ; Carl sang many of his favourite songs. During the evening while I conversed with Karl, I said : " Karl, I should very much like to hear you sing, will you ? "

" Yes, with pleasure," was his reply. " What kind of music and songs do you like ? "

" Karl, I'd like any song that you will sing."

The next moment the room was flooded with sweet melody. Karl's magnificent voice conveyed delight to the hearts of his listeners and his handsome German face had a charm and a manner that fascinated everyone. His dark eyes seemed to look through into our hearts and souls and his perfect sensitive mouth had a gentle kindly smile as he seemed to sing with his very heart and soul into his song. Before the guests took their departure, Karl was requested to sing several songs, including one of his greatest favourite songs. Following are the beautiful words written by J. W. Wheeler.

" TRUST THE BOY WHO'S MOTTO IS
' MY MOTHER.' "

OH ! trust the boy who's motto is " My Mother."
Who's happiest hours are those when Mother's near ;
His thoughts are more for her than any other,
No friend to him is ever half so dear

Lovingly how oft he's lingered
 By her side and heard her pray,
 Should temptation meet my darling,
 Stop and think what mother dear would say.

Then trust the boy who's motto is "My Mother,"
 You'll find him at his post when duty calls ;
 He'll prove as true to you as any brother,
 No matter where or when the burden falls.

Trust the boy with such a motto,
 Never fear his word to take ;
 Trust him for his sterling honour,
 You will find him true for mother's sake.

CHORUS.

Trust him as you would no other,
 You will find him ever true,
 The boy whose motto is "My Mother,"
 Will prove an honest friend to you.

On July 30th, Karl was the charming host at a very elaborate luncheon party, given at the Regina Hotel in my honour with sixteen guests in attendance. As we finished luncheon, Karl presented me with a beautiful gold jewel case filled with gold dust—products of his gold mine—and placing the precious treasure into my hand, he said, "My friend, Sarah Elizabeth, please accept this token of my love and esteem from one who loves you and will continue to love you as long as my heart beats ; you are one of the grandest ladies I have ever met and one of the bravest to assume and encounter with courage and fortitude the responsibilities you have had to endure. You have touched my heart with deep admiration and I assure you I felt deeply grieved when I learned of your intended departure for

Alaska ; and when you have gone, I shall wonder with regret when I shall see the lovely lady again who saved my life, the life of one who's love, respect and esteem is not a fleeting fancy of an hour, but a feeling which developed the first time I saw you and which has grown steadily stronger with every passing moment, and I hope to have the pleasure within a few months of greeting you on your return to Dawson."

In reply, I said, "Karl, my dear friend, whom I honour and admire with the highest esteem ; it is with great gratitude that I thank you for your generous gift and your kind sentiments and consideration for my welfare. I certainly appreciate your kindness and good feelings ; I consider myself greatly favoured by such an honourable gentleman, whose character, dignity and self-respect will always remain in my memory. Upon my return to Dawson, I shall feel very happy to see you and relate to you all my new adventures in Alaska. I hope to see you again before I sail on the steamer *Hanna*, for Fairbanks."

"My dear friend, I want to see you again," was Karl's reply as he lifted his sombrous eyes, to mine, but the voice that answered me had lost the clear musical ring.

After luncheon was over, the guests took their departure and I went home with George and Anne.

In the evening, Carl was host at a delightful dinner party at the Fairview Hotel in my honour. Carl's souvenir gift was a gold brooch with diamonds in the centre. As he pinned the brooch on the front of my dress, he said, "Sister Sarah Elizabeth, please accept and wear this token of untiring love and esteem from your true brother and friend. You have proven to be a real true sister to me and it is now over four years that I have been honoured with your grand

sisterly companionship and few, I think, realize better than I the sterling integrity of your character and keen liberal thoughts and I am sincerely sorry and deeply regret that you are going to Alaska."

Looking earnestly at me, Carl's eyes seemed dazed and heavy with grief ; his voice tremulous with emotion so that he could not command his voice to go on.

I thanked Carl most graciously for his gorgeous souvenir gift and for the sterling sentiments he had me.

After dinner the guests left the hotel and we spent the evening at Cambern's home, where we enjoyed music, singing and card games.

The following morning, Carl called at the Cambern home where I was staying ; after greeting me good-morning, he gravely said : " My dear sister, I am under a heavy strain trying to become reconciled to the fact that you are leaving all your friends who love you, going to a strange country, so far away and the loss of your good company grieves me dreadfully."

In reply, I said, " My dear brother Carl, you must not worry over my going to Alaska ; I shall not remain there long. I will not forget nor cease to love my dear friends while I am in Alaska, and I shall write to you often. You have been a staunch brother to me ; I know you love me as a brother might love a fond sister and you have been so very kind to me during all these years that I have lived in Dawson. I wish to express my obligations to you for the untiring consideration shown to me by your constant attention, which will remain one of my most cherished memories."

" But, my dear sister, I feel sad and lonely because you are going so far away and among strangers," speaking in a low voice as Carl's eyes rested upon mine with infinite sadness and tenderness in them."

" Carl, dear brother, be brave like your sister Sarah

Elizabeth," I replied, " Do you remember what a timid child-like person I was on coming into this country in 1904 and how frightened I was when the passengers told me I would not be safe in here alone? When I ventured on that long journey alone I thought I was brave, but you and Wilford taught me to be braver and so with your constant protection, I have been able to overcome all timidity."

" Yes, indeed, sister dear," he replied " I remember well, and very often you had tears in your beautiful smiling eyes caused by fear; you were indeed a very brave young lady, venturing on such a long journey alone and the man for whom you had ventured, I fear, had somewhat failed to appreciate the great sacrifices you were making for him."

" Carl, I sincerely believe my husband meant well, but evidently he adored hunting for gold which may be the cause of his death, but I must hope for the best and that he will return alive."

" Sister, dear," said Carl, " If your husband doesn't return to Dawson this year, then you can very well assume ill-fate has befallen him."

" Carl, I fear something has happened to him or he would not have remained away so long. I have worried so much about him over his constant desire for the lure of gold which means toiling from day to day with fleeting joys or bitter tears and our pathway leads but to a silent fold as we are only here for a few short years, bearing our crosses for our heavenly sake and God in the end will make all things right; but no matter how sad my grief may be, I must continue my duties and do what is best for my future."

" Dear Sister, those words are sweet and wholesome. You are marvellous; you have stood by your husband for years, enduring a solitary life and I realize what you

must have suffered. You are wonderful and beautiful with an honest heart and the soul of a saint, living a life of the highest understanding, exhibiting an air of genuine goodness and of Christian principles. You should be surrounded by luxuries and it seems so cruel that you should be deprived of all glorious advantages because of the husband you had sacrificed so much for ; you are a grand, lovely lady, one whom I love and adore beyond anything in this world ; and now that you are alone in this country, my desire is to do something nobly for you and make your life happy ; I don't want you to go to Alaska ! Tell me you won't go ! ”

I felt sad as I looked at Carl's fair face ; his eyes so full of wistful and tender affection. There were tears in my eyes and my lips quivered as I said :

“ Carl, my dear brother, I never suspected that there was anything beyond brotherly affection in the sentiments you entertained towards me. I am sorry to find otherwise, because it is out of my power to answer your questions. You are one of the grandest men that ever lived and you have been a faithful brother to me, sharing my sorrows as well as making me feel happy. There were times when I felt sad and lonely and your honourable presence always cheered me ; I appreciate your precious love for me and I love my noble charming brother Carl.”

“ But Sarah Elizabeth dear, my heart feels sad with grief realizing that you are leaving Dawson tomorrow. You will be sailing on the steamer *Hanna* ; if you remain there long, I will go to Alaska myself.”

I assured Carl I would feel very happy greeting him in Alaska if he came while I was there. We were interrupted in our conversation as Anna announced lunch was ready to be served and she invited Carl to join us. After luncheon, Carl, Anna and I went for a walk ;

it was a bright sunny afternoon, the sky was a deep blue with a few graceful white clouds that seemed to float lightly between earth and heaven; the summer beauty lay all over the land, the green boughs and leaves rustled in the sunlit air of the northern winds; the air so full of richest fragrance, the flowers and roses all abloom; the stream close by singing as it ran; the birds filling the air with jubilant songs in the green depths of the shady trees. Above, around and at our feet, beautiful nature dwelt. No woods were ever greener, no flowers more beautiful, and so over wide streams, hills and mountains we went. As I gazed over the enchanting fascinating scenic Klondike, I was charmed with a sensation of delight and sweet remembrance of happy bygone days spent with kind hospitable friends who will never die from my memory. As we journeyed onward, we called on friends who felt happy to see us, and upon learning of my nearing departure for Alaska they felt very sorry and expressed their deepest regret that I was leaving Dawson. Returning to the City, we proceeded to the Regina Hotel, where we were invited to dine. Upon entering the hotel, to our great surprise, there we met our beloved handsome friend, Maurice, who had returned from Jack Wade Creek gold mining district.

As we entered the drawing-room, he came forward, smiling and his brilliant eyes sparkling with delight; clasping and pressing my hand to his lips, he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, my dear lady, I feel very happy to see your dear self again looking so well. You are a picture of perfect health and beauty, which indicates that this northern climate agrees with you and I am sure you are enjoying the pure golden atmosphere of one of God's best countries where you find true and honest friends. Here in this northern land is where one

finds the truest brotherhood atmosphere in the world."

As I looked into Maurice's shining eyes and his luminous smiling face, I replied: "My dear friend, Maurice, I feel very happy greeting you and I am delighted to find you looking so well and happy, but my life has not been very happy owing to my husband's long absence and I have lived in fear that something has happened to him." As I related this sad news, the smile faded from his face, changing to a sad expression. As I broke off speaking with a sob, I turned my head to hide the falling tears. Presently Maurice spoke to me and I brushed away the tears and turned my sad eyes again to him as he said: "Oh, my dear Sarah Elizabeth, I feel very sorry and my heart bleeds for you; you must not feel worried or sad. I am sure God does not wish you to be sad. If ill-fate has crossed your husband's path, it is no fault of yours. I know you have done everything in your power to persuade him to give up prospecting and remain at home with you, but he refused because he loved the lure for gold. Please do not be angry with me for speaking so frankly to you. Were you my own sister, I would speak in the same tone and give the same advice. During our long acquaintance and understanding your life and situation, I ask in Heaven's name, banish from your mind those years of a lonely life caused by the man you married and whom I now believe dead. Make plans for a happier future; you are wonderfully grand and very pretty. I don't think there is anyone in the world like you. We are all very fond of you and, permit me to say this—I love you! You are the loveliest lady I have ever met and I wish I were permitted to make your life the happiest. Promise me, you won't worry; I cannot bear to see tears in your lovely eyes"

"My dear Maurice, I have every faith and confidence

in your integrity and good wishes. You have been a true friend to me from the first time I met you and now as I am going to Alaska for a while, I'll think of you as one of the purest, truest of men."

A look of ineffable pity and sorrow came into Maurice's eyes as he asked, "When are you going to Alaska?"

"I am going tomorrow," I replied.

"My dear, it grieves me deeply to learn of your going away."

Carl and Anna then joined us and together we went to dinner. Afterwards Anna invited Carl and Maurice to her home where we joined other friends and spent a pleasant evening. As the guests were about to take their departure, they bade us good-night, promising to see me in the morning before I took my departure for Alaska; Carl and Maurice remaining with us for a while. After a brief conversation, Maurice invited us to lunch with him tomorrow.

After they had gone, Anna carried on a conversation with me—"Sarah Elizabeth," said she, "I like your friend, Maurice. He is beautifully mannered, isn't he?"

"Yes, Anna, he is indeed an excellent gentleman. One of the best and noblest."

Anna raised her sad eyes dimmed with tears to mine, her lips quivering as she said, "My dear, I feel very sorry you are leaving us. I wish you would not go. Oh! how I shall miss you and grieve for you if you go far away to a strange country and among strangers. Of course you have your friend, Mrs. Miles there, but you will not have the protection there that you have here. You have many friends here who love you and esteem you as their own sister and they feel deeply grieved over your departure. George also doesn't approve of your going."

"Anna, my dear friend, I know you are sincere

and mean everything you say for my future happiness, and I assure you I appreciate every word and every kindly act you have done for me ; I love you as dearly as I love my own sister and I also love my dear friends who have been so gracious to me, but I realize the affections of some of my gentlemen friends have grown too serious for me owing to my situation, I cannot reciprocate them."

"But, Sarah Elizabeth," she replied, "Your husband must be dead. When he failed to return to Dawson, as you gave him no reason to remain away from you, there is no other conclusion. But, if he is living and neglecting you, which is cruel treatment, I think you have a right to divorce him and marry one of these fine wealthy gentlemen who can provide a magnificent home for you where you will enjoy happiness and refinement."

"Anna, dear, I believe in God's commandments and my church forbids divorce. It is because of that edict that I will never contemplate divorce, even if my heart feels sad and lonely because of my husbands' neglect. Divorce would mean a break with my church and undermine my faith in God, which has meant so much happiness to me and from which I could not break. Therefore, my love and for my faith in God and heaven is stronger than my love for worldly things. Anna, dear, do you believe that God made a law when He was on earth and then expect us to break it ? I try to be faithful to His commandments and I never fail to ask Him to guard me through life. I believe He moves and works in a mysterious way and who knows but that it may be through Him that I am called to Alaska, knowing the situation in which I am placed and that I may be beginning to care too much for those wonderful men. I believe that when a man becomes seriously attached

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to a girl or woman and she does not want to return such affections, the best and only thing to do is to go away where they will not see each other and then they will forget. We are told that hearts inflamed by obstacles grow cold in time of obscurity and I believe it is so. However, I must do justice to my conscience."

"My dear," Anna broke in, with a catch in her voice, "you are wonderful to make such a sacrifice, but if you would divorce him, I don't believe God would blame you, owing to the circumstances, because looking into your heart He would see so much goodness and faith there. You would have made a faithful nun, but I would love to see you married to a rich man and own a beautiful home."

"Anna, dear, that is impossible," I replied.

"I wish you were not going away," said Anna in a broken voice. "If your husband is alive and returns to Dawson, I will tell him you have gone to Dome to nurse your friend who is ill."

She looked so sad at me in hopeless pain as she spoke the last words and then burst into tears. We wept together: Anna stood with her hand resting on my shoulder and we kissed each other good-night and retired to our rooms.

CHAPTER XIV

DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY, AUGUST 1ST, 1908.

THE following morning, I arose early; the morning dawned bright and beautiful—never had Dawson and the surrounding country looked more beautiful—far away, magnificent green mountains, hills, valleys, rivers, streams and gorgeous varieties of beautiful wild flowers growing in abundance and the birds filling the air with sweet melody filled my heart with delight. Then suddenly a gloom of sadness came over me as I realized I was soon to part with all my dear friends. In the midst of my gloominess, Anne announced breakfast. A few hours after breakfast, Carl called and greeted me good-morning. He gravely said, "Sister dear, I feel very unhappy, realizing that you are leaving us today."

"Carl dear, you worry me because you look so sad I will only be away from my friends for a short while, but I know I will miss their company and especially you, Carl, who have been so loyal to me, guarding me as you would your own sister. I shall never forget or cease loving you and my dear friends, no matter what the consequences may be and my intentions are to return to Dawson as soon as my friend recovers from her illness. Now, my dear Carl, won't you feel happier?"

"Yes, dear, I always feel happy in your pleasing company, but my heart feels sad at the very thought of your going so far away alone and it grieves me that your life had been so sad; how brave you are to start

out on such a long journey. You try to look and speak cheerfully as if there were no weight crushing down your heart." murmured Carl, as he gazed at me admiringly.

"My dear, you must not worry," I replied, "I shall be all right in Alaska as God will help those who bear their burden nobly."

"You have a wonderful faith and courage and I shall never cease praying to God to watch over you and protect you and bless you with good health, happiness and success and I trust we will see you again soon."

Maurice then arrived to escort us to the Regina Hotel to attend his luncheon party. Covers were laid for sixteen guests and it proved to be a luxurious and very pleasant one; no one could be dull or listless in his presence. He possessed a happy way of brightening and entertaining in a royal manner. Before leaving he presented me with a gold nugget rosary and crucifix, made of pure Klondike gold—product of his gold mine. Placing the valuable gift into my hand, he said, "My dear friend, Sarah Elizabeth, I learned with deep regret of your intended departure for Alaska. It was certainly a terrible surprise for I shall miss your company which I value very highly, but I shall never forget you. Please accept this token of remembrance with my sincere love and esteem from one who will always love and wish you happiness and God's blessing for a safe return to Dawson."

I replied, "My dear friend, Maurice, I thank you with an earnest heart for your valuable gift and I assure you it will be doubly precious to me as a token of your affection and esteem. I will always remember you and especially in my prayers." After luncheon, many of the guests accompanied us to the Caribern home. The day passed quickly and the time arrived

for my departure. As I realized that I was to go far away from my dear friends, I felt sad and lonely as if something had gone out of my life.

George, Anna, Carl, Maurice and many friends accompanied me to the steamer where there were other friends awaiting my arrival at the dock. Among them were Dr. Lachapelle, Carson, Roy and Karl. Everyone looked sad; I tried to keep smiling as I bade each one farewell, but I was almost in tears, as I felt so lonely leaving my adorable friends. Many of their sad faces and mournful eyes were painful to see, especially Carl's luminous ones were dimmed with tears. As he bade me good-bye, on his lips the words trembled as he said, "God bless you till we meet again."

I felt sad as the steamer *Hanna* sailed away. Everybody was waving to me and wishing me God's blessings. Through dimmed eyes I watched my friends until the boat sailed so far away that I lost sight of them. I then went to my stateroom and upon entering I found many choice boxes of candies, fruits, flowers, books and souvenir gifts. There was also in my stateroom a very charming young lady who introduced herself as Mona Dunnelle, who was to be my roommate.

As soon as we became acquainted, we related our experiences in the Northern Country. After conversing for some time and calling each other by our Christian names, Mona said: "Sarah Elizabeth, when did you come into this Northern Country?"

I replied, "I came in 1904, to join my husband who had been in this country for six years trying to make his fortune and after I came he still remained in the hills looking for gold and I have not seen him nor heard of him for over two years."

"My dear," she replied, "I am very sorry to hear

this sad news, but please tell me, what are you going to do in Fairbanks?"

"Mona dear," I replied, "I am going to Dome Creek to nurse a friend who is very ill."

"Oh, you are a nurse!" exclaimed Mona. "I am also a nurse and I feel very happy to be with you. My dear," she continued, "I have had sadness come into my life also and I shall now tell you about it. My parents died when I was sixteen years old. I was their only child and at the age of seventeen I married; three years later my husband died, leaving me penniless with two little girls. I was obliged to put them in a children's home and I entered a hospital to train for a nurse. I remained there three years and while there I met a lady who was returning to Dawson. She persuaded me to accompany her and said that I could secure employment as a nurse in the hospital. I consented to go and went to the home to see my dear little girls. I felt heartbroken as I looked upon them and kissed them good-bye. Shortly after I arrived in Dawson, I obtained a position as nurse in St. Mary's Hospital. I remained there for some time and then I decided to go to Fairbanks to look for work."

Poor Mona broke down with grief as she said: "My dear, I feel so happy to have met you." We wept together as my heart was full of sadness too.

"My dear Mona," I said, "How my heart ached for you while you were telling me of your sad experience. I will help you and we will remain together and as soon as I see my friend I will try to make arrangements for you to stay with me until you find work. In the meantime, I shall let you have money, should you need any. Mona dear, work is a great blessing. It consoles the mind and helps one to forget troubles."

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear," she said, "you are a

grand, true Christian woman and I love you. I am so thankful that I am in this state-room with you. Isn't it strange how we happened to occupy the same room?"

After a long conversation with each other, Mona and I retired to the dining-room for dinner. As we entered, everyone stared at us, as Mona was a beautiful, charming young woman, tall like myself; she has large brilliant blue eyes that seem to speak volumes and she has a very pleasing personality.

After dinner, we went on deck for a walk. Many of the passengers were out enjoying the fresh air. Everybody wanted to be introduced to us as it is customary for Northern people to be sociable and courteous to strangers. Among the new acquaintances we made were two distinguished looking bachelors from California—Ed Mckey and Al Steward. As we sailed onward, these two gentlemen took great pleasure in describing the most important industries and resources of Alaska to us, in which I was very much interested. After enjoying an interesting conversation with my new acquaintances, Mona and I returned to our state-room and remained there until bedtime.

The next morning, I arose at seven. It was a bright and sunny morning. After breakfast Mona and I walked on deck, where Al and Ed joined us. After a short talk with them and many other passengers, we returned to our state-room where we remained until the gong sounded for luncheon. Afterwards we returned to our state-room and remained there until it was time to dine. After dinner Mona and I took a stroll on deck. Ed and Al, together with many of the passengers, scolded us for remaining so long in our state-room. Ed joined me, describing for my benefit the beautiful scenery. We remained on deck for some time and

were invited to join a card party in the dining-room. This we declined ; later Mona and I returned to our room, as we wished to be by ourselves. As we sat and talked, Mona said : " Dear, you are a beautiful young woman. Al thinks so, too, and he would like to be in your company, but Ed. seems to get in his way." Thus ended our conversation and we returned to bed.

After breakfast, the next morning, Mona and I went on deck for a walk. Al and Ed joined us and described the rivers, mountains, valleys and scenery as our ship moved along.

" Mrs. Patchell." said Ed, " Alaska is a beautiful country ! "

" Yes, Ed, it is indeed a beautiful country and I may like Alaska better than I liked Dawson, although I was very much enthused with that country and the surroundings with the beautiful and fascinating scenery. Ed, the only regret in leaving Dawson was parting from my dear good friends whose kindness and hospitality towards me never failed."

He replied, " You will like Alaska, it is far superior to Dawson. I lived there myself before I came to Alaska."

" Ed, how long have you lived in this country ? " I enquired.

" Since 1901," he replied.

" Oh, then perhaps you can tell me something about Alaska ? " I said.

" I will with pleasure," he replied. " Alaska was discovered by the Russians in the eighteenth century. The United States purchased it from Russia in 1867 at a cost of \$7,200,000 and since then the country has yielded millions of dollars worth of products of various kinds. Alaska is rich in many other resources as well as gold. There is copper, silver, coal and many

other minerals and it has the most extensive fishing grounds in the whole world. Millions of dollars worth of edible fish which are found in Alaskan waters are taken annually and there are millions and millions of seals at St. George's Island in the Bering Sea which also bring in millions of dollars each year. Alaska is rich in wild game animals, such as caribou, moose, mountain sheep, mountain goat, mink, marten, sable, weasel, ermine, wild cat, lynx, beaver, wolf, wolverine, squirrels, rabbits; black, red, white and silver tip foxes; and black, brown, grizzly and polar bears. The game birds are, ducks, geese, swans, snipe, curlews, several species of grouse and three varieties of ptarmigan. There are wonderful forests of woodland and timber. Nothing can equal the magnificent vegetables that are raised in all parts of Alaska; it is also the land of seven different kinds of the most delicious berries that ever grew. They are—blueberries, strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, currants and salmon berries; Alaska also boasts of numerous varieties of beautiful wild flowers, including the following: red, pink and white roses, pansies, lilies of yellow, white and purple, dandelions, buttercups, marigolds, daisies, poppies, violets, both blue and yellow, lupins, red and blue, lady slippers, white heather, blue forget-me-nots, cyclamens, asters, and over a thousand others in all colours and names spread over the ground, valleys and mountains. Some of the flowers spring up as soon as the snow disappears and it astonishes new arrivals to see these magnificent flowers thriving so rapidly on what they supposed to be frozen ground. There are also many varieties of brilliant grasses, ferns and mosses; there is also an abundance of insects, bumble bees, and mosquitoes."

As Ed paused, I replied, "Ed I thank you for the

wonderful information about Alaska and I feel sure I am going to like this country."

"Yes, Mrs. Patchell, you will love this country. It is utterly impossible for me to describe all the beauties of Alaska and it would take a few years to travel its length over mountains, hills, valleys and winding rivers."

"Believe me, Ed, I certainly enjoyed listening to your description and explanation of the wealth and beauties of Alaska."

"Mrs. Patchell, it was a pleasure," he said.

"Ed," I asked, "are the winters cold in Alaska, like they are in Dawson?"

"No," he replied, "in Fairbanks during the three months of winter, the temperature varies from twenty-five degrees below zero and during the summer it varies from fifty to sixty-five degrees above the cipher."

We were interrupted in our conversation by the ringing of the lunch bell. As we were hungry, we hurried off to the dining-room and we enjoyed a good meal. After luncheon, Mona and I went on deck for a walk: we conversed with many of the passengers who seemed to enjoy our company. Ed and Al also joined us. The afternoon was beautiful with a bright sunshine and the sweet summer breezes so balmy, and the rippling waves seem to whisper sweet musical words as we sailed through the Yukon waters. Late in the afternoon Mona and I returned to our state-room and prepared for dinner.

After dinner Mona and I returned to our state-room as Mona did not feel well and she retired early. I remained in our room during the evening and at a late hour retired to bed. The next morning owing to Mona's illness, she was not able to go to the dining-room, so I ordered breakfast served in our state-room.

During the last three days, Mona was seriously ill, suffering from an attack of appendicitis. Sad and lonely I remained by Mona's bedside most of the time, although the days passed very quickly and I was enjoying an enthusiastic voyage on the steamer *Hanna*, sailing down this fascinating Yukon River. I was deeply impressed with the surrounding country and the kindness of the passengers who extended their sincere sympathy during Mona's illness; many of them made frequent daily calls inquiring about Mona's health, among them were Ed and Al.

On the fourth day after Mona had taken sick when she was recovering from the attack of appendicitis, we went out on the deck to enjoy the sunshine. It was a most glorious day, and in the course of our conversation, Mona said: "Sarah Elizabeth, dear, I might have died had it not been for your marvellous care; you are an excellent nurse and you know just what to do and I appreciate your kind devoted attention." Suddenly we looked up and saw Al and Ed approaching: greeting us with a pleasant good afternoon and expressed their delight and rejoiced to see us on deck together again.

"Mrs. Patchell," said Ed, "Are you enjoying your journey to Alaska?"

"Yes, indeed, Ed," I replied. "The entire voyage on this river has been wonderful. How lovely the river is and its great rushing waters. I love to hear the water splash against the boat and I admire the lovely green banks and gardens of beautiful coloured flowers and the waterlilies; the brilliant shadows that fall on the rippling waters as the sun comes filtering through the dark blue clouds above; and the views of the lakes, hills and the mountains have been an overpowering vision of scenery and the breath of summer here in this Northern country is so refreshing. Ed, this country

is like a dreamland and I feel sure that I shall like Alaska equally to that of Dawson."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," Ed replied, "Alaska is a world of beauty and I observed how much you love nature; you have an artist's eye for slightly beauties which never escapes your sight."

"Yes, Ed, I like this country and I feel happy and at home in this fascinating world of nature which fills my heart with intense delight. It is certainly beautiful here and a feast for the eyes to behold—so peaceful and pleasant."

There was silence for a few moments; then, in a gentle wistful tone, Ed raised his large bright blue eyes to mine as he inquired, "Mrs. Patchell, are you anticipating remaining in Alaska?"

"No, Ed, I intend returning to Dawson as soon as my friend recovers from her illness."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Ed, "I thought you would remain with us. I vouch when you see more of this beautiful country, you will never want to leave it."

"Perhaps not, Ed, as I am very much enthused with what I have seen and learned about Alaska, and I thank you most kindly for describing the most important events and the industrial products of Alaska for my interest. You have a wonderful art of delineating."

We were interrupted in our conversation as Mona and Al joined us and accompanied us to the dining-room for dinner. After dinner, Mona and I returned to our state-room and we retired at an early hour as we intended rising early the next morning, as the Captain had informed us that we would arrive at Fairbanks about noon the next day.

The following morning was beautiful; the sun was shining brightly; we breakfasted early and then we

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remained on deck for some time filling our lungs with Alaska's fresh balmy air. We talked with friends as we sailed slowly into the harbour and they invited us to visit them at their homes in Fairbanks. Ed, Al and other friends kindly volunteered to escort us through the city and to point out to us the most interesting events.

CHAPTER XV

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

ON August 9th, we arrived at Fairbanks, from Dawson, Y.T. Mona and I procured accommodations at the Nordal Hotel, a very popular hotel with all the latest modern equipments, and beautifully situated in the City amidst picturesque scenery of the surrounding country.

In the afternoon, Ed, Al and other friends called at the hotel for us to join them on a sight-seeing tour. After introducing us to their friends, we started out on our journey through the City, and they pointed out to us everything that was interesting. Everybody in this social district knows everyone else and greetings are interchanged cheerily. It was a lovely day, not too warm, and the people were looking as happy as the smiling morn. Through the courteousness of Ed I learned much about this part of Alaska as we strolled along.

"Mrs. Patchell," said Ed, "Fairbanks sprang into existence in 1901, when gold was first discovered and very little was known of its great wealth. At present it is the most attractive and important city of the interior of Alaska and some of the richest gold mines are located on the creeks nearby. You will observe as we pass along the streets, very attractive homes with beautiful flower gardens, good hotels, schools, hospitals, banks and stores with up-to-date materials of everything one would wish to buy and you will find many of the ladies' gowns are imported from Paris. When you

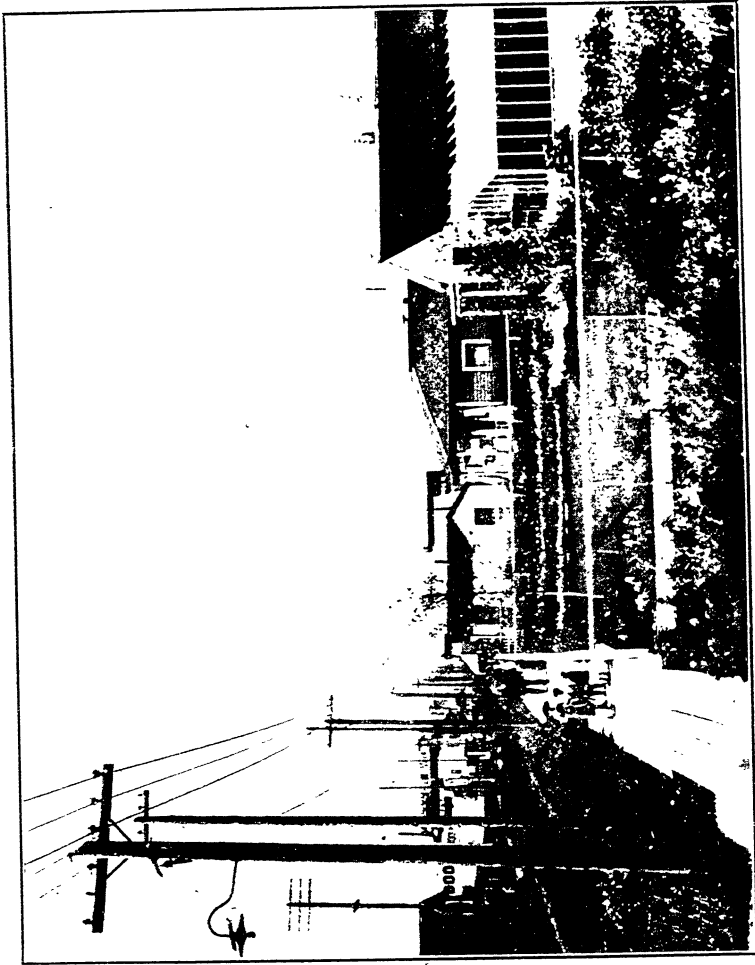
attend a grand ball in Fairbanks, you will observe beautifully gowned women there and you will meet some of the finest ladies and gentlemen at the ball. They have an excellent orchestra which supplies the music for dancing. During the winter when we do very little mining; dancing and card playing are then our chief amusements."

"Ed, I am charmed with the beautiful surroundings and the magnificent flower gardens in Fairbanks."

"Yes, Mrs. Patchell, the admirer of flowers and scenery finds beauty undreamed of; for no matter where you travel in this fascinating country, you will find enchanting scenery and those who have thought of Alaska as a frozen North, find health, comfort, happiness, beauty and inspiration. This country also produces numerous varieties of vegetables and we have delicious foods, which I feel sure you will like."

Al, interrupted Ed, as he invited our party to dine with him which we gladly accepted, all speaking together, "We are hungry." So Al escorted us to an up-to-date restaurant where, our hungry appetites were well satisfied with an elaborate meal. After dinner our party of friends accompanied Mona and I to the hotel where we bade them good-night and extended our sincere appreciations for their kind hospitality and interest they extended to us.

Mona and I retired early, expecting to arise early in the morning as I intended leaving for Dome. So after breakfast the next morning, Mona accompanied me to the Tanna Valley Railway Depot, where I boarded the train for Dome. Ed and Al were also at the depot, as they were en route to Dome Creek where their mines were located. As I boarded the train, I bade Mona a fond good-bye, promising her she would hear from me as soon as possible.



Beautiful homes in Fairbanks, Alaska with varieties of flowers.

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Arriving at Dome, Mr. Miles met me at the depot, greeting me most cordially; he accompanied me to his home; there I found my dear friend very ill. Feeling happy to see each other, I felt grieved seeing her lovely face so pale when I approached her bedside and kissed her sweet face. Then suddenly a proud flush rose to her cheeks as she smiled and clasping my hand in her tiny one she said: "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I feel happy now that you are with me; I am sure to get well again."

As I looked upon my dear friend so ill and so weak, I could have cried aloud with grief, but forcing back the tears, I said, "Millie dear, you will get well again and I feel happy to be your nurse and it will be one of my happiest days when you are well and strong again."

A wistful look came into Millie's eyes as she smiled and nodded her head; she then closed her eyes and lay still. Shortly after, the Doctor came. Mr. Miles introduced us and I had a long talk with him in regard to our patient's illness. After carefully instructing me and prescribing for her, he stated the case was a serious one.

I replied, "Doctor, I assure you I shall attend our patient with every consideration, as I realize the great danger; and, as in most cases, the recovery of the patient will depend as much on the care given by the nurse as upon the medical skill."

"Yes, indeed, nurse," he replied, "There is a great responsibility that falls upon the nurse and I assure you that I have every confidence in you and I have been told Mrs. Miles is very fond of you."

"Thank you, Doctor, for your great faith in me. Mrs. Miles and I are very dear friends and I am very fond of her, too. I trust that God will help us to restore her back to robust health again."

The Doctor remained with our patient for sometime; then took his departure, leaving me in charge.

I spent several hours with my patient, making her comfortable and she slept during the afternoon. After she awakened, she felt brighter and stronger and in the course of a conversation with her, I told her of my friend, Mona, whom I had left in Fairbanks and of my promise to her. Millie informed me that Mona could obtain work at the store. I immediately 'phoned Mona to come to Dome on the first train that left Fairbanks. The following day she arrived and began working at the store, feeling very happy.

Three weeks had passed and Millie still lay in a weak condition. The Doctor said to me this morning gloomily, "A serious, dreadful case, nurse!" I felt grieved over her condition, realizing her case will require months of special nursing and I must remain with her, which means I am here in Alaska for the winter, as the Alaska Steamship Company closes for the season around the first of October. For this reason, I must inform my many Dawson friends of my sad disappointment—not being able to return to Dawson as I had promised. I also felt sad and worried about my husband's long absence and no word of his whereabouts has reached me.

The heavy strain was hard to endure; at times I felt so desolate, but I had to go on—I could not neglect the sick.

Mona, Al and Ed called at the Miles' home one evening. Mona felt very happy attending to her duties at the store.

On November 16th, after four months of anxiety and fear as I had watched by the bedside of my patient, she was gradually recovering from her serious illness and recently had been able to converse with me.

"My dear," said she, "I have every confidence in you and your constant cheerful watchfulness and thoughtfulness have helped me to recover from my illness more than I can ever explain."

I replied, "Millie, dear, I want you to get well and strong again and I wish to do everything in my power to help you, but you must rest now."

The following day, I received letters from Wilford and Peter, both seem to be dreadfully worried because I came to Alaska. I had also received letters from Dr. Lachapelle, Roy, Carl, Anna and George, stating that they are leaving for the outside and grieved because I was unable to join them. Carl stated in his letter that he was very much worried about my remaining in Alaska.

November 22nd rolled around and my patient's condition was improving day by day and now she was able to chat with friends when they called. Millie informed me that her husband was the owner of the mine adjoining those of Al and Ed's and that they were old friends in California. She also talked with me in regard to my lost husband, believing he must be dead and extending to me her deepest sympathy. As we talked, I broke down and wept; her eyes filled with tears that rolled down her thin cheeks as she gravely said, "My dear, I am so sorry."

In the midst of our grief Mr. Miles came in and realizing all that had passed between Millie and me, he also sympathized with me, saying, "Sarah Elizabeth, dear, I am sincerely sorry and my deepest sympathy for you in your grief over the loss of your husband is extended.

"There is no doubt but death alone is the cause of his absence. I know it seems pitifully hard, but don't worry; be brave, as you have always been."

I replied, "Yes, I have been brave and it makes a brave woman to live down such sorrow as I have to endure."

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "You are a brave woman and you are as noble as you are true."

Our conversation then ceased, as I attended to my patient. Mona, Ed and Al called in the evening; Mona felt very happy as Al was very attentive to her.

December 25th, 1908 came and with it, my first Christmas in Alaska. I am happy to say that Millie's condition was greatly improved and she was able to be seated at the dinner table with her husband, Mr. Miles, Mona, Al, Ed and myself. Marion, the cook, served a most sumptuous Christmas dinner which, we all enjoyed, all feeling very happy that our dear friend Millie was with us. Mr. Miles felt rejoiced and complimented me in his gentle appreciating manner as he said, "My dear beloved and esteemed friend, Sarah Elizabeth, I want to tell you with feelings of high consideration, along with my dear wife Millie, that we give you great credit for the recovery from her long serious illness and I can vouch for your sterling reliability and trustworthiness as a faithful friend and nurse. We owe you great gratitude and hope you will arrange your matters so that you can remain with us for a long time as our guest."

In response, I thanked my dear friend for the beautiful sentiments he bestowed upon me. After dinner, we went into the drawing-room and at an early hour I accompanied Millie to her boudoir, where she retired early. Mona, Ed, Al and Mr. Miles played cards for the remainder of the evening.

During the month of January, the social leaders entertained Mona and I with dancing and card parties which were always enjoyable. While dwelling at Dome,

we have made the acquaintance of many charming and delightful people.

On February 22nd, 1909, the Masonic Brethren Association gave a grand masquerade ball in celebration of George Washington's birthday, in Fairbanks. Mona and I attended, escorted by Ed and Al. I represented the role of Queen of Sheba. My costume was of ivory satin with court train and a long garnet plush mantle trimmed with ermine and a crown of pearls and rhinestones. I was warmly complimented on my appearance.

On March 1st, Millie enjoyed a full recovery of her illness and she declared marvellous credit was due to my skilful nursing. I was now a guest at their home enjoying every comfort. Mona, Ed and Al came to spend the evening with us. While Mona and I conversed quietly together, she sprang a pleasant surprise when she said: "My dear, Al and I are going to be married on the twentieth of April and leave for the outside on one of the first boats."

"Mona, is it really so?" I inquired in astonishment.

"Yes, my dear," she assured me, "and I can thank you for everything because if I had not met you, I would not have met Al. I love you for all you have done for me. I love Al and I am going to have a beautiful home in California. You will come and make your home with us."

"Oh, Mona," I replied, "I would love to visit you in your beautiful new home."

Millie joined us and we went to the drawing-room, where we spent a pleasant evening and after cake and coffee had been served, we bade one another good-night.

On March 5th, I received a letter from Wilford, stating that both he and his mother were very much

disappointed at my not going outside to spend the winter with them. They are much worried about my stay in Alaska.

March 17th, St. Patrick's Day was fittingly observed by the people of Fairbanks. Mona, Ed, Al and I attended a dog race in the afternoon, and a masquerade ball in the evening, held under the auspices of the Arctic Brotherhood of Fairbanks. I represented an Irish Girl with a harp and attracted a great deal of attention.

Mona and Al were married at Fairbanks on April 20th, and I acted as bridesmaid and Ed was the best man. Ed expressed regret that it had not been a double wedding. In the evening we attended a grand post nuptial reception at Dome; they received many beautiful wedding gifts. Al and Mona seemed very happy in their new home, and they extended to me an invitation to pay them a long visit.

On May 10th, I was enjoying a very pleasant visit with Mona and Al at their beautiful home, and we were enjoying the wonderful scenery as we roamed over the creeks, hills and mountains, and it was truly a recreation for the body and spirit. The air is so bracing and a sense of awe thrilled us as we walked on and on through the varieties of beautiful green trees and gorgeous flowers that gave us joy and inspiration.

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear," exclaimed Mona, "This is surely a great country!"

"Yes, indeed, Mona dear," I replied, "I am as thrilled as I can be with the enchanting sights in this great Alaskan country."

On May 27th, the Masonic Club at Fairbanks gave a grand ball; I attended with Ed McKey as my escort and accompanied by Al and Mona. I wore a French evening gown of sky blue silk chiffon, while Mona wore a French gown of pink silk chiffon. We enjoyed

a delightful evening and received many compliments from those in attendance.

On June 10th, I received a letter from Wilford, stating that he did not intend to return to Dawson this year. And imploring me to go outside in the fall and spend the winter with my friends. I also received many letters from other friends.

Today, as Mona and I conversed, she said: "Sarah Elizabeth, I wish you would come outside with Al and me. We will be leaving Dome about the fifteenth, we would feel delighted to have you accompany us."

"Mona, dear, I thank you for your kind invitation, but I sincerely wish to remain in this country a few years longer."

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry you wish to remain in this country," she replied, "then, dear, if you should ever decide to marry again, I wish and hope you will favourably consider Ed, as I know he loves you and would make you an ideal husband."

"Mona dear, I have never thought of selecting a second husband."

"Dear," she continued, "I wish you would remain in our home until we return which will be some time in August."

"Thanks, Mona, dear; I shall do as you wish."

"Please don't take any nursing cases, as you need a good rest," she said. "You will have everything here that you need."

"My dear, I assure you, I certainly appreciate all your kindness."

She replied, "I shall never be able to repay you for all you have done for me. Al feels the same way about it as I do and we want you to make your home with us as long as we live in Dome; and when we are ready to leave forever, I hope we four will travel to California together."

I thanked Mona for her kind offer and shortly afterwards Millie called and joined us for afternoon tea.

On June 16th, Al and Mona left for Wisconsin where Mona would try to locate her two children who had been adopted by unknown people. Ed, Millie and I accompanied Mona and Al to Fairbanks; naturally, Mona and I felt very sad and lonely at parting with each other.

On July 10th, I received letters from Wilford, Maxie, Mrs. Rice, Peter, Anna and Carl.

On August 1st, I received a letter from Mona stating that she was not successful in locating her two children and was almost heartbroken over the sad situation and that she was returning to Dome without them.

August 30th, Mona and Al arrived at Dome, returning to their home from the outside. As we greeted each other, Mona mournfully said, "Oh my dear, Sarah Elizabeth, I feel heartbroken over the loss of my dear children, but I have left a detective searching for them."

"Mona dear, I feel deeply grieved over the sad announcement, but I trust in God they will be located."

November 15th, I received letters from Dr. Lachapelle and Roy. Roy has left Dawson en route to England. During the last month, Mona had been very ill at her home.

On November 25th, Mona received the happy message from her detective announcing that her two children had been located. We all felt very happy over the good news. Mona and Al intended leaving for the outside on the first steamer, embarking at Fairbanks in the spring. "Sarah Elizabeth," said Mona, "I would have died had you not been here with me; with your skilful nursing, and your consoling words which have helped to keep me alive."

"Mona, dear, my heart ached for you as I knew you were grieving over the loss of your dear children. Now that they have been located we must thank God, too, for His help."

"Yes, dear," replied Mona, "you always said to trust in God and He would help to find them; you are the grandest friend I have ever had and I want you to come outside in the spring with Al and me, and stay with us."

"Oh, Mona, my dear, I am very sorry I can't go, I want to remain in this country a few more years if possible. I may go to Iditarod where there has been made a rich discovery of gold on Flat Creek, a distance of about a thousand miles from here. I have been told a large stampede is expected to leave Fairbanks in the spring. I anticipate upon preparing to join the great gold rush stampeders. I wish you and Al were going along too. Ed told me that he intends to go and try his luck prospecting for gold in the new region.

December 25th, 1909, my second Christmas in Dome, Alaska, was spent at the home of my dear friends, Mona and Al. Mr. and Mrs. Miles and Ed were the invited guests, and we partook of a most delicious Christmas dinner. I received many beautiful gifts and Christmas greetings from friends.

On January the 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Miles were host and hostess at a luxurious New Year's dinner. Mona, Al, Ed and myself were the honoured guests. During the evening, Millie and I had a long conversation in regard to important events that had happened since we first met. "Sarah Elizabeth," said she, "I was deeply impressed with you when I met you and I shall never forget how happy you felt when you were going into Dawson to meet your husband, and in later years how my heart grieved for you over the sad fate of your

husband: Then when I became ill, I wanted you to be with me as I had great confidence in you, believing that if any one could save my life by careful nursing, you could, and when I wrote to you of my illness, how quickly you responded to my request which made me feel very happy. Now I want to congratulate you upon your intelligent wisdom and especially upon the care and comfort of your sick patients; I am very much attached to you and it is with deep regret that you are leaving us so soon. My only wish is that you will not go on that far away gold stampede. Now that we feel sure that your husband must be dead, you will not return to Dawson; why not remain here and make your home with us and plan for a new future? Ed is a fine prosperous man and he is very fond of you."

"Millie, dear, I appreciate your love and esteem and I feel very happy that you are enjoying good health again; I only wish I could remain with you, as I have grown very fond of you, but I would love to go on that journey to a new gold field and try my luck there by staking a gold mine. I have a tendency to travel which may help me to forget my sad life. I shall not return to Dawson now as so many of my dearest friends have left and gone to the outside and, Millie dear, I, too, believe my husband is dead, but that doesn't mean that I can form plans for a future life with regards to marriage, as I have no proof of his death."

As I glanced at Millie, a faint colour rose to her face; there were tears in her eyes. As I paused, Mona came to our side and speaking in a most sympathetic manner, she said, "We shall not let our dear Sarah Elizabeth go away from us." Shortly afterwards, we bade our charming host and hostess good night.

On February 22nd, the Masonic Members gave a grand ball at Fairbanks in honour of George Washington's

birthday. I attended in company with Ed, Mona, Al and Mr. and Mrs. Miles. We enjoyed a most delightful evening.

As the months of March and April passed by, many were anxiously awaiting the sail of the first steamers that leave for the gold region, as thousands of people from all parts of the country were expecting to leave Fairbanks for the new discovery of gold at Flat Creek, Alaska. I had informed all my friends of my intentions of venturing on the journey also.

On May 10th, I bade good-bye to my friends, prior to leaving in company with Mona and Millie for Fairbanks, where I would board the steamer to join the exciting people.

On the morning of my departure, I arrived at the dock early and boarded the steamer, "*Hanna*" for Iditarod, Flat Creek, Alaska. I was accompanied to the dock by Mona and Millie. Al and many other friends were there to bid me farewell also. Ed was also a passenger on the same boat. It sure was thrilling and exciting to see three large steamers tied up at the dock getting ready to sail with everybody rushing here and there collecting their outfits and materials of all descriptions and getting them placed aboard the steamers. As I stood on the dock talking with my friends, a spell of gloominess came over me, realizing that a year and eight months ago I bade good-bye to my dear good friends in Dawson with intentions of returning shortly afterwards, and little dreaming of the unexpected changes that were to come into my life.

As the steamer gave the last signal for all passengers to go on board, I bade my friends good-bye with tears in my eyes, and the tears rolled down Mona and Millie's cheeks as we kissed each other farewell. Upon entering

my state-room, I found many gifts left there by my friends. Later I went on deck feeling very sad. I was not out long until Ed and other passengers joined me. Ed drew my attention to the picturesque scenery and beautiful surroundings. He paused for a moment and said, "My dear lady, I know you feel sad as I saw the sad parting with your dear friends who loved you. They asked me to be a true friend to their dearest friend, Sarah Elizabeth; they knew I would be and I want you to trust me in every respect. Please may I address you by your beautiful Christian name. I love the name of Sarah Elizabeth."

"Yes, Ed, you may address me by my Christian name."

"Thank you," responded Ed.

After viewing the scenes for sometime Ed escorted me to the dining-room where luncheon was served. After lunch I spent sometime on deck chatting with new acquaintances, also with Ed and Nita Francis. Later in the afternoon Nita and I returned to our state-room to prepare for dinner.

On the second morning of my voyage, after breakfast, I stood on deck gazing out over the wide stretches of waters, watching the steamer as she plunged through the swift water gliding past flats, low banks and shores embedded in beautiful varieties of green trees, and in the back ground soaring high range mountains with snow peaks gleaming in the sun. Occasionally we passed by log cabins and gold seeker's trails. The beautiful May sun shone brightly during the day until it set, and the nights were warm and bright. During the night we could hear the steamer as she sailed through the strong mighty Yukon current, and as I looked over the picturesque scenes a thought came to me since I left my quiet home in the East. I have been thrilled with adventures of memory pictures never to be forgotten.

We had a fine jovial class of people on board this steamer, and many distinguished ladies and gentlemen, including Ed Sutherland, who is one of the distinguished gentlemen from California, en route to Iditarod, Alaska.

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CHAPTER XVI

DAY after day the three large steamers sailed onward. One after the other, the steamers were being loaded to the capacity with men, women and with their outfits and merchandise. We met all classes of people on board and everyone was thrilled with excitement. These boats were very large, with barges attached to the rear. They were painted white and were beautifully furnished. The service was excellent and the officials were most courteous to all. There were all kinds of amusements on board, including music, singing, dancing and card games.

We were having wonderful weather for the voyage and on the third day out, Nita, my room-mate, and I arose early and after breakfast went on deck to enjoy the beautiful scenes and the racing high waters and the thrills as the steamer furrows the foam. While I was viewing the scenery, Ed joined me and said: "Sarah Elizabeth, this is one of the most crooked rivers in the world. Some days we apparently make good headway, only to find out that in the evening we are just opposite the point whence we started in the morning. Alaska is the land of great wonders. It is marvellous and attractive, with its panorama of rivers lakes, mountains, hills and valleys."

"Ed, it certainly is grand; I have never seen anything that could compare with this part of Alaska." It was a glorious and thrilling voyage as the steamer wound around lakes and channels and glided by the shores of picturesque scenes, and in other places the

waterway swept out into the great bays and lake-like expansions created by the high freshet. The flats began where the river widens until it seems like a sea and with the maze of channels most bewildering to all. We lost sight of the shores and very often the steamer left the main river channel giving everybody the thrill of their life, but it failed to frighten us for the romantic courage of these daring adventurers was as great as that of the gold seekers of 1898. I can now well understand why other travellers who have visited this great Northern Country have been so lavish in their praises of the scenery along the Yukon and Alaska Rivers. As the steamer glided by the shores of dense growths of beautiful dark and light green trees, brilliant flowers were observed clinging everywhere to the banks, and the mountains towering high into the heavens were an inspiration of natural beauty and grandeur. The steamer moved on in silence for a time and the surface of the lake was without a ripple. At night the moon shone through the trees on the summit of the mountains, bright stars twinkled in the heavens; and during the days, the scenic effect was very beautiful with the sun shining brightly on the rich growths of green, gold, purple and rose colours and the birds warbling their sweet songs from sunrise to dusk. The air seemed to be full of whispering words of adoration and love to God, who made all these things for every living thing to enjoy. How wonderful are the works of God and so beautiful; we all can learn the one message that nature gives, "There is a God."

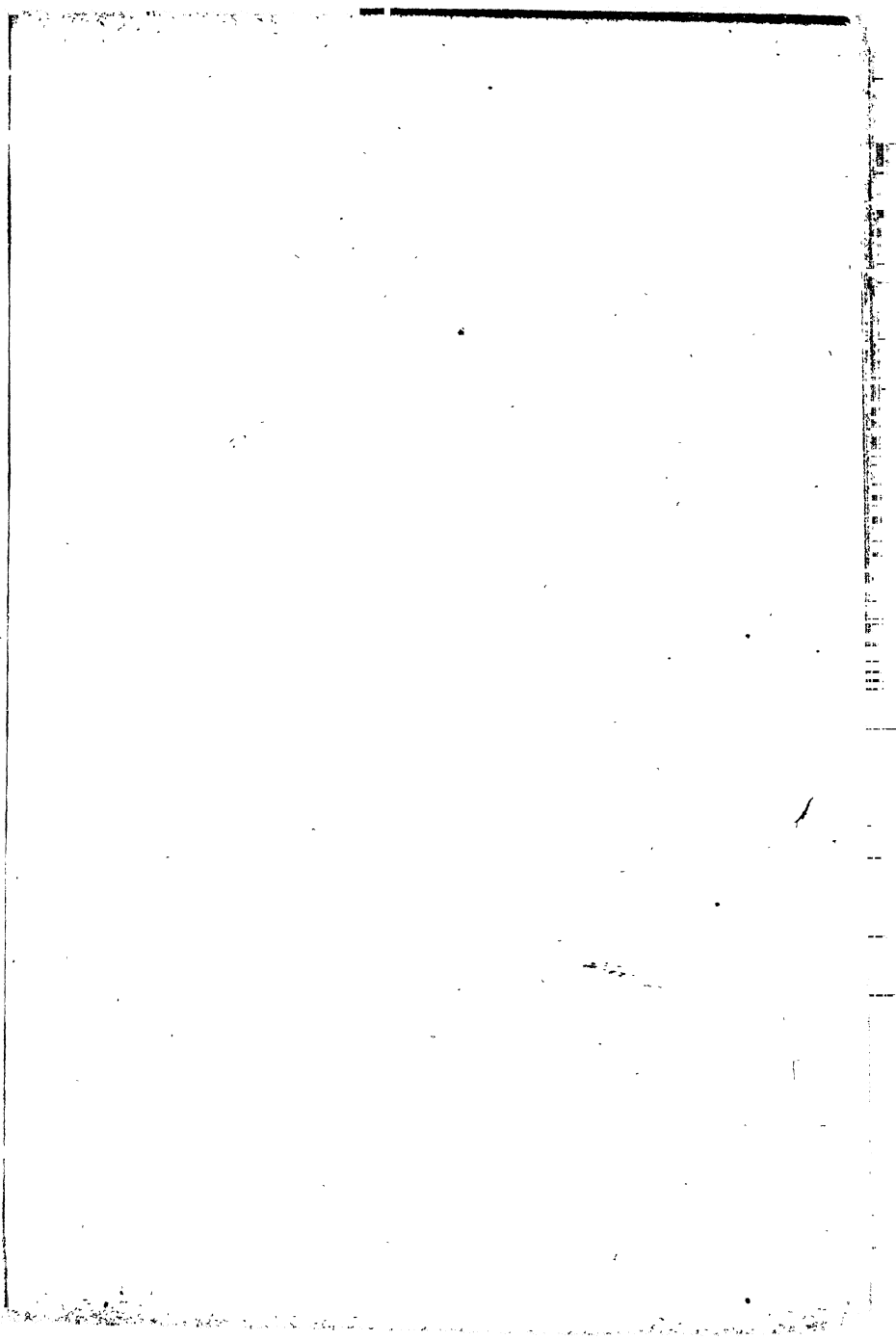
"Sister, you are right," Ed replied when I mentioned this, "The works of God are wonderful. You are a splendid traveller, a great observer and charming company. When you reach Iditarod, you will have travelled more than two thousand miles since you left

Dawson. We will arrive in Iditarod very soon and you will notice how all on board will become excited and anxious, not knowing where they will locate or what the great future has in store for them."

On May 18th, 1910, our steamer arrived at Iditarod. She was the first of the three that left Fairbanks to complete the voyage. Iditarod was a bleak looking place, just springing into existence. Everything that belonged to the stampeders had been dumped on the shore and naturally the people had a hard task sorting out their goods and chattels. Hundreds of people were leaving for different creeks where gold had been discovered, while many others had staked town lots and were putting up their tents and arranging their display of goods of various kinds for business. This journey was one of the most exciting and thrilling experiences of all my travels.

I had been informed by the Director that those who were headed for Flat Creek would travel over land across the country by the aid of a compass. The distance was about fifteen miles and the freighters would convey their baggage and merchandise to Flat Creek by boat through a shallow stream. This information seemed quite discouraging, but there was no turning back. We had the real spirit and courage of gold seekers; our party decided to remain at Iditarod for the night and start out on our long journey in the early morning.

On May 20th, the following morning, I arose early to prepare for my long journey. After breakfast, I joined a number of business people and gold seekers en route to Flat Creek. It was a gloomy day; the sun was hidden beneath the dark clouds and it looked as though a thunderstorm was approaching. However, we walked onward, with the sky growing darker and more clouds coming up, until within a few hours there was a heavy





Beautiful Flower Gardens in Alaska.

downpour of rain. It was a gloomy scene as we struggled on. All around were to be seen the bleak mountains and valleys as we picked our way over slippery, dangerous spots and partly hidden slips of overhanging mountains. Even in the sunlight, it would have been hard to avoid these dangerous spots. We stopped about every three hours, making a camp fire where we would make fresh tea, eat lunch and after a rest, resume our journey.

During the last two hours, we travelled in darkness and everybody agreed that they were very tired. Then as we rounded the bend in the mountains, a glad feeling came over us as we sighted the dim lights at Flat Creek. It was ten p.m. when we arrived there. It was a dark and dreary looking place, with a few lights shining from tents, the only bright spots. We managed to secure board and lodging in large tents arranged for such purposes. The tents arranged for ladies were clean and orderly and kind hospitality was shown. We had soon removed our wet garments and replaced with dry ones, after which we were refreshed with a good appetizing meal. We retired to bed early as we were very tired from travelling all day over the mountains and hills. I thought the journey was a thrilling, exciting adventure, although the country through which we travelled abounded in wild animals.

The following morning, I arose early; the sun was shining brightly and after breakfast, we all staked town lots and arranged for the erection of our tent houses. Four days later my baggage and merchandise arrived and I was lucky in getting a young man from Canada by the name of Malcolm McKenzie to work for me at the rate of fifteen dollars per day. While arranging things Malcolm said: "Mrs. Patchell, in 1908 a few men from the Fairbanks district travelled through trackless wilderness by dog team and snowshoes to this country

where no man's foot had trod before and they discovered gold on different creeks that had slept in silence ever since God made the world; today the whole surrounding country has again awakened from its long, undisturbed sleep. There are about two thousand people moving in different directions—cleaning, digging and making a town out of the wilderness—while others are thawing the ground, operating with shovels, buckets and windlasses; digging down from twenty to fifty feet in an effort to locate the luring yellow metal. There are miles of creeks rich with gold and busy towns are springing into life. You have selected a good locality, Mrs. Patchell, for you are situated on the richest gold creek in this country and this street will be named "Gold Street." You have two tents; the larger one, with such a large quantity of lumber, is going to be just like a house, and you will do well here with your business equipment."

A week later, my new home which was very attractive was completed through the wonderful work of Malcolm. It contained beautiful hardwood floors and was painted white both on the outside and the interior.

"Malcolm," I said, "I am very well pleased with your work. Everything is done well and for your faithful services I am going to give you a cheque for a much larger amount than what is due you."

Malcolm glanced at the cheque and looked at me with his bright eyes beaming with joy; he then said: "Oh, Mrs. Patchell, thanks so very much. This will put me on my feet, so I can prospect in mining and sometime I may be able to locate a rich mine; then I will be able to return this favour." Mrs. Patchell, I came here with other prospectors to try our luck in searching for gold and work, enduring many hardships in the freezing cold; and believe me, I am very thankful to get this work."

I replied, "Malcolm, you are one of the pioneers of this country in discovering gold; you risked your life by travelling through cold, snow and wilderness, discovering gold and opening up the country for other people to come here and make money. I think that we should help and be kind to pioneers and should be glad to see them prosper."

"Mrs. Patchell," exclaimed Malcolm, "If there were more people like you, there would be more gold discovered."

"Maybe so, Malcolm," I replied.

"Mrs. Patchell," he said, "I'll unpack and arrange all these things in their places for you."

"Thanks, Malcolm," I replied, "And I will cook my first meal in my new home in Alaska and you will join me for dinner."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Patchell, I'd be delighted to."

Malcolm had arranged the little kitchen very neatly and the cooking range was in good order. Within an hour I had cooked and arranged a very appetizing dinner. Nita, my friend, called and accepted an invitation to join us at dinner. The menu consisted of canned chicken soup, pineapple and walnut salad with mayonnaise dressing, fried ham and eggs, creamed mashed potatoes, French creamed peas, pickles, hot biscuits, white bread and butter, cakes, canned peaches, cream and coffee.

"Mrs. Patchell," said Nita and Malcolm in unison, "This is the most tasteful dinner I have eaten for many a day."

We certainly did justice to the dinner, as I am sure we were very hungry. As we finished our meal, Ed came in. He had just returned from the creeks where he had been staking claims. As Ed greeted me he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, what a lovely, comfortable, attractive,

up-to-date place you have. I had no idea you had an outfit for such a display. Whoever helped you to select all the different varieties which are required for a mining country?"

"Ed," I replied, "Do you remember the time Mona and I went to Fairbanks? I told the manager of the N.C. store that I was coming to this country and going into the merchandise business. Then he selected everything that I needed. He also had ordered a special sized tent made for this business and he had everything put on the steamer. He certainly is a fine gentleman, and so kind. He seemed to know just what I would need here. I paid him cash for everything that I bought."

"Yes, indeed, he is a fine man," agreed Ed, "I know him well. You have the most attractive and the best looking place in this section."

Changing the conversation, I said, "Ed, you must be hungry."

Ed admitted that such was the case, but said that he would go to the restaurant.

"No, indeed," I declared, "you won't. Your dinner is all ready now—Nita attended to it while we were talking."

As we chatted, Ed said; "Sarah Elizabeth, I am enjoying this appetizing dinner very much. You are a good cook, as well as a clever nurse. You are going to be very busy here and I fear there will be too much of a strain on you. You had better sell out and return to Dome Creek."

"No, Ed, I do not wish to sell at present; I must remain here for a few years at least. Nita is going to live here with me and assist me with the work."

"That will be splendid," replied Ed, "And she will be good company for you."

“ Yes, indeed Ed, she is a very sweet girl and I am very fond of her.”

During the latter part of the afternoon and evening, many customers arrived and I was kept busy. Ed returned to his mines in the evening.

CHAPTER XVII

JUNE 30th, 1910—Flat Creek had become quite a town since it sprang to life during the early part of May. Everybody was busy in the town and on the creeks. Miners were discovering gold nearly every day in the different creeks.

Ed called at my home and in greeting me, he said :
" Sarah Elizabeth, I have discovered gold in my mine."

" Oh, Ed, I am so pleased and I hope for your sake it is rich. Ed, isn't it fascinating and exciting here ?"

" Yes," he replied, " It reminds me of the first gold rush in 1897, the year I went to Dawson ; only we had to rough it more in struggling on from Skagway over the Chilkoot Pass and White Pass roads far more than do the gold seekers of today."

" Ed, I have heard so much about the trail of 1897 and 1898 that I have often wondered if it were true about the hardships and the cruelty to the horses and mules,"

" Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, " Indeed it is true ; the sad sights that I witnessed along the trail in 1897 were heartbreaking. There were places where if one lost his footing he would be dashed to death on the rocks below. I have seen both men and horses go over and their bones are still there. I have seen many men die and their friends bury them by the trail. My own pal struggled on for days until he could not go any further ; he then fell exhausted and I sat down and raised his head upon my knees ; he died with his head resting there. I closed his eyes and wrapped him in one of his



Mining Scene in Alaska.

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blankets and we dug his grave and placed him in it; I struggled on with a sad heart. I have seen hundreds of horses and mules die and many hundreds of them lying dead along the trail. The poor beasts were overloaded and overworked and some of them were cruelly beaten and bruised until blood flowed. They would fall under their heavy burdens due to cruelty to which they were subjected. Some would be shot and others brutally abandoned to die of starvation. It was a sad picture to see thousands of robust men, and some of them were physically unfit and unprepared, starting out on that terrible journey filled with the excitement and lure of the Klondike gold, perish from exhaustion. It was a heartbreaking sight, something I shall never forget. After I arrived in Dawson, it took me days and weeks to pull myself together after witnessing the terrible heartbreaking tragedies of the Chilkoot Trail in 1897."

"Ed, it must indeed have been a dreadful scene and no doubt many of the men's relatives will never know what happened to them."

"You are right, Sarah Elizabeth," he replied. "Many of the men who left their homes and started for this Northern Country will never return and their friends will never know of the manner of their death. I endured many hardships, myself, in the early days. Once, I nearly lost my life while prospecting for gold in the Koyukuk region. I had gone on a long journey with my dog team. There arose a blustering snow storm, and with great effort my faithful dogs conveyed me safely to my cabin, but I was so chilled that I fell exhausted at the door. My partner cared for me and my dogs, and in a few days I was able to resume prospecting."

"My dear man, you certainly had a narrow escape from death. What were the conditions in Dawson when you arrived there?"

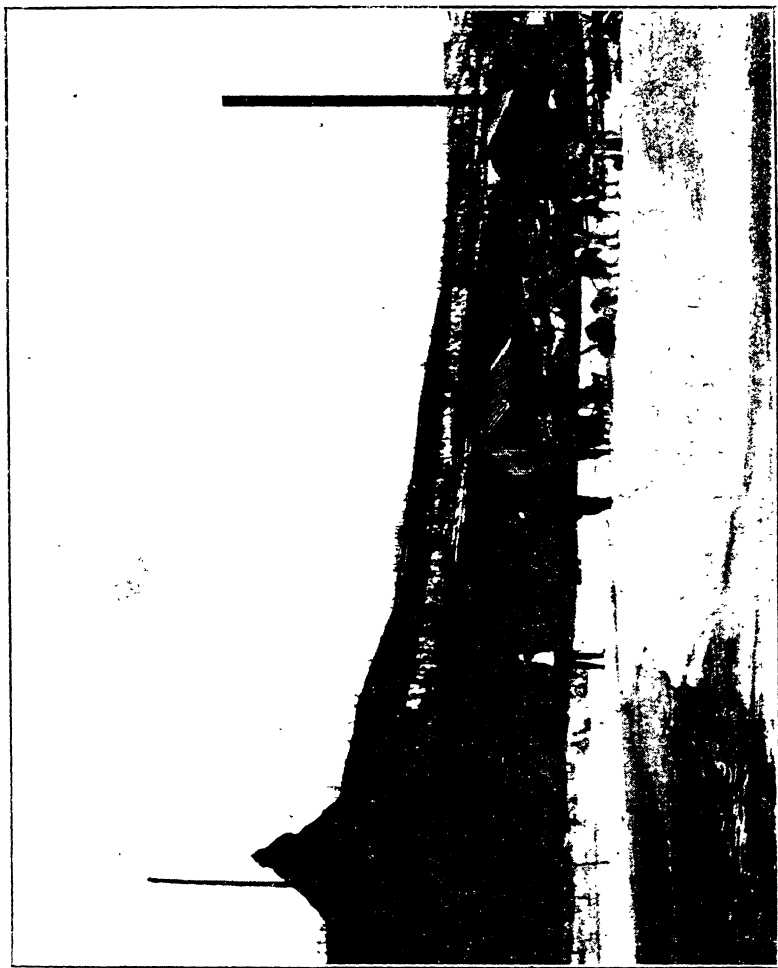
"Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, "I found thousands of people there belonging to all stations and nationalities—some of the finest people and some very wicked. They were all drawn to the North Land by the lure of the yellow metal. Saloons, dance halls and gambling dens were running open wide for the full twenty-four hours and there were some terrible crimes committed. Murders and suicides were common, but after the Royal Northwest Mounted Police arrived, they established law and order and there was a welcome change. Before the police came to Dawson, if a man committed a crime, he was put in a boat without any oars and set adrift on the Yukon River."

"Ed, I believe Dawson surely was a rough and wild place and you certainly have witnessed terrible tragedies."

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "In the early years, Dawson was considered a wicked place, but that fine body of men, the Mounted Police, soon brought the hectic and sensational life of the populace to a close and the law was respected thereafter."

"Ed, I always admired the Royal Northwest Mounted Police in Dawson, as they certainly did protect the people; Dawson is a beautiful country to live in, although I like Alaska too. Ed, what is your impression of Dawson and Alaska?"

"My dear," he replied, "Everyone does not have the same impression about this Northern Country and mine is a favourable one. Of course, I do admit there have been hardships and tragedies connected with the Yukon and with Alaska, but we are not shut out from the beauties of the world as many people imagine, because we live in Alaska. To me there is no corner of God's earth to equal Alaska in exquisite beauty lavished upon it by Mother Nature



Mining Scene in Alaska.

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and with such warm and kindly hearts to greet you. I find that human nature is the same the world over and our social life in Alaska is as much up-to-date as it is in any city outside. In every city and creek town, we have our social hall and good music for dancing and in attending a grand ball, evening dress for both men and women is not unusual. In fact, one finds in various sections of Alaska most of the normal manifestations of cultured civilization. Some of the most intelligent and talented people of the world and beautiful women and many handsome men are found among the Northern people."

"Ed, I have the same impression of Alaska and the people as you have. I have noticed in attending a grand ball that society will never bar a respectable working man or woman. A man can dress in his business suit or full evening dress, which ever he prefers, and enjoy himself among the millionaires."

"Sarah Elizabeth," Ed went on, "Alaska has given overflowing riches to the world. It is the land of great wealth and beauty, full of interest and charm. No matter where you travel over its millions of acres of land, you will always find beauty and inspiration. Then there are the Northern lights. Only in Alaska does one see them in all their gorgeous glory; their brilliant flashes of green and red and the stars shoot across the sky, leaving a long lurid trail behind. The nights are most beautiful—there is a long twilight and the sky is clear and full of bright stars. Sarah Elizabeth, haven't you noticed the gorgeous sunsets?"

"Ed, I certainly have; I love to watch the Alaskan nights, so clear and peaceful. and I do enjoy the beautiful summer weather—two months of all daylight beginning May 20th, and lasting until July 20th; then we have two months during the winter of nearly

all darkness. The shortest day in December has only two and one-half hours of daylight."

"My dear," remarked Ed, "My impression is that when God made this Northern Country, He made it rich and beautiful so that every living thing might enjoy life."

"Ed, the one and only thing that I don't like in this country is the mosquitos. They are pests and they certainly caused many deaths during the early days when men did not know how to dress to protect themselves from them."

"Yes," replied Ed, "You are right about pests. They drove many a man crazy trying to fight them off."

"Ed, one day I saw a most pitiful sight—A man walking on the street in Fairbanks, appeared to be fighting the mosquitos away from his face and head when there wasn't any at all. I looked at him for a while and then a man nearby told me he had become demented while fighting mosquitos when he was out in the hills. Ed, while you lived in Dawson, did you ever meet men by the names of Wilford and Carl?"

"Yes, I know both well," he replied. "I owned a claim next to Carl's and I sold it to a man by the name of Carson; since then I have heard that he has taken a large amount of gold out of it."

"Ed, I know Carson very well and I have often been out to that claim on Bonanza. Before I left Dawson, Carson gave a luncheon in my honour and he presented me with a beautiful gold bracelet, made of gold taken from that claim."

"My dear," replied Ed, "Isn't it strange how we meet in this country? Carson must be very fond of you. Those three men were among the finest in the Yukon."

"Yes, indeed, Ed, I believe they were. I will tell

you how I came to know them. In 1904, on my journey to Dawson, I met Carson, Wilford and Carl on the steamer Princess Beatrice. They were returning to Dawson and I, going so far away from my home, I felt sad, timid and sensitive, and they seemed to feel sorry for me, and offered me brotherly protection. They have been like true brothers to me during the four years that I lived in Dawson."

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Ed, "The reason that those men acted as brothers to you was because they knew you were a charming lovely young lady. Men admire and crave for such good companionship."

"Ed, I also admire the companionship of good men and women. And those men were like my own brothers and I recall their memories with ardent, tender love. They displayed the true courage of loyal and faithful souls and had it not been for their sound advice and protection on my journey through life, I might have encountered many harder obstacles."

"Yes, indeed," remarked Ed, "They are remarkably good men. I have known Carl and Wilford for several years. Please tell me, Sarah Elizabeth, did you like them both as brothers?"

"Yes, Ed, I had grown very fond of those two kind and faithful men and when I left Dawson, I felt I was saying farewell to my real brothers; if each one had requested to know the estimate of my affections, it would have been hard searching my heart as to which one I liked the best as I had considered them both loyal brothers to me. I also was very fond of Carson and many other dear kind friends whose brotherly and sisterly acquaintance I had the honour of enjoying and whose hospitality I shall greatly miss."

"My dear lady," said Ed, "You will make friends where ever you travel. You certainly had wonderful

courage leaving your home and venturing on that long journey alone."

"Yes, indeed, Ed, I certainly had some courage to undertake such a journey and I considered myself very fortunate in making the acquaintance of so many fine people. Ed, this is a great country and we meet people here from all parts of the globe."

"Yes, my dear lady," Ed replied, "Alaska is indeed a great country and when you go outside you will say, 'I want to go back to Alaska, to the land of riches and beauties, where the midnight sun shines and the skies are blue and bright; where the hearts are kind and true, and of all the lands I have travelled, I like Alaska the best and I long to return.'"

"Ed, you are right, I love Alaska and I feel sure that when I go outside, I will long to return to this beautiful country so consoling to a sad heart."

Nita interrupted our conversation by announcing that dinner was ready and she invited Ed to join us.

While we were dining, Ed, informed me that he heard that there had been a rich discovery of gold in the Kuskokwin and that he was thinking of going there to stake some claims. He also said there was already a stampede on the way.

"Oh, Ed, how I would like to join the stampeders and try my luck at staking a gold mine there, but at present it is impossible for me to leave."

"Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, "I may stake a claim for you."

"Oh, thank you, Ed, you are very kind and considerate."

After dinner, Ed bade us good-bye and returned to his mines.

The next day, Ed had the misfortune to cut his hand and I had to attend to the wound, as there is no

doctor at Flat Creek as yet. As I was dressing his injured hand, he said :

" Sarah Elizabeth, I feel happy ; I believe I have a rich mine. I am getting quite a lot of gold from it."

" That is good news, Ed ; I hope you will get a hundred thousand dollars worth of gold out of your mine."

" Oh, thank you, Sarah Elizabeth. If I do, I will give you a trip to Europe if you will go, accompanied by my sister and myself."

" Thank you, Ed ; that would be a delightful journey."

Shortly after I had attended to Ed's injured hand he returned to his mines.

During the last month, more people arrived at Flat Creek and among the most distinguished were Dr. Spaulding and Doctor and Mrs. Carter—very charming people. Earl Slippert and Jack Saunders also arrived with their saw mill equipment for the purpose of preparing lumber for the erection of wooden buildings. The town of tents now had the appearance of changing to a city which would be named by its new name, Flat City, Alaska.

Three months later all the tents had been discarded and were replaced by log cabins and frame houses, including a very modern hotel, a social hall, and a large building in which was established a drug store and dental rooms, all quite up-to-date. This part of Alaska appeared to be booming ; there seemed to be plenty of money in circulation and everybody was progressing, and many more gold discoveries had been made on several creeks.

The surrounding country of scenic attraction was beautiful and varieties of gorgeous flowers and wild fruit, also wild game in abundance. I very often joined

the hunting sportsman hunt in pursuit of ptarmigans and grouse and I was always very successful to bring in the game. Many of my friends shot rabbits also, which they fed to the dogs. Once after one of our hunting trips, Nita cooked a grouse dinner, Ed and Malcolm joined us and while we were enjoying the delicious meal, Ed remarked: "Sarah Elizabeth, you surprise me, you being such a wonderful hunteress, and your aim is excellent."

I replied, "Ed, I had a good teacher who taught me how to handle firearms. Our friend, Carl, deserves all the credit."

"You certainly had a splendid instructor," said Ed, "Carl is a wonderful huntsman. I have been out on caribou and moose hunting, also other game expeditions with him."

After dinner Ed and Malcolm returned to the gold mining creeks.

During the week, many people arrived in the city; among them was Doctor Ross, a friend whom I had met several years ago. Today I received letters from many friends, including my dear friend, Millie, who stated in her letter that she and her husband were planning to go outside in the near future and they extended to me a cordial invitation to make them a long visit at their home in California after I left Alaska, which they hoped would be soon.

On October 15th, I received sad news conveyed to me by a man by the name of Martin, a friend of my husband in the early years in Dawson. After a brief conversation between us regarding my husband's long absence, he sadly informed me of the sad news that he had been told by a prospector before he had left Dawson that two men whom he described to be my husband and his partner, Morgan, had lost their lives in 1906 while

making their way up the Pelly Region to a new gold discovery, which was the general belief, but their bodies had never been found. "Mrs. Patchell, it grieves me to relate this sad message to you in regards to your husband's death."

As I waited and listened with glittering dimmed eyes, as Mr. Martin paused, I replied in a low voice, "Yes, I believe he must be dead or he would have returned;" as I hesitated realizing my husband's sad fate I was overcome with grief.

"Mrs. Patchell," Mr. Martin continued, "I realize what you suffered during all these years of a watchful, anxious, solitary life, caused by your husband's craving for gold." Mr. Martin ceased speaking as Ed and Malcolm entered, and learning of the sad fate regarding my husband, with sad expressions they extended their deepest sympathy and encouraging words of consolation.

My heart felt weary and sad as the weeks and months passed.

On December 25th, 1910—my first Christmas day in Flat City—the day was dark, snowy and windy; I felt sad as the hours passed on, thinking of the far away dear friends whom I loved and cherished with sweet memories and I longed to see them again. Life seemed so quiet with only Nita in the house, waiting for our friends to call who had invited Nita and me to join them at a Christmas dinner party at the hotel. Soon our friends arrived wishing us a Merry Christmas, and escorting us to the hotel where Ed was host at a luxurious feast especially arranged for eight guests including Dr. Ross. Everybody enjoyed the delicious repast and the company of our charming, generous host.

During the month of December, I received many

Christmas greetings, gifts and letters from friends including Dr. Lachapelle, Roy, Carson, Carl, Karl, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Peter, Mr. and Mrs. Cambern, Millie, Wilford and many others. Wilford stated in his letter that he was anticipating upon a journey to Alaska in the near future.

On December 27th, The Iditarod Alaska Masonic Club gave their first annual ball on St. John's Day; I attended, with Dr. Spaulding as my honoured escort. The ball was a grand affair. Everybody was in full evening attire and the ladies' gowns were beautiful. I wore a Paris gown of cream silk chiffon with a border of hand painted roses in pink, green and white, which was greatly admired, especially by a gentleman named Hector. We danced many times together. He was a very pleasant appearing man of fine character and a beautiful dancer. While we were dancing, Hector said: "Mrs. Patchell, you are a very graceful dancer and I enjoy dancing with you very much."

"I thank you, Hector," I said, "And you dance beautifully yourself."

I danced the next dance with Dr. Ross, whom I had met several years ago."

"Sarah Elizabeth," said the Doctor, "You look charming and beautiful in your Paris gown. You are a perfect model and you wear beautiful gowns to advantage."

"Oh thank you, Doctor for your compliments," I replied.

The Doctor continued: "Hector, the man with whom you were dancing, is an artist from California. He came to Alaska to try his luck at mining and he has located one of the richest mines in the country. He told me that you were a very charming and attractive lady, and had he met you at his home among hundreds of others,

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Mrs. S. E. Patchell, representing Martha Washington at Masonic Masquerade Ball.

he would have recognized you as a woman of exceptionally fine character, and one especially beautiful with a magnificent form. He said that your type was hard to find, and he admired you very much. When he first saw you, he thought, 'How did a woman like that come to be in a place like this?' and judging from his manner, he is very fond of you."

"Doctor, I believe you are exaggerating!"

"Oh no, indeed," replied the Doctor, "He speaks in the frankest manner. I will bet you any amount of money that he will propose to you before long."

"Doctor, if he does, I will let you know," I assured him.

"I want you to," replied the Doctor. "Please tell me, Sarah Elizabeth, why you don't marry again."

"Do you really want to know the reason?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed my dear, I would surely like to know," was the Doctor's reply.

"Doctor, the chief reason why I never married during my husband's absence was because I had no proof of his death. If I had negotiated a second matrimonial alliance, it would be against my faith and the man whom I married, no matter how kind and good he was to me and if living in luxury, would have his happiness as well as mine blighted; I would be living in fear of my absent husband's return. This would mean a break from the man whom I had wedded or my church. I am a firm believer in the sanctity of marriage and in the holiness of its bonds. No matter how strongly the temptation was urged upon me, I realized what such a marriage would mean in the presence of God. From my early life, I have been taught to think and decide for myself, happy and contented as I go along through life."

"My dear," said the Doctor, "I realize you have

been true to your faith, but you should not have gone on year after year sacrificing your life to what seemed to be a shadow. If your husband had been living, you would have received some word from him before you left Dawson; when he failed to return to Dawson the second year, you should have obtained a separation for safety in case you had married again and he should ever return, but now I am sure there is no doubt of his death. Your life has been a sad and lonely one during those years since you came to Dawson, and now I believe in the eyes of God, you are free to marry whom you please—you can have the finest husband in this country and be made very happy. You surely must realize now your husband is dead?"

"Yes, Doctor, I am convinced he has gone from this world; all hope that he may be alive has ended. Doctor, let's drop this sad subject and join our friends."

"Very well, my dear," replied the Doctor.

After I danced with Doctor Ross I danced the next dance with Doctor Spaulding. Later in the evening a delicious supper was served. After supper we danced until 2.30 a.m. and then we left the hall, bidding our friends good-night.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON January 1st, Doctor Ross was host at a sumptuous New Year's dinner party at the hotel. Covers were laid for eight guests, including Ed, Hector, Nita and myself.

During the last few months, a number of people arrived in Flat City from various places. Among them was Dr. Behla, a well-known and efficient skilful dental surgeon, of German descent, who opened an office here at Flat City. Many of the arrivals travelled by dog team, some a distance of over eight hundred miles, in frigid weather and blustering storms. Some of the travellers lost the trail and were delayed for several days and many were nearly exhausted from the exposure. As for the dogs, they were almost ready to give up the severe struggle. Dogs are very useful and important in this Northern Country, especially during the winter. They are very strong and intelligent, faithful and affectionate, in fact almost human; they are a part of the land and go into every region where no other working beast could go. The Malamut or Husky is the best of the Alaskan dogs. They work very hard during the winter, hauling passengers and heavy loads. There are also many beautiful racing dog teams in Alaska and the sport is greatly enjoyed. Nearly every business man and prospector owns a dog team in this country.

On the 10th of February, Hector called at my home and in greeting me, he said, "Mrs. Patchell, may I have the pleasure of escorting you to the masquerade ball that is to be given by the Masonic Club on February 22nd?"

"Hector," I replied, "I am so sorry, but I have already promised Mr. Sanderson that I would go with him. You know, I always accept the first gentleman who asks me, as I am not interested in any particular man."

"Mrs. Patchell," said Hector, "I am sorry, too, for I wanted so much to accompany you to the ball."

As he read my name on the invitation card, he remarked, "What a pretty name you have!"

"Hector, do you like my Christian name?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, I love it."

"Then, you may call me by that name."

"Oh, thank you, Sarah Elizabeth," said he.

At this moment other friends called and the subject was dropped.

Twelve days later on February 22nd, Otter Creek Masonic Club gave a masquerade ball in the new social hall, in honour of Washington's birthday, and it was a grand success. I represented Martha Washington, being in a beautiful garnet satin costume made in colonial style and with my hair dressed appropriately for the occasion. Sanderson represented George Washington in a beautiful costume of colonial style also, and played the part well. He and I led the grand march and elicited many flattering comments. My friend, Hector, paid me this lavish compliment: "Sarah Elizabeth, you are beautiful and the most distinguished looking lady at the ball, as well as one of the loveliest I have ever seen."

"Thank you, Hector," I said, "But you do flatter me; I am not as beautiful as you say I am."

"Indeed you are," he insisted, "Martha, the original, was never as beautiful as you are. I would like to paint a portrait of you just as you are standing; it would be handsome and striking."

"Oh, thank you, Hector, for I surely would like to have you paint a portrait of me!"

"When?" cried Hector. "If you come to California when I go, I will paint a most life-like portrait of you."

"Thanks again, Hector," I replied, as I raised my eyes and looked at him to see if he was serious. He was looking at me with eyes full of eagerness and brightness, as he said:

"My dear, you are quite unconscious of your beauty. You are tall, graceful, of statuesque form and you have beautiful hair and eyes, with a smile that shows such confidence in everyone you meet. You have been greatly admired and I admire you very much indeed, and I have found a beautiful character and personality in you."

"Hector, why flatter me so?" I said, with some embarrassment.

"It is no flattery, my dear, it is all true," he said.

"You are grand and beautiful and I only wish that my partner in California could see you. He would want you for his model right away. You must come to California with me; why waste your time in this country?"

"Thanks, Hector, for your compliments, but I believe you are exaggerating."

"No, indeed," said Hector, "I mean every word I say."

We were interrupted in our conversation as Dr. Spaulding joined us. "Mrs. Patchell," said Dr. Spaulding, with whom I next danced, "You are very beautiful and greatly admired tonight."

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Spaulding, and I assure you that you look handsome yourself and your costume is very attractive."

During the course of the evening, a delicious supper

was served and when we were seated at the banquet table, we honoured George Washington's birthday with a round of toasts. The menu consisted of chicken salad with mayonnaise dressing, stuffed olives, pickles, fruit salad, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, baked ham, peas, creamed mashed potatoes, roast mountain lamb, mint sauce, potato salad with Parisian dressing, cream biscuits, French rolls, white and brown bread, apple pie, fruit cake, sponge cake, and other kinds of cakes and ice cream.

The ball and banquet were grand affairs and every body enjoyed them to the fullest extent. The music was excellent.

On March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, the Arctic Brotherhood gave a joytul masquerade ball in the A. B. Hall at Flat City in honour of the occasion. I attended with Hector as my escort. I represented the Goddess of Liberty and Hector represented Uncle Sam. Our costumes were the favourites of all the masquerade costumes and most highly complimented. During the evening Hector sang his favourite songs in his charming manner that was irresistible and fascinating to every soul, and the look from his true kindly eyes and genial enchanting smile, as he sang sweet Irish melodies, touched the hearts of his listeners, and he was very much admired. Everyone enjoyed St. Patrick's celebration.

On July 20th, I received a letter from Wilford, stating he had decided to come to Alaska. He also extended sympathetic words of condolence in regard to my lost husband.

During the last few months there were a few sad events happened, one suicide, one murder and several robberies. Also many rich deposits of gold had been located. I enjoyed many hikes with friends through

this beautiful country, noted for its contrasts and charm, and the atmosphere so refreshing as we travelled through large growths of timber and found delicious berries and wild flowers very plentiful ; we saw all kinds of game and fur-bearing animals ; we passed through busy towns, where men of all classes and nationalities were digging and scrambling for gold and where the blasting of the ground and the noise of the mills indicated that the country had awakened from its long, peaceful sleep.

There are beautiful mountains, some being nearly twenty thousand feet in height ; we passed winding rivers as crooked as a snake, but there are no snakes in Alaska and I have never seen nor heard of a frog. I have never seen a rat in Alaska, but I did see a brown mouse, which I will tell you about. One day last winter, while we were hunting, a blustering storm arose and as we felt very cold we were obliged to go to a cabin nearby, where a man and his wife lived. They were preparing dinner at the time and we were so cold that they insisted upon us having a hot toddy. As the man removed the cork from a bottle, it made a noise and all of a sudden we noticed a little brown mouse on the table, causing some of the ladies to scream. The woman explained that it was her pet mouse and had appeared on the scene to get its refreshing drink with the company. She said that whenever it heard the cork pop out of the bottle, it jumped up on the table and sat there and waited for the drink to be served on a teaspoon, made from Alaskan gold, with the word "Alaska" engraved in the centre and a little gold nugget on the handle.

It surely was thrilling and amusing to see that little mouse on the table enjoying a drink and when it had finished, it looked up as if to say, "I'll have another."

It appeared to be as tame as a kitten ; and would let one handle it and stroke its fur. The name given to it was Patsy. It lived in a little two-room apartment—one room was a bedroom and the other a washroom, for we were told that Patsy took a bath occasionally and was always on hand when the meals were served. Patsy was the only mouse I have ever seen in Alaska.

On December 25th, 1911, Dr. and Mrs. Carter entertained at a Christmas dinner party given at their new home in Gold Street. The invited guests were Dr. Spaulding , C. Peck, B. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and myself. A most delicious dinner was served and greatly enjoyed ; wines being served with the dinner.

Two days later the Masonic Club gave a grand ball in the A. B. Hall at Flat City. I attended, with Ed, as my escort. There was excellent music for dancing and a most delicious supper was served at the close.

On January 1st, 1912, Hector entertained at a New Year's dinner party at the hotel with eight invited guests present, including myself ; a luxurious dinner was served which we all enjoyed and extended our sincere thanks to our charming host.

On February 22nd, the Masonic Society gave a grand ball and banquet in honour of the birthday of George Washington. I attended the grand festival, with Grant Murdock as my escort. I wore a French gown of white silk chiffon with a pink rose at the shoulder. At the banquet table many toasts and cheers were given in memory of the first President of the United States ; a flashlight photograph was taken of the banquet table and attendants. In the early part of the evening, my friend Hector paid me this flattering compliment ; " Sarah Elizabeth, you are charming company, and you dance marvellously, and you are greatly admired this evening as the most attractive lady at the ball."



Flashlight picture of Masonic Banquet and attendants

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Thanking Hector as usual for his flattering compliments, I replied, "Hector, but you do love to flatter me."

"No, indeed," said he, "I mean every word that I say and do you remember what I told you sometime ago?"

"Yes, indeed Hector, I never forget anything you say to me nor do I ever forget your kind hospitality."

As Hector stood before me, looking up at me with his radiant face and luminous eyes, as he said, "My dear, I cannot understand why such a lovely lady as you should choose such a lonely life."

"Hector, dear, I never allow myself to become lonely; I always try to keep busy and cheerful."

"But why do you prefer a single life?" he inquired.

"Hector," I replied slowly, "It is because a sad event came into my life which would take too long now for me to explain to you."

Our conversation ceased as Dr. Spaulding joined us, and asked me for the next dance, which I danced with him.

The celebration of George Washington's birthday was a grand affair, which everybody greatly enjoyed until a late hour returning home.

CHAPTER XIX

IDITAROD, Alaska. On March 17th, 1912.—St. Patrick's Day was celebrated at Iditarod. I attended the dog race in the afternoon. In the evening the Arctic Brotherhood gave a masquerade ball in the Hall. I attended the ball, with Grant Murdock as my escort. I represented a snake charmer, wearing a very attractive costume of scarlet satin which elicited many comments. There were many beautiful costumes worn at the festival and a most delicious supper was served at 11 p.m. The grand celebration continued until the early hours in the morning, everybody feeling happy as they departed for their homes.

On April 25th, I received letters from Carl, Karl, Anna, Mrs. Rice, Peter and Mona. Mona states in her letter that she and Al were coming to Alaska in the early part of the summer. I also received a letter from Wilford, stating that he expected to come to Flat City in the near future. Below is an excerpt from his letter :

St. Paul,

March 19, 1912.

My dearest Sarah Elizabeth :

“ I am grieved because you will not come outside and I cannot understand why you wish to remain in Alaska now, when you are alone and free to do as you please. My dear, during all these years you have kept me away from you : but my dear, you cannot take away my love for you and I have fully decided to go to Alaska, as my conscience has never led me to do wrong and it

is now leading me to Flat City, Alaska, which is right. Dear, do you remember one day in Dawson you told me that your conscience always led and inspired you to do the right things in life and that God moves and works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and that one never knows what He will do or inspire one to do? I have very often recalled our conversation and I believe as you believe. I feel sure there are happier days in store for you and that I have come into your life to stay as long as I live and I want to make you happy.

"God bless you my dearest Sarah Elizabeth, and grant you good health, and I trust in Him I shall see you soon.

Your very affectionate,
Wilford.

On the morning of April 30th, Dr. Moore and I walked to Iditarod and returned to Flat City in the evening, walking a distance of twenty miles. When we arrived near our homes, the Doctor said: "Mrs. Patchell, I am all in, tired beyond words, so fatigued from the long walk; but *you* are some walker!"

The Doctor is twenty years my senior and naturally he could not walk the distance that I could without feeling tired.

On May 1st, Ed called and as we conversed I told him that Wilford was coming to Flat City.

Ed looked at me in amazement, his bright cheerful eyes changing to a sad expression as he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, he is coming for you, knowing now that your husband is dead. He will want you to marry him; you won't leave us?"

"My dear Ed," I replied, "I have never thought of a second husband, as I am quite satisfied with my life,

or rather I try to be ; but I shall feel very happy to greet my kind, faithful brother, Wilford, when he arrives in Alaska."

"My dear Sarah Elizabeth," said Ed, " you are free to marry and I love you as I have so often told you. In my heart there is only you to love, and the love I have for you will always exist."

" Ed, my dear, you must not speak like that. You are young yet, handsome and attractive, and no doubt you will meet a lady whom you will love as you love me, but I want you to remain as a brother to me."

Ed's reply to this was : " I have met many ladies who had certainly pleased my eyes for a while, but you have conquered my heart. You are different from all other women that I have ever met. You have a grand personality and I have discovered beauties in your soul and character which every woman does not possess. I wish I could be more than a brother to you."

" Ed, I never thought you were so interested in me. I am flattered by your sentiments, but I fancy you only imagine that I am different from other women."

" Sarah Elizabeth, dear," he replied, " it is no imagination with me. You are beautiful, adorable and one of the finest women I have ever beheld. I assure you, my dear, that many men have told you the same thing many times and I am sure Wilford is the sort of gentleman who would admire all the beautiful qualities in a woman of your type."

" Ed, I have never thought of marrying again, but what I have thought about was returning to New Brunswick, to see my dear mother, whose heart was nearly broken the day I left my home in 1904 on my long journey to Dawson. I figure that my trip will cost about two thousand dollars, but I will not let

money prevent my going, because I want to see my mother. I am really homesick."

"Why, you never told me of your intentions before," said Ed. "When do you plan on leaving?"

"I am planning on leaving here the latter part of the summer, and I shall return in the spring."

"I shall be going outside myself about the same time," said Ed, "We shall travel on the same steamer."

"Ed, maybe Wilford will return on the same steamer with us; wouldn't that be grand, travelling outside with you and Wilford!"

"Sarah Elizabeth," remarked Ed, "Wilford is a wonderful fellow and we could not travel in the company of a better man."

While Ed continued conversing with me, Nita prepared dinner. Ed joined us at dinner and later returned to his mine, feeling sad.

On May 2nd, I received a letter from Wilford, stating that he was planning on leaving St. Paul within a few days for Alaska and that he expected to arrive in Flat City about the first of June.

On May 20th, Mona and Al arrived at Flat City at 4.30. As we exchanged greetings, Mona said "Oh, my dear Sarah Elizabeth, how happy I am to be with you again."

I replied, "My dear, I feel happy and overjoyed at having you with me and I am so pleased that you and Al will remain here for the summer; in the fall we shall go outside together."

"Yes dear," she answered, "you will come to California and spend the winter with us."

Al and Mona dined with Nita and me. After dinner Mona and I enjoyed a long chat together. Mona and Al brought me many beautiful presents.

On June 1st, Wilford arrived at Flat City, at 6.30.

Al, Mona, Ed and I met him as the tram stage arrived at the depot. As Wilford recognized me, he came forward, his cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, greeting me most cordially, he said: "My dearest Sarah Elizabeth, these are my happiest moments since I last saw you over five years ago in Dawson and, oh, how I have missed your charming company and longed to see your smiling face; now I feel so happy to see you again."

"My dear brother Wilford," I replied, "I, too, have missed your pleasant company and visits and I feel very happy indeed to see you again."

Wilford greeted his two old friends, Al and Ed, with a vigorous clasp of the hand and each expressed his delight in renewing old acquaintance; he was also pleased to make the acquaintance of Mona. Wilford made his reservations at the hotel and Ed invited Al, Mona, Wilford and me to dine with him. After dinner, we paid a visit to Ed's mines and greatly enjoyed the return journey on that evening in June of all daylight; admiring the beautiful flowers along the road, growing in abundance, which filled the air with their sweet perfume. And the happy birds sang their sweet melodies, filling our hearts with more joy as we strolled along on our way homewards.

As we walked along, Wilford said: "Sarah Elizabeth dear, why did you keep me away from you when you knew I loved you with a true devotion and my heart was yearning to see you? I have spent many lonely days thinking of you since I last saw you in Dawson and I have never been there since we bade each other good-bye on the morning I was leaving for the outside. I never wanted to go there after you went away, and I would have come here long ago only you kept writing to me that you were coming outside. My dear, I waited for your coming year after year and my heart ached for you as

I knew you were grieving over the loss of your husband after hearing of the sad drowning accident which befell him and his partner. My dear, you have been the bravest woman in the world and possess a true, loyal heart ; loyal to him who had caused you so much loneliness and sadness by his apparent neglect."

" Wilford, dear, I was overwhelmed with grief when I heard the sad news of the drowning accident that befell my husband. I received the sorrowful statement from a man by the name of Martin two years ago. This man, who apparently knew my husband in Dawson, told me, that he had been informed that prospectors by the name of Patchell and Morgan had lost their lives in making their way up the Pelly River, where gold had been discovered, although I have not been able to confirm it ; but the fact that I have had no word from him in all these years, led me to reluctantly accept the report as true. I never could have endured the long strain of grieving had it not been for my daily duties ; my friends and your consoling and sympathizing letters. They were my greatest consolation. At last I became reconciled to his death."

" My dear, I realize all you have suffered and I believe that you faithfully fulfilled your duties more than any other woman would have done under the circumstance. You have endured a sad life during those years, and my only desire in this world is to make your life happier. I came here to take you away from this country. You will become my wife and we shall travel around the world, and, my dear, how happy I shall be with you, enjoying your charming company and loving you forever. You will leave this country with me, won't you ? "

I remained silent and Wilford took my hand in his as he said : My dearest Sarah Elizabeth, you won't

refuse me now ; please look at me ; tell me, do you love anyone else ? ”

‘ No, my dear Wilford, ’ I replied, ‘ You and Carl have been my adopted brothers and I loved you both as a sister should, because I could not permit myself to love you otherwise, as I wasn’t free so do so ; but now I realize I am free to love whom I please, and you are my favourite one. I intend leaving for the outside, en route to my home, the latter part of the summer ; I shall go to your home too, and visit you and your dear mother, as I had so often promised ; then I shall give you my answer. Wilford, I believe you are the grandest and most noble man in the world. ’

‘ My dear, you have made me feel like the happiest man in the world. Sarah Elizabeth, I know you now love me as I want you to. You are beautiful and charming ; just the same lovely lady that I saw over eight years ago in the Vancouver Hotel. Your face, like none other, beams with divine intelligence. My dear, it was not only the beauty of your person that fascinated me so deeply, but the beauty of your soul in those magnetic eyes of yours inspired me greatly ; and I observed you were the noblest as well as the loveliest of women, and I have loved you during all those years and longed for your grand company. I always remembered our last farewell in Dawson with pleasant memories. You made me feel very happy when you said you loved me more than you had ever told me. I knew then that you would always love me, but tell me why did you not want to come outside ? My dear mother was dreadfully disappointed when you did not come to visit her during all those long lonely years. ’

‘ Wilford, I did want to go outside and see my dear friends, but I kept postponing it from year to year always thinking I would go the next year ; but now,

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Wilford, I feel very happy to see you, my true friend, who has proved a faithful brother to me, and whom I have loved during all those years; and the promised visit at your home will be accomplished, as I have fully decided to go outside within the next few months. I will also visit my own dear mother."

Our conversation ceased as we arrived home. I introduced Wilford to Nita, who had prepared refreshments. Wilford remained with us for sometime and as he was about to leave, I said, "Wilford, will you join Nita and me in the morning at breakfast? We breakfast late, about nine. Mona and Al will also join us and we will accompany you over the gold mining creeks and I will introduce you to my friends. Al has an interest in Ed's mine and we will visit them first."

"My dear," said Wilford, "I shall be delighted to breakfast with you and your friends and travel through this part of Alaska, and I shall feel very happy to meet your friends." Pressing my hand in his, he bade Nita and me good-night.

CHAPTER XX

THE following morning at 9.0, we enjoyed a very appetizing breakfast of grapefruit, bacon, eggs, hot muffins, bread, butter, marmalade and coffee. After breakfast, we started out on our circuitous journey to the creeks and towns, visiting friends as we travelled onward. My friends were delighted to make Wilford's acquaintance and he was very much admired as a distinguished-looking gentleman.

The first few days out on our journey, Mona and I were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James, friends of mine, whom I had met in Dawson.

Day after day in the glowing sunshine, we enjoyed our tour through this gold mining country, chatting as we stroll along.

"Sarah Elizabeth," remarked Wilford, "I am enjoying this journey very much indeed, and I am greatly impressed with this country and the people. You have fine friends here in Alaska and you seem to be a sublime favourite among them. Hector, with whom I am staying at night, is a fine gentleman and he is very much devoted to you."

"Wilford, my dear, I knew you would like Alaska as well as my friends. There are indeed an honourable class of men in this country and they all seem to admire me, and I highly esteem them, but I haven't adopted many of them as my brothers as I did Carl, Carson, yourself and others, who protected me so well in Dawson and taught me to be brave. Therefore, I did not require brotherly protection here so much as I did in Dawson,

as you will remember what a timid and shy young woman I appeared to be then and my adopted brothers attended to me like gentlemen during those eight years, and I entertained a pronounced feeling of gratitude towards them."

"Yes indeed, my dear lady Sarah Elizabeth, well do I remember that you were timorous as a child, but you possess a high and strong womanly mind of your own and a powerful spiritual influence. You are one of God's beloved favourites here on earth and for years have I worshipped you. During those years, I acted as a brother to you because you wanted me to, but now, my love for you is stronger than brotherly love. You are the joy and pride of my life. I wanted and longed for you for my wife and I lived in hopes, trusting in God that some day my dreams and wishes might be realized. Sarah Elizabeth, dear, you taught me to have greater faith in God, and I love you so dearly that I wish to believe in Him as you do."

"Wilford, you are wonderful and you are one of the grandest men on earth: I believe God will grant blessings and happiness to you. He knows you deserve a happy life."

As we were viewing the surrounding country, Wilford's glorious blue eyes dwelt on me most wistfully, as he said: "My dear, you have the face of an angel, with beaming heavenly eyes, well shaped eyebrows as black as jet, hair like the raven's wing with thin streaks of silver that glitter in the sun; a face which is fair, fresh and healthy looking, together with a grand statuesque form of sweet womanhood; you are indeed a beautiful picture to look upon. The silver in your dark hair is so becoming to your beautiful, attractive face; you are perfectly lovely, and I will add to your name, the name of Sylvia. You are the queen of my

heart and you are indeed a queen among all women."

"Wilford, my dear," I replied, "You pay me too many compliments. Speaking of my dark and silvery hair, reminds me that many people have told me that I possess the most beautiful hair they have ever seen, and owing to their great admiration for me and my silvery hair, they have also named me Sylvia. So now I answer to the name of Sylvia very often, as many of my friends insist upon calling me that name and I rather like it. Hector, who owns the house where you are staying, is an artist from California. He also admires my appearance and insists upon painting a portrait of me."

"Yes, my dear, he told me he would paint a most beautiful portrait of you if you would go to California when he returns home. He said you were a very attractive lady, a perfect model and one of the loveliest. He cannot quite comprehend why you object to sharing a man's heart, preferring to live a solitary life, depending upon yourself, when you have many opportunities to marry a wealthy man and live in luxury. He also invited me to his home in California to visit him and his mother. My dear, when we go, we will go together and he may paint a portrait of you which we shall have to hang in our home."

We arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James, and in the evening they entertained twelve guests at a dinner and card party in our honour. The dinner was a delicious one and a delightful evening was spent by all.

Four days later we arrived home from our interesting journey through this fascinating country and we experienced the kind hospitality of our friends. On many of our sight-scenes we saw several clean-ups of thousands of dollars worth of gold dust washed out of the sluice-boxes. As Wilford and I conversed with one another,

he sat down beside me and sighed as he said very sweetly: "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I have enjoyed your most charming company and all the pleasant visits with your kind, lovely friends and I feel very happy in your company, but now my heart feels sad and lonely at the thought of my going away and leaving you here."

As I looked up at Wilford, I saw an air of dejection on his genial face. My heart yearned as I said: "My dear Wilford, I feel sad, too, that you are leaving but it will not be long until we meet again, and when I leave here Nita will buy my place of business."

"Then you will come to my house and my dear mother will greet you like your own loving mother," he said.

"Yes, Wilford, I shall visit your dear mother."

"My dear, I will rush off to Atlin and look after my business there and then hurry home to be there to greet you upon your arrival."

"Wilford, I shall feel very happy to see you."

Wilford, Mona and I remained together until Al and Ed called. Ed invited us to dine with him at the hotel and we accepted. During the evening we felt sad over Wilford's departure in the morning for the outside. After enjoying the delicious dinner, we bade Wilford good-night, assuring him that we would be at the depot in the morning to see him off.

Then as we were leaving, I invited Wilford to have breakfast with Nita and me in the morning.

"Thank you, my dear," said Wilford, "I shall be delighted to join you and Nita at breakfast."

The following morning Wilford had breakfast with Nita and me. After breakfast we conversed on many subjects concerning the past and the future; then there was a silence which Wilford broke as he said: "My dearest Sarah Elizabeth, I feel very sad and very lonesome

this morning leaving you, but I shall be overjoyed with happiness to greet you in my own home upon your arrival there. Until then you shall never be absent from my mind. I have loved you so long and now I trust in our dear Lord, if it is His will, to let nothing spoil our happiness. I believe it was the will of God that I should love such a grand woman and have her for my wife. I adore you and I shall continue to do so until my dying moment, and I pray that God will bless and protect you forever. I hope I shall see you soon in my home; until then I shall feel very lonely. My greatest desire in this world is to make you happy."

"My dear Wilford," I replied, "I feel sad, too, because you are leaving. I will miss you dreadfully. I realise now how much I am attached to you and I ask God to bless and protect you also."

At this stage, Hector, Al, Mona and Ed called and we went together to the depot. On arriving there, we found many friends waiting to bid Wilford good-bye. Each one bade Wilford a fond farewell and said they hoped he would return to Alaska some day again. In bidding me good-bye, Wilford's expression was full of concern as he watched me closely with sad eyes, and taking my hand in his, he said: "Good-bye, my dearest Sarah Elizabeth, I hope this farewell will only be for a short time until I see you again; I leave you in God's care until we meet again."

My eyes suddenly filled with tears as I said farewell to Wilford and I felt very low in spirits during my walk home with Mona.

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear," explained Mona, "I am sorry you are feeling so blue, but I do not blame you, parting with such a marvellous man. My dear, we all love Wilford and feel sad and lonely over his departure. I think Wilford is the handsomest and most interesting

man I have ever met. He is a distinguished looking and cultured gentleman and I love to hear him play on the piano and sing." My dear Sarah Elizabeth, he certainly loves you and his gorgeous eyes tell you of his great love. I cannot understand why you refuse to marry such an adorable man, when you know you are free to do so, as your husband is dead. My dear, you must possess a cast iron will power."

"Mona, dear," I replied, "I really believe God blessed me with such a will power. Yes, dear, I believe my husband is dead, as I have not heard from him during all these years, but of course I cannot prove it. I don't know what the Church would do about such a case, should I desire to marry again."

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear, you make too great a sacrifice and I am sorry to see you living such a lonely life here in this Northern Country. My dear, you are a noble woman, you have a character that few women possess. When I first met you I noticed you were different from the majority of our sex. You have a striking, dignified appearance, with a gracious demeanor that commands the attention of everybody."

"Mona, my dear, I have been told the same thing so often; in fact, most everyone speaks about my appearance." Changing the conversation, I said, "Mona, let us go for a walk."

"All right," replied Mona, "Let's go and have dinner with Al and Ed at the mess-house, where they take their meals."

The suggestion was acted upon and we returned home in the evening.

The following day, Hector called at my home in the morning and as we conversed he said:

"Sarah Elizabeth, I admired your friend, Wilford; he is indeed a clever and striking gentleman. He is

coming to California to visit me when I return in the fall."

"Yes, Hector, Wilford is indeed a splendid man. He has been a brother to me for years."

"And he is very fond of you! Sarah Elizabeth, if you come to California when I return, I will paint a most striking portrait of you."

"Thank you, Hector, for your kind invitation. I may go to California in the near future."

Conversing with Hector for sometime, he invited me to dine with him at the hotel, which I accepted.

On June 20th, the Arctic Brotherhood gave a grand ball in the A. B. Hall at Flat City. I attended with Hector as my escort, and I enjoyed a delightful evening.

The following day, Mrs. Gardner and I started out for a hike over the hills in search for wild flowers. As we strolled onward, we came across a lonely grave of a prospector who died from exertion while hunting for gold and his pal buried him in a lonely grave by the hillside.

Shortly after we returned home, Malcolm and Ed called and they remained for dinner. While I chatted with Ed, he said: "Sarah Elizabeth, while Wilford was here I was afraid he would persuade you to go outside with him."

"Well, Ed, you see I am still here, but I will be leaving about the latter part of August. It will soon be nine years since I left home, and, believe me, Ed, I am homesick to see my dear mother."

Ed, replied, "We will all go outside together—Mona, Al, you and myself and a number of other friends. You will come to my home in California and make us a visit; mother and my sister will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"I thank you very kindly, Ed, for your cordial

invitation to your home and I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of your mother and sister." I also promised Mona and Al that I would make them a long visit and several other places as well.

After dinner Malcolm and Ed returned to their homes, expressing their appreciations of a very appetizing dinner.

On July 15th, I received a letter from Wilford, stating that he was en route home and feeling quite ill. After reading his letter, I felt very sad and hurriedly called on Mona. As I entered her home in a grieving manner, she cried out, "Oh, Sarah Elizabeth, you look sad. What has happened?"

"Oh, Mona dear, I received a letter from Wilford, stating that he is ill and is travelling home. I feel worried about him."

"My dear, I am very sorry dear Wilford is ill, but do not worry; he will recover from that slight attack of illness, I am sure."

"Mona dear, I sincerely hope his illness is not serious."

"Sarah Elizabeth dear, I hope dear Wilford will feel better when he arrives home. My dear, as we both feel sad I want you to remain with me today and we will have dinner together."

"Very well, Mona dear; I shall remain with you."

"My dear, you look so worried?"

"Yes, Mona dear, I feel dreadfully worried; over a month ago I felt happy enjoying dear Wilford's grand company here, and how blessed I felt loved by him so nobly and true, and it grieves me now to know he is ill."

"But, my dear," said Mona "we must not worry now, I am sure he will get well again."

As the evening was drawing to a close Mona and Al accompanied me home, bidding me good-night and

hoping that I would hear that Wilford was better.

On July 23rd, I received another letter from Wilford, stating he was feeling quite ill but hoped that he would soon be well on the road to recovery again.

As the weary, anxious days passed I waited patiently for word of Wilford's recovery from his illness.

CHAPTER XXI

It was now August 4th, and I had waited anxiously for word from Wilford regarding his illness, hoping and looking for a letter every day, but each day brings a disappointment. Mona, Al, myself and many others were planning to leave for the outside in the latter part of the summer. Nita and I had been very busy sewing and attending to various kinds of work. Nita was an excellent laundress and a good cook as well.

I had disposed of nearly all my miscellaneous effects, except mosquito netting, which is of great value and in demand in this country during the early part of the summer. It is used in making veils for the head and face, also for beds to prevent mosquito annoyance.

On August 11th, I received a very pathetic letter from Wilford's mother, stating that Wilford was seriously ill at his home and is asking for me to go to his home at once. I was dreadfully worried over the sad news of his illness and I prepared to leave in the morning for St. Paul. Nita became suddenly ill a few days before, showing symptoms of appendicitis and she entered the hospital in Iditarod for treatment. Nita's friend would take care of my property until she recovers from her illness.

Shortly after I received the letter, I sent word to Mona to come and help me to prepare for my long journey. Upon her arrival she felt deeply grieved over the sad message and expressing her deepest sympathy; wiping the tears from her eyes as she said, in a mournful voice, "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, words can never

tell you how grieved I am to hear of our dear Wilford's illness. My heart's wish is that I sincerely hope he will soon recover."

Mona remained with me during the day and evening, helping me to make ready for my sad journey. The following morning she and many other friends accompanied me to the depot, bidding me farewell, good luck and God's blessing, as I boarded the train for Iditarod. I arrived in the city at noon. The next morning I left Iditarod for Dykman by gasoline launch and continued from Dykman to Holy Cross Mission by steamer.

On August 18th, I arrived at Holy Cross Mission, where I learned I would be delayed for four days waiting for the steamer to return from St. Michaels. I called at the convent to visit with the Sisters. Upon entering and introducing myself to them, they felt happy to make my acquaintance; and pleased to have me visit with them. While I conversed with the dear good Sisters, I learned from them interesting information concerning their work and events of the country. They told me there were nine Sisters at the Mission. The principal buildings were the convent, hospital, church, school and homes for the natives. There are about three hundred and sixty Indians and half-breed children and about one hundred and fifty were taken care of at the Mission, where these kind, charitable Sisters have dedicated their lives to these mixed-blooded Indian children. They teach the children domestic work, instruct them in religion and all the curriculum of the school life.

I was shown beautiful artistic drawings and gorgeous needle-work of embroidery done by the pupils. The children were all neat and clean and many of them very beautiful. Father Jeteo, who is in charge of the Mission,

told me the sad story of Bishop Seghers, who established the Mission and how he was cruelly murdered by his Indian servant in the early terrible days. One day in the early morning, the Bishop and the Indian had set out in his canoe on a trip down the river and were obliged to stop for the night in a shack at the foot of Bishop Mountain. In the morning, without warning, the Indian brutally shot the Bishop through the forehead while he slept and tore the gold cross from his neck and abandoned him. But the shocking tragedy, said Father Jete, did not discourage the priests or deter them in the least, for many more arrived from outside points to carry on the great Christian work and enlighten the Indians in this Northern Country. Father Jete is a magnificent, pious man, devoting his life to serving God, travelling from mission to mission through freezing and stormy weather, teaching and illuminating his spiritual duties to the Indians—men, women and children—and they all idolize him.

On the fourth day of my arrival at the Mission, the steamer arrived to convey the passengers to St. Michaels. Leaving the Mission I bade good-bye to Father Jete, and the dear Sisters, whose company I greatly enjoyed.

On August 28th, I arrived at St. Michaels, which is a quiet little town, with comfortable homes, stores and up-to-date hotels, and a Catholic Church. At present Father Sifton is Pastor. St. Michaels was founded by Russians and is located on an island about fifty miles from the mouth of the Yukon River. It was founded in 1883 by Michael Jebenkoff. The entire island is a military reservation, very beautifully situated amid scenic surroundings.

At the hotel where I was staying, I met a lady by the name of Mrs. White, who invited me to accompany

her through the city and to see the old Russian Church and to call on the Russian Greek Priest who lives alone in an old house in a most quiet and humble manner. As we arrived at his home, he appeared delighted to see us, greeting us most cordially. After a short visit with him, he then escorted us to his church, where he showed us many precious and unique articles, which he valued most highly, and he took great pleasure in displaying his treasures to us. He showed us a coat-of-arms, college diplomas, his gold cross, his gorgeous vestments and robes richly embroidered. He informed us that he had not been paid any salary for many years except what he received from a few kind, generous hearted people here, and from what he obtained through donations from members of his missions, where he gives his services during the season when the weather was suitable for travelling.

I felt exceedingly sorry for this dear holy man, who came from a noble family and was giving his life for his church and his faith in God, living here alone and apparently neglected by many of his people. He, having an excessive self-esteem and pride, would not ask for help. Upon leaving his church and about to say good-bye to him I graciously extended my sincere thanks for his kind hospitality as I gave him some money which he thanked me most kindly for, blessing me as he said : "And I ask God to bless you forever." Mrs. White and I then left the Mission, and she invited me to see the steamboat city at St. Michaels. As I viewed the number of steamers, I looked in amazement at the waste of thousands of dollars tied up in these beautiful steamboats left to rot on the muddy banks. I went through many of them, and it seems a pity there was no work for them now.

"These boats," explained Mrs. White, "were used

in the days of the great stampede to Klondike and Alaska ; they each carried over seven hundred passengers and millions of dollars in gold."

Leaving the steamboats we then returned to the hotel and the following day I left St. Michaels for Nome, Alaska. Arriving at Nome shores, large ships cannot approach within two and a quarter miles of the landing, because of their draught. The passengers and freight are taken off in light launches. As I stood on the bank with friends, gazing out on the Bering Sea, Paul, a man I had met in Dawson, came along and said : " Mrs. Patchell, in 1900 over thirty thousand people disembarked where we are now standing, and lived in tents, there being no other accommodation. There were as many as seventy steamers anchored here at one time ; each one crowded and each unloaded, their passengers and baggage on this golden beach, where anyone could wash out the precious metal with a pan. Some picked up nuggets worth from sixty dollars to several hundred dollars in value and very soon rich claims were discovered. Millions of dollars in gold were taken out of them. All kinds of people flocked in and money was plentiful. It was in the summer of 1900 that Nome sprang into existence. There were two miles of two and three-story frame buildings set upon the low ocean beach with parts projecting out over the water all joined together.

Paul paused for a moment, and then inquired : " Were you ever in Nome before ? "

" No," I replied.

" Well, then, I'll take you over some of it," he said.

" Paul," I asked, " Please tell me more about this wonderful country."

" Well, I was going to tell you how quickly they built up Nome in 1900 and threw everything together—

churches, hospitals, saloons, banks, stores, residences and dance halls; the drinking places and the gambling and dance halls running at full force. It was pretty wild here in those days, I can tell you. Graft, robbing, gambling and vice reigned unhindered until law enforcement became a fact. Today there are thousands of people and the town has such comforts as telegraph station, telephone service, an electric lighting plant, society clubs and lodges, among them being the Masonic, Knights of Pythias, Eagles and Arctic Brotherhood—the latter the most popular order of the North. Millions of dollars in gold have been taken out of Nome.”

“ Paul, please name me some of the richest creeks,” I said.

“ I had an interest in one of the richest claims here,” replied Paul, “ Copper Gulch, which yielded millions of dollars. Anvil Creek; Derter; Dry and Glacier Creeks were all very rich.”

Paul then inquired, “ Mrs Patchell, wouldn't you care to have something to eat ? ”

“ Thanks, Paul, I am hungry,” I answered.

We dined in an up-to-date restaurant, where Paul entertained me by telling me interesting stories. “ Mrs. Patchell, eating this lemon pie reminds me of a story. There was a woman by the the name of Mrs. X, one of the first women to land in Nome. She baked bread, cakes and pies and she was paid over thirty dollars for one lemon pie. She and her daughter lived in a tent, and naturally the daughter had many admirers. There was one man among those who had been forcing attentions upon her, whom I will tell you about. One evening he indulged in strong liquor and appeared at her tent and insisted upon entering. Her mother called out : “ If you come in, I'll shoot.” He forced his way inside and she shot at him, wounding him in

the leg—he will walk lame for the remainder of his life as a result of his fool-hardy action.”

“That’s a pretty good story, Paul,” I said.

“Oh, that’s nothing like what I could tell you,” said he. “Have you ever heard how they kill the seals?”

“No, Paul, I have never heard that—please tell me,” I replied.

“Well,” answered Paul, “On the islands of Pribilof and St. George, which were discovered by Gerassin Pribilof in 1786, there are vast herds of seals killed annually; it is called the slaughter grounds. For over a hundred years seals have been clubbed to death by the thousands. Over one hundred thousand seals are taken every year to be killed by the killers with a club. The killers aim to stun them at the first blow and then stab them through the heart with a knife. Sometimes the killers make a miss and hit them in the eye, bursting the eye-ball, like bullets, from their sockets. They try every way to escape and become very angry, often biting their assailants. They tell me it is a terrible sight to hear their touching cries and to see their eyes, so human-like, flame with fire of hate and anger, as they try to fight off the killers.”

“Paul, they treat the poor seals cruelly, don’t they?”

“Yes, they certainly do,” replied Paul.

“Paul, do you know any more good stories?” I inquired.

“Oh yes, I certainly do. I know plenty of them. In the early days of Nome, there was no medical aid handy. An Eskimo man had both of his feet frozen very badly, so he cut off the frozen part of his feet himself; his feet then healed and he walked all right.”

“Paul, that poor man had some nerve.”

“Here’s another Eskimo story that a man told me,” continued Paul. “He said the Eskimos don’t believe in

beating their children, on account of their belief in reincarnation. An Eskimo lived near the place where there was a government school controlled by an American master and this Eskimo had a son attending the school. The master of the school beat the boy severely one day and when the father of the boy heard about the treatment, he went to the school and killed the master. His tribe, knowing he would be punished for the death of the American teacher, held a meeting. They marched the murderer to a selected spot and made him dig his own grave. He then chose a relative to shoot him, which they believed was just, it being a custom of the Eskimos. When they become old, and cannot fish or hunt, living and eating from the support of their relatives, they choose death, usually drowning, shooting or hanging. They appoint one of their relatives to relieve them of life; they prefer to be put to death and join the happy hunters in the next world, as they believe.

"The Eskimos also believe in a peculiar way of dancing," continued Paul, "I once attended an Eskimo dance which they called the 'Hunt Dance.' All the members of the tribe are seated, keeping time with the music with their heads and their hands, moving forward and backward, peeping after imaginary big game. They slowly twist their bodies from the waist up, then with their arms they mimic the hunt by peeping with bent heads for the illusionary deer. At the close, they break into laughter as the mystic deer was supposed to be run down and killed. Another dance is the Seal Dance. The dance begins with a man and woman standing up, wearing seal gloves; they keep time to the music. The man and woman lead and the girls follow, also pointing to an imaginary seal upon the ice, moving, beckoning and peering

into space. All the movements of the seal are reproduced, and finally the seal is harpooned amidst great rejoicing. Then they prepare a feast. All this is accomplished without a word being uttered."

Paul then told me much about the natives of Alaska. "There are four groups of Eskimos," said he, "Those who live in the northern part of the territory, near the Arctic Ocean and Bering Sea; and the Alutians, who are closely related to the Eskimos, who live on the Alutian Islands. The Thlinkits who are part Indians, and the Athabaskans. The Eskimos are very industrious and intelligent and many of them are very wealthy. They are a kind-natured people and many of them are good-looking, with beautiful teeth and a very attractive smile."

From the restaurant Paul and I went to the hospital, which was then under the direction of the French Sisters of Providence from Montreal. They were happy to make my acquaintance and pleased to meet Paul, as they always appreciated his kindly donations towards the hospital in the early days. While I conversed with the Sisters, they told me that the winters were cold and how some families nearly froze to death during one cold spell. I enjoyed visiting with the dear Sisters, who devote their lives to caring for the sick and other good works. The hospital is very attractive and immaculately clean. After bidding the Sisters good-bye, Paul escorted me to the Steamer Victoria, which was leaving Nome for Seattle.

CHAPTER XXII

ON August 30th, I boarded the Steamer Victoria for Seattle, Washington, a journey of nine days via the Bering Sea. About two hundred passengers were on board. Bidding Paul good-bye, I said: "Paul, I want to thank you for all your kindness and the wonderful stories and information about this beautiful district of Nome."

"Mrs. Patchell," he replied, "It was a great pleasure for me to have had the opportunity. When you return, should you stop at Nome, I will take you out to some of the rich creeks. Now, I want to introduce you to some of my friends who are going outside for the winter. They will be company for you and will explain the surroundings as you sail onward."

After leaving Nome I sat upon the deck watching the low, swampy banks slipping past me, and it was a pretty sight to see the tumbling waves chasing each other over the ocean; millions of whitecaps glancing and flashing as they raced by in the sun. It was my first voyage in view of the ocean and I drank in the beauties of it and filled my lungs with salt air day after day as we sailed onward. The passengers were only too willing to enlighten a stranger on the history of the locality and the scenic attractions and I am one who tries to make the best of what I see, for to one who has never before travelled on the ocean it is a thrilling adventure.

One day a shark followed our ship, causing some excitement. It was a bright sunny day and a beautiful

sight to view with the setting of the sun as it seemed to sink into the water.

During the several days of my journey, I made the acquaintance of many fine people, but I felt too sad to join in any of the entertainments. This evening, a beautiful night, I sat on deck watching the stars and the waves. As I did so, a feeling of homesickness and depression came upon me, believing that my husband was dead and realizing I was travelling on a serious mission, going to the bedside where my dearest and most valued friend lay ill. As I sat in silence, my eyes suddenly filled with tears. A number of my new acquaintances came and aroused me from my sad soliloquies.

During the nine days of our voyage on the Bering Sea, nearly everybody was seasick except myself. I proved myself to be a good sailor, feeling real well throughout the voyage.

On September 6th, I arrived in Seattle and departed by rail for St. Paul that evening. Before leaving Seattle, I wired Wilford's mother of my coming. Arriving in St. Paul, Wilford's chauffeur met me at the depot. He recognised me from my photograph. I was conveyed in Wilford's beautiful car to his home, where his mother greeted me with open arms. After an introduction and an exchange of greetings, she said, "My dear Mrs. Patchell, I seem to know you after hearing my dear son speak so very often of you as his adopted sister, Sarah Elizabeth; my dear son is very ill and I am very much worried about him"

"My dear," I replied, "I am extremely sorry for you and I am deeply grieved about dear Wilford's illness, and I am very anxious to see him"

Mrs D—, Wilford's dear mother, rang for her maid to take me to my room, where I could refreshen before

going to see Wilford. The room I entered was luxuriously furnished ; every comfort was there, of the most modern and beautiful design ; with rose silk draperies and a huge bunch of red roses in a silver vase which sat on a mahogany table. There was also a beautiful photograph of Wilford, enclosed in a gorgeous gold frame.

After the elapse of a few minutes I hurried down stairs, as Mrs. D— was waiting for me to take me to see Wilford. Gently and noiselessly we approached Wilford's room. The nurse opened the door and led us to his bedside. She informed me that he had been very feverish and restless during the morning and called, "Sarah Elizabeth" several times in his sleep. He appeared to have fallen into a deep sleep. As I stood by his side looking down upon his white handsome face that seemed to bear the very expression of death, I felt very sad ; my eyes grew dim with tears. Suddenly he moved his head from side to side, with feverish restlessness ; then, as if with an effort, he came back to full consciousness. He slowly opened his eyes ; I gently knelt down and kissed his white brow. He recognized me at once, but did not seem surprised to see me.

Clasping my hand in his, he pressed it to his lips, saying, "Thank God, my dear Sylvia Sarah Elizabeth has come. My dear, I knew when I awoke I would find you here and now I feel very happy ; I shall get well and live for your sake and make your life happy."

As he looked at me, his eyes fell upon the gold chain and cross that hung around my neck. He reached up and touched it with his fingers and at the same time, kissing the cross, he said, "My dear, this was my first souvenir gift to you."

"Yes, my dear Wilford, it was, and I treasure

your precious gift and have always worn it in remembrance of your faithful, brotherly and friendly affections for me. My dear, I am deeply grieved and so sorry you are ill. I trust in our dear Lord, as He knows I want you to get well and strong again: so I feel sure He will help you."

Wilford raised his eyes hopefully, pressing my hand to his lips again and again, as he said: "My dear, you are a glorious woman and I love you with all my heart and soul; I pray God will let me live for your sake."

Raising my mournful eyes as I looked into his wistful, beautiful blue ones, I could have wept. My heart felt sad as I feared my dear Wilford might never recover from his illness; I felt I must conceal my grief and encourage him, knowing that rest and encouraging words would help him to recover. For the next few minutes, he looked at me long and earnestly; then said, "My dear, I want to talk with you!"

I sat by his bedside for sometime, soothing him with kind, loving, encouraging words, until his eyes grew heavy and then he said, "My dear, you will not leave me if I sleep? Let me awake and find you here by my side."

"Yes, dear Wilford," I replied, "I shall be here by your bedside when you awake, and while you sleep your dear mother and I shall have lunch."

"Very well, Sarah Elizabeth dear," was his answer.

Wilford's mother and I went to the dining room, feeling very sad. As we were seated at the table, she said: "Sarah Elizabeth dear, my dear son and I feel very happy to have you here with us. He has loved you so long and he looked forward to the day when you would become his wife. Tell me, dear, do you believe our dear Wilford will recover from his serious illness?"

"Yes, my dear," I replied, "I believe he will recover from his illness if complications do not set in."

After lunch, I returned to his room and quietly sat by his bedside while he slept. Waking he found me there; I kissed the white hand he so gently laid in mine as he said: "My dear, I feel very happy to have you with me and I want you to feel happy too. This is your home and my dear mother loves you; you are the loveliest lady I have ever met and your bright and cheerful smile brings life and happiness into my heart and soul. My life's happiness depends on you and I want to live to make your life happy! Tell me, dear, do you believe I shall get well?"

"My dear Wilford, why of course I believe you will recover from your illness, with good care, and if it is God's will; with His help He will restore you to good health again, and that is my earnest prayer to God."

"My dear," replied Wilford, "You are an Angel and your inspiring words console me. You have such faith in God, I believe He will grant you your wish and bestow great blessings upon you."

"Wilford dear, I hope He will answer my prayers and I am thankful to Him that I am here with you."

During the afternoon, Wilford rested fairly well. At 6.30, I dined with his mother. After dinner, I returned to Wilford's bedside and remained there for some time in silence, as I wanted him to rest. At 8.25 he fell asleep and I softly crept from his room and joined his mother. Later I went to my room and retired to bed.

The following morning after breakfast, I was introduced to Wilford's physician, who told me he had hopes of his recovery. After my conversation with the Doctor, I felt happier going to see Wilford. As I stood by his bedside greeting him, he took my hand in

his as he said smilingly, "My dearest, I feel better this morning; I believe God answered your prayer, as I slept very well last night. My dear, your presence makes me feel happy!"

"Wilford dear, I feel very happy too, knowing that you feel better. You must forget everything but rest and getting well. You will rest now while I go out in the sunshine. You know, my dear, I was out this morning walking in your beautiful garden among the flowers, trees, and shrubberies. It was a beautiful, balmy morning and I love it out there."

"My dear," he replied, "I only wish I were able to go out there with you!"

In the afternoon, I sat by Wilford's bedside. He appeared very happy and pleased to know that I had enjoyed myself in the garden and asked if I liked his home.

I replied, "Wilford dear, I love it. It is like the home I used to dream about in my girlhood days. I would dream for hours and wish when I should get married, I would have a beautiful home, a kind husband and everything grand."

"My dear Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, "I will make your dreams come true. This home is to be your home, my dearest. Why can't we get married now, so that we can enjoy our home and my wealth together? Dear, I want you to marry me, and after I recover from my illness we shall travel around the world."

"My dearest Wilford," I replied, "I would rather wait until you get well and then we shall arrange for our future. My dear, I don't want you to worry now about anything. I want you to rest and get well!"

I remained with Wilford in silence until dinner was served. After dinner, I spent sometime with his mother

and then went to his bedside again. I remained with him until he fell asleep; then I went to the drawing-room to converse with his mother until time to retire.

The next morning, I arose early. The sun was shining brightly and I went for a walk in Wilford's beautiful garden. It was so pleasant to wander in these splendid grounds among beautiful flowers and under the shade of ancestral trees, meditating as I stroll about. And it is so pleasant to live in those magnificent rooms of Wilford's home—with their thick soft carpets; their superb furniture; surrounded by beautiful things and fine people; to have servants to attend to your every wish and a luxurious automobile to ride in. As I strolled about, a thousand thoughts flashed through my mind, realizing all the luxuries I was enjoying in this grand home and all the magnificence to the new and beautiful life that was open to me—what a contrast to my husband's little home cabin in Dawson!

As I look back with wonder on the time that I passed in the little lonely place during his absence, although ever so small, I made myself contented while there, but the world I had once looked upon with such longing eyes now lay at my feet. Suddenly my heart contracted with a terrible fear—for seven years, I had heard nothing of my husband's whereabouts except the rumour reporting his death; I wondered if he was living or dead. Could it be possible he was still living and trying to make a fortune for me! I must convince myself of his death, as he had no reason for leaving me to suffer these long years of sorrow and suspense if he were alive.

I was aroused from my soliloquies by Agnes, the maid, announcing breakfast was being served and that Wilford's mother was waiting for me to join her.

After breakfast, I called to see Wilford. As I stood by his bedside, greeting him, he took my hand in his as he always does, and speaking cheerfully, he said: "My dear, I feel better this morning and I was looking at all the beautiful gifts you gave me; I have them here, with your letters, in this case."

As I looked into the mahogany case, I noticed that my gifts to Wilford were all there.

"My dear," Wilford remarked, "They are precious gifts and I love them because they came from you—they are all made of pure gold of the great Northern Country!"

In viewing the gifts again, I said: "Wilford dear, I have all the beautiful gifts that you gave to me. Shall I go and bring them here so that you may see them?"

"Yes, dear, I'd love to see them," he replied.

I went to my room and after a few minutes I returned with the case that contained all of Wilford's beautiful gifts to me.

"Here they are, dear Wilford, and do you remember the beautiful rose that you gave me on the Steamer Princess Beatrice?"

"Do I remember?" replied Wilford. "Sarah Elizabeth dear, indeed I do. I shall never forget that night and the admiration I had for you. I have admired you ever since the first time I saw you in the Vancouver Hotel at Vancouver in 1904, and I shall love you as long as I live."

"Well, Wilford dear, here is the rose that I had so carefully laid away after wearing it on the steamer, as you know, my dear."

"My dearest and most lovely lady, I shall never forget those days; I knew you admired me or you never would have worn my rose. That day I saw you in the Vancouver Hotel lobby, you were talking to

Roy and I was conversing with the manager, when he drew my attention to you saying: "Do you see that lovely young lady over there talking with the young man; she is on her way to Dawson!" I was much pleased, as I knew I would sail on the same steamer with the lovely lady and I bought the rose with the intention of giving it to you. That night on the steamer while we were playing cards, Mrs. Ward asked me if I were to give that beautiful rose away who would be the favoured lady.

"Sarah Elizabeth dear, you were my favorite and when I pinned the rose on you, I saw your beautiful eyes beaming with joy when you looked at it. Then later, when I learned of your situation in Dawson, neglected by one with the lure of gold, how my heart yearned in admiration for you in that bleak country alone."

As Wilford looked at the faded rose, carefully laid in the little case, he said, "Beautiful rose of sweet memories!"

Then he told me the story of his brotherly affections for me. Looking at me in a pathetic manner, he said: "My dearest one, during those early years of your sad life in Dawson I loved you as my own sister and I was willing to lay down my life for you if the sacrifice would have made you happier. During those years, I had no hope of winning you for myself, as I knew you were married to another, but I watched over you as I would my own sister, for I wished to see the one I had loved so tenderly happy. Then when you lost your husband and you were left alone, I loved you with all my heart and soul; no man ever loved a woman as I loved you. I wanted you, so I travelled to Alaska to ask you to become my wife and, my dear, your encouraging answer made me feel very happy and I had planned for

our happy future. Now dearest, I feel very sad, because I am so ill, but I trust in God I shall get well and strong again and make your future life happy."

As I raised my eyes to Wilford's face, I saw tears in his serious eyes and his lips trembling. In silence I gently wiped his tears away and moistened his parched lips with ice water. Then breaking the silence, I took his white hand in mine and stroking it softly, I said: "My dear Wilford, you have been very ill—you are tired and you must rest."

"Yes, Sarah Elizabeth dear, I can rest if you will sit by my side."

"Yes, indeed, Wilford dear, I shall remain by your side."

Wilford closed his eyes with a smile on his lips as he said: "My dear, I feel very happy having you here with me!"

For some time, I sat by his bedside in unbroken silence. Presently he fell into a peaceful sleep. I then quietly left his room to join his dear mother.

During the afternoon Wilford rested very well and in the evening as I sat by his bedside with his hand clasped in mine, he said with a bright smile, "My dear, I feel quite well and I am sure I'll feel better to-morrow."

"My dearest Wilford," I replied, "I hope and pray that within a few days you will be stronger, and now, my dear, you will rest and I will say good-night and heaven bless you, dear Wilford."

As I looked at the handsome white face, his eyes retained the expression of life, seeming larger and more brilliant than I had ever seen them before. In leaving the room, I felt inspired with hope of his recovery.

During the next morning, there was a slight change in Wilford's condition. His physician informed me that he feared complications might develop. I watched over

Wilford with anxious eyes as I sat by his bedside. While sitting there, he said: "My dear, your beautiful sweet features are lovely to look upon. You are the joy of my life and I must live for your sake."

"Yes, my dear Wilford, I want you to live, and I believe if it is God's will you will live. You will rest now and I shall remain by your bedside until you are asleep."

The nurse gave him his medicine and soon he fell asleep. I then joined his mother in the dining-room for lunch, and while we were having lunch, she said: "Sarah Elizabeth dear, please tell me, are we going to lose our dear Wilford?"

I could feel the tears coming into my eyes as I looked at Wilford's dear mother's sad eager face. Believing in my heart that he might not recover from his serious illness but not wishing to cause her further anxiety at that moment, I said: "My dear, I believe our dear Wilford may recover from his illness. You know while there is life there is hope, so let us hope and pray to God to spare him to us if it is His Holy will."

These few words consoled dear Wilford's mother. After luncheon we went to the drawing-room, where we remained until dinner was served. After dinner, I went to the bedside of my dear friend. The nurse informed me that Wilford had slept during the afternoon. As I bent over him, he seemed so still, I almost felt sure he had passed away. I remained in silence with eyes full of tears, I felt so sad realizing Wilford's serious condition. Later in the evening, I bade his nurse good-night and like one in a dream I went to my chamber and wept for my sick friend. I was too much disturbed in mind to think of retiring to rest. Long after every one had retired to bed and when the silence of the night had fallen upon the house, I stood by the open window of

my room ; it was a warm night, the breeze came in from the garden, cooling my brow that seemed to burn with a dull heavy pain. The brilliant stars gleamed in the quiet night sky ; all nature was sleeping, the birds and the flowers were at rest, and the silence of the night brought rest to me at last, and I slept.

The next morning, September 13th, I arose early. Wilford's nurse informed me that he had been very restless during the night, but slept during the morning. I joined Wilford's mother at eight o'clock in the dining-room at breakfast. After breakfast I went into the garden ; it was a golden morning, and from a cloudless deep-blue sky the sun shone down in dazzling splendour upon the City and the glowing sparkling trees. After a brisk walk filling my lungs with balmy air I returned to the house anxious to see Wilford ; upon entering his room and going to his bedside he smiled sweetly, taking my hand in his as he said, " My dearest one, I feel very happy to see you this morning."

I replied, " My dearest Wilford, I too feel very happy to be here with you, and I sincerely hope and pray you will recover from your illness."

With upraised face and eyes full of wistful tenderness he said, " Yes dear, I want to live to make your life happy and I always want you by me."

Long and anxiously I sat by his bedside and watched him. Occasionally his face was flushed with burning crimson of fever, and his parched lips moved restlessly as his voice rambled over events of years ago, until he was worn out and exhausted ; then he fell into a deep sleep. The day passed slowly and in the evening he rested quietly. I spent the latter part of the evening with his dear mother, soothing her until she was consoled ; I then bade her a fond good-night and I retired to rest. I slept very soundly until a late hour in the

morning, when I was aroused from my sleep by a sensitive feeling of sad visions which caused me to shudder ; but with a strong effort I controlled myself sufficiently to enable me to dress quickly, and I proceeded to Wilford's room. The nurse opened the door and as I approached his bedside, he was moving restlessly and talking in his sleep ; I softly laid my hand upon his feverish brow, which awakened him from his troubled dreams. He opened his eyes, looking at me for a few minutes as if to arouse all his faculties ; then he said : " Oh my dear Sarah Elizabeth, I am so glad you came, I had been dreaming ; I dreamed Carl had come to see me and I felt very happy to see him. My dear, Carl has been my best friend through life. He is a man after my own heart, and I esteemed him in the highest. He has been a true friend and brother to you, and he always will be. Dear, should anything happen that I should leave this world and my dear mother and you are left alone, you will please give Carl the message that I will leave to you ? "

His voice broke for an instant. Looking up at me with his sad eyes and flushed face, a moan broke from his white quivering lips, and his voice trembled as he said, " My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I fear I am going to die, and my heart is grieving at the thought of leaving you."

My heart felt so sad as I took Wilford's snow-white hand in mine, caressing it ; I could have cried but I dare not, as I did not wish to discourage him. I said : " No, my dear, you are not going to die. You must not let dreams disturb you ; you will be well again."

" My dear," he replied, " I want to live for your sake, but, dear, no matter what happens, you will always remain here with my dear mother."

" Yes, Wilford dear," I said, " I shall do as you wish me to do."

At 10 a.m., Wilford's physicians came, and after a consultation, the grave-faced doctors looked as though they had no very favourable decision to give. After conversing with them, I felt very sad and I returned to Wilford's bedside. Claspng my hand in his and kissing it gently, he said, "Oh, my dear, I realize now the warm and tender heart that loved me exceeds in value more than all the wealth in the world. And oh, my dear, if God will only let me live so that I can make your life happy. My dear, you are the only lady in this world whom I permitted myself to love and wanted to marry. You are one of God's true Christians and I love you for your goodness and true faith in Him."

"My dearest Wilford," I replied, "I love God and I believe in all His teachings, and I have always trusted in Him for all things. Wilford dear, you have lived a pure life, and God loves you for your sincere faith in Him. Now dear, you need rest and the nurse will give you medicine so that you may sleep, and I will remain by your bedside."

Still clasping my hand in his, he laid it upon my forehead and then turning his eyes toward me said: "Dearest, you are my inspiration and ideal of all that is perfect." He then closed his eyes and slept.

At 4 p.m., Wilford's physician called and spent some time with him. The Doctor told me that the patient was seriously ill. Wilford's mother was confined to her bed, suffering from a heart attack.

10 p.m., I quietly left Wilford's room while he slept. The nurse said she would call me if any change occurred in his condition. I went to my room, feeling very sad at heart as I realized I was likely to lose my dearest friend.

The next morning, September 15th, Wilford summoned me to his bedside, and the nurse informed me that

he had been very restless during the night. As I approached his bedside he slowly opened his eyes and said in a low voice, "My dear, I feel that a change has come over me, and my dearest, I have loved you during all these years with my whole heart and soul. I love your faith in God and now I want to believe as you do." He spoke in an eager and earnest tone, and his face lighted up with hope as he said, "Please, my dear, before it is too late."

"Wilford, dear," I said, "Do you wish me to send for a priest?"

"Yes, Sarah Elizabeth," he said, "I want to become a Catholic and believe in your faith."

"Dear Wilford," I said, "does you dear mother know of your desire to become a Catholic?"

"Yes, my dear," he assured me, "my mother is willing for me to believe in your religion."

"Then, dear Wilford, I will telephone to the rectory for a priest to come."

Father X answered my call and came at my request, and Wilford's mother and I accompanied him to Wilford's room and left him there.

An hour later he informed me that he was very much impressed with Wilford as being a very fine gentleman, but he was very sorry to state he had no hope for his recovery. I realized then that I was to lose my noble friend forever, and my eyes filled with tears. Father X tried to console me, as he said, "My dear child, we must trust in God, for He knows best. I know it is hard for you to lose such a loyal friend, but God's will must be done."

I returned to Wilford's bedside. He reached for my hand smiling, and his large, beautiful blue eyes seemed to light up with joy as he said, "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I feel happy; I am now a Catholic as you are, and I believe in God as you do."

Wilford at once noticed my sad eyes, and his expression changed to sadness, as he said, "Oh, my dear, I realize now that you know I cannot recover from my illness."

In my agony I felt that I must be brave and encourage the person whom I believed to be on his deathbed. I said, "My dear, you may recover from your illness. You know, where there is life there is hope, and it is wrong for us to grieve. My dear Wilford, let us trust in God, as He knows best."

As Wilford looked at me, listening to my consoling voice, his face lighted up with a smile, as he said: "My dear, your inspiring words always make me feel happy and I owe everything to you. I want to make you happy as long as you live." As I looked at Wilford's face, so full of earnestness, I said: "My dear Wilford, I pray to our dear Lord, if He will only let you live, I will never cease praying and thanking Him; but I must be reconciled to His Holy will. My dear, you will rest after taking your medicine, which I know will soothe and reduce your fever. I shall sit by you and cool your aching head."

He then closed his dazed, heavy eyes and lay still. Shortly after, the nurse returned to his room with the physician, who remained with his patient for some time. Conversing with the Doctor afterward he said to me, "Wilford lies betwixt life and death." As I looked into the Doctor's sad face, my eyes grew moist with tears.

I remained by Wilford's bedside in silence until he was sleeping; then I went to the drawing-room to console his mother. As I entered she said, "Sarah Elizabeth, how is my dear son?"

I replied, "My dear, Wilford is sleeping now and during the morning he felt very happy."

"Yes, dear," she said, "my dear boy feels very contented, believing in your faith. He loves you and

loves your religion." During our conversation, the nurse came for me, stating that Wilford had awakened and wanted me. I went to him and found him suffering from a severe pain in his head. Taking my hand in his, and placing it upon his forehead, he said, "My dear, my head aches desperately."

"My dear Wilford," I replied, "I am so sorry. I will soothe and cool your fevered head." As I sat by Wilford and applied cold applications on his head, it seemed to relieve the pain. He felt so grateful as he looked at me with a happy smile and said: "I love you with all my heart; you are the loveliest lady on earth, and I ask God to bless and protect you forever. May Heaven be your home after you leave this world. This will be my sincere prayer on earth and in Heaven."

"Thank you, my dearest friend," I said, "for these beautiful words, and I shall never cease loving and praying for you, and I feel sure that God will answer your faithful prayers."

"Yes, my dear, he will," he replied in a faint voice. "That's what Father X said; he is a very fine man and explained so much to me, and what he said was so inspiring."

A gleam of happiness flashed out of the depths of Wilford's eyes, and a smile formed on his lips. The rose colour flooded his face as his eyes sank in sleep, the long lashes hiding them. During the remainder of the day and evening I kept faithful watch over him until I retired to rest.

September 16th: Every morning I awakened hoping to find Wilford better, but every day brought its own bitter disappointments. Upon entering his room this morning I noticed his cheeks were burning with fever. Looking up at me with his gladsome face, he said: "My dear, I was waiting for your coming; I always feel better when you are near me."

Clasping his hands in mine, I said, "Oh, my dear, your hands are so warm."

"Yes, dear," he replied, "they are burning."

"My dear Wilford, I will cool them and the nurse will give you medicine to reduce your fever."

Wilford's physicians came at 10.30; they were very much worried over his condition. I conversed with them for some time; they informed me that they had no hopes of Wilford's recovery. I felt terribly grieved over the sad announcement.

At 2 p.m. Father X called to see Wilford, and remained with him for some time. When I returned to Wilford his face was lighted up with a smile, and he said, "My dear, I have missed you."

"Wilford, dear, I shall now remain by your bedside until you fall asleep."

I remained, hour after hour, absorbed in painful thoughts, until dear Wilford's confused mind became clear, and he slept peacefully.

At 10 o'clock I quietly left him and went to my room, realizing that Wilford's life could not be saved by the best medical skill and the most faithful nursing. I felt grieved, and also felt so sorry for his dear mother.

This morning, September 17th, I appeared in Wilford's room, and as I approached him I became alarmed. His cheeks were flushed with fever and his head was aching badly. He appeared as if threatened with a dangerous attack. He tried to smile as usual, but his lips quivered as he looked at me so pathetically. His mind was too beclouded with fever to think or talk. Gazing at me with his eager inquiring face, he said, "My dear, am I going to die?"

"No, my dear Wilford," I said, "I believe you will be better soon."

The physicians called to see Wilford at 10.15 a.m.

They were very much worried, and feared the end would soon come.

After lunch while I was conversing with Wilford's mother in the drawing-room, the nurse came in with a message from Wilford, requesting me to come to him. I hastened to his room and knelt by his side, placing my hand upon his forehead, as he said ; " My dearest, I want you near me. I am very tired ; my dear, just to think when I saw you in Alaska but a few months ago, I was a strong robust man ; now my life is ebbing away and my soul is on its way to another world. Since I met you, over eight years ago, with the exception of my dear mother, my only attachment has been my love for you, and you are my only regret in leaving this world. My heart has followed you wherever you went. You have been the source of all the joy, pride and glory of my life, and I have lived for you only. I shall love you until my last moment."

With a sad, aching heart, I listened to my dearest friend utter those sad words and with a sob I replied ; " My dearest Wilford, you have brought joy and happiness into my life, and I have lived in hope that some day I would make you happy ; now we must look to God for our future happiness, which he will decide in His Own way."

" Sarah Elizabeth, dear," he replied, " You could become my wife to-day. I want you to enjoy my home and wealth after I am gone."

" Wilford dear," I said, " I love you for yourself. I could not marry you now, just for the sake of gaining your wealth ; but if it is God's will you shall live : then, my dear Wilford, I will become your wife, and we will enjoy your home and wealth together."

" My dearest," he replied, " You are one of God's true, pure, faithful women, and I hope it is God's will

that I live ; but my dear, whatever happens, this home is yours, and may the great God whom I worship grant to my dearest one His greatest blessings, and preserve you in life for the sake of your most affectionate Wilford. And if it is His will to take me, I commit myself to Him who created me, and may His blessings be upon me and upon you forever, my dearest Sarah Elizabeth."

My heart was heavy and sad as Wilford uttered these words. I could feel the tears in my eyes as I realized he would soon leave this world. Suddenly, he looked at me wistfully ; I felt that he could read my heart and soul. Taking my hand in his, he said, " My dearest, please promise me that you will not grieve when I am gone. I want you to be happy here with my dear mother, and I want you to live here to the glory of God, as you have always lived. Always remember we shall meet in Heaven. As your faith tells us, we shall know and recognize those whom we have loved on earth : so, my dear, if it is God's will to take me to His home, I shall be waiting in Heaven for you, and praying and watching over you. No matter where you go, my spirit will be guarding you."

" My dearest Wilford," I said, " I promise I shall do my duty and fulfil the desire of one I so greatly honoured and loved, and my daily duties will be performed in your memory. Dear, I cannot realize that God is going to take you, but I believe in His Holy will. He very often takes those whom we love from us for reasons of His own. Please rest now, dear Wilford, and I will sit by your side until you are asleep." During the day and evening Wilford rested very well, considering his serious condition.

The following morning, September 18th, Wilford was sleeping when I called. Later in the morning the

physicians told me that he was just struggling for life. During the day he rested fairly well. In the evening I sat by him in silence until he slept ; then I went to my room, realizing, as the day passed, the shadow of death did not pass from Wilford.

The next morning at 9 o'clock I entered Wilford's room and found him quite exhausted from the effect of his serious illness. I felt sad, realizing that he was not long for this world. After sitting with him for some time, I went to the dining-room to breakfast with his mother; and as we conversed, she told me that she felt heart-broken over the sudden change in her son's condition.

"My dear," said she, "I feel that the Lord is going to take our dear Wilford, my only child, from us."

On the 20th, I arose early, feeling very depressed. On going to Wilford's room a smile lighted his features as he took my hand in his. "Sarah Elizabeth dear," he said, "I am fighting hard for my life for your sake."

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CHAPTER XXIII

At 8 o'clock on September 21st, I went in to see Wilford, and found him in a half conscious state, between a sleep and a fantastic vision, with his eyes closed. Tears filled my eyes as I looked upon his silent face as I held his hand in mine. The nurse telephoned for the Doctor and Father X; they came promptly, and the Doctor said that Wilford could not live very long.

During the day, hour after hour passed by as I sat by Wilford's bedside in silence. At times he was very restless and calling my name in delirious sleep. He had never looked so pale and wan; I realized that death was very near and in agony I knelt at his bedside and prayed. I looked at Wilford and saw he was awake. His eyes were fixed on me with an expression of love and tenderness, as he said in a low, gentle voice; "My dear, I feel it is death, and oh, my dear, it grieves me to leave you. I would feel happy if I could take you with me."

My heart felt sad as I said: "Dear Wilford, you must not worry; God may not take you yet, but if He should it will be to a happier and better world with Him," I assured him, "and some day I will join you there."

"My dear," he said, "I shall wait for your coming, and I pray God will bless and protect you after I am gone."

Wilford closed his eyes and slept, and while he was sleeping, I left his room quietly to retire for the night, leaving instructions with the nurse to call me if there

was any change in his condition. I felt very morose, realizing that I was going to lose my dearest friend.

The next morning when I went to his room he extended his hand with a smile as usual; but the clasp of his hand seemed to be very feeble. Looking at me he said: "Dearest, my heart is sad, God is taking me from you and this world for a reason of His own."

"Wilford dear, God knows best and if it is His Holy will to take you to His home, He will comfort me, and it may be only a few short years until we meet in Heaven."

My eyes filled with tears. I felt so depressed as Wilford gazed at me with his whole soul centred in his eyes. I realized the light that shone from his beautiful eyes would shine no more, and the cherished hope for the future must fail of realization. As I knelt by his bedside, he laid his hand softly upon my head and suddenly turned his eyes upon me as he said: "My dear, you have tears in your eyes; I do not want you to grieve; I want you to be happy here with my dear mother who loves you, and please, dear, won't you smile for me?"

As I smiled, his handsome features brightened as he said: "My dear, now you have made me feel happy." He then closed his eyes. As I sat by him watching his gentle face, my eyes were dim with tears, as I listened to the feeble words that fell from his pure lips; his handsome face grew white and his eyes were fixed upon my face.

At two o'clock Wilford's physician and Father X arrived. The Doctor's face grew grave as he bent over him for some time. Looking up at me he shook his head as he came towards me and said in a low, mournful voice, "I am very sorry to state we are going to lose our dear friend." With a feeling of despair I raised

my anguished face to him as I said in a faint murmur, "Yes, Doctor, I realize Wilford is dying." His mother and I went to him and knelt by his bedside and prayed. She murmured between sobs, "Oh, my dear son, I fear you are leaving us."

Wilford suddenly opened his eyes, a smile gleamed in his face. He turned his eyes on his mother and me and very weakly clasped our hands in his; as his eyes raised swiftly to mine with glistening teardrops in them, I gently kissed his brow.

His lips parted and a deep breath came from them as he said in almost a whisper: "Oh my darling Sarah Elizabeth, and my dear mother, good-bye and God bless you, my dearest ones."

A silence fell upon him for a few moments, then his lips moved again as if to speak but no words would come, and his eyes looking up with no earthly look in them now. Calmly and peacefully he fell asleep, passing out of this world into the light of Eternity.

I was heart-broken as my dearest friend on earth passed away. With tears running down my face like rain, as I looked upon dear Wilford's calm, handsome face in death, I realized that I would never hear his gentle voice again in this world. To be separated from my faithful friend was like tearing part of my heart away. His heart so pure and strong had loved me so true in life and unto death. Often-times, when my heart was sad with grief, his loving voice I always heard with kind and sympathetic words that brightened my way.

Stricken with grief, Wilford's mother clung to me sobbing as she said: "Oh, my dear, my heart is breaking over the loss of our dear Wilford." Gently I assisted her to her room, soothing her with caresses and consoling words. With a strain on my own breaking

heart, I said : " My dear, my heart aches for you also over Wilford's death, whom I honoured and loved. He was an honourable man and God has taken him from this world to His Heavenly home with Him for reasons unknown to us. I believe God moves and works in a mysterious way ; we never know what He will do, therefore I always trust in Him for all happiness in this world and the next, and I sincerely pray to Him to give both you and me strength to bear our sorrow and heal our sad hearts ; and grant us the great blessing of joining our dear Wilford in Heaven when we leave this world."

" My dear," she replied, " you are my comforter and your consoling words are so inspiring. You are like a dear daughter to me and I love you as my dear son so often said, ' Mother dear, you will love my adopted sister, Sarah Elizabeth.' Dear, this home is yours, you will never leave me ; that was my dear son's wish also. He loved you and he loved your abiding faith in God." Between sobs and gasps for breath she uttered these loving words to me.

" My dear," I replied, " I want to be like a true daughter to you in honour of the dear one whom we loved and cherished so, and I shall remain with you to comfort you." These words seemed to still the pain and strain on her broken heart. She was resting calmly in the care of a nurse when I left her.

When I returned to my room I knelt and prayed as I have many times before, asking our dear Lord to comfort and inspire me and continue to direct my footsteps in the pathway of righteousness. As I prayed I felt consoled beneath the beautiful eyes of Heaven that seemed to look down upon me, bestowing holy blessings. I seemed to be imbued with the feeling that Wilford's spirit was hovering over me.

Hour after hour passed. I was suddenly aroused by the maid announcing dinner ; I dressed and joined Wilford's mother at the table. We both felt very sad at heart over the death of our dear Wilford.

After dinner we went to the drawing-room. The undertaker had Wilford laid in a beautiful pearl coloured casket. As we looked upon his mortal remains, his mother said through her sobs and tears ; " Is'nt he handsome in death ? "

" Yes, dear, he is," I replied, in a sobbing voice, " and he has a happy and peaceful look on his handsome face." There he lay like a statue of marble, and a smile on his lips as if he were only asleep.

" Yes, dear, I am sure he is happy with his Maker ; you were a comfort to him in his last days on earth, and he loved you so faithfully, and wanted to have you with him."

" My dear, I loved our dear Wilford. He was a magnificent gentleman here on earth, and I am sure he is an angel in Heaven, where you and I will meet him some day."

" It may not be long until I join my dear son there, as my health is failing fast," she said.

As we were discussing the sad event of Wilford's illness and passing out of this world, she appeared to be in great pain ; her whole soul being engrossed in grief over the death of her son. Suddenly she uttered a shriek and sank swooning to the floor. Many friends rushed to her side and assisted her to her chamber, and summoned physical aid. The Doctor pronounced his patient was suffering from a heart attack, caused from an overwhelming grief.

That evening as I sat by her bedside she was silent, giving way to her grief, until she fell into a long and heavy sleep. During the next day she revived, appearing

stronger, but grieved as though her heart was broken. Hour after hour I sat by her, with tearful eyes, and a sad heart, consoling her in her sorrow.

On the third day, in the morning, after Wilford's death, the funeral service was arranged, which was a very emotional one. A large number assembled around his home. The sad hour for closing the coffin came. Inside the death chamber waited relatives and friends of the deceased to take their last look at the dead. As people passed in and out of the room nearly every one was weeping as they gazed upon the handsome face of Wilford, cold in death; his dear mother clinging to me for support. With a grieving heart I looked upon my dearest friend for the last time in this world; never before with so heavy a heart as my grief seemed unbearable. I raised my heavy eyes to Wilford's mother's sad face; she breathed painfully, sobbing as though her heart was breaking and the ring of agony in her breaking heart's voice as she said: "Oh, my dear son, I shall never see you again in this world." As I soothed her she continued "Oh, my dear, for such grief there is no cure."

The lid was laid on, covering the form of our dear Wilford forever from this world. The funeral proceeded to the Roman Catholic Church. Father X conducted the service. The day was bright and sunny and a vast throng of people attended the obsequies. The casket was hidden by beautiful flowers; there was also an automobile filled with gorgeous wreaths, crosses, floral hearts, and large bouquets of roses as well as huge bouquets of cut flowers.

At the close of the service Father X referred to the magnificent noble character and personality this young man possessed, who had never done wrong and was beloved by all classes of people who knew him.

He was a man of wealth and had to his credit many charitable deeds. He had passed from this world, entering a happier world, born again into a better life as Christ, our Lord, taught us; and so by his faith he is holding a happy spirit in peace with God.

During the service Wilford's dear mother sat by me, and endured the long strain with remarkable self control, and was impressed by Father X's inspiring and beautiful sentiments.

After the solemn service at the church, the casket was borne away and the funeral procession passed on to the cemetery and the coffin lowered into the grave, dear Wilford's last resting place. His dear, sorrowful mother and I returned home, feeling very sad and lonely. Within a few hours after our arrival Wilford's mother was confined to her room and to bed under the doctor's care. I remained with her, consoling and soothing her aching heart. We grieved and wept together over the loss of our dear Wilford. It was piteous to see her sad eyes filled with tears and her lips quivering as she tried to speak. At last, with a deep breathless sob, and a bitter sigh from her crushed heart, she cried in a voice of pain; "Oh, my dear son has gone from us."

I dried her tears and laid my arms around her neck and kissed her, as I said gently in sobbing words that fell slowly from my lips; "My dear, I am grieving for you as well as for my dear Wilford, who has gone to his heavenly home above; and now, my dear, my cherished thoughts are for your comfort."

She replied, "My dear, you are the greatest comforter I have in this world; even to look at your sweet face comforts me, and I feel very fortunate having you by me. You seem so near to me, like a loving daughter, and I love you as my dear son loved you."

"My dear, I love you, too, and I want to be a daughter to you as dear Wilford wished me to be. When I came here no one could be more kindly received than I was by you. You received me with a loving mother's embrace and since you have been a loving mother to me ; and now, my dear, we must have faith in God, who never forsakes those who trust in Him. I pray and ask Him to bless and comfort you and me in our sorrow. God will help me to make you happy."

"Thank you, my dear, your inspiring words are so soothing to my aching heart." As I looked at her I saw a change in her beautiful face as she closed her eyes in silence. It was long past midnight when I left her to retire. Alone in my chamber at last, bearing my grief in silence, nothing but darkness seemed in my heart. I have had many sad changes in my life and now when I could have been made happier, I wondered why God had taken a man so good and so blessed with fortune from this world. Weary and sad at heart I went to bed.

The next morning I awakened, with anxious thoughts of my dear friend. I arose and dressed quickly and was about to leave my room when the maid came with a message that Wilford's mother wished me to join her at breakfast. I immediately responded to her request. Approaching each other with an affectionate embrace, she said : "My dear, I feel better this morning." Looking up I noticed a little colour come into her cheeks. She seemed calmer but held her hand to her face to hide the tears flowing down her cheeks.

After breakfast we went to the drawing-room and recounted all that had happened. "My dear," she went on, "I think of our dear Wilford, now happy in Heaven. My dear Sarah Elizabeth, he loved you very

dearly and you were a great comfort to him. Now you are my comforter and I trust you will never leave me."

"But, my dear," I replied, "After your sister arrives from Europe I would like to go East to visit my dear mother, whom I have not seen since I left my home in 1904."

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "I shall feel terribly grieved if you leave me, but I know you are anxious to see your dear mother, and after your visit with her you will return and make your home with me. You know, dear, this home is yours."

"Yes, dear, I know that such was Wilford's wish but I do not wish to claim it. I loved him just for himself. I never expected any property or money of his; therefore I would not care to accept it as long as you live; but if anything happens that you should wish me to have it, then I would accept it."

"But, dear, I want you to have this home too; that was Wilford's wish also."

"Now, my dear," I replied, "you must rest and we shall continue our conversation some other time."

The following day Wilford's mother's sister Helen arrived from Europe. She was a very charming lady, and wishes me to remain with them until next June and then accompany her and Mrs. D. (Wilford's mother) to Europe; which would be impossible, owing to my return to Alaska to dispose of my property.

October 15th, during the last three weeks the shadow of death seemed to hang over Wilford's home. Mrs. D. (his dear mother) has been critically ill, an attack of the nerves and heart that kept her under the Doctor and nurse's care. Sad and dreary the weeks passed by like a sad dream, as I watched by her side through the long days.

On the twentieth morning after she became ill she arose from her bed feeling quite well and strong, able to join her sister Helen and I at breakfast. Then Helen went into the garden and Mrs. D. and I to the drawing-room, making ourselves comfortable before a bright, cheerful fire that was burning in the hearth.

"My dear Sarah Elizabeth," she said, "I would have died of a broken heart had you not been here to console me and help to bear my great loss." I turned my eyes toward her as she raised her gentle face and her lovely blue eyes looked with love and tenderness on me. She went on—"How lovely it is to have you by my side. You are a dear, sweet woman, as my dear Wilford so often told me. I could never live now without you and I trust you will be happy with me. I want you with me, as my dear son wanted you by him."

Pressing her hand in mine I said: "My dear, I could be very happy here with you. After I make a visit to my home in the East, then I shall return and remain with you until I depart for Alaska, which will be in May; and after I dispose of my property there I will return and remain with you, to comfort you as dear Wilford wished me to do."

"Oh, my dear, why must you return to Alaska? Can you not dispose of your property without doing that?"

"I fear not, my dear," I replied.

"Dear, I am so sorry you have to go," she continued, "I hoped that you would remain with me now and go to Europe with my sister and me when she returns to her home."

"Oh, my dear, I would dearly love to be able to join you and your sister on a journey to Europe, but I am so sorry I cannot make it; however, I may be

able to join you there on my return from Alaska and accompany you home."

With uplifting eyes full of delight she replied, "Oh, that will be grand, dear, and you will live here with me where you can live in comfort, and at my death I shall leave you comfortable for life, which was my dear son's wish as well."

Speaking in a gentle tone, caressing my hand in hers, looking up at me suddenly she cried out, "Oh, my dear, I fear you have grieved more than words can ever tell, through the long anxious weeks. The roses of your cheeks have become white like lilies, your lips wan and your beautiful smiling eyes with a look of woe. Your form too, has fallen away from the full roundness. Oh, my dear, I am so grieved for you. I know you worshipped my dear son and his death lay heavy upon your dear, good heart as it has upon my own heart." Her speech ended in bitter weeping.

I fondly caressed my dear Wilford's mother as I answered with a sob, "My dear, you must not grieve for me. I am only a little tired; time heals every sorrow, Heaven may still have happiness in store for me. Dear, we must trust in God. He will help us to overcome our sorrow, and I believe every trouble can be comforted and every wound can be healed."

"My dear," said she, "you have wonderful faith and heaven will bless you with great happiness."

Our conversation ceased as Helen entered the drawing-room, announcing that Joe would take us for a motor ride. Shortly we went motoring and made a visit to Wilford's grave, placing beautiful flowers on it. We returned home at lunch hour; spending the afternoon in rest and quietness we retired early, as we were all feeling very tired.

Every morning we met at breakfast and Helen made

all our plans for the day. We motored often in the balmy air, so reviving ; and the greatest restoration for a sad, aching heart is beautiful scenery, fresh air, and bright sunshine, all of which were a great benefit in the restoration of Wilford's mother's health, which had greatly improved.

We often motored to Wilford's grave ; I always took roses, as they are my favourite flowers. Every day I felt sad and lonely as I missed my dearest friend, Wilford, who has gone from this world to his home above. We are told that those whom we lose on earth we will find in Heaven, so I know I will find him there when I leave this world.

The passing of the last several days laid heavy upon my heart, and on this day, November 18th, a certain feeling of depression came upon me as I realized that I must bid adieu to dear Wilford's mother for some time, as I would leave within a few days for my home in the East. During the afternoon as we sat in the drawing-room we carried on a long conversation regarding my departure for my home. Wilford's dear mother laid her hand in mine as she said : " Oh, my dear, my heart will feel sad and lonely when you are away from me. I love you and want you with me just like my dear son. He loved you and loved to have you with him. How his eyes always brightened when you approached and his eyes always followed you. You were the joy of his life and his greatest comforter during his last days in this world. My dear, I cannot find words to properly express to you my great gratitude for the love, kindness and cheerful manner in which you treated my dear son. He loved you and I love you as I would a daughter ; and dear, remember this is to be your home, Wilford and I arranged that, and also his money as well as my money will

be at your disposal any time you wish it. A tender care and love will always dwell in my heart for you, my dear Sarah Elizabeth ; I am grieved beyond words to have you go from me even for a short time and words cannot describe how happy I shall be to have you with me again after your visit to your dear mother."

My heart felt' very heavy and sad as I raised my tearful eyes to my dear friend, as I said : " My dear friend, it grieves me dreadfully to leave you and I shall miss you until I return, then I will make you a long visit before I proceed to Alaska. After I dispose of my property there, I shall return and make my home with you."

She looked at me so gratefully as she said with divine tenderness in her voice, " Yes, dear, and I will feel very happy having, you with me."

Embracing me fondly she said with tears in her eyes, " You must not grieve, dear ; you look as though your heart is broken. Your beautiful, sad, sweet face gives me the impression of a woman whose heart has been crushed. When you speak, your face beams with delight, but when you are silent you look so sad."

We were interrupted in our conversation as the maid announced dinner. Helen joined us and we went to the dining-room. After dinner we spent a quiet evening and retired at ten o'clock.

The following morning I arose at eight o'clock ; as usual joined Mrs. D. and Helen at breakfast. After greeting each other, the chief topic of our conversation was my departure, with sad expressions. I felt very sad as the day of parting came. On this day I was leaving my dear Wilford's mother for a few months. In the course of her conversation with me she said sadly : " My dear, you can form no idea how lonely will be the days and weeks when you are away. I

could not live now without you by me. You are the life of my life, my heart is in you. My dear, when you make your visit with your dear mother, then you will return to me."

"Yes, my dear," I replied, "I will return to you." Our conversation ceased as we finished our meal. After breakfast I prepared for my journey. Joe motored us to the depot and the time arrived for us to part. The agony of parting with dear Wilford's mother and Helen was heart-breaking. With sad hearts and tear-dimmed eyes we embraced and kissed each other farewell as Wilford's mother said: "Good-bye and God bless you, my dear." Helen wept and tears flowed down my own cheeks, as we embraced and said farewell. If ever parting had a pang for me, it was on this occasion.

Upon entering my compartment in the parlour car that dear Wilford's mother so kindly reserved for me, I found boxes of beautiful gifts that she and her sister Helen had ordered for me. I felt sad and lonely leaving St. Paul, journeying onward to Fredericton, New Brunswick, and thence to Waasis, the home of my childhood.

I arrived home from Alaska and St. Paul on November 23rd. My arrival was followed by a happy reunion with my dear mother, Sister Mary Jane, and my favourite handsome noble brother, William, greeting me most effectively with his beautiful violet eye riveted on my face, as he said, "I am so glad to see you." They all felt very happy to see me after nine eventful years, which had elapsed since I bade them farewell in 1904, and set out to join my husband in Dawson.

January 20th, 1913—Since I arrived home I had the pleasure of receiving many visitors and enjoyed a delightful Christmas at home with relatives and friends,

all feeling happy and thankful to have me with them. I also received many sympathizing letters regarding Wilford's death, and Christmas greetings from friends, including Carl, Roy and Carson from England. I also received the second letter from Maxie, expressing her loving sentiments of sympathy regarding our dear friend Wilford's death. She wrote as follows :

Oxford Avenue,
Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 12, 1913.

" My dear Sarah Elizabeth :

" Again I write to express to you my deepest sympathy. I pity you from the depths of my heart and soul, and I only wish I were near you to participate with you in the agonies of your heart. How I have felt for you, and how hard it is for me to realize that our faithful friend, Wilford, has departed from this world. My heart aches for you, dear, realizing all that you have suffered, watching and comforting him during his serious illness. What a great comfort you must have been to him during his last days in this world. How he loved and worshipped you ! I shall never forget one afternoon you and he visited me in Dawson, when I heard him say, " Sarah Elizabeth dear, I shall love you until my dying moment." Little did he think then that his dying moment was but a short distance away. His words certainly came true, he loved you until his dying moment, and to prove his great affection, he embraced the faith that you loved. He was one of the best men that God created and we all loved him. My dear, you will please come to California and visit us before you return to Alaska. Mr. and Mrs. Rice and Peter also wish you to make them a long visit. Peter often wishes he could see his

"Sister Sarah Elizabeth." He is a dear young man, and often recalls the days when you and he roamed over the hills and mountains in Dawson. He said those were the good old days that he loved so well. I presume Carl has written to you regarding his plans to dispose of all his mines in the Dawson district and go to Alaska.

"Dear, I very often recall our happy days spent in Dawson together, and now, my dear, I hope you will visit me very soon and I shall make your visit a pleasant one. My dear, my heart aches for you when I think of all the sadness you have endured, and now I feel very sad and my eyes filled with tears, so I must finish my letter, and I sincerely hope that before long I shall see you.

"With love and sympathy,

Your true and loving friend,

Maxie."

CHAPTER XXIV

WAASIS, N. B. February 1, 1913. Three months had passed since I arrived home from Alaska. I missed my brother William, who was now married and living in my mother's other home adjoining her home here. I greatly enjoyed every moment spent in my dear mother's company and my sister Mary's. I also enjoyed many pleasant visits with relatives and friends in Fredericton, Oromocto, Saint John, Woodstock, McAdam, St. Stephen, Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa.

During my visit to Ottawa I was escorted through the House of Commons by a member of Parliament, which was most interesting. Throughout my travels I felt very happy and glad meeting with old acquaintance and friends, all feeling delighted in renewing our old friendships and highly complimenting me upon my youthful appearance. Assuring me that Alaska must be a wonderful and fascinating country, and everyone was anxious to learn something about my travels and adventures in the Northern Country. I related many thrilling experiences and scenic beauties of Alaska which, seemed to interest the people, but I took care to omit reference to the sad experience regarding my husband's fate, as I tried to bear my sad events in silence.

To-day I made my brother William feel very happy as I presented him with a beautiful raccoon fur coat, cap and gloves, and numerous gifts to his family. I also bestowed cheques and gifts upon my dear mother and sister Mary and other relatives, making them all feel very happy, which delighted me.

On February 3rd, I was seized with a spell of gloominess as the time had arrived for my departure to Alaska. My heart felt heavy and sad as I kissed my dear mother farewell through the tears that had gathered in my eyes, and tears rolling down her cheeks, as she said in a sobbing voice, "Good-bye, my darling daughter, God bless and protect you through life. I fear I may never see you again, as I am growing old and my life may not be long in this world."

My aching heart was filled with grief as I turned from my mother, leaving her standing at the door, as I walked slowly away; I could hear her sad voice ringing in my ears. Looking up into the heavenly sky I cried, "Oh, God, can it be true that I have looked upon my dear loving mother for the last time in this world?" A feeling of despair came over me and with a grieving heart I embarked on my long returning journey to Flat City, Alaska.

My brother William and Sister Mary Jane accompanied me to Fredericton Junction, where I boarded the north bound train; there I bade them a sad farewell.

During my travelling en route to St. Paul, I made many frequent stops. My first visit was at Milltown, Maine, to the home of my sister, Helen, Mrs. Joseph Flemming, her husband and family. I also made many other stops, visiting with relatives and friends at Bangor, Bath, Portland, Boston, New York and Chicago, where I enjoyed a very pleasant visit with my dear friends, Mrs. Shields and her son Victor, from Alaska, now residing in Chicago. I spent a very nice time with Victor and his lovely mother, and I enjoyed many motor trips through the beautiful city.

On February 21st, Victor accompanied me to the depot, where I boarded the train for St. Paul.

That evening I arrived at Wilford's home. His dear

mother greeted me most cordially, as she stood with face upturned to mine. She sighed drearily, her heart too full at that moment for words. After remaining silent for a few seconds, she said: "Oh, my dear, I feel so happy to have you with me again, I missed you dreadfully as the long months wore wearily on. I felt worn out, so heartsick, grieving for my dear son. I thought I would die after you went away, and have patiently awaited your return."

As I looked at her wan face and tearful eyes, with such a sad expression of love and grief that would move and touch the heart, I kissed her pale forehead. My own heart was full of grief, and consoling her I said: "My dear, I love you and will devote my life to you, comforting you in your solitude and grief."

Her eyes were dim with tears; looking up into my face she said so solemnly: "My dear, if you go to Alaska I shall feel very sorry and lonely."

"But, my dear," I replied, "I will not remain there very long; I'll soon return to you, to comfort you as long as you live."

Her face brightened as she answered, "My dear, you are like a true daughter to me."

"I want to be that," I said, "and want to fulfil dear Wilford's wishes."

Dear Wilford's mother's eyes sparkled with joy at my consoling words. Just then Helen came rushing to me; greeting me most fondly she cried: "Oh, my dear Sarah Elizabeth, how glad I am to see you, and so happy to have you with us again. We were very lonely during your absence."

"And, Helen, dear, I felt very sad and lonely too."

During the evening we spent several hours conversing with each other in the drawing-room. At a late hour we bade one another goodnight to retire. I went to

my room, so beautifully and artistically arranged, and stood in silence for some time, realizing that this was Wilford's home and where I had lost my dearest friend. Feeling sad, meditating why God allowed this wealthy, handsome man to come into my life when I was sad and lonely and then to take him away from me again. It was a mystery I could not solve, although I must not forget that God's ways are not our ways. Therefore I must be contented with His will and think of Wilford in Heaven and cherish the memory of his devoted love and esteem for me, which he had attested by embracing my faith. I remained wrapped in thought until I became sleepy and retired.

After breakfast the following morning, the three of us went to Wilford's grave with flowers.

March 8th—Two weeks had passed since I returned to St. Paul. We lived very quietly, spending most of the time in each other's company. We also attended services at Father X's church, where Wilford's funeral service was conducted. To-day during our conversation Wilford's mother said: "My dear, I feel better in health than I did a month ago; your charming and encouraging companionship has comforted me and apparently restored my health."

"Thank you, my dear," I replied, "I want to make you well and happy."

"My dear," she said, "If I could preserve my health and strength, I would go to Europe with my sister Helen; and when you return from Alaska, you could join us there and return home with me."

"Oh, my dear, that would be grand and how I would dearly love to make such a journey."

"Yes, dear, I am sure you would," she said. "You are a great comfort to me and you were also a faithful comforter to my dear son during his serious illness

which I shall never forget, and I will always love you as my dear boy loved you. He would sit for hours telling me what a dear, charming lady you were and how terribly disappointed we were when you never came to visit us during the winter seasons. He would grieve and worry and say the winters were very cold in the Northern Country."

"Yes," I replied, "Wilford would plead with me to come and spend the winters outside at his home and be your guest. I fully intended to visit you year after year until last fall I promised Wilford I would come here as he explained to you."

"Yes, my dear," she said, "and it nearly broke his heart when he came home ill. The hope he had cherished seemed shattered; but now, dear, I would feel happy if you could remain with me. That was our dear Wilford's wish, and what is mine will be yours."

"Well, my dear, as soon as I dispose of my property in Alaska I certainly will return to you."

"Then, my dear, I shall wait patiently and watch with anxious eyes for your return," she replied.

It grieved me dreadfully to leave dear Wilford's mother now and to continue my journey to Alaska. At present, her sister Helen was visiting friends in Wisconsin; she would return to St. Paul the next day.

March 20th; I had enjoyed Mrs. D. and Helen's company now for a month. We motored a great deal and visited Wilford's grave, often taking flowers. I had decided to leave for California the next day, to visit my friends before going on to Alaska.

The following day was one of the saddest I have experienced since I returned from the East to visit Wilford's mother. My heart felt sad as I left Wilford's home. His mother and her sister Helen motored with me to the depot and accompanied me to my compart-

ment in the parlour car which Wilford's mother so thoughtfully had reserved for me, also bestowed upon me many gifts and beautiful roses. As the time had arrived for us to part, clasping my hand in her warm gentle hand she said: "My dear, it is only God in heaven who knows how I shall miss you and your consoling and untiring company."

As I looked at her sweet face my heart was full of love and pity for my dear loving friends, with whom I was parting—a parting that might be forever, God only knows, as I was going so far away on a journey of a long period, and many unexpected events might happen during such a long time. My heart felt full of sadness as I said: "My dear, I love you with all my heart; you have been a dear, loving mother to me, and it grieves me so to leave now; but I shall return and then I will never leave you, and I will pray and ask God to bless and comfort you until I return from Alaska."

With tears in her eyes she said, "My dear, you are like a loving daughter to me." With tears rolling down our cheeks we embraced each other as she, in sobbing words, murmured, "Good-bye and God bless you, my dear; come back to me as soon as you can."

"Yes, dear," I replied, "I shall return as soon as possible for your sake, and also for the one I esteemed and honoured so highly, who has departed from this world."

Helen and I bade each other an affectionate farewell as she said: "Good-bye and God bless you, my dear. I shall expect you on your return from Alaska to join us on our voyage to Europe."

Within a few minutes the train moved on and I was on my journey to California, where I should visit my friends before starting out on my long voyage to Alaska.

On March 24th, I arrived in Los Angeles. Peter Rice met me at the depot with fond greetings and wide open eyes, his handsome earnest face flushed as he said: "My dear sister Sarah Elizabeth, how happy I am to see you and find you looking so well. You certainly haven't changed any; you are the same lovely sister, and I feel very happy that you have come to California to visit us. My father and mother will also be charmed to see you. They expect you and Maxie to dine with us this evening. At present, Mr. Mac is out of the city." As Peter paused I said, "My dear brother Peter, I am delighted to see you again; I could almost cry with joy as I look upon the beautiful picture you form. You have changed from a tall slim youth to a strong, handsome man."

"Yes, indeed, my dear sister, I am now a robust man. Do you remember how delicate I was when you first met me?"

"Yes, Peter, indeed I do remember, and do you recall the time when I had you on a special diet?"

"I remember everything and the happy days we spent together in Dawson. I often wished we could live them over again. Will you ever forget the day when Father gave us permission to wash gold dust out of his mine, and we found his richest paying gravel?" We changed the subject then and Peter said: "We shall go to Maxie's place first and from there to our home."

Arriving at Maxie's home, we greeted each other like two loving sisters, delighted to see each other again. After a short visit there, Peter motored us to his home. Arriving at our destination I was greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Rice as if I were their own relative. They assured me they felt very happy and charmed to see me after the lapse of many long years. They

extended to me their deepest regrets of the many sad events that had come into my life since they last saw me, especially the death of our dear friend Wilford, which they felt was a sad loss to them, also upon losing such a grand and noble friend.

We enjoyed a delicious dinner and spent a pleasant evening, after which we bade Mr. and Mrs. Rice a fond good night, promising them I would return to their home after I visited with Maxie and make them a long visit. Peter motored Maxie and me to her home.

April 14th : During the last month I enjoyed a very happy visit with my dear friend, Maxie, at her gorgeous home, also the many dinner parties she gave in my honour.

At present I was the honoured guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rice and Peter, which was most delightful in their beautiful home. They did everything possible to make my visit a happy one. Maxie was with us on our motoring trips all over the principal sections of California in Peter's beautiful car, and I saw wonderful scenery which I shall never forget. Peter took great delight in reminding me of the happy days spent in Dawson. One day while we were motoring, Peter said : " My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I feel very happy to have you with us again ; you have been like a real sister to me ever since I met you in Dawson. Those were happy days and I long to return here some day, as there is something so wonderful and fascinating about that great Northern Country. Don't you agree with me, sister ? "

" Yes, indeed, my dear Peter, I do ; and I love that wonderful country, both the Yukon Territory and Alaska. Peter, I felt very lonely for your grand company after you left Dawson."

" And, believe me, sister dear, I felt very lonely,

too, for your pleasant company, and I always felt sad leaving you in Dawson."

Looking up into Peter's wistful eyes and his noble, handsome face, beaming with intelligence and kindness, possessing a grand personality full of sweetness which I always admired in him, I said: "Brother Peter, I appreciate all your kindness and brotherly love for me more than words can ever express."

"Sister dear," said he, "I shall always maintain honourable and affectionate sentiments towards you."

Suddenly Peter attracted my attention to more beautiful scenery and gorgeous mansions, as we motored through the fascinating city of Los Angeles.

Since I arrived in California I also visited with many other friends, including Ed, where I enjoyed delightful visits with him and his mother and sister, Pauline, in their magnificent home. At a dinner party given there in my honour I had the pleasure of being introduced to Hector's mother. While in course of conversation with her she informed me that Hector was absent from his home, which was regrettable news, as I would have been delighted to see him. She also told me that Hector had often spoken to her of me with kind admiration, and she was sure that he would feel sorry when he returned home and learned of my being in California.

I was charmed by her beauty and gracious manner as she extended to me a cordial invitation to her home, to be their honoured guest when I returned from Alaska.

In the course of conversation with Ed, he told me that he would be returning to Flat City within a few months, and he hoped to see me there upon his arrival.

On April 21st I left California, bidding all my dear friends farewell, promising I would return to visit them

as soon as I returned from Alaska. Peter and Maxie accompanied me to the depot in Peter's car. As we motored slowly through the city, Peter said: "My dear Sister Sarah Elizabeth, let me hear from you soon and often, and please return to California as soon as you can and make us a long visit. As I have already told you, at all times and places, and under all circumstances, I shall always be a true and faithful brother and friend to you. That sentiment will remain unchanged forever."

"My dear brother Peter," I replied, "please accept my sincere thanks once more for all the kindness you have bestowed upon me, and for your sincere, staunch brotherly friendship, which I have appreciated more than words can ever tell."

"I consider it a great pleasure to be kind to you whom I love and esteem so highly; and I, too, appreciate your true, sincere, sisterly companionship, which I have always enjoyed very much, and I feel very sorry now that you are leaving us so soon. I only wish Maxie and I were travelling with you on your long journey to Alaska."

Peter paused for a few moments and Maxie rejoined as she said: "I am very sorry you are returning to Alaska, too. I wish you could have remained longer with me, but I hope you will return from the North soon and then make me a long visit. My dear, I have known you so long, you seem like a real sister to me. Very often I recall our first meeting and all the sorrow you have endured since. You have had sorrow unlike any other one has ever had, and you were always so patient and one who does not show despondency, and in your quiet, unassuming manner, never losing hope or never in despair. You are lovely and wonderful and I love you still as I loved you years ago and always

wished for your happiness, as I was keenly interested in you and Wilford. My dear, I wonder why God has taken our dear friend Wilford away from this world? Had he lived he would have made your life very happy. He was a magnificent man and he loved you so faithfully. My dear, every time I think of him I feel so sad and my eyes fill with tears."

I looked at Maxie's sad face with tears in my own eyes as I said: "Yes, Maxie dear, dear Wilford's death was sad and heart-breaking to me and his dear mother, also to his many faithful friends who loved him. I believe God took him to His home for reasons of His own."

Our conversation ceased as we arrived at the depot; there we were greeted by a number of friends, who came to bid me farewell. Peter and Maxie wept when they bade me good-bye and parting with other friends was an emotional scene as I boarded the train for Seattle, Washington.

When I closed the door of my compartment I felt sad and lonesome as I tried to think what had happened since a few hours when I felt happy with kind, loving friends. Their presence had filled my heart with gladness and it was lovely to be among them and everyone so happy. Then, by a strange, mysterious feeling, a veil seemed to have been torn aside from my life and took away all my happiness; sadness again entered my heart throughout the long hours, during the days and nights as the train glided swiftly onward.

Three days later I arrived in Seattle. At the depot I was greeted by Doctor and Mrs. D. Carter, who had invited me as their guest. During my stay with them I met many friends, including Dr. Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. G. Phillips of Flat City, Alaska, with whom I enjoyed many dinner parties and theatre entertain-

ments. To-morrow morning I was leaving for Vancouver, B.C.

Since my arrival in the City of Vancouver I visited and called on many friends, including The Most Reverend Timothy Casey, D.D., recently appointed Archbishop of the Vancouver Diocese, in succession to Archbishop McNeill, now of Toronto. Archbishop Casey was a former Bishop of St. John, N.B. His Grace greeted me with his characteristic Christian handshake as he remarked: "Mrs. Patchell, I am pleased to see you looking so well and healthy after living so many years in the Northern Country, and how very much you resemble your dear, good mother."

"Yes, your Grace," I replied, "I have been told that very often and I am glad I am like my dear mother and I always try to imitate her Christian life and devotion to God."

"Mrs. Patchell," he replied, "I have known your Christian mother for many years. She is a marvellous, prudent, woman, living true and faithful to the commandments of our dear Lord during her life, and I feel sure He will reward her for her faithfulness to Him." After a brief conversation regarding my travels through Alaska, His Grace bade me good-bye as he said: "Mrs. Patchell, I ask God to bless and guard you through life, and my blessing be upon you always in that far away country. I shall remember you in my prayers and I will ask God to protect you and grant you a safe return."

I felt very happy receiving these wonderful blessings from His Grace, as I was embarking on my long voyage, returning to my northern home.

On May 10th, I sailed on the Str. "Princess Alice" bound for Skagway, en route to Flat City, Alaska, which would be my second journey to the Northern

Country. My first journey was a complicated one, travelling by Railway, Steamer and Stage on this same journey. Owing to the spring navigation I travelled to Dawson, thence to Fairbanks and Iditarod by Steamer. On this Steamer we had many passengers booked for Flat City. The weather was excellent for sailing, and the days bright and warm with sunshine gleaming from the pale blue sky, and picturesque scenes of high snow-crowned mountains on all sides. Beautiful green trees on their slopes, hills, valleys and shores, and gorgeous coloured flowers and ferns. I felt thrilled sailing through the enchanting channels as the steamer glided onward. We stopped at Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, and at all the villages, arriving at White Horse on May 17th. The following day we continued our voyage to Lake La Barge by gasoline launch.

CHAPTER XXV

On May 19th, we arrived at Lake La Barge early in the morning, famed as the scene of the supposed cremation of "Sam Magee, of Tennessee." The lake is thirty miles long and five miles wide. It is surrounded by mountains, showing great ice caps at their peaks. The environment was quite beautiful. The morning was warm, with a bright glowing sunshine. We were very tired from sailing all night, also from the loss of sleep. The driver of the stage, who transferred the passengers over the lake, informed us that we must camp here for the day, as the sun was melting the ice, causing too much water to collect on the surface and making it impossible for horses drawing heavy loads to travel in safety. He told us that when the sun set the water would disappear and the frosty air would firm the ice, so that the horses would be able to travel without danger; but the tired, sleepy passengers of mixed nationalities were hard to manage and they did not agree with the driver. They wanted to continue on over the lake, a distance of thirty miles, to where the steamer was waiting for her passengers and where they would find comfort and rest.

The driver of our party, which came in from White Horse, was an American, a very kind intelligent sort of person. A dispute was started by those who urged the driver to go on. Everyone was tired and some were trying to get a few winks of sleep under a tent that the kind-hearted driver had arranged for the ladies. A very fine German lady friend of mine and I were resting

in the tent some distance from the driver and the people who were trying to overcome the driver by persuading him to travel on. But the driver pleaded with them on the ground that it was impossible for horses to proceed through so much water and soft ice without having trouble, and that by waiting here until night we could continue without any difficulty. But the anxious people, however, could not see it in that light, and they treated the driver very roughly, which frightened him considerably. Hearing all that was said, I began to feel uneasy and sorry for the driver, so I said to my German friend, "Let's go and take the driver's part." When we came forward, the angry men and women were still threatening him with violence, as he sat with a frightened look in his eyes. I said to them: "The driver is right, he knows his business better than you people. Why can't you do as he suggests?" They looked at me in silence for a moment, and the driver's eyes brightened up with delight. Then, after a few more words, the disturbance continued; I invited the driver and my German friend for a walk and said to him: "If these people do not quiet down and they insist upon your starting on the journey, order them all aboard, and start off a short distance; and when they see the danger they are in, they will all be glad to return to camp. I will help you all when you drive to a dangerous place, on the side where I am sitting, by letting the runner of the stage go into the deepest watered places, which will cause the stage to slant; then I will jump off, taking all I can with me."

"That would be a good idea," replied the driver, his face lighting with a smile.

"Well," I said, "I realize you must do something to quiet these angry, disorderly people."

We then returned to the excited passengers, who still

showed signs of creating trouble. They were determined to take off with the horses and stage. The driver ordered them to get ready and he would start and see how far his horses could travel. Soon all the passengers with their small baggage were on board the stage, and it made a very heavy load for six horses, travelling through water which in some places was up to their knees. We proceeded a short distance when all of a sudden the runner of the stage on the side I was sitting on went deep into the soft ice and water, tipping the sled so that we were forced out. As I went over the side, I took Miss Irish, one of my own nationality, with me. A Jew and Swede and some others also fell into the water. I looked at the driver with a smile, which he returned with a joyful look in his eyes. It was a sensational, thrilling sight and everyone was talking in his or her native tongue, making a strange babble. My friend, Mr. Frenchman, a wealthy and good-natured man from Flat City, Alaska, fell from the stage into the water close by me. I said to him: "Don't you think we had better return to camp and remain there for the rest of the day?"

"Yes," he replied, "and you were right when you said the driver knew his business and you have more sense than all the rest of us."

"Let's walk along the shore and take the lead back to camp, and I vouch that they all will follow us," I said.

I went to the driver and said: "We're going back to camp." Mrs. Norwegian, Miss Irish and several others wanted to go on. Mr. Frenchman and I started back, however, and after some loud talk the rest followed us.

As we walked along, I suggested to my friend that he get the cook to make a good fire. The driver had plenty

of good food for the passengers, and could prepare a good, substantial meal, that I thought would satisfy and please the angry people. He thought it would be a good idea.

An hour later, we were warm and comfortable, enjoying an excellent midday meal of potatoes, fried beef-steak, ham and eggs, canned corn, canned beets, pickles, white and brown bread, butter, canned peaches, canned cream, molasses and sugar cookies, tea and coffee. Everyone was feeling very happy, calling out in chorus: "Oh, how glad I am that we returned to camp, and how we are enjoying this wonderful meal."

Mr. Frenchman said: "And it is all due to our friend, Mrs. Patchell, that we are enjoying these good eats." They all cheered me, and the driver declared that Mrs. Patchell was worth a ton of gold.

At 6 o'clock the cook prepared another good meal, which we all enjoyed, before starting out on our long journey. While we were waiting for the driver to give orders to pack and be on our way we sat around the camp fire, singing songs, and Mr. Frenchman and Mr. Irishman sang one of their latest songs about Alaska and myself.

ON THE BANKS OF LAKE LA BARGE.

As we rallied round the camp fire,
 We'll sing a song of dear old Alaska,
 The country that called and led us,
 To treasures of gold buried deep,
 And gave richness in abundance to the world,
 Producing grand men and women,
 And every nationality find themselves blended into
 one great family
 And where everyone is given a glad hand.

CHORUS.

*We'll sing and cheer for dear old Alaska,
The country that gave richness to the world,
And where everyone is given a glad hand,
We'll sing and cheer for dear old Alaska.
As we sit around the camp fire, eating and chatting,
We'll sing and cheer our praise for Mrs. Patchell.*

THE PRIDE OF THE NORTH.

WITH a wisdom that none can compare,
And a courage that none can deny,
No human heart beat truer than hers,
As she raised her proud head
And stood before an angry crowd
Gently pleading for the driver's protection.
So fair, so sweet as she spoke in the kindest tone,
She was the loveliest picture that ever was painted,
With her red glowing cheeks and bright brilliant eyes,
Sparkling with golden rays of delight ;
A face of great beauty and her graceful form,
Have won the hearts of the gallant men.
Who'll never cease loving our fair Lady Patchell,
Who's golden heart we'll never forget,
And as the years pass by, we'll cherish her with fond-
ness.
Until the Angels call her to her home above,
And then we'll lay her in her frozen tomb,
With her grave lined with gold in Alaska.
And her body preserved until Judgment Day,
Then while she slumbers in silent sleep,
We will long for the sight of her beautiful face,
And the sweet smiles that she gave to us,
Will linger forever in our memories,
As the fairest, loveliest lady that ever came to Alaska.

CHORUS.

*And then as we kneel by her grave,
We will pray and cheer for Lady Patchell,
The Pride of the North;
And then as we kneel by her grave,
We will pray and cheer for Lady Patchell,
The Pride of the North.*

As I listened to the singers I felt somewhat embarrassed at all the compliments bestowed upon me. I finally managed to say: "Oh, thank you, gentlemen, for all the beautiful words of praise."

The singers replied in unison, "They are all true praises."

At 8 p.m. we left Lake La Barge for the Yukon in a stage coach drawn by six horses. Everybody was feeling very happy and singing songs. It was a beautiful frosty night; the sky glittering with stars and the moon shining brightly. The water had disappeared from the ice and the frosty air had hardened the ice, making excellent travelling for the horses. At 1 a.m. we reached the shore, and stopped for a rest. The cook lighted a camp fire and made some tea and coffee and we enjoyed a good midnight meal before continuing on our journey. We arrived at the Yukon at 7.30 a.m. feeling well and cheerful. Everyone said they enjoyed the journey of thirty miles across the lake. We then boarded the Dawson steamer, a very comfortable ship, but owing to the ice in the Yukon we were delayed for some time.

Three days later, the Yukon was clear of ice, and in the early morning we set out for Dawson City. We had on board our steamer people of all stations and nationalities, rich and poor, all mingling like one large family; and the life of the party was a gentleman by the name of Cyril Newman, whom I had met in Dawson

in 1905. He was a grand entertainer and took great interest in imparting to me any information that he could regarding the Northern Country. He was a rich mining man en route to Flat City.

While I was on deck viewing the scenery, Cyril joined me, greeting me most courteously as he said, "Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Patchell, I notice on this journey you are very much interested in this great country."

Looking up into his keen, luminous eyes, I replied, "Yes, indeed, Cyril, I am; and especially this Yukon River, on which this is my first voyage."

"This river is two hundred yards wide," said Cyril, "The current is so strong going down the Yukon that the first voyage is apt to make one's heart stand still. The great danger in navigating the river is on the sand bars, as the treacherous current alters the channels; the banks are high and dangerous."

As Cyril paused, I said, "I observed the voyage on this river is most bewitching as well as dangerous. It certainly gives one a thrill that can never be forgotten."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Patchell," he said, "and you will get more of a thrill now as we pass through the boiling rapids. The Five Finger Rapids derive their name from four immense boulders, rising perpendicular to a height of fifty feet. They are spread across a channel in the middle of the river, and together with the sheer rock walls of the stream, make the five fingers. The intrusion of the rocks in the river, which is narrow, causes a considerable increase in the flow of the water. It rushes and boils through all five fingers, but only one of the fingers is practical for navigation. The steamer is now headed right for the middle of the rocks, but the pilot, by an expert twist, brings the craft into the necessary position. He approaches the shore and then swings strongly towards the opposite

shore. The boat's great stern wheel has barely cleared the stone wall, as you notice, and we had scarcely time to catch our breath before the rocks on both sides had hastened on by us. That's a close call," said Cyril.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "and I certainly got a thrill passing through the Five Fingers. There surely is plenty of human interest in sailing down this wonderful and dangerous river, Cyril, and where does this river lead to?"

"The Klondike," said Cyril, "is only a stream; but as the nearest creek, a hundred feet in width, it gives its name to the whole country, and the Klondike name is applied to all of Alaska and that part of Canada adjacent to the Klondike district. The tiny creeks, from ten to twelve feet wide, tributary to the Klondike, are known in all parts of the world to-day; they are Bonanza, Hunker, Too Much Gold, Eldorado, Rock, Gold Bottom, and others. The Bonanza flows into the Klondike at Dawson."

"Cyril, I am very grateful to you for displaying and explaining so much to me. I certainly enjoyed this most wonderful and thrilling voyage, which you made so very pleasant for me, and it will live in my memory forever."

"Mrs. Patchell," he said: "I am only too happy to be in your company, and it is a pleasure to be able to entertain you."

Day by day as we sailed onward, I greatly enjoyed my voyage down the Yukon, and my interest in the country was unabated. My room-mate, Mrs. Fraser, was a very charming young lady and a most delightful companion. After breakfast we went on deck for a walk. We had glorious weather for viewing the scenery, which the kind-hearted men described for my edification. We had a number of good-tempered and good-natured

men of splendid types on board the steamer. There is no place in the world where a good woman is held with such high esteem as among the northern men; nothing could give them greater pleasure than to be of some service to the fair sex.

As we strolled about the deck, Cyril joined us and said: "Mrs. Patchell, I want to tell you about one of the most sensational murders in the history of the territory. Three men were murdered about twenty-five miles from the Yukon Crossing, by a man named O'Brien. Their names were Clayson, a merchant of Skagway, Olsen and Rolk, government telegraph line-men, who were travelling out from the Klondike in the winter of 1899. The relatives of the missing men reported their disappearance to the Northwest Mounted Police and no record could be found of them after they had left Minto. Detective Walsh, of Dawson, started on their trail and about two miles from Minto, he discovered where the murder had been committed, and where a hole had been made in the ice and the bodies of the victims dropped into the river, and a short distance above Walsh discovered the place where O'Brien had made camp. Here he found shavings and an auger which furnished the evidence necessary to convict the murderer and O'Brien was captured at Tagish Post. He evidently bored holes in the wooden runner beneath the steel shoes of his sled and in these he had placed six thousand dollars; the greatest portion was in gold dust, which he had taken from his victims. He was tried at Dawson, convicted and executed by hanging. It took several months of hard work to bring the murder to justice, and it cost the Canadian Government \$150,000 to secure the evidence to convict him. One witness was a companion of the accused, who was brought from the Washington

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State Penitentiary where he was serving a sentence. Detective Walsh and Crown Prosecutor F. C. Wade, were highly praised for the parts they played in this important case."

"Oh! Cyril, that was a terrible crime, and I am sure Dective Walsh displayed great cleverness in helping to run down the murderer. I have known Mr. Walsh since 1904; he is a very fine man, with a splendid character, and is very much admired by all who know him, for his brilliancy." Cyril continued explaining more thrilling events as we sailed onward.

The day was one of the finest I had passed upon the river. The air was so refreshing and beautiful scenes of Mother Nature were to be seen along the shore with its wide spreading green.

Cyril continued describing to me the most wonderful events that had happened since the discovery of the Yukon, which was most interesting, filling my mind with more enthusiasm as the steamer sailed down the enchanting Yukon River to Dawson.

CHAPTER XXVI

DAWSON, Y. T. May 23rd. Our steamer arrived in Dawson in the afternoon, and upon my arrival I recalled both sad and happy memories of bygone years when I lived here among many worthy friends who were so kind to me. Since then several of them have passed out of this world, while others are located in other parts of the globe. My dear friends Roy, Cari and Carson were in England, and my dearest friend Wilford had gone to his heavenly home; also George Winters, a devout friend of mine from my home town, I regret to say, died very suddenly at his home in Fredericton, New Brunswick, soon after he returned from the Yukon.

As the steamer sailed into the harbour I was greeted most cordially by my lady and gentlemen friends, including Doctor Lachapelle, Mr. John Black and his nephew, George, who is a member of Parliament. Everyone felt very happy greeting me with their friendly hand clasp, expressing great delight seeing me again and looking so well and charming after the absence of five years. I was very happy enjoying their gracious company and especially a long conversation with my dear, honourable, staunch friend, Dr. Lachapelle. In the course of our conversation he spoke of our dear Wilford's death with emotional sympathy. I felt very lonely as the time had arrived to bid them good-bye and embark on the steamer Tanan for Fairbanks, Alaska.

As I sat in my state-room in solitude, I found it

extremely hard to restrain the flow of tears. I never felt so friendless and lonely, with so little to live for, in spite of my resolution, my reason, moral courage and everything else. I wondered how long I could endure this lonely life. Had it not been for the restraining influence of religion, and my faith in God, all those years, I could have been living in luxury. Still, I believed I had fulfilled my duty to my conscience by making the sacrifice for our Lord's sake. I fully believe that God moves in a mysterious way and performs wonders. During my life I have trusted in Him and by so doing I have been inspired to great happiness.

Hours passed by when my room-mate, Janette, came in and addressing me said: "Why Sarah Elizabeth, what in the world are you worrying about? Why don't you come out in the fresh air?"

"Very well, Janette," I replied, "I'll go out with you on deck for a walk."

As we walked on deck I met many friends en route to Flat City. Among them was Earl, my trustworthy friend, a prominent gentleman, one of my sincere, sterling friends, whom I had the honour of meeting in Skagway several years ago, en route to Dawson City in 1904.

Greeting me most heartily he said: "Well, well, my dearest friend, Sarah Elizabeth, I am exceedingly glad and happy to see you, who have been constantly in my mind since I last saw you."

Still clasping my hand gently in his, I replied, "Earl, my dear, I, too, feel pleased and happy to see you."

As we talked and walked about on deck, our conversation was sensational and pathetic, which ceased as the gong rang for dinner. Earl then accompanied Janette and me to the dining-room. Shortly after

dinner, Janette and I went to our state-room and retired.

In the early morning we were awakened by voices outside, announcing a man had fallen overboard during the night. Janette went to the door to make inquiries as to whom the unfortunate man was. It seemed to be the general belief that the man who went overboard had committed suicide.

The morning sun was shining when I arose. I dressed quickly. Janette and I went to breakfast. After breakfast we went on deck for a walk in the glowing sun and balmy air. Other friends joined us, including Earl; greeting me with a cordial good-morning, as his brilliant blue eyes looked into mine with an enquiring look, he said in a mournful voice, "My dear friend, you are sad this morning."

"Earl, how do you know I am sad?" I asked.

"By the expression of your eyes, my dear," he answered. "Please tell me why you are so sad."

"Earl, I feel lonesome, that's all," I replied in answer to his question.

"My dear, I know you are grieving and have sad thoughts this morning. I am very sorry to find you in this sad state of mind, which you have no right to be. You are making a great mistake by denying yourself the happiness in this world which you could enjoy by travelling and have everything that you wished for. I very often wondered why you choose a lonely life by yourself. Since I made your acquaintance over eight years ago I have so often told you of my thoughts and wishes, and I have watched you with earnest, anxious eyes. At times when you little dreamed that I was present I studied you and I saw in your character traits that I have never seen in other women, and in your presence I saw charms that other women of my

acquaintance never revealed and I also felt extremely happy in your company. You are my ideal, and I assure you I am more concerned and interested in you than you ever realized. You are a beautiful, charming lady, one of my choice, my dear; I am a gentleman and I have an honest loving heart and wealth for such a lady. I love you sincerely and I would feel honoured with great happiness if I could win you for my wife. If you will consent to marry me, on our wedding day I will give you one hundred thousand dollars and the best home in Portland, Oregon, and I will try with all the power of my heart to make your life happy."

My heart felt heavy and sad and my eyes dimmed with tears as I listened to my noble friend's expressions, and relating these sentiments of his heart's desire.

Looking up into his inquiring eyes I said, "My dear Earl, I feel highly honoured, and I assure you that I sincerely believe you are a grand and noble gentleman, one whom I love and highly esteem as my trustworthy honourable friend; but it is utterly useless for you to ever hope for me to marry you. I regret to say my heart is too full of grief; therefore I cannot reciprocate your affections, but I fully and gratefully appreciate all that you have so generously offered me."

"My dear, if you could only realize how devotedly I love you, all the grief would vanish from your faithful heart."

Pausing for a moment as he pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, he went on,—“But, my dear, although you have refused me you cannot crush my sincere love for you, and I will live in hopes that some day my affections will win yours, then you will marry me.”

“But, my dear friend, it is impossible for me ever to consent to marry you. You will understand when you hear of my resolutions, which grieves me very much to

tell you that the involving circumstances of my life have forced me to dispense with marriage, owing to the sad events that came into my life, and I have promised my dearest lady friend, who has also had great sorrow, and have decided to dedicate my life consoling her as long as she lives." Speaking the few last words my eyes filled with tears as I looked in his handsome face, now clouded with sadness and disappointment.

Pressing my hand in his, he said, "Oh, Sarah Elizabeth, my dear, you don't really mean that. Why should a brilliant, beautiful woman like you dedicate your life consoling your lady friend in solitude? My dear, I am deeply grieved; I cannot understand your making such resolutions." I beseech you to reconsider the lot you have selected, and remember I love you as no man ever loved a woman, since our first acquaintance, but today was the first real opportunity to reveal to you my sincere love for you. During those years I valued and esteemed your friendship very highly and the happiest thoughts in my heart were to win your heart."

There was something in the tone of his distressed voice that made me look at him in silence for a few minutes and his emotion touched my heart pitifully.

Mournfully he looked earnestly at me with his sorrowful eyes, speaking thus in a trembling voice, "Sarah Elizabeth, my dearest friend, will you promise and grant me one favour—should you ever need a true friend or any assistance, will you appeal to me?"

"Earl, shall it make you happy if I do as you wish?"

"Yes, dear, extremely happy."

"Then, my dear friend Earl, I promise you."

"Thank you, Sarah Elizabeth dear, I will wait patiently; and as long as you remain Mrs. Patchell, I will cherish the hope of winning your heart, as you are

the only woman in this world whom I love and ever wish to call my own, and to make your sad life happy."

Lifting my sad eyes to his, I said, "Earl, my dear friend, during these years I never dreamed that you loved me with such strong devotion, but now, owing to circumstances, if you wish to make me happy, you will please never approach me in regard to marriage, as marrying anyone at present is absolutely impossible. Therefore you must be satisfied with my friendship, and I must go through life as God directs it for me and according to my conscience. I always trust in Him for everything, and for my sincere solemn prayers He grants me wonderful gifts in grace and happiness. All these things I retain in my memory and how I learned them."

"Sarah Elizabeth, my precious friend, with all the power of my heart I shall try to fulfil your abiding desire to the best of my ability and I will never cease praying for my gracious, refined Christian friend."

"Thank you, my trustworthy friend, Earl, for your sincere sentiments and righteous prayers. You are a good Christian gentleman, of honest, pious parents, and you have the spirit of justice and faith in God and His teachings. For such faith He will help you to overcome all obstacles in life."

Our conversation ceased as Cyril and other friends joined us, inviting us to join them in the saloon for a game of cards, which we accepted and played until the gong rang for dinner. Shortly after dinner Janette and I went to our state-room and retired at 10 o'clock.

The next few days passed. Life went on quietly. I voluntarily remained in my state-room, as I wished to be alone until Janette brought me many messages from my friends, urging me to leave my state-room and come out in the glorious sunshine.

The following morning I awakened early, the sun was shining through the window. I arose, dressed slowly and went to breakfast with Janette. Afterwards we went on deck for a walk. The first person I met was Earl. Extending his hand and clasping mine in his, with his luminous eyes fixed on my face, greeting me a cordial good-morning, as he said, "My dear friend, I am very happy to see you out on deck this morning ; I was afraid you were ill."

Looking up into his earnest face with a pleasant smile I replied, "No, my dear friend, Earl, I have not been ill, but I felt very sad and exhausted from the effects of a long serious strain of grief. I needed rest and I thought it best to be by myself. But do not worry about me, Earl ; I shall be alright."

As I broke off speaking, Cyril came forward smiling and greeting me a hearty good-morning he said in a gentle voice, "My dear friend, Mrs. Patchell, I am delighted to have you with us again ; I missed your splendid company." Cyril was interrupted as other friends joined us, remaining on deck until lunch hour.

The morning was one of the brightest, the sun was shining far up in the heavenly blue sky with balmy fragrance filling the air, as we sailed down the enchanting Yukon River ; murmuring soft and low notes of musical sounds like whispering words, and the buzzing humming like bees, and melodies of the song birds. The beautiful green banks and landscapes, high glistening mountains and dotted with white where the snow covered rocks showed through, and the gorgeous varieties of green trees below on slopes and banks, the green grass, ferns and flowers of rich colours made a beautiful picture.

We made frequent stops at all little towns, and our voyage was never lacking in interest or adventure. One never grows weary viewing the magnificent

scenery in this mysterious Alaska Country, and no matter how sad or lonely one feels, there is something in the scenery and atmosphere that consoles the mind and quiets the nerves.

On this voyage I made the acquaintance of many fine people, who were always delighted to tell me what they knew about this country. Earl and Cyril were very attentive to me, and were usually by my side, describing the most important events and fascinating scenes. Earl had powerful field glasses and it was a pleasure to look through them at the thrilling sights.

So the day wore pleasantly on and everybody apparently feeling happy and enjoying themselves like one large family, with cheerful hearts and favourable prospects of landing in Fairbanks within a few days.

Two days later our Steamer arrived in Fairbanks, with her passengers all feeling well and happy. Many friends were at the wharf to greet the passengers as we sailed into the harbour. Among my friends were Mary Anderson, whom I knew in Dawson and in later years moved to Fairbanks. We greeted each other most cordially and delighted in renewing old acquaintances. In the course of our conversation Mary mournfully said, "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I was heartily sorry when I heard of our dear friend Wilford's death. I loved that dear man for his goodness and thoughtfulness. He was a perfectly charming gentleman and one of the most handsome I had ever met. I wonder why our Lord takes such good, honourable men like Wilford out of the world."

"My dear Mary, I believe God takes such men for reasons unknown to us. The will of God must be done. Death is death and we must meet it sooner or later. Dear Wilford's death was sad and heart-breaking to me, leaving painful memories; also to his dear mother,

whom I dearly love and promised to be her consoling companion as long as she lives. As I have already explained the circumstances to you, Mary dear, my life seemed sad and lonely, but I know God will grant me grace and courage, and I must go on praying and trusting in Him for goodness, happiness, and for the necessaries of life and thanking Him for the wonderful gifts He has bestowed upon me for the reward of my constant prayers; nor shall I ever cease loving Him best of all, whom I consider my best friend on earth and in Heaven."

"My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I believe you are right in regards to your prayers and trust in God, for I know He has given you good health, righteousness and success above all other things, and I must say you have wonderful faith, and you are the truest and most religious woman I have ever known. I have never forgotten the staunch belief you had in your religion when we lived in Dawson, where faith was liable to become weak, but it was marvellous how you retained your faith and vows with wonderful courage, and renouncing all temptations that had been urged upon you when your life seemed sad and lonely."

"Mary, dear, I believe faith is the substance of righteousness, and with my sincere faith in God and his teachings He gave me the power to overcome all obstacles in life, especially when I was alone in Dawson, and I am thankful that I was able to obey my conscience."

"My dear, I shall never forget the years that you lived in Dawson; everything looked so gloomy for you, owing to your husband's strong craving for gold hunting in the far away regions, and you left alone. I sympathized with you as I realized your lonely life, similar to my own life in the early years that I lived

in Dawson ; and when I heard of your husband's death I felt dreadfully sorry for you, for I knew you loved him and worried about him. Sarah Elizabeth, you were always loyal, generous and good, and everybody loved you. I know you had many offers of marriage which you refused and your rejecting never seemed to discourage them in proceeding to win your heart. I often wondered if you regretted your refusing to marry one of those grand, honourable men."

"No, Mary dear, I have never regretted the sacrifice I have made for my faith's sake and for my husband. I had no desire to marry another, and my conscience would not permit me to go against my religion, as I always trusted in God to direct me to do the right things in life and what was best for my future."

"But, my dear, you will marry again now that you are left alone?"

"Mary, dear, I cannot say that I shall ever marry again, but whatever my fate may be I shall be satisfied with my lot in life." As I paused, Earl and Cyril joined us and greeted their friend Mary most cordially, reminding each other of many happy days spent together in Dawson.

After enjoying Mary's charming company we bade her a fond farewell, and in company with Earl, Cyril and Janette, we boarded the steamer, waving good-bye to our friends as the steamer sailed away en route to Iditarod.

Swiftly we sailed onward down the Yukon River. The weather was warm and the glorious sun shining day by day, everyone out on deck feeling happy and enjoying the fresh air and scenery, so impressive to my enthusiastic eyes; and usually Earl, Cyril and many of the passengers were by my side, describing the most important events for my benefit.

On June 5th, Janette and I wakened early, dressed and went down to breakfast ; then went on deck for a walk in the glorious sun. Shortly Cyril joined us as we walked about chatting and viewing the fascinating country, full of wonders on this bright morning. As my delighted eyes wandered over the banks, hills and mountains I looked up into Cyril's eyes and said, " Cyril, isn't this Alaska Country and mother nature the grandest place in the world for picturesque scenery and balmy air ? "

" Sarah Elizabeth, (you see I like to call you by your lovely Christian name, you will not be angry ?)" Looking eagerly at me as he said, " Yes, indeed, Alaska is a great country and you are a keen observing traveller, you have artist's eyes for beauty. I greatly enjoy sight-seeing with you ; you have an interesting sense of humour and charm and I certainly enjoy your pleasant company on this long journey. Believe me, Sarah Elizabeth, I shall feel very sorry to lose your daily companionship after we arrive at our destination. As you know, I will be leaving Flat City for some time, and I assure you I shall be very happy to see you on my return, and please always remember that in me you will find a true friend."

As Cyril hesitated, I replied, " My dear friend, Cyril, I too, will miss your excellent company which I so greatly enjoyed, and with lots of gratitude I wish to thank you for the untiring interest you have displayed in describing so many eventful episodes for my benefit. I shall never forget you or your kindness, and I shall feel very happy greeting you on your return to Flat City."

" My dear Sarah Elizabeth, it was my greatest pleasure to be in your gracious company, and I am only happy to describe and point out to you the beauties and details of this wonderful country. I appreciate meeting

someone of my own disposition and ideas. You possess beautiful wholesome qualities, so unlike any other woman I have ever met."

His musical voice broke off as I looked into his handsome, fine open countenance, and his keen, sparkling smiling eyes that seemed to read my very thoughts. I replied, "Cyril, I believe I have lived in the manner you describe me, and I always possess self-discipline and try to be master of myself."

At this moment our conversation ceased as other friends approached us, including Earl, all assembling together and viewing stretches of striking scenes as the Captain navigated the steamer smoothly forward. Suddenly Earl attracted my attention to peculiar snow-capped high range mountains, soaring upward to the sky. The view was beautiful as I looked through Earl's optical telescope glasses.

As I stood looking at the beautiful sights, Earl carried on the conversation; pausing for a moment he said in a mournful voice, "My dear friend, Sarah Elizabeth, I wish to tell you that my voyage from Dawson has been a very pleasant one; during the days that I spent in your gracious, sincere company. Life will be dreary for me when I depart for Ruby City and other districts, and I regret and fear that when I return to Flat City you will not be there to greet me with your smiling countenance, and you will be the only lady whom I shall miss, but when will you leave for St. Paul?"

"Earl, I expect to leave Flat City just as soon as I manage to settle up my business satisfactorily. I promised my dear friend in St. Paul that I would try and arrange matters so that I would be able to join her and her sister in London, and return home with my friend to whom I am greatly attached, as I explained to you several day ago."

"Yes, my dear friend, I understand. I expect to travel continuously for the next few years and I am anticipating a tour through European countries, which will be my fourth journey. My first was completed just before my dear parents passed away; you remember the year, as you sent messages of sympathy that consoled me in my sorrow. Your consoling words meant so much to me, and I always feel happy in your presence. I hope during my travels, if at any time you should be in the same city, you will permit me to call on you at your friends' home, as it would be my greatest pleasure to see you."

"Yes, Earl, you may call, and I shall always be pleased to see you, and I assure you my friends will greet you cordially."

The hours passed quickly and the day was drawing to a close, as most of the passengers left the deck to prepare for dinner. Earl escorted Janette and me to the door to our state-room, leaving us with a cordial bow. After dinner and a brief walk on deck, Janette and I retired early, as we expected to arrive at Iditarod in the morning.

June 6th; in the morning of the next day the sun was shining in all its glory, when we arose. Dressing quickly, Janette and I went down to breakfast and then for a walk on deck, filling our lungs with the refreshing air, and viewing the passing gay banks as the steamer glided onward to the Iditarod wharf. Many of my friends joined me, commenting upon our pleasant voyage from Vancouver and down the Yukon River. Expressing to them my joy and delight with my journey and the scenery filled with contrasting charm and inspiring grandeur, and my sincere gratitude to my friends, especially to Earl and Cyril, both of whom extended untiring interest in describing and pointing out scenic

attractions and historical educational knowledge of this wonderful country, that will live in my memory for ever.

Suddenly the steamer came to the wharf, the gang-plank lowered and the passengers went ashore and proceeded to the tram depot and boarded the tram-car en route to Flat City. Arriving at Flat City early in the evening, at the depot I was heartily greeted by numerous friends, welcoming me home with glad hearts. It was like visiting the scenes of one's childhood and meeting friends long lost. It was interesting and exciting to find myself in the luminous atmosphere again. After bidding my friends at the depot good-bye as Earl and Cyril bade me a cheerful good-night and said they would see me in the morning, I went home with my dear friends, Mona and Al. After dinner we entered into a long conversation regarding dear Wilford's illness and death.

"My dear," said Mona and Al, "we were almost heart-broken when we learned of our dear friend, Wilford's death, which was sad news to us; and we felt so sorry for you, realizing all you had passed through."

Mona continued, "When you wrote to me stating you were returning to Flat City I then hoped you would remain with us, but now I understand your promise to Wilford and his dear mother, who needs you now to lean on. In her sorrow you were her greatest comforter and she certainly loves you."

"Yes; Mona dear, and I dearly loved her. She needs me now more than ever since God has taken her cherished son, whom she so faithfully loved, and God and myself only know how she grieved after him. I pray God will help us in our sorrow and comfort us until our eternity. You will see why I am so anxious to settle

my affairs and return to my dear friend as I promised. Her sister Helen from England is with her and she will remain with her for some time; and if I can dispose of my property and my interests in the two gold mines so as to enable me to join them on their voyage to England, I will do so. But if I fail to accomplish the selling of my property within the next few months, or before navigation closes for the winter, then I regret to say I'll be obliged to remain here for the winter and in the spring leave for England where Wilford's mother will remain until I join her and return home with her."

Our conversation drifted away as we gazed through tears, as Mona leaned her head in her hands and wept aloud.

Al looked earnestly at me, with eyes red with tears as he said, "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, you have my greatest sympathy for all the sorrow you have passed through, and I have never regretted any one's death more than I did for our dear friend Wilford's. I consider him one of the finest gentlemen I have ever known, and I do not know why God ever took him from this world."

"Al, my dear friend, God alone only knows that reason."

During the evening Nita called and we had a long talk together. Nita pressed my hand in hers as she spoke tender words through sobs and tears and in a mournful voice said, "Oh, dear, my Sarah Elizabeth, how your heart must have bled for dear Wilford during his illness and death. I was deeply shocked when I received the sad news and I still can hardly realize that such a wonderful man has left this world; he was so good and I liked him very much."

Our conversation ended as I bade Al and Mona good-night and Nita and I went to my home.

The following day many friends called at my home to greet me upon my return to Flat City, including Earl and Cyril. They informed me that they were leaving in the morning for Ruby City and came to pay a me visit before their departure. We enjoyed a pleasant visit and they told me again how much they had enjoyed my companionship during the long voyage, which will be remembered with sweet memories in all of their travels. As the time approached for our farewell, Earl gently took my hand in his, closing his eyes in silence for a moment; then with a quick glance and sad expression he said, "I feel very sad parting with you, but I hope when I return you will be here. Sarah Elizabeth, dear, you always told me that you believed God answered your sincere prayers, and I pray He will answer my daily prayers with His protection and bless you, my precious friend, whom I love with the highest esteem and will carry the impression of your lovely, pure countenance upon my memory wherever I go. May God bless you until we meet again, which I hope will be soon." These were Earl's parting words.

Cyril also clasped my hand in his as he said, "My dear friend, Sarah Elizabeth, I am also leaving in the morning with Earl, but not for very long, as I have decided to look into some mining prospects here. I shall feel very happy greeting you upon my return to Flat City, so good-bye, my friend, and may our dear Lord's blessings be upon you forever."

After a few brief friendly words, Earl and Cyril left to prepare for their journey.

Today, June 14th, I had my first disappointment regarding the sale of my property, that caused a depressing spirit; as the result of Nita's unexpected marriage to her fiancé in Fairbanks, who wrote her full particulars in his letter that she received today. As Nita held the

half-read letter in her hand, tears dimmed her eyes as she glanced at me, speaking thus in a quivering voice.

"My dearest friend, my tears are for joy and also for grief. I feel happy to think of being wedded to the man I love and is the owner of a rich mine, but I feel very sad parting with you and my failure in not carrying out my promise to my agreement regarding your property; but my fiance states in his letter that my friend, Mrs. Kent, in Fairbanks, informed him after our wedding, if agreeable to you, she would take over my agreement and will buy or rent, as she intends to reside in Flat City, but dear, I am so sorry I disappointed you."

"Oh, my dear Nita," I replied, "do not worry about that. I am so accustomed to disappointments, and I always try to accept them with courage and patience; and, my dear girl, you are perfectly right in doing as your conscience directs you. Of course I do feel grieved owing to my great desire to settle my affairs here and enable me to be with my dear friend, Wilford's mother, whom I love and would make many sacrifices to accomplish my desire to be with her. But Nita, dear, I shall feel extremely happy to know you are happily married to a good, successful, thrifty and kindhearted man, and one who can provide home and happiness for you. My dear, I am very fond of you, and whenever you decide to go outside, I extend to you a cordial invitation to come to St. Paul and make me a long visit."

"My dear Sarah Elizabeth, you have been so dear, kind and lovely to me, and I shall be very happy to have the opportunity to visit you and be your guest, enjoying your grand company again."

"Nita, dear, I shall feel happy greeting you and make your visit a very pleasant one; so now, Nita, you and I will be very busy for the next few months, you prepar-

ing for your wedding day, and I for the sale or rent of my property."

As I paused, the door opened and Mona entered, smiling happily. Greeting me most fondly she cried out, "Oh, my dear, I feel so happy to have you with us."

Looking up into Mona's happy countenance with my sad eyes, I related to her Nita's unexpected change in her life, which act indicates such a disappointment to me in my undertakings and preventing to accomplish my heart's desire to be with my dear friend.

"My dear," said Mona, "I know your greatest wish is to be with dear Wilford's mother, but, my dear, the failure to accomplish your desire is no fault of yours, so you must not be in despair. Everything will be all right in time."

"Mona, I always try to be patient and hope for the best." Then to change the subject I said, "Let us go for a walk and call on friends."

The following day I received a letter from Ed, stating he was leaving for Flat City within a few days. I also received other letters from friends, including one from Carl from Dublin, Ireland. On June 18th I received letters from my dear friends, Mrs. D. and Helen, announcing that they intended leaving for Europe the latter part of July, and expressing their sincere hope that I will join them at Helen's home in London at my earliest convenience.

On July 1st, Ed arrived at Flat City from California in excellent spirits, and it was with great joy and delight he met his friends again in Alaska.

July 4th, being a wonderful sports day in Alaska, was celebrated with an interesting programme. First on the list, a Nail Driving Contest. Six ladies entered, including myself, and I happened to be lucky enough to win the first prize of \$10.00.

There was also an Egg race. Eight ladies entered. The contestants carried an egg on a teaspoon with the handle of the spoon held between the teeth, and ran thirty-five yards. I was the only one who finished the race with the egg still on the spoon, so I again won a prize of \$10.00.

For the men, there were the foot race, three legged race, wheelbarrow race, and for each race the winners were awarded \$10.00. for first prize and \$5.00 for second. There was also a tug-o-war contest between twelve men, six from Iditarod and six from Flat City. Ed was one of the winners of the fifty dollar prize.

In the evening the Arctic Brothers gave a grand ball in the A.B. Hall at Flat City.

July 15th, Mona returned from Iditarod, where she had been visiting, and spent the day with me; we thus enjoyed a pleasant visit in each other's company, talking of years gone by and when we first met. Suddenly, Mona said wistfully, "Oh, my dear Sarah Elizabeth, I was very lonesome for you when I was away and I will miss you so if you sell and go outside, do you think you will go?"

"Yes, Mona dear, I shall go outside; I promised dear Wilford's mother that if she went to England with her sister Helen, I would settle my affairs here as soon as possible and join her at Helen's home in London, and we would return to St. Paul together. She is a grand lady, and I must go to her. That was Wilford's wish, for me to live with his loving mother."

"My dear, I know she loves you, too. You were a sincere comfort to her in her sorrow and made her feel happier. I admire you so much for doing all this for Wilford's sake. He was a noble gentleman, the finest type of man I ever met. He had extraordinary principles, was delightful company, and was always well informed

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and sincere in his conversation, and he idolized you."

"Yes, Mona dear, God must have had some unknown reason for taking him away, and we must believe that He always knows best."

Al called and invited us to dine with him at the restaurant, and while we were dining, he informed me that he had located some men who might be interested in purchasing my interests in the mines that I am interested in. I felt like rejoicing over the good news.

The following day, and day after day, I was interviewed by mining men regarding the sale of my interests in the mines. Mona also was our daily visitor, helping Nita prepare her wedding trousseau.

On August 4th, Nita departed for Fairbanks, to be married shortly after her arrival.

June, July and August had passed away, long and wearisome, and no change in the long period for the welfare in progress of my business.

September 18th, I received a letter from Nita, stating she and her husband were very happy, but so sorry to inform me that my friend, Mrs. Kent, has been very ill and may not be able to travel for some time. This sad news has cast a gloomy feeling over me, as I now realize I shall not be able to join my dearest friend in England this season, as the navigating season will very soon close.

On October 3rd, I received letters from Mrs. D. and Helen from London. Mrs. D. stated in her letter that she had been very ill and expressed regret that I was not with her. She also stated that she had received my affectionate, consoling letters, and was watching and waiting patiently for my arrival.

November 24th : During the last month many changes took place. There had been a few deaths, one murder,

and one shooting case, said to have been accidental. There was great excitement among the miners. The manager of the Guggenheim Gold Dredging Co., was buying up all the mines on which they could obtain options. Earl and Cyril had returned from their long tour.

December 25th, 1913. Mona and Al entertained eight guests at a sumptuous Christmas dinner. Among those invited were Janette and her husband, Earl, Ed, Cyril and myself. I felt very sad at heart when I considered the circumstances that surrounded me, but I tried to be cheerful in the presence of my friends.

On January 1st, Earl was host at a New Year's Dinner Party given at the hotel. Ten guests were present and I was chosen as the honoured guest. The dinner was a luxurious one.

The following morning I received a letter from Nita stating that her friend would leave for Flat City on the first steamboat and will purchase or rent my place of business.

On January 27th, I received a letter from Helen, stating sad news that her sister, Mrs. D. was very ill, and regretting that I was not with them. She wrote, "My dear sister and I are watching and waiting constantly for your coming. She is suffering from a serious heart attack." With tears rolling down my cheeks I finished reading Helen's letter with a sad, grieving heart for dear Wilford's mother. I answered with deep regret of my dear friend's illness, and I was so sorry that it was impossible for me to travel to the outside during the winter, but that I would take passage on the first steamer in the spring for the outside and proceed to England.

After writing my letter to Helen, I mailed it and called on Mona to acquaint her with the sad contents of

Helen's letter. Upon greeting me as I entered, she fondly embraced me as she cried, "Oh, my dear, I fear you have had sad news from England; I see sadness in your eyes."

With sobbing voice I replied, "Yes, Mona dear, my heart is almost broken. I fear my dear friend is very ill and may not return, as she has had several heart attacks since dear Wilford's death. I am grieving now because I am not with her."

"But, Sarah Elizabeth, dear, you cannot go now."

"No, Mona, I can't go now, but I will leave on the first steamer that sails in the spring."

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear, do not worry; she will recover."

"Mona, dear, I hope she will recover from her illness, as it is my heart's desire to be with her to comfort her as long as she lives. She is so dear, and I love her so fondly."

"My dear," said Mona, "let us go for a walk in the beautiful sunshine, as the air is so refreshing." After drying the tears from our eyes, we went for a long walk.

During the month of February, I spent most of my time in Mona's company, grieving together over the illness of my dear friend, who was so far away.

February 29th, I received a letter from Helen, stating Mrs. D. was still confined to her bed, and wishing I was by her bedside, and they were both patiently awaiting my arrival. After Mona read Helen's letter, I said, "Mona, dear, I have definitely decided to leave here on the first steamer. I will let you and Al take charge of my affairs, as I may never return."

"Yes, indeed, my dear, we will do that; and if we sell your property and mines, we will deposit the money in the Iditarod Bank for you."

"That will be splendid, Mona, and I will appreciate all you do for me."

On May 12th, good news came to me in regard to the sale of my property, and Nita's friend arrived from Fairbanks and decided to take over my place of business by renting the place for a few months, with the agreement of buying later, which I signed. I am now prepared for my long journey.

May 14th, I received a letter from Helen and read with a painful shock that dear Wilford's mother was no longer in this world, but was in Heaven with her dead son; passed away March 4th. I felt grieved and heart broken over the death of my dearest friend, who was like a dear mother to me, and I regretted so much that I was not with her to comfort her during her illness. But Helen wrote full particulars of her illness and death and of the affectionate messages her dear sister had left, to be delivered to me, also her statement and Wilford's, which I need not mention further at present.

After I finished reading Helen's sad letter, I answered it with tears in my eyes and an aching heart in a spirit of deepest sympathy, and stating that I fully intended leaving for London within a few days, but with a depressing, sorrowful heart I postponed or cancelled my journey. Shortly after I mailed Helen's letter Mona called, and was surprised to find me grieving. Through sobs and tears I said, "Mona, dear, my heart is breaking over the sad news that dear Wilford's mother has left this world."

"Oh, my dear, I am so sorry to hear this sad news. I realize how fondly you loved her and wished to be with her. Now, that Mrs. Kent has charge of your place, come and stay with us until we are ready to leave for the outside, and then we will go to California where

we intend to locate. I will have my two children with me. My dear, you must not worry so."

"Oh, thank you, Mona dear, I really do not know what I will do.

"But, my dear, you must come home with me now; I beg of you to come."

"Very well, Mona, I will go."

September 2nd. Three months passed slowly by and brought little change into my life, absorbed in painful reflections over the death of my dear friend. Today as I meditated in a gloomy manner, going over all the anguish and grief that I had gone through during the past years, and especially the year of 1912, which brought the sad episode of Wilford's death, and the parting with his dear mother, and now her death which seemed to crush my heart with deeper grief, then suddenly bright thoughts came to my mind; of all my kind hearted friends who proved so loyal to me in all my sorrows and trials, and of my life that always seemed worth while living, and I always fought my grief out by myself. So now I realize I am not a weak woman, and I must not let sorrow or despondency discourage me now; and I believe my gifts and powers are developed by work, and work alone gives happiness, so now I make a resolution to continue my work.

September 17th; for the last two weeks Mona had been under medical treatment and my care, suffering from acute inflammation of the lungs; but she recovered sufficiently to enable her to go with me for a walk today in the sunshine and the crisp September air.

Shortly after we returned home, Cyril called, suffering with a crushed finger, to which I attended. While I was dressing the injured finger he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I hear that we are to have a new hospital at Flat City very soon, and a new Doctor. I also hear

that the Guggenheim's want to buy up all the gold mining creeks for dredging purposes. I understand a dredge will be shipped here in the near future."

We were interrupted in our conversation as Al arrived home, smiling joyfully as he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, I have accomplished the sale of your interests in the two mines for a substantial sum of money."

Looking into Al's happy countenance I cried, "Oh, my dear friend Al, I am so glad you sold my interests. I owe you great gratitude for all your kindness to me."

"My dear, I am only too happy to be of some service to you."

Al paused for a moment and then speaking to Cyril, invited him to dine with us and spend the evening.

September 20th. During the last two weeks many strangers arrived at Flat City. Among the most distinguished arrivals were Dr. Auringer, of New York City, the Guggenheim's Co physician. He was a keen, dignified looking young gentleman, with a striking personality. One of the Guggenheim Dredges also arrived. Carl, Moisant and Cameron had charge of freighting the huge dredge piece by piece from Iditarod to Gold Creek with their powerful, beautiful horses.

Cyril called at Mona's home this afternoon, informing me that he had an offer to sell his mining property to the Guggenheim Company. While I chatted with Cyril he took from his pocket a poem; passing it to me, he said, "Oh, by the way, did you ever read this poetry about a man who composed it about himself?"

"No, Cyril, I have never read it," I replied.

"Then, you may have it, as I have more copies," he said.

"Thank you, Cyril."

After I read the poem I assured Cyril that the composer evidently had never seen the beauties of this

country as I had seen and enjoyed them. He evidently felt very lonely and homesick at the time he composed these verses.

The poetic effusion referred to by Cyril is as follows :

ISOLATION.

I AM thinking today of the past,
 As I sit in my cabin alone ;
 And hear the cold icy blast,
 And the breezes in their agony moan.
 The snow has piled up so fast
 No trail leads out from my home.
 I am thinking today of the sweetness,
 Of life in a tropical land,
 Where men can live in completeness
 And nature gives him a glad hand.
 And time, in its marvellous fleetness
 Creates the things that are grand.
 Oh, if I were back in the East,
 In the land were the Maple Trees grow,
 I'd have a luxurious feast
 And then perhaps take in a show.
 I'm living up here like a beast,
 A homesick and starved sourdough.
 My whiskers are long and I'm lanky,
 I'll die in these mountains, perhaps,
 My surroundings would make a man cranky,
 I'm completely off from the maps.
 I came here a blue bellied Yankee,
 Maybe now I belong to the Japs.
 No word has reached me for ages,
 No wire or wireless or 'phone,
 No cars, automobiles or stages,
 To bring me my letters from home.

And all of the wisdom of sages,
Couldn't tell me what Teddy has done.
I'm here in complete isolation,
There's no one to love or to hate,
Since the day of Adam's creation
All animals long for a mate.
I'm here at my own invitation,
So why should I mourn at my fate ?

—*Tom Wilson, Bard,
of the Kuskokwim.*

On December 25th, 1914, I enjoyed a very pleasant Christmas with Al and Mona at their home, where I was staying. Six guests were invited, including Earl and Cyril, and a most delicious dinner was served.

As the guests were conversing with each other, Earl informed me that he expected to leave for the outside early in the summer, adding—"I understand Al and Mona will also be passengers on the same steamer that I sail on. Owing to the sudden change that has come into your life since the death of your dear friend, Wilford's mother, why do you not come with us, my dear, and make a happier change in your sad life?"

"No, Earl, I could not be persuaded to leave this country now, my heart is too full of sorrow; so I have decided to remain here by myself and bear my grief in silence." Mona overheard our conversation and replied, "Earl, we will try to influence our dear friend to go outside with us." The subject ceased, and later in the evening refreshments were served and the guests most graciously thanked their charming host and hostess and bade us good-night.

April 7th. During the last few months nothing of any importance has happened. Today Mona said to me: "Sarah Elizabeth, dear, Al and I have decided to

leave here within the next few months for California, and we sincerely hope and wish you will join us. You will come with us, will you not?"

"No, Mona dear, I cannot go. I feel very sorry to disappoint you and Al. and other friends who have been so kind to me, but really, Mona, I do not wish to go outside now; I feel so sad, and have no desire to go. I must remain in Alaska, where I can console my grief and find contentment, having my mind occupied with my daily duties and making good use of the wisdom that God gave me."

"But, dear, you will be very lonely here," she said.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAY 6th. During the evening, I sat in silence, debating whether I should go outside or remain here in this quiet and impressive country where I will find consolation. As I pondered over the future and what my decision might be, all of a sudden I thought of Doctor Auringer and his new hospital. Why not consult him and offer my services there as a nurse ?

In the morning, I called on the Doctor. Introducing myself I made known my desire to be a nurse in his new hospital. Delight was pictured on his manly face, and he spoke very kindly and appreciatively of my offer. He said, " I have secured a building and I will proceed to open the hospital for patients as soon as I have it remodelled in the interior." After a brief investigation regarding nursing, he said, " Mrs. Patchell, I trust you will perform your duties in a reliable manner and you will be under a great responsibility in the care of my patients. I also want to inform you that there is no clergyman of any denomination in this part of the country, and I would also expect my nurse to be able to give private baptisms and spiritual advice to the sick and in case of death."

To the Doctor's instructions I gently replied, " Doctor Auringer, I assure you I can perform both duties satisfactorily, as my dear mother was a very sensible and prudent woman, and she gave me good religious training ; and, Doctor, I also assure you that I shall give your patients and my work faithful attention and consideration in your interests."

I proceeded at once, day after day, to help in arranging the hospital in order, and before the last finishing touches were completed the patients began to arrive; a number of men who worked in the mines, suffering with various ailments and injuries.

Two months later. Since I entered the hospital as nurse, I had been kept very busy. The Doctor placed a big responsibility on my shoulders in caring for the sick, as he made frequent tours travelling for miles on foot and on horse-back over valleys and mountains, and in Creek towns, responding to sick calls.

Today, Earl, Al. and Mona were guests at the hospital. I regretted they were leaving in the morning for California. As they talked of going away Mona said, "My dear, I wish you were going outside with us. I feel very sad leaving you here."

In reply, I said, "Mona, dear, my patients need me now and I feel happy here." As the days passed on I became more and more attached to my work.

"Yes, dear," said Mona, "I realize how you feel, and I am sure Doctor Auringer could not get along without you. Earl, Al and I are very fond of him. We think he is wonderful and an excellent physician. Everyone likes him and admires his handsome features and grand personality."

"Yes, Mona, he is indeed a magnificent young physician." After refreshments had been served the three of them bade us goodnight, promising to call in the morning before they took their departure.

The following morning. The last day came for my dearest friends, Mona, Al and Earl to take their departure, which brought with it keen grief to me. The morning was bright and beautiful and the glowing sunshine blazing down upon us as we stood looking at each other for a few moments with tears in our eyes as the

time came for us to part. Earl clasped my hand in his, pressing it to his lips as he said in a sad voice, "My dearest friend, I am very sorry indeed that you are not coming with us, and it is with the deepest regret that I say good-bye, but I hope it will not be for very long. I offer my sincere prayers to God, asking Him to protect and bless you. Farewell, until we meet again."

Al bade me a fond good-bye. Mona and I wept as we embraced each other and our farewells were choked with sobs.

With tears streaming from my eyes I returned to the hospital and resumed my duties, which consoled my mind and I felt happy in making my patients comfortable.

Flat City Hospital, December 25th, 1915—During the last month I received numerous letters, Christmas greetings, and gifts from relatives and friends, including Mona, Al, Earl, Maxie and Carl. I spent a very pleasant Christmas at the Hospital. Mr. Merle Guise, a very charming, dignified young gentleman from Chicago, and a very dear friend of Doctor Auringer, was guest of honour at the Christmas dinner. The cook prepared a most sumptuous feast, which we all enjoyed very much. The patients also had a delightful day.

On February 22nd.—As usual the Masonic Society gave their annual grand ball and banquet in the A.B. Hall, celebrating the birthday of George Washington. I attended, with Ed as my escort, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McMahan. I wore a beautiful gown of rose silk chiffon, complemented by diamonds and pearls. The ball was a grand affair.

March 26th, 1916—Eleven months had passed since I joined the hospital staff as nurse. I felt very happy and I loved my work. Another nurse had joined the hospital staff and also other help since I entered.

Many patients had been successfully treated and there had been no deaths. I had been very busy with my patients and managing things in general, as the Doctor was away a great deal of the time on sick calls. During the winter he travelled many miles by the aid of his dog team, consisting of nine beautiful animals, which mush their way through deep snow and freezing weather, and very often the sufferers were brought to the hospital for treatment. One of the doctor's serious cases was that of a man who had both his feet frozen. Some time elapsed before he reached the hospital. The Doctor amputated both feet with wonderful skill, managing to save the man's heels.

Two months later the patient recovered and was very grateful to Doctor Auringer for saving his life, and thankful that he was able to hobble around on his heels. We raised several hundred dollars to enable him to go outside for artificial feet.

August 21st, I received letters from Mone, Al and Carl. They were travelling through Europe. Also received letters from Maxie, Mrs. Rice, Peter and Carl. Carl stated in his letter that he was coming to Flat City in the near future. Another letter was from Helen, the sister of Wilford's mother, inviting me to England to make her a long visit.

August 28th. During the last two years I nursed in the Flat City Hospital; many patients of different nationalities and creeds had been admitted to the hospital for treatment, some of the finest men and some rather indifferent. One in particular named Pat, who entered the hospital in a very weak condition; the poor unfortunate man had not long to live and in such cases where death was nigh, it was my duty to give spiritual advice in helping to prepare the patient to meet his God in the next world. I sat by Pat's

bedside and I began to talk to him about his spiritual welfare. I said, "Pat, my dear patient, you may not recover from your illness, and you will please concentrate your mind on God and prepare yourself to meet Him in heaven."

To my surprise, Pat answered, "Nurse, I do not believe in God; I do not believe there is a heaven or hell—only in this world, and I have experienced both. I have had that belief for twenty years and nobody can change my mind now."

"Pat," I replied, "the scripture proves that there is a God, Heaven and Hell. That was God's teaching when He was on earth and His teachings are recorded in the Bible because they are true."

Pat repeated again that he did not believe there was a God, and if there was He would not listen to him now.

"Yes, indeed, Pat," I said, "He will listen to you. Won't you realize that while God loves every sinful man and woman, He does not take them to His heart until they cry out to Him for forgiveness; then He will have mercy on their souls and will pardon you of all your wicked sins, even in the last hour, if you will only ask Him with a sorrowful heart."

Pat cried out again, "Oh nurse, why should I ask God to forgive me my sins when I do not believe there is a God? I wish I would believe in Him as you do."

"Pat, I feel very sorry for you. You are the only patient I ever knew who would not become reconciled on their death bed. Some were very hard, but usually they could be convinced; but all I can do now is to intercede for you and ask God for the forgiveness of your sins and to have mercy on your soul."

The following morning Pat was very much weaker in strength, but still continued to believe in his own



Dr. H. E. Springer, of New York City.

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infidel way. I felt very sorry for him in his suffering condition.

Three days later poor Pat passed out of this world, in a delirious state and many convulsions ; once he looked up at me, earnestly trying to speak. I felt very sorry for him and did everything in my power to comfort him in body and soul and never ceased praying to God for him to have mercy upon his soul as he passed into eternity.

On September 10th, a man by the name of Alex. entered the hospital in a serious condition. There was little or no hope for his recovery. On the following morning when I began to talk to Alex. about death and God, he said, " Oh, nurse, I have not been inside a church for over fifteen years, and I fear it is too late for me to save my soul now."

I replied, " My dear man, have you forgotten that when our Lord was on earth He said, " It was never too late for anyone to ask Him to forgive them their sins.' God is not far from any of us and He will forgive you your sins if you will only ask him."

Alex's sad face lighted up with hope as he said " Nurse, if there is such a God, I will gladly devote the rest of my time that I have to live for Him, and I will follow your instructions."

Then I asked him if he had been baptised, because it was my duty to give patients who had never been baptised, a private baptism. Alex replied that he had been baptised in the Catholic faith, but had neglected his religious duties for a long period.

I then explained to Alex that God was always waiting to hear a sinful man or woman ask Him for forgiveness of their sins. Then he appeared anxious to make his peace with God, before he passed out of this world. He followed my instructions most faithfully, asking

Almighty God to forgive him of all of his sins, and praying Him to have mercy upon his soul.

One day later while I sat by Alex's bedside, he said, "Dear nurse, I am very grateful to you for assisting me to save my soul, and I feel so happy now believing in God's commandments as I should have during all those years. And I thank God that I am here under the care of a faithful Christian nurse who understands His teachings."

Alex lingered for several days, spending the greater part of the time praying to God; and when the end came he passed away very peacefully, with a happy look on his face. The patients in the ward also noticed the difference between the two deaths,—the first, Pat, who would not believe in God, and the second, Alex, who spent his last days in this world praying to Him to forgive his sins and have mercy upon his soul. He was fifty-eight years of age. He had been in the Northern Country since 1899.

During the last month many patients, including Ed and Cyril, were admitted to the hospital for treatment for different ailments and injuries, and there were many serious cases, due to accidents when blasting with dynamite. We took care of all the Guggenheim employees, among whom we had as a patient, our friend Mr. Merle Guise, the Guggenheim's book-keeper. He was a very intimate friend of the Doctor, and they were very fond of each other. He was also a good friend of mine, and he claimed me as his charming adopted sister, and insisted on naming me, "Divine Sarah Elizabeth." He was planning to go outside shortly to spend the winter in Chicago.

On the morning of October 20th, Merle called at the hospital and greeted me with a cordial good-morning and said, "I am leaving in the morning for the coast

by dog team, whence I continue on to Chicago ; if the United States enters into the war, I am off to Europe to fight for my country. Will you miss me, Divine Sarah Elizabeth ? ”

“ My dear Merle, ” I replied, “ you know very well that I shall miss you dreadfully, and let me tell you, one doesn't often meet such a charming young man in everyday life. You are wonderful, and you will certainly make a most gallant, distinguished looking leader of men, should the United States enter the war, and you are doing the right thing by going with such a noble spirit to fight for your country. I shall certainly miss you, and I am sure our faithful Doctor will miss his dear friend ; you two are just like brothers to me. ”

“ And Divine Sarah Elizabeth is like a sister to us, ” said Merle.

“ Merle, indeed I feel very happy claiming two such splendid young men for my brothers, and I certainly appreciate their brotherly feelings toward me. ”

“ Sister dear, ” he said, “ I shall miss you very much, you are wonderful and a charming nurse. You may go overseas, too, to nurse the wounded men. ”

The Doctor then joined us, and Merle had a long chat with him, and remained for luncheon. He then bade us good-bye and the Doctor said, “ Sister nurse, I shall surely miss our friend Merle ; he is a grand young man, and I am very fond of him. ”

“ Yes, indeed, Doctor, ” I replied, “ He is a splendid young man, and I am sorry for your sake that he is going outside ; for I am sure you will miss him dreadfully, and I, too, shall miss him. ”

The Doctor laughed heartily and remarked, “ How he does love to call you ‘ Divine Sarah Elizabeth ! ’ ”

At that moment the telephone rang. It was a call

for the doctor to go to Iditarod, a distance of twelve miles by his dog team, to attend a sick patient.

Flat City, Alaska, December 8th, 1916—Father Siften, from Holy Cross Mission, arrived at Flat City with an Indian boy, by means of a dog team. They journeyed over four hundred miles. In the evening, after travelling this long distance, this holy man heard many confessions, and instructed members of his flock.

On the following morning, Father Siften said mass in the Hall, and a number of people received communion. After the service, I invited Father Siften to come to the hospital and have dinner with us. He accepted the invitation with great pleasure, remarking that he had met Doctor Auringer at Holy Cross Mission. He was delayed there a few days and had saved the life of one of his members, which he could never forget, and he said the Doctor was one of the cleverest and most skilful young physicians he had ever met. The good Father was the only clergyman who had ventured on such a long journey, by the aid of his dog team, to this part of Alaska since the discovery of Flat City.

When Father Siften came to the hospital, the doctor met him and they greeted each other very cordially, and appeared very happy in renewing their friendship. We sat down to a most delicious chicken dinner, which we all enjoyed very much. During the conversation, Father Siften commented upon his generous collection, and remarked that someone had placed a twenty dollar gold piece on the collection plate.

The doctor replied, "I will vouch that it was Mrs. Patchell; she has a heart of gold."

Father Siften said, "Yes, I know that Mrs. Patchell was the generous one—and my dear child," he said "I fear that you have donated too generously."



Dr. H. E. Younger and his horse.

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"No, indeed," Father Siften, I replied, "If it had been a hundred dollar gold piece it would not have been too much. I'll never regret the money I donate to the Church and charity. I was taught by my mother in my girlhood days, if I ever had to go out in the world to earn my living, to go with a pure heart, and to always remember that one dollar earned by the sweat of the brow is worth more than one hundred dollars earned dishonestly, and I was taught to always give to the Church and the needy ones according to my means, and God would always bless and take care of me. Now, Father, you know that when I donated the twenty dollar gold piece, I was fulfilling my mother's instructions."

"My dear child," said Father Siften, "you had a wonderful mother, to impart to you such pure, Christian knowledge."

"Yes, Father," I said, "she is, indeed, one of the grandest women that ever lived."

"Is your father living?" he asked.

"No, Father Siften," I replied, "my father died when I was seven years old, and there were two brothers younger than I. There were nine of our family altogether. Several years later my eldest brother, who at the time was a conductor on a train in West Virginia, was instantly killed in an accident, and my eldest sister entered a convent."

"Oh, how sad," replied Father Siften, "your brother's death must have been a dreadful shock to your poor mother."

"It was, indeed," I assured him. "He was a good man, loved by everybody, and he was a dear friend of Father Walsh, the pastor of the church where he attended services. Father Walsh took charge of my brother's

remains and had him laid in state in the church until his burial."

"Oh, what a magnificent man he must have been," said Father Siften, "when such honours were bestowed upon him."

"Yes, indeed, Father, he was. My mother went to West Virginia and met Father Walsh. He told her that my brother was handsome and noble, and one of the grandest man that he had ever met."

"How consoling Father Walsh's words must have been to your dear mother," said Father Siften. "What convent did your sister enter?"

"My eldest sister entered the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, New Hampshire, at the age of nineteen, and three years later died of typhoid fever."

"Mrs. Patchell," said Father Siften, "Your mother raised a wonderful family and God will bless her. She must be a brilliant woman. Have you any family?"

"Not any living. On the beginning of the second year of my marriage, before my husband went to the Northern Country, I lost a boy in his infancy."

"Oh, that was sad," said Father Siften.

After we conversed for some time, Father Siften said, "Your life has been been sad and still you retain a very happy countenance."

And speaking to the Doctor, Father Siften said, "Doctor, I consider you a very fortunate man in obtaining such a wonderful nurse."

"Yes, indeed," said the Doctor, "I certainly appreciate such a wonderful and valuable nurse. She is marvellous and I could not manage my hospital without her, but I am afraid she will marry one of these rich mine owners."

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Father Siften answered the doctor by saying, "Doctor, have no fear; I do not think Mrs. Patchell will marry any of them."

Father Siften and the doctor enjoyed a long conversation together. When Father was about to leave for his home he said to me: "Mrs. Patchell, I want to thank you again for your generous donation; you are a wonderful woman. Should you stop at Holy Cross Mission at any time, you will please call, and I am sure the Sisters at the Mission will be delighted to have you visit them. May God bless you and protect you through life."

After Father Siften bade us good-bye, the doctor said, "Mrs. Patchell, I think Father Siften is one of the grandest men I have ever met; he thinks you are a wonderful woman, and he admires your staunch Christian faith."

"Doctor" I said, "I, too, think that Father Siften is a wonderful priest, and he is very fond of you. He told me to be a sister to his faithful friend, the doctor."

"He is right," said the doctor. "You are like a sister to me."

We were interrupted in our conversation as a patient entered the hospital for treatment.

During the winter months, many patients had been admitted to the hospital. I had been very busy, with the aid of another nurse, attending to them. Doctor Auringer made several trips by his dog team to the far away creeks, journeying for many miles through cold and stormy weather, aiding the sick, and bringing patients to his hospital. On one of his trips, he nearly lost his life in a raging blizzard, struggling for hours through the deep and blinding snow. He finally reached the hospital in an exhausted condition.

On February 22nd, 1917, I attended the grand

formal ball, given by the Masonic Society in the A.B. Hall, celebrating George Washington's birthday. I was escorted by Grant Murdock, one of the honourable members.



My Sister, Mary Jane Wade.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

FLAT CITY, Alaska, May 24th, 1917,—I awakened this morning between five and six a.m. I had never before experienced such a strange feeling. As in a vision my mother appeared to me, and remained so that I could see her in full view before my eyes. At that moment, as in a dream, I heard these words spoken, "Your mother is dead." Apparently I was awake at the time, as I immediately arose, dressed and went downstairs to the dining-room. I felt as sure that my mother was dead as if I had received the news by telegram. The nurse on night duty, also the doctor, knew I arose early. The doctor, believing that I was ill, arose earlier than usual to see why I was up so early. When he saw me grieving, he asked, "What is the trouble?"

I replied, "Doctor, my mother is dead."

"Did you receive a telegram?" he asked.

"No, Doctor, I had a premonition between five and six this morning that my mother was dead."

"Why, nurse," exclaimed the doctor, "It was only a dream; that is all. Now, do not be worrying."

But the doctor could not console me, try as he would.

I said, "Doctor, to make sure I am right, we will mark the calendar; it is the twenty-fourth of May."

"I will mark the date," said the doctor, "but would not your sister wire you if your mother had died?"

"No, doctor, but my sister will write and I shall receive a letter within a month. It takes a long time for a letter to come from my home to Alaska."

"Well, now," said the doctor, "we will wait and see, and please do not worry."

June 25th—One month later, I received a letter from my sister, Mary, at home, stating that my mother had passed away on May 24th, at eight o'clock a.m., after a few days illness.

There is a few hours difference between Eastern and Alaskan time. Evidently my mother passed out of this world at the very time that I saw her and the vision of her death.

My sister also stated in her letter that my mother was aged eighty, and a few days before her death made a journey to the city of Fredericton by train, a distance of ten miles, for the purpose of attending services at St. Dunstan's Church, and to make the Forty Hours Devotion. Apparently in good health, she returned home, but on the third day afterwards she died. My sister said her last thoughts were for me—she spoke of me just before she passed away. She had been very fond of me and always prayed for my protection in this far away country.

During my mother's life she had been very healthy and a good Christian, charitable woman, with a fine personality and a clever business head.

She was the only daughter of well-to-do Irish parents, born in Dublin, Ireland. At the age of forty she was left a widow with nine children. With good management she invested in live stock to be raised on the farm, and was very successful in providing everything that was necessary for her family and a happy home. Now, I realized how much I would miss my dear mother when I returned home.

On June 28th, I received a very interesting letter from our dear friend, Merle, from Chicago, who wrote in part :

"My dear Divine Sarah Elizabeth, I will cross the Atlantic within a few weeks to help win the war against Germany. You and the doctor had also better sign for overseas service. We will need good surgeons and nurses, and I hope I shall meet you and the doctor in France."

July 1st; During the last two months, since the United States declared war on Germany to aid the Allies, many changes took place among the miners and business people, and a number of men signed for service. The doctor decided to dispose of the hospital and his other property to another doctor, and he was making preparations to leave Alaska and go overseas as an army surgeon.

I decided to return home to visit my sister Mary, who had been alone since our mother died.

We had a large number of patients in the hospital, including some very serious cases resulting from working in the gold mines, blasting rocks.

July 3rd, I received a letter from Carl, stating that he would arrive in Flat City on July 10th. Since I received his last letter stating that he was coming here, I recalled that ten years had elapsed since we last saw each other. Naturally I wondered if he would find me changed, and older, perhaps, from the effects of sadness and anxiety, as I felt that I had lived a life of righteousness as beneficial as that of any martyr, for one who repaid the sacrifice by neglecting me for the lure of gold. Those years of suspense and worry over my husband's absence had lain heavy upon my heart and nerves, and when he failed to return, I determined to live my happy contented life by continuing my good work. In later years I became reconciled to his death, after hearing that he was the victim of a drowning accident.

July 10th:—At 5.25 p.m. I met Carl at the tram

depot. Greeting each other most fondly, as Carl said, "Sarah Elizabeth, dear, I am very happy to see you again after those long years of worry and anxiety. Dear, you are beautiful and wonderful; your face is as sweet and charming as you were thirteen years ago, when you were the most beautiful lady that ever came into this Northern Country."

"Carl, my dear brother," I said, "I am delighted to see you again, and you are looking wonderfully well; you have not changed any."

"Sarah Elizabeth," he said, "I missed you terribly after you left Dawson in 1908. You nearly broke my heart by not returning, but I have lived in hopes of your return some day."

"Carl, when I left Dawson to go to Alaska to nurse my sick friend, I fully intended to return the following year, but as the years passed by I seemed to go further away, and so many sad events have happened since I last saw you."

"Yes, indeed, I understand," he said, "and I felt so sorry that I was in Europe when you were in St. Paul, and I felt heartbroken when I heard of the death of our dear friend, Wilford."

"It was heartbreaking," I replied, "to see our noble and handsome Wilford pass out of this world. Some day I shall tell you all about his illness and death." Pausing for a moment, then I said, "Carl, we are going to the hospital now; I want to introduce you to the doctor and you will please dine with us."

"Sarah Elizabeth dear, I shall be very happy to dine with you," he replied.

Arriving at the hospital, I introduced Carl to the doctor and they were very much impressed with each other. After dinner, the doctor was called away on a case. Carl and I conversed for some time.

"My dearest Sarah Elizabeth," said Carl, "why did you keep me from coming here so long, when you knew how I longed to see you and that my love for you would never cease?"

"Carl, dear," I replied, "I could not help it, and you know I am very happy to see you now, my dear brother, whom I have always loved."

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear," he said, "during all those years you loved me with a sisterly love, because you did not believe in divorce; but now that you are free, your love for me can be different. You were a true and faithful sister to me during those years, but, my dear, my love for you is stronger than brotherly love; I want you. I know you do love me as I love you. You have never been absent from my mind since the day you left Dawson, and my heart was almost broken when I saw you go, but I have lived in hope of your return. The second year after you left Dawson, and when your husband did not return from his mines for his yearly provisions as he usually did, and you wrote me that you feared that something had happened to him, I took an Indian guide and we searched for your husband, travelling to the different prospecting places, and located many prospectors in the hills. They could give no tidings of your husband, so we all came to the conclusion that he and his partner must have perished during the winter."

"Carl, dear, it was sweet and kind of you to try to find him," I said.

"My dear," said Carl, "I wanted to find him dead or alive for your sake. I realized your feelings of suspense during his absence. Then, learning of the sad accident, I realized he had met his death by drowning, which was very sad, and I felt sorry indeed and I longed to be near at hand to comfort you."

"Carl, dear, during those years of my husband's absence, not knowing whether he was living or dead, I grieved and felt that I had been neglected by him. My heart was heavy with grief and loneliness, but owing to my proud spirit I concealed it from the world—yet I maintained a sad but high composure. I found that the best cure for loneliness was work, and my solitary and ambitious life attracted many gentlemen, who proposed marriage and pleaded with me to forget the one who had neglected me, apparently for gold, and accept their love and comforts.

"However, attaching more value to my religious faith than to love and wealth, I continued my busy, single life, and found contentment in making others happy by deeds of charity and good works, always praying to God for health, success and protection; which He has graciously bestowed upon me. Then, learning of the sad fate of my husband, brought more grief to my heart, but I now realize that he is dead."

"My dearest Sarah Elizabeth," said Carl softly, "I realize all that you suffered during those long years; my heart ached and bled for you, I love you and long to make you happy."

"Carl, dear," I said, "I always pitied him and always gave him the benefit of the doubt, and tried to make myself believe that he did not intentionally neglect me, but his desire was so great that he could not resist its lure. The one great object of his life was a rich gold strike."

We were interrupted in our conversation as the doctor arrived home. He and Carl chatted with each other for a considerable time. After refreshments, and as Carl was returning to his hotel, the doctor invited him to join us at luncheon the next day. Carl accepted with delight, and bade us good-night.

The following day, Carl joined us at lunch, and afterwards I showed him through the hospital. As we moved about, he remarked, "Sarah Elizabeth, dear, it is all perfectly grand, and your patients have a happy smile for their charming nurse, who exhibits the depth of her charity, the kindness of her heart, and the unselfishness of her nature."

The doctor overheard the remark, and said, "You are right, Carl, she is wonderful, and words can never describe my appreciation and esteem for such an honourable and faithful nurse; I never could have managed here without her."

I responded to the doctor's kind remarks, as I said, "Oh, thank you, doctor, for your praises; I always consider it a great pleasure to care for your patients with every consideration."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Patchell," said the doctor, "you certainly have, and our patients and friends will all miss their devoted nurse when you leave for the outside next month, also myself. I have made arrangements for another doctor to take over the hospital."

"Doctor," said Carl, "I certainly realize how greatly your gracious nurse, Mrs. Patchell, will be missed in this Northern Country."

As Carl and I continued our stroll through the hospital he said, "My dear sister, Sarah Elizabeth, your patients all love you for the faithful care you give them, performing your professional duties, and I realize now all that you have suffered during these years, and I grieved because you had refused the help that I offered you. You are a beautiful woman, wearing away your life over sick patients. Why should you devote your life to the care of the sick? Of course, nursing is a grand, noble profession, but, my dear, you can be the happiest woman in the world if you will become my wife."

"Carl, dear," I replied, "after causing you so much worry and anxiety during all these years, how could you love me now more than you would a sister?"

"My dearest Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, "I never ceased loving you. I loved you all these years, and I acted as a brother towards you as you wanted me to; I wanted to make you happy."

The doctor joined us again as he said to Carl, "I have some sick patients I want to see today on the different creeks, and I should feel very happy if you will join me on my journey."

Carl replied, "Thanks, Dr. Auringer, I shall be delighted to accompany you on your journey; I may have an opportunity to take some pictures of the mines."

Then Carl bade me good-bye, saying, "My dear, I am sorry to leave you."

"Carl dear, I'll be all right," I replied. "I want you to see this country, and I am sure that you will enjoy yourself travelling with our splendid doctor."

They returned in the evening, and on greeting me, Carl said, "Sarah Elizabeth, while I travelled to the different creeks I took a number of pictures at the mines and I certainly enjoyed a most delightful and wonderful outing with the doctor. He is a charming companion, and I enjoyed the beautiful scenery of this grand country."

After refreshments, Carl bade us good-night, promising the doctor he would join us the next day for luncheon and dinner.

On the following morning, Carl joined us at luncheon and spent the remainder of the day visiting at the hospital. In the course of our conversation, Carl said, "Sarah Elizabeth, when you wrote to me, you stated that Wilford had arrived at Flat City, and previous



My Mother, Mrs. Mary J. Wade.

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to his visit you had received word from a friend in Dawson stating he felt sure that your husband was dead. I know that Wilford loved you with a fondness that would never relax, and as I realized my fate, my heart was full of grief; I seemed to be bewildered, and in vain I tried to console myself. I had a tendency to wander, and the doctor advised me that a journey to Europe would benefit me. I felt very despondent, believing that I had lost the only woman I had ever truly loved, and I knew I could never find your equal. I travelled for months, as you know; and when I received your letter telling of Wilford's illness, and how you were at his home spending most of your time at his bedside, and then the statement in your next letter that you feared you were going to lose your dear brother Wilford, I knew that you were not married to him. In the agony of my grief, I began to understand your suffering and heartaches at our dear friend's bedside. I imagined I could see you there consoling poor Wilford. Then, a few days later, you can imagine my feelings when I received another letter, containing the sad announcement of Wilford's death.

"I can assure you it was a painful shock to me. Roy, Carson and I received letters from you at the same time. We were overcome with grief at the news of his unexpected death. It was to me a personal loss, as he had been my dear friend for years."

"Wilford was a magnificent man, everybody loved him and he was just like a real brother to me. Carl, when I first met you and Wilford, I unconsciously told you both about my husband neglecting me for the lure of gold. You and Wilford, realizing that I was young and unprotected in a strange, wild country, offered me brotherly protection, which I accepted and depended upon during all the years that I lived in

Dawson. And as the time passed by I knew both you and Wilford loved me, and I loved you both with a sisterly love ; and I always had in mind that should I be free to marry, I would not marry either for fear I might cause the other to grieve. For that reason, I wished to continue loving you and Wilford as my devoted brothers, who had proved loyal and faithful to me.

“ When I received word from Wilford’s mother of his serious illness, I hastened to him. Upon my arrival, I found him indeed a painful contrast to the robust man to whom I had bade good-bye a few months before at Flat City. I had very little hope for his recovery, and when he suggested to me that I marry him on his death-bed so that I could enjoy his wealth after he was gone, I said I would rather wait until he had recovered from his illness. I wanted to console him ; my heart ached and bled for him. We need not dwell upon the weary weeks that followed. Wilford had every advantage that could be had from good medical skill and the most faithful nursing, but the hand of God seemed to take him from us. He wanted to live for my sake, and he proved his devotion by embracing my faith, which he loved. It was sad and pathetic to see our magnificent friend pass out of this world. I grieved for long over his death. Carl, two days before Wilford’s death he spoke to me of all his friends. And he said I was still young and he wanted me to make my home with his mother at his house, which he wished to be mine, where I could be comfortable. He said further that should anything happen to his mother and I should decide to marry again, it was his wish that I marry you, as you were good and worthy, and he felt that you loved me with a true heart, and he added that he was very fond of you. I gave him my promise then and there that

I would carry out his wishes, and it seemed to please him."

"Sarah Elizabeth," replied Carl, "Wilford was wonderful, and one of the finest man I ever met; for years we were devoted to each other. He loved you sincerely,—he had one heart and one love, and you owned them both. He knew that I loved you with a love similar to his own. He felt happy at having you by his bedside, consoling him during the last days he spent in this world."

"Yes, Carl, he would tell me so often how happy he felt having me with him, but my heart was heavy and sad, seeing him decline day by day; and I always feel sad when I think of his untimely death."

Carl noticed my gloomy aspect, and changed our conversation by suggesting that we go out for a walk; and as we strolled along, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, Alaska is a beautiful, fascinating country. It is the land of romance and adventure, a land of brilliant days and gorgeous summer nights, so silent and peaceful. I am a lucky man to be here with you."

"Carl, I am very happy to have you here with me." We walked along the mysterious creeks for some time in silence, then Carl suddenly began singing one of his favourite songs, "*When Irish Eyes are Smiling.*"

Then, suddenly, turning his loving eyes upon me, he said, "Sarah Elizabeth, dearest, we shall go outside together, you will become my wife; I shall embrace your faith and you will be happy. Dear, I am the man who loved you for years, and no one could love you or wish for your happiness more than I do, and no one would try so devotedly to make you happy. Tell me, dear, that you love me and you will become my wife."

I raised my eyes and looked at Carl. I was on the

verge of tears as this thought came over me : " Was there ever another woman in the world in my position, who had offers of marriage from so many wealthy and worthy men of the Northern Country, and had the choice of Wilford and Carl—handsome, wealthy and adorable men whom I regarded for years as faithful brothers. And for the sake of my religion I was compelled to live a solitary life ; but now in my heart and soul, I believed my husband was dead, and I no longer feared the breaking of one of God's commandments by again marrying, for the man I married was surely dead."

In reply to Carl, I said, " Carl, I cannot go outside now and leave my patients, but I shall go within a month; and then when you leave Dawson I will meet you at my friends' home in Seattle, and there I shall arrange for my future. My dear Carl, you know I love you."

" Sarah Elizabeth, dearest," he replied with emotion, " you do not know the sweetness and the hope that you are inspiring. I would have come for you long ago had you not written so often that you intended returning to Dawson. After you returned from St. Paul, I fully intended coming here, only you stated in your letters that you expected to visit that city again after you had disposed of your property. I remained outside awaiting your arrival, but you never came."

" My dear Carl," I said, " I have remained away from you and Wilford all these years for the reasons that I have explained to you. Then Wilford, like yourself, came here, and later I was called to his death-bed, and after his death I returned here with the intention of disposing of my property and returning to St. Paul to be with his mother. Soon afterwards, I received the sad news of her death. Following so soon after the death of her dear son, it meant a double bereavement,

and I decided to remain here and bear my grief in silence. After I had entered the hospital as a nurse, I found my work very interesting, and my mind was so taken up with my patients and duties, that the time slipped away very quickly. Then when my dear mother died, leaving my sister at home alone, I decided to go home and visit her. Then when you wrote to me stating that you were coming to Flat City, I encouraged you to do so, as I wished to see you again."

"My dearest," he said, "I am so sorry that you kept me away so long, and, my dear, I am so happy to be here with you now. I regret that my business is taking me to Dawson. If I could postpone the sale of my mines for another year, I would gladly go outside with you and the doctor."

"Carl, I believe perhaps it would be well for you to go on to Dawson, and while you are there attending to your mines, I will visit my sister at home; and when you are ready to leave Dawson, I shall meet you in Seattle at my friend's home, where I shall visit."

"Sarah Elizabeth," he replied, "I believe that is a splendid idea, and while I am in Dawson I will try to sell all my mines to the gold dredging company."

We continued our conversation for some time and returned to the hospital. Carl and the doctor enjoyed a chat and then refreshments. Shortly afterwards Carl bade us good-night.

Speaking of Carl, the doctor said, "I fear he is going to take my faithful nurse away."

"No, doctor," I assured him, "Carl is going to Dawson on business, which he will tell you about tomorrow. He is a charming man and I am very fond of him."

"He is certainly very fond of you," said the doctor. "If you marry Carl you will become a very wealthy

lady ; I like his fine, gentle manner and his striking appearance."

During Carl's visit to Flat City, he had made many friends, and a number of acquaintances called at the hospital this evening in company with him. During my visit with Carl he said, " Sarah Elizabeth, I am very fond of the doctor ; he is a fine type of man and one of the most brilliant and clever physicians I have ever met. The Guggenheim's manager certainly selected a capable man for this country, and the doctor told me that you were wonderful and just like a sister to him."

" Yes, Carl," I said, " our physician is one of the noblest men that ever lived, and he is very courteous to everyone. The country will certainly lose a good man when he departs."

Here the doctor joined us and asked : " Carl, do you intend leaving us in the morning ? "

" Yes, doctor," was his reply, " I have very important business to attend to in Dawson, and my time is limited. I only wish that I could remain here longer. I would like to be able to see you in New York before you leave for Europe."

" Carl," the doctor replied, " I shall be delighted to meet you, and I am sorry you will not be able to join us at Nome and take passage on the steamer Victoria for Seattle."

" Doctor," said Carl, " I am very sorry I will not be able to make that journey."

" I shall miss you very much after you leave. I certainly enjoyed your very pleasant visits, and I am sorry you cannot prolong your stay," said the doctor.

" Thank you, Doctor Auringer," answered Carl. " I assure you that I have enjoyed your company and hospitality very much indeed, and I want you to visit me in Pennsylvania, whenever it will be convenient for you to do so."

Next morning Carl joined us at breakfast. After breakfast, as he and I chatted together before he took his departure for Dawson, he said, "My dearest Sarah Elizabeth, I have enjoyed your charming company and I am deeply grieved at leaving you, even if only for a short time. My dear, you shall never be absent from my mind, and my one hope is that you will become my wife and I shall make you happy, loving you as long as God will let me live. You are the light of my soul and the joy of my heart and life. You are all I have in this world and I want to make you happy. My dear, you are one of the loveliest of women."

"My dearest Carl," I replied, "you are one of the most gentle, true and grandest of men, and I worship you, and I shall as long as I live."

"My dear," he told me, "you make me feel very happy, and I shall make you happy for life."

"Carl, do you realize I believe that I owe my life to you? Do you remember saving my life in Dawson in 1907, when I was buried beneath a snowslide? You rescued me through a most fortunate opportunity of which you, with great nerve and presence of mind availed yourself, or I would have suffocated."

"Yes, indeed, Sarah Elizabeth" he replied, "I do remember that day very well; you nearly lost your life. Had Mrs. Cambern not seen the snowslide and had I not had some presence of mind, you would have died."

"Carl, dear," I went on, "during all those years that I lived in Dawson, no brother could have been kinder or more thoughtful to me than you were, and I owe you very much gratitude for all your kindness to me."

"Sarah Elizabeth," he said, "just to be in your delightful company inspires hope and happiness, and I shall be very lonely now until I see you again. May God protect and bless you as long as you live; you

shall never be absent from my thoughts. My dearest Sarah Elizabeth, I have loved you with all my heart during all these long years, and I shall continue to love you as long as God permits me to live."

"Carl, dear," I replied, "I shall never forget your tender kindness and I shall miss you dreadfully until we meet again, and I ask God to protect you and bless you."

A number of friends accompanied Carl to the depot to bid him farewell. Taking my hand in his he said, "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, I hope I shall see you in Seattle upon my return from Dawson."

His eyes dwelt upon my face with an expression of tenderness as he bade me a fond good-bye and God's blessings, as he took his departure for Dawson.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OCTOBER 8th, 1917—During the last two months I attended many farewell parties given in my honour, at the homes of my friends, and, through their kindness and esteem I received many precious souvenir gifts made from Alaska gold, including a beautiful gold napkin ring with the initial "S" and "Alaska" engraved on it, presented to me by the patients. Cyril's gift was a valuable gold bracelet and friendship ring, in settings of beautiful dark ivory. Ede's gift was a gorgeous necklace, also made of Alaska gold and ivory. This beautiful ivory is found by the miners while mining, buried deep in the ground. It is the ivory of mammoths that were buried there during the glacial period hundreds of years ago. I also received many valuable souvenir gifts from the ladies.

Doctor Auringer was also greatly remembered and honoured by his friends presenting him with numerous gifts, including an expensive gold watch and chain, composed of gold nuggets. Another very valuable gift of Alaska gold was that of a precious gold Masonic watch fob, containing his monogram, attesting the highest esteem in which he was held. The doctor expected to leave within a few days for the outside.

Four days later the day arrived for me to take my departure from Alaska. On this beautiful sunny morning I arose early, and after breakfast before leaving I strolled through the hospital bidding my patients good-bye, wondering in my mind if I should ever see them or this hospital again. The chances are that I

might never return to this part of Alaska again, although I loved this country and this hospital where I spent happy years aiding the sick in their sufferings, and where I received my reward, blessed by my patients. I loved Alaska, the land of mysterious beauties and sweet memories so dear to me, after spending many happy years among friends so faithful and so grateful.

As I sat down at a table to write in my diary a few parting words of my patients and Alaska, and while meditating, my mind wandered back to the days when I was just a young woman travelling on the steamer "*Beatrice*" in 1904, on my voyage to Dawson to join my husband, whom I had not seen for six years. That journey I shall never forget, also the meeting with grand people who became staunch friends, and whose hearts were full of sympathy and congratulations upon my great courage and bravery in travelling so far alone. Then, after my arrival in Dawson, when my husband's great desire for the search of gold led him to go far away, leaving me alone, many of my friends offered me sisterly and brotherly protection.

As the years passed, and then word came of my husband's death, realizing I was left alone, men became infatuated with me, including Wilford and Carl, offering marriage and every assistance which I could not accept. I was satisfied with their brotherly friendship, as I was ambitious and determined to do something worth while in this life, and my earnest hope was to be able to support myself, so I decided wisely for myself and my faith. Having thus chosen, I did not mourn my fate, nor did I ever discuss my affairs with anyone.

I came to Alaska in 1908, and during those past years I concentrated my mind upon work and nursing, performing my duties satisfactorily to everyone. I was

always ready to lend a helping hand, and ready to part with many a dollar, and dollar's worth, as I never was a poor woman. I always had sufficient money to meet my needs and to help the needy ones, and I always possessed wonderful self-control, and exercised good judgment ; in fact, I never sought advice from anyone.

I cultivated pleasant thoughts and I always associated with good congenial people, as I preferred cheerful conversation on good subjects. I was a great lover of music, singing and operas. I was fond of pretty clothes and I loved everything that is good. I always had abiding faith in God, and I never was afraid to answer a question concerning my personal religion, nor ever hesitated in praying beside the bedside of a sick or dying patient, telling them of God's love and His forgiveness of sins, and helping them to prepare for the other world. I never made any distinction between my patients nor in the matter of creed ; I treated all alike, and I believe that all my patients loved me. My work as a nurse was always a success, and I always felt happy. I never let my work involve strenuous labour or serious 'mental strain. When I was in my 'teens, I was very shy and sensitive, and was afraid that I was peculiarly unfitted to meet the world alone ; but I met it and conquered it in this Northern Country, in spite of timidity, loneliness and sensitiveness, and I lived a contented life by touring my loneliness to the companionship of men and women enjoying true friendship, forgetting my solitude, and I lived a busy, successful and happy life.

During all these years of, course, I had many admirers, and most of the men I came in contact with were more interested in me than I was in them. I had a stronger character than most of the men who professed love for me, but they were all wonderful, worthy, and most of them wealthy ; and I have retained the personal.

friendship of all the men whose offers of marriage I refused. Those who know me remember me as respectful, charitable, sympathetic, affectionate, gracious, very considerate and interesting, and I was always considered a lady. Nothing that I ever saw or suffered ever coarsened me to the finer things of life or made me oblivious to them.

Many of my friends paid me flattering compliments upon my appearance, and insinuated that they had never seen anyone who retained their youthful appearance as I had done during all these years, and some suggested that I should write a story of my life and experience, and adventures in the Northern Country, which would make an interesting volume. I might act on the suggestion some day, as I had been keeping a diary of the most important events of my life.

Just as I had finished writing my meditations in my diary, the doctor and many friends came into the reception room where I was and cried out, "Nurse, we have only fifteen minutes to get to the train leaving for Iditarod," which meant action on my part. I then bade farewell to the new doctor in charge of the hospital and his wife and patients, and hurried to the depot, where many friends had assembled to say good-bye to us. Ede, Cyril, and many others were among the passengers bound for the outside. Our first stop would be at Holy Cross Mission.

A week later we arrived at Holy Cross Mission. Father Siften met the steamer at the wharf as it arrived, greeting his friends including Doctor Auringer and myself most cordially, and inviting us and other friends to his home. After a pleasant visit at Father Siften's home I called at the convent in company with other ladies, to see the Sisters, who, with the Mother Superior, were overjoyed upon greeting me again, as this was my second

visit to them since I came to Alaska. We were to remain at the Mission for a few days awaiting the arrival, of the steamer to convey us to St. Michael.

Three days later, as we were about to embark for St. Michael, I bade the dear, good Sisters farewell. I then called at Father Siften's home, where I met Doctor Auringer and others. Father Siften accompanied us to the Steamer. As we were about to board he bade us good-bye with his blessings, and asked God to bestow His blessing upon us, and hoped that we would meet again.

On October 26th, we left St. Michael, and, arriving at Nome, we boarded the Steamer "*Victoria*" for Seattle, a nine days' journey on the Bering Sea. The morning was beautiful; as the steamer glided out to sea in the bright and glorious sunshine, I gazed on the surroundings and looked, perhaps for the last time, on the green banks, hills and mountains of this great Alaska country. I felt sad and my eyes filled with tears, but I have been told that tears "unbidden" start in extreme joy as in sorrow. My tears were of sorrow at leaving Alaska, and of rejoicing in my homeward journey. To me I can truthfully say that "Alaska has been a chosen home of chivalry and a garden of romance."

During the nine days on the Bering Sea I enjoyed my voyage, and I ate three meals every day and walked the deck in the beautiful sunshine, while many of the passengers were suffering from seasickness.

Arriving at Seattle, I had the pleasure and honour of being greeted by my dear friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Vigelins, who met the steamer and invited me to their home to be their guest while in the city. They also invited Doctor Auringer to dine with us at their home in the evening before he took his departure for Chicago, where he would join Merle Guise, his dear friend, and continue their journey overseas.

Seattle, Washington. Received a letter from Carl with sad news, stating that he is very ill in St. Mary's Hospital at Dawson, suffering from a serious attack of ptomaine poisoning, and symptoms of appendicitis, which will confine him to the hospital for some time.

November 20th—During my stay in the beautiful city of Seattle, I have enjoyed most pleasant and welcome visits, dinners and theatre parties, in company with many charming sterling friends. I left Seattle this evening, en route to my home at Waasis, New Brunswick. Many of my friends accompanied me to the depot to bid me farewell, and on saying good-bye to them, I promised them I would return to Seattle in the near future. All waved good-bye as the train moved onward.

Waasis, New Brunswick, December 12th, 1917—Home today at noon, and felt happy on greeting my sister Mary Jane, and my handsome and favourite brother, William, after six years absence. But my heart was sad as I missed my dear, good mother, who passed away six months ago. I felt deeply grieved, with tears rolling down my cheeks, as I gazed upon her beautiful picture that hung on the wall, thinking I would never see her sweet face or hear her loving voice again in this world; although I felt that I must be reconciled to the will of God. As I pondered, a flood of thoughts came over me with the realization that I am back at the home of my childhood, where I had knelt on my knees near one—my dear mother, whom I know is in heaven. And it was here by her knee as I knelt that I learned of the wonderful works of God, which I resolved to keep constantly before me during my life, as I have done, and I have been rewarded. The dreams of my life have been realized, and my mother's prayers have been answered, also my own prayers, and now I wish to thank God with all the sincerity of my

heart for the many blessings He has bestowed upon me during all the years I spent in Alaska—the land which has a dome place in my heart, which is quite equal to that of my native land.

With feelings of interest I went through the house where my mother spent her happy days with her large family. The house had been remodelled, and was much the same in size as when the family lived there. The parlour was neat and cosy, and there was little change except for a few more pieces of furniture and new carpets, and some striking religious pictures hung on the wall; also a beautiful late picture of my mother, and one of my sister, Mary, who had been my mother's helper and comforter for the last twenty-five years, and was still at home. These pictures were beautiful and inspiring to look upon, and the old clock, once the property of my grandfather, which stood in the corner for years, still stood there.

The house contained several rooms on the first and second floors, all neat and newly painted. As I gazed around, I felt sad when I thought of the days long before, when our father and mother lived within these walls and made many hearts happy, and where their nine children spent many wonderful and happy years.

1918.—Winter and Spring had passed away since I arrived home from Alaska, and I was happy. The delightful month of May was passing by and the garden was full of beautiful blooming trees of apple, plum, cherry, raspberries, gooseberries and black and red currants, filling the air with sweet scent; the bees were busy gathering honey, while the robins and a variety of other birds were singing their sweet melodies in the glorious sunshine, which filled my heart with gladness.

I loved the garden, which was over fifty years old, and the scene of a thousand hopes and joys. It made

me think of my beloved mother in this garden that she loved, and how she gloried in her outdoor work.

I roamed over the green fields, and walked along the brook that coursed its way through the farm, reminding me of happy bygone days, when, as a child I trod the same green fields, and played by the laughing brook.

As I gazed about in the glorious sunshine and viewed the scenery of the surrounding fields with their beautiful panorama of green trees with their spreading branches, and listened to the birds warbling sweet songs, they filled my heart with a happy inspiration.

Many other happy remembrances reminded me of my happy childhood days, especially attending services at the church where we were all baptized, and received our religious instruction ; I occupied the same pew that I sat in during all the years that I lived at home, and how I missed our dear old saintly priest, Father Farrell, who is now in his heavenly home. He was our pastor for twenty-five years, a magnificent, pious, religious gentleman, and was loved by everyone who knew him.

Since I returned from Alaska, I entertained many visitors, and they kept me busy answering questions and describing the beauties of the North Country. They love me to tell them thrilling stories of my Alaskan experiences. I also visited my sister, Helen, Mrs. Joseph Fleming, and her family, at Milltown, Maine, and my sister Catherine, Mrs. Bert. Fitzmaurice and family, at Lawrence, Mass., also many other friends in different parts.

Waasis, N.B., July 10th, 1918.—During the last six months I received several letters from Carl, stating that he had fully recovered from his illness, was disposing of all his mines, and would leave Dawson in the latter part of the summer. I also received letters from

Dr. Auringer, Merle and several other young men who went over to Europe, and entered the war.

August 20th, my brother John F. Wade, had been home visiting and assisting my brother William A. Wade in the hay fields.

September 10th. I received a letter from Carl, stating that he would leave Dawson on the last boat that leaves Dawson for Skagway, and thence would sail on the "*Princess Sophia*" to Seattle, where he expected me to meet him. He also stated in his letter that he had deposited money in the bank to my account, for my interest in the mines. I was to leave in the morning en-route for Seattle, Washington.

Arriving in Seattle four days later, my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Vigelins, met me at the depot, and we motored to their home, where I was to visit until Carl arrived.

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CHAPTER XXX.

SEATTLE, Washington, October 20th, 1918.—Since my return to Seattle, I had met many of my dear old Alaskan friends. Some of them were awaiting the arrival of northern friends and relatives. We learned that there was a large list of Northerners, from all parts of the Yukon and Alaska, coming out on the last steamer of the season, the "*Princess Sophia*."

Among friends here, I met Mrs. McMahon, from Flat City, who came outside some time ago. She was expecting her husband on the "*Princess Sophia*." I also met my dear friend Janette, and we enjoyed many pleasant chats together. As we conversed, Janette said, "Tell me, Sarah Elizabeth, when do you expect Carl?"

"Carl expected to leave Dawson on the last steamer for Skagway," I replied, "and from there will embark on the "*Princess Sophia*." He would have left Dawson earlier, only he had some difficulty in disposing of his mines."

"Oh," said Janette, "I am so pleased Carl will be on the same steamer with Mr. McMahon, and I believe there are about one hundred and fifty people going outside from the Flat City district. Many of the miners sold their mines to the dredging company, and many others disposed of their places of business. My husband also sold his business, and he is a passenger on the "*Princess Sophia*." We intend remaining in Seattle for the winter."

As the days passed, I was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the steamer, which was due within a few days,

and was the last steamer to sail from the Northern Country this season.

On October 26th, word of the dreadful and tragic wreck of the "*Princess Sophia*" near Lynn Canal reached the city. The unexpected sad news cast a gloom over the community, causing many bereavements and heartaches, because of the loss of loved ones. I seemed to be in a daze. I could not realize that all of the passengers perished, as was reported, when the steamer went down. Oh, if I could only have believed and known that the passengers were all saved! I had looked forward to my future with so much confidence; and what had happened, I feared, had changed my life to sadness, just when it seemed so radiant with richer and more brilliant promises and hopes of fame, wealth and happiness. Now, it had suddenly become changed by the cold depths of Lynn Canal, where Carl lay in his watery grave. My heart was sad and I felt so bewildered in this strange and mysterious world.

October 28th. Full details of the dreadful wreck of the ill-fated "*Princess Sophia*" had been received, and hundreds of people with tear-stained faces were suffering and mourning the loss of their dear ones.

The "*Princess Sophia*" was the last steamer to leave Skagway. She had three hundred and fifty passengers on board and an enormous shipment of gold. As the steamer sailed from the wharf at Skagway, through Lynn Canal in the dark freezing cold weather, a blinding snow-storm prevailed. The ship struck a rock and remained wedged there for some time. Stories were told by people on a steamer near by that the Captain, not thinking the vessel was seriously damaged, shoved her off the rock, but her bottom had been gored, and the ill-fated "*Princess Sophia*" began to sink immediately. No assistance could reach the boat on account of the

storm, and all on board, men, women and children, went down in the freezing water to their silent death. Not a person on board survived.

My heart was too full of grief to dwell upon this depressing tragedy and the lamented death of my dear friend, who was deserving of a better fate.

During the long, weary days, I was exhausted with grief, worrying over the sad fate of my dear friend Carl and many others, until the power of weeping left me and I realized that he had gone out of my life for ever. With self-possession I had to calm myself and bow to the inevitable. Perhaps it was God's will that I should never marry again, for some reason known only to Him, and with His help I must continue to live my happy and contented life in the memories of Wilford and Carl, two of the noblest and most honourable men that ever lived and who had respected and protected me as they would their own sister. They should remain in my memory with honour and devotion for the remainder of my life. Of all the sad occurrences during my lifetime, the saddest of all was the wreck of the "*Princess Sophia*," which took so many people to an untimely end.

It was beyond my power of imagination to picture their thoughts when the steamer struck the rock and clung there for some time. The agony of fear, anxiety, shrieking frenzy of the terrified, stricken women and children, as they tore madly about in the darkness of the night, only to find there was no way of escaping from the ill-fated boat. The Captain's orders that the steamer be shoved off the rock were promptly obeyed, and she plunged to her doom with all on board, dragging them down to a watery grave.

Now, with a sad, heavy heart, I realized that I should never see Carl again in this world. He was dead, but in

my memory he would live for ever. For the present, I decided to return to the home of my childhood, and company for my sister, and visit relatives and friends. I would try to live a contented life in sweet memories of my devoted friends, and especially Wilford and Carl who had departed this world.

It was a sad and heart-breaking scene to meet friends every day who had lost some one dear to them—a husband, a wife and children, or dear friends on the ill-fated steamer "*Princess Sophia*."

Mrs. McMahan and Janette were bowed down with grief over the loss of their husbands, who went down with the steamer. Many of my friends wished me to remain in Seattle, but I preferred my home in the east, where it was quiet and peaceful, and where I could bear my grief in silence.

On November 5th, I left Seattle en route for my home at Waasis, New Brunswick. Mr. and Mrs. Vigelins and other friends accompanied me to the depot, where I bade them good-night, promising them I would return to Seattle in the near future. I boarded the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train. My first stop would be at Aroonstook Junction, N.B., to visit my brother, John F. Wade, a conductor on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AROOSTOOK, New Brunswick, November 11th, 1918.— I arrived at my brother's home at 11.25 a.m. and found him and his family ill from Spanish Influenza. The dreadful disease broke out over-seas during the war and within the last month it had spread over the United States and Canada. Thousands of new cases were reported every day, and there had been hundreds of deaths in cities. People were dropping dead in the streets, many families had been stricken with the dreadful disease, and there was a scarcity of both doctors and nurses.

A week later, my brother and his family were recovering from the effects of the influenza. While visiting them, I enquired about many old friends whom I wished to see. Among them was a priest, Father Ryan, whom I knew in Fredericton some years ago. My brother informed me that Father Ryan was now living on the Indian Reserve at Maliseet, N.B., two miles from his home, and I decided to call on him.

The weather was glorious and the sun shining brightly. I went for a walk and called on Father Ryan at his home in Maliseet. As I entered, Father Ryan greeted me most cordially, and the sole topic of his conversation was the fearful epidemic of Spanish influenza, which had spread over the entire village, infecting over two hundred families, including the Indians.

Their physician had been unable to secure nursing assistance, as all nurses were employed elsewhere. Father Ryan told me that he feared he would lose many

of his flock, as already a number had died, and others were in a critical condition. He said he was much worried, as he had other missions to attend, and was often called to lumber camps to aid members of his church.

Upon learning that I was a nurse, Father Ryan immediately went to the telephone and called up the Indian Agent, whom he informed that he had a nurse who had travelled from Alaska en route to her home, and was then visiting her-brother at Aroonstook Junction.

The Indian agent replied, "Entertain her at your home until I arrive."

After the Indian agent, Mr. Woodman, and Doctor McIntyre arrived at Father Ryan's home, they engaged my services as a nurse, as I felt that I could not refuse to aid the suffering ones. I was accompanied by Mr. Woodman, the doctor, and Father Ryan, who led the way to the Indian reserve.

I was introduced to every family as the nurse who had volunteered to aid in their suffering. As we travelled from house to house, we interviewed the suffering families, who made a pathetic picture, and many were in a serious condition. In some homes there were as many as nine all stricken with the influenza. I was engaged by the government, and I took up my duties immediately, following a visit to the home of my brother, whom I made acquainted with the change in my plans.

As I meditated, feeling lonely, and realizing the great work I had accomplished in Alaska, caring for the sick and feeling sad over my friend's sad fate in the calamitous wreck of the "*Princess Sophia*," and having nothing much of importance to occupy my mind, I assured myself that I would be weak-minded if I refused

to aid these suffering Indians, and that to think only of the past and live only in memories and regrets was cowardly and selfish.

I returned to Father Ryan's home, after I had received a full supply of medicines and everything I needed from the doctor. With full instructions from him, I began my duties in making sick calls. I found many critical, pitiful cases, and in some instances pneumonia had developed.

Maliseet, N.B., November 25th, 1918.—Since taking up my duties here as nurse, I was kept very busy aiding the suffering ones. I was boarding and rooming at Father Ryan's home, at the mission where there were many sick people. My daily routine was to call on every family, a total of two hundred people, observing the conditions of the patients, administering medicine, aiding the suffering, and inoculating each person three times at different periods with vaccine, to prevent the influenza from taking any greater hold. I also ordered their supplies of whatever they needed, and reported to the doctor each day. Many of my patients were at the point of death when I made my first calls, and when I relieved their suffering, they expressed their appreciation of my efforts. I did everything possible to save their lives.

December 18th. Many of my patients were recovering from their serious illness with kind appreciation of my services. They told me I was sent here by God to save their lives, as it was felt that many would have died had I not come to their aid. The Chief of the tribe was a very grateful man. He said to me, "Nurse, we feel very thankful to you for your great assistance, which meant to us a chance for life when the world looked very dark. Your coming saved many of our lives and we are most grateful to you for rendering such

excellent assistance, and your kindness and attention will never be forgotten by us."

These few words of appreciation spoken by the Indian Chief demonstrated the kindness of his heart, and the gratitude he felt.

December 30th. Since my first visit to these suffering Indians, who were so seriously stricken with the Spanish Influenza, I have been able to describe their suffering, and to tell how grateful they were to me for aiding them. During this period of time only six of them died. Seven had passed away before I came to their aid. Now, as I realized how much these dear souls loved and adored me for aiding them, it made me feel happy for the opportunity to do such noble work for people who possess kind, tender hearts of appreciation. I had discovered among the Indians many bright, intelligent, educated and talented people. Some were college students and some were wonderful singers and musicians. In many of their homes they had pianos and other musical instruments. They had a wonderful choir of their own in the Mission Church. They also had good schools, a large hall for their entertainments, comfortable homes, neat, clean and nicely furnished, and plenty to eat, including every kind of vegetable from their own gardens. Their Chief, Frank Lockwood, was a fine man, and very good-looking; he was very well-educated, clever and thoughtful. He had a pure, kind heart, and his wife was also most capable and pleasant. They were both very ill with the influenza and were patient and grateful. Some of the mixed half-breed Indians were very beautiful. The Indians dressed in up-to-date style and some of them had automobiles.

January 10th. Most of the people had fully recovered from the ill effects of the influenza. Father Ryan was not very well himself and I meant to remain at

his home until his sister returned from their mother's home, where she too was ill. Father Ryan was a very devoted, pious, Christian gentleman, labouring faithfully among his flock, and a devout leader and servant of God.

During the last few months I attended many parties and visited some friends. Father Ryan expected his sister to return from their mother's home within a few days, and I intended to return to my own home and visit my sister, before journeying to California to spend the winter. Since coming here I had made many friends, both among the white people and the Indians, and they all regretted my intended departure.

Maliseet, N.B., August 25th, 1919. The Indians and white people gave me a wonderful farewell party, and a well-filled purse last evening, as a token of their deep appreciation for the nursing services I had rendered during their sufferings from the epidemic of Spanish influenza. I thanked the donors most graciously for their wonderful gifts and good wishes. A large number of people attended the party, some of whom motored a long distance. The hall was decorated very prettily and the music was excellent for dancing. Many of the Indians danced beautifully, and executed waltzes, two-steps, fox-trots and other dances. The Indian Chief, Mr. Frank Lockwood, presented me with an address, accompanied by a purse of money. The address was as follows :

“ Dear Nurse :

“ It is with deep regret that we feel your near departure. For several months you have served us but especially was your kindness marked in the way you so well adapted yourself to our cares and needs last fall and winter, when we were laid so low with

the 'flu.—and our little band of but two hundred seemed as though it would be exterminated, had it not been for your untiring zeal and your wonderful devotion to duty ; instead of losing only a number of thirteen, we would have mourned many others who might have passed away.

“ During those darkened days and weeks, your hourly visit was the only sunshine ; your constant smile, our ray of hope, and your consoling words our consolation.

“ We therefore could not see you depart without asking you to accept this purse, as a small token of our deep appreciation.

“ We now wish you ‘ *Bon Voyage* ’ on your journey to California. In that sunny land our thoughts will always be with you, and your success will ever be our greatest joy.”

(Signed) : The Members of the Tobique Band,

“ CHIEF, FRANK LOCKWOOD,

“ COUNCIL, NOEL BEAR.”

The following, having reference to the tribute of the Indians, was published in the “ *Fredericton Gleaner* ” :

INDIANS HONOR FAITHFUL NURSE.

“ Mrs. S. E. Patchell, who was sent by the Indian Department to care for the Indians in Maliseet, Victoria County, during the terrible epidemic of influenza which swept the whole village of two hundred inhabitants last fall and winter, was presented with a well-filled purse and an address of appreciation by the Indians on August 25th.

In the evening, a grand entertainment was held in her honor. She leaves soon to spend the winter in California.

"So strong a hold did the epidemic get on the village that at one time only six persons were well enough to help the others, and it was largely through the unselfish and ceaseless efforts of Mrs. Patchell that only six deaths took place."

The following article was published in the Saint John, N.B., "*Evening Globe*," on August 27th, 1919:

"Mrs. S. E. Patchell, formerly Miss Wade, of Waasis, was given a genuine surprise at Maliseet, Victoria County, last week, when a number of the residents gave a dance in her honor, and presented her with an address and a purse of money, in recognition of the valuable services she rendered during the flu epidemic last fall, when she acted as nurse in Maliseet. Mrs. Patchell was taken completely by surprise, and thanked the donors for their gift and good wishes. She will leave in a few weeks for California, where she will spend the winter. For some years she resided in Alaska, and about one year ago returned to Canada."

September 4th. Today I visited and bade farewell to the people of Maliseet, and as I visited every Indian family, nearly every member made me a special present of beautiful fancy baskets, bead-work, embroidery, fancy-beaded moccasins and pretty gifts of different varieties, which they had made for me. It was very gratifying, knowing as I did the great appreciation that these dear people had for me. They had tears in their eyes as they bade me good-bye and God's blessings, and they said that I would never be forgotten by them, and that they would always remember me in their prayers. As I realized the great love and devotion

they have for me, my own eyes dimmed with tears as I bade each one good-bye. I also visited Doctor McIntyre. He, too, extended his appreciation of the services I had rendered, which he said was a marvellous help to him aduring the dreadful epidemic.

We conversed for some time and the doctor wished me a very pleasant journey to California, as we bade each other good-bye. In the evening I would leave Maliseet, motoring with my brother to his home, and within a few days would continue my journey to Waasis, and later proceed to California. Many of the natives came again and thanked me for saving their lives. I promised to visit them on my return from California, which pleased them greatly.

Father Ryan, as we were about to say good-bye, remarked, "Mrs. Patchell, I want to thank you for all your kindness and wonderful nursing service, and for the great sacrifices you made, both for myself and for the suffering Indians, during the fearful epidemic of the Spanish influenza. Your devoted attention we all appreciated much more than words can ever describe, and I ask God to bless you and protect you always and I hope that you will come and visit us on your return from California. During your travelling we will be pleased to hear from you." We bade each other good-bye again; then I joined my brother and proceeded to his home.

During the last few months, I had received numerous letters from dear friends, with kind and sympathetic sentiments regarding dear Carl's fate. Many of the letters came from friends in Europe.

After a very happy visit spent with my brother, John, and his family, I left for my home at Waasis, to visit my sister Mary.

September 22nd. Since my arrival home from Alaska,

and Maliseet, I enjoyed very pleasant visits with relatives and friends. This evening I left en route to California, where I intended to spend the winter visiting with friends before proceeding to Vancouver, B.C.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOS ANGELES, California, March 5th, 1920.—Since coming to California, I enjoyed most delightful visits to my dear staunch friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Mac, Mona and Al, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Peter, and Hector. I also attended many dinners and theatre parties given in my honour.

Garden Grove, California—Here I enjoyed a very happy visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Clemens, who were also very dear Alaskan friends of mine. I was to leave California within a few days for Vancouver, B.C., where I had decided to consign a great deal of my leisure time to special nursing, the work that I loved and which consoled my grieving heart.

Vancouver, B.C.—August 25th, 1921.—Another year had passed away and I loved my work aiding the sick. At present I was living at Shaughnessy Heights.

As I walked on Alexandra Street near Dr. Spohn's home, I met the dearest little boy with beautifully moulded features, who attracted my attention more than any other child ever did. As he walked towards me, I stopped and said, "You're a nice little boy, what is your name? And how old are you, dear?"

The dear little fellow immediately replied, "Peter Spohn is my name, I am Dr. Spohn's little boy and I am four years old." Looking up at me with his beautiful smiling eyes, he asked: "Please, what is your name?"

I replied, "Mrs. Patchell."

"Mrs. Patchell," said Peter, "I am the owner of a

champion prize-winning Airedale Dog, who has won silver cups and medals at dog shows. I also own a prize singing German roller bird. You may see them some day if you care to."

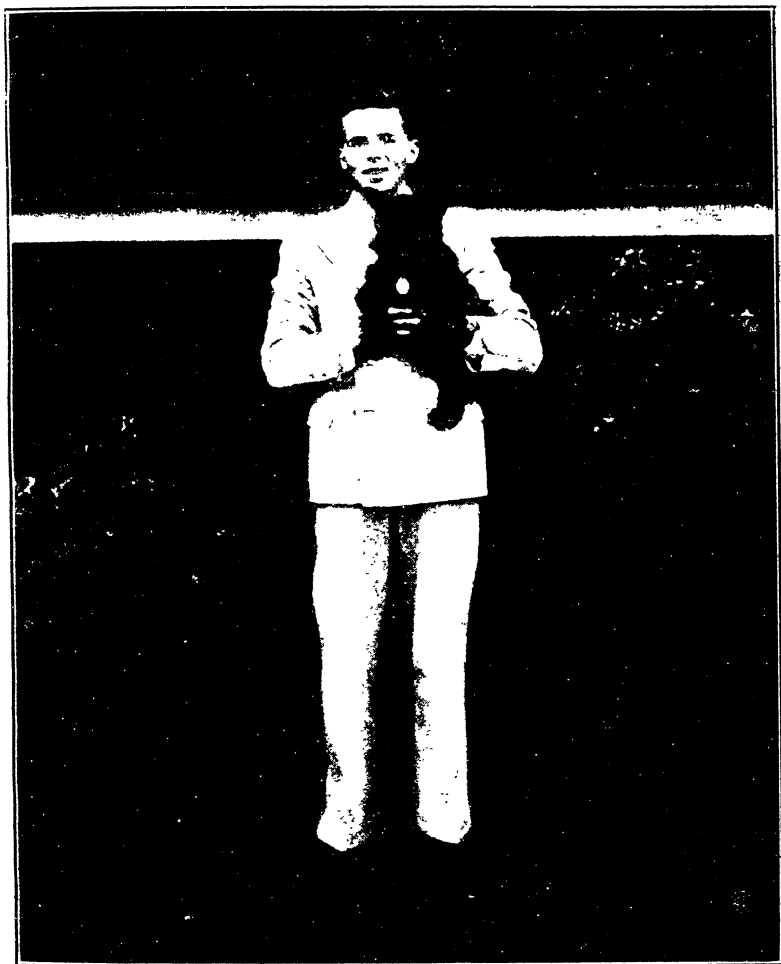
"My dear little Peter," I said, "I would love to see them, as I am very fond of nice dogs and birds."

Peter's face beamed with delight, as he smiled at me with joy and happiness shining in his brilliant eyes, and said, "I am so glad you will like my dog and bird. You will please come to my home some day soon and see them."

As I looked upon this lovely, perfect boy, I thought how highly gifted he was, with intellectual wisdom beyond his years. I said, "Yes, Peter, my dear, I will go to your home soon and see your dog and bird."

Vancouver, B.C., May 20th, 1923.—During the last two years I had nursed considerably in the city, and visited many old friends, and made many new acquaintances. I also had the great honour of making the acquaintance of Peter Spohn's parents and his two beautiful sisters, Peggy and Betsy. The gallant little boy whom I met two years ago called every day where I was nursing to talk with me. With his champion Airedale dog by his side guarding him, Peter was a beautiful boy to look upon. I also had the great honour of becoming friends with Mr. and Mrs. Quagliatti Romano, and I saw a great deal of their two lovely daughters, Therese and Margaret Jane.

February 20th, 1924.—I felt sad; I had a premonition this morning of the death of my sister Catherine, Mrs. A. E. Fitzmaurice. In the afternoon I received the sad message from Lawrence, Mass., stating that my sister has passed away very suddenly at her home at 9 a.m. This was the second vision of death I had had of members of my family.



Peter Spohn and his Scottish Terrier.

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July 25th, 1926.—Two more years had passed away and very little change had come into my life. Today I had a very joyful surprise while attending an afternoon tea with friends at the Vancouver Hotel. As we were conversing in the lobby, a gentleman came forward. As I looked upon him I recognized my old friend, Maurice, whom I had met on the steamer "*Princess Beatrice*" en route to Dawson in 1904.

As he extended his hand to me, he said, "Mrs. Patchell, my dear friend, I am overjoyed with happiness at meeting you. It is indeed a grand surprise to me to see you again after the lapse of all these years since you left Dawson in 1908. Tell me, Mrs. Patchell, do you recollect me as well as I remember you?"

"Well, Maurice," I replied, "when I saw you looking at me, I thought I recognized you; then suddenly I said to myself, 'That's Maurice.'"

"My dear lady," he replied, "I knew you the moment I saw you."

"But, Maurice," I said, "Haven't I changed considerably since you last saw me eighteen years ago? I wonder how you recognized me so quickly."

"Easily enough, my dear lady," he replied. "Though you have grown larger, your face has not changed its character. You have the same youthful, attractive appearance; your beautiful hair and dark smiling eyes are the same. You have retained your young looks more than any other person I know of. Your face is a great study, and you are still a very beautiful woman."

"Oh, thank you, Maurice," I said, "you still retain the art of flattery."

"No, indeed, Sarah Elizabeth," he vowed. "What I said is all true."

"Well, Maurice, my dear friend, I feel very happy

renewing our old acquaintance and friendship. You are looking wonderfully well, and you are the same handsome, happy Maurice that you were when I first met you. Now, please tell me about yourself. Where have you been and what have you been doing all these years?"

"Well," said Maurice, "I made a fortune in the Yukon country, and I am, like yourself, alone. I have travelled extensively, enjoying the scenery and making myself contented in this beautiful world. Please tell me about yourself and your travels, Sarah Elizabeth, and when did you leave that famous country, Alaska? I shall never forget our journey to Dawson. You were besieged by admirers, especially Wilford and Carl, whom I greatly esteemed, and their death was a great shock to me."

"Maurice," I replied, "their death was indeed a great shock to us all. They were true, loyal gentlemen. Maurice, since I last saw you in Dawson, I have travelled and nursed considerably, and many sad and happy events have come into my life; my experiences and adventures would fill a book."

"Yes, indeed, my dear lady," said he, "I believe the many events of your life and your thrilling experiences and adventures travelling through Dawson and Alaska would, if published, make an interesting book to read. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, Maurice, I too believe that the story of my life, so full of self-sacrifice romance and many exciting episodes travelling through the Northern County, would interest the public if published."

"It certainly would," replied Maurice, "and I shall be one of the first to buy one of the first editions, and will read with interested eyes the extraordinary experience and marvellous adventures of a faithful heroine's life,

which I am sure will delight and thrill all readers. And your life would certainly make a famous sensational moving-picture on the screen, with a beautiful actress to represent you."

We were silent for a few minutes; then, changing the subject, our conversation turned to my husband, whom I mourned as dead. After sometime had elapsed, while we were seated in the lobby in company with my friend Mrs. Engles, Maurice gently remarked to me, "My dear, since I last saw you in Dawson you have been constantly in my mind, and now I wonder if you will marry again?"

I remained silent, as I could come to no decision as to what I should do.

Mrs. Engles responded for me as she said, "Maurice, I too have asked Mrs. Patchell if she will marry again, and why she doesn't. There is nothing to prevent her now, nothing but her own obstinacy. I have talked with her for years, but she will never hear of marrying again. She has spent over twenty years avoiding it. She seems to be contented with her life, doing good in her quiet, graceful, unassuming manner."

During the next few moments Maurice and I entered again into a long serious conversation touching upon many important subjects, and concerning the story of my long sad life, which brought tears to the eyes of my listeners, who extending their deepest sympathy. Maurice sighed as he looked at me, saying in a sad voice: "My dear, you have indeed endured a sad life, but to observe your beautiful happy countenance, no one would ever believe you had suffered a sad moment. You are marvellous and one of the loveliest of women, and I wish you would permit me to make you the happiest lady in the world. Leave everything in your present sad life and marry me."

"My dear Maurice, you are a magnificent gentleman and I am sure you would make my life very happy, but my conscience tells me to go on through life as I am, and make the best of it. I shall try to for the present. Maurice, please let us not discuss this subject further."

Maurice raised his brilliant eyes to mine as he said, "Oh my dear Sarah Elizabeth, I am sorry. I trust you are not angry with me."

"No, indeed, my dear Maurice, I never could be angry with you; you are too noble and good, and I assure you I always felt happy in your company."

"And my dear, let me tell you with the greatest of pleasure that I have always enjoyed your gracious companionship. I regret very deeply that I am leaving for California and Nevada this evening, as I have already explained to you, but I sincerely pray we will meet very soon in the near future."

The moments passed quickly as we continued chatting, and the time arrived for us to part. Then, bidding each other good-bye, Maurice prepared for his journey and I returned home with Mrs. Engles, rejoicing over the pleasant surprise meeting with my faithful friend Maurice, and the delightful visit with him.

"Mrs. Patchell," said Mrs. Engles, "Maurice is a handsome charming gentleman. How could you refuse to marry such a splendid man?"

"My dear," I replied, "It seems strange, doesn't it?"

Since 1920, I had travelled very little, as I had devoted much of my time to special nursing. Amongst my most distinguished patients was His Grace Archbishop Casey, head of the Roman Catholic diocese, a very holy man, who had been ill for some time at his beautiful home in Shauganessey Heights in this city. During my stay at Vancouver, I had the honour of making the

acquaintance of many illustrious people, and enjoyed their staunch companionship and their kind hospitality.

Today I entertained many friends, among them being my faithful little friend, Peter, who never failed to call daily to visit me. Peter was now eleven years old. He was tall, attractive and beautifully featured, with large dark brown eyes, smiling lips, fine teeth and fair complexion.

He had grown very much like his dignified father, who is one of the most skilful physicians in British Columbia. But it was from his gracious, charming mother that he inherited his sweet voice and his peculiar way of smiling with his eyes. His appearance was very noticeable, because of the modest dignity of his air and manner. He was very kind and always ready to give up many of his own pleasures for the convenience of others; this sweetness of spirit gained him many friends who would always love him. He was a clever scholar, and the hero of many sports. He was also a patriotic, loyal Boy Scout.

July 20th, 1927.—I was to leave Vancouver this evening for Corning, N. Y., to visit Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Auringer. Peter and many of my friends called this afternoon to pay me a visit before taking my departure. As I bade Peter good-bye, he said in a sad voice, "Mrs. Patchell, I feel very sorry that you are going away from us. I shall miss you so much. You have been so kind to me and I want to thank you for all the beautiful Christmas gifts that you have given me, also the lovely collar you gave me for my champion dog, and for taking me to the theatres, which I always greatly enjoyed." Peter reminded silent for a few minutes, then he looked up at me with his sparkling eyes, and urged, "Mrs. Patchell, you will please write to me while you are in the East?"

As I looked at Peter's uplifted face, which bore an

expression of sadness, I replied, " Yes, indeed, my dear Peter, I shall write to you often while I am in the East, and at Christmas I will remember you with a gift. I shall return to Vancouver next year."

Peter's features brightened with delight, and he smiled so sweetly as he said, " Oh, thank you, Mrs. Patchell, and I am so glad you will return to Vancouver; then you will make us a long visit."

" Yes, indeed, my dear Peter, I certainly shall visit at your home when I return."

As the party broke up, Peter and I felt sad as we bade each other good-bye.

In the evening, when I arrived at the depot, many of my friends were there to bid a fond farewell with the expectation of seeing me in 1929.

Corning, New York. August 25th—Since arriving in Corning, I enjoyed a very pleasant visit at the home of Doctor and Mrs. H. E. Auringer. The doctor had a beautiful home and a large practice. He had a very charming wife and three beautiful children, a boy and two girls. Dr. and Mrs. Auringer had entertained at many dinner parties. Among the invited guests was Merle Guise, our true charming Alaskan friend. Dr. Auringer, Merle and I enjoyed conversing about our travels through Alaska. I felt happy and very much at home here with these grand people, and I enjoyed seeing the beautiful scenery as we motored through New York State and Pennsylvania. I was to leave Corning in the morning for my home at Waasis, New Brunswick, where I intended to remain for some time with my sister, Mary Jane ; who has charge of the homestead.

Waasis, New Brunswick, August 30th, 1927.—After an absence of nine years I had returned home to visit my sister Mary Jane, and other relatives and friends. Since arriving I had renewed the acquaintance of many dear old friends throughout the province—all eager and

enthusiastic to learn more about my travels and adventures through Alaska. I always exerted myself to amuse them with thrilling stories of my experience in the Northern Country, and very often a look of alarming enthusiasm stole over their enquiring interested faces, as I took great pleasure in entertaining them as the days passed by. I had a well-earned rest at the home of my childhood, and there is scarcely a pleasanter place in the country than here in the summer, with the green fields beautifully surrounded by wide borders of shady spreading trees on either side, and lovely trees sheltering the house that stood so gracefully upon the hillside. I regretted leaving so soon as I always felt very happy here but this evening I was departing to visit my sister, Mrs. Joseph Flemming, and family at Milltown, Maine. I was also to visit relatives and friends in Massachusetts, New York, British Columbia, California and Tonopah, Nevada.

Arriving in Milltown, Maine, at Flemming's home, I found my sister Helen very ill, suffering from heart complications. I feared with deep regret that she might never recover from her serious illness. After spending several months with my sister, and owing to her greatly improved condition, I then decided to proceed on my journey to Lawrence, Mass., where I would visit my niece, Miss Gladys Fitzmaurice, and my nephew, Eugene, and their father. I felt very sad as I bade my dear sister Helen and her family good-bye, feeling dreadfully depressed in spirit and fearing gloomily that I might never see my dear sister again in this world, as I was travelling so far away and many events might happen during my sojourn in the South.

August 25th, 1930. After spending several months travelling and visiting with friends since I left Lawrence, Mass., I arrived today in Los Angeles, to remain there for some time before leaving for Nevada.

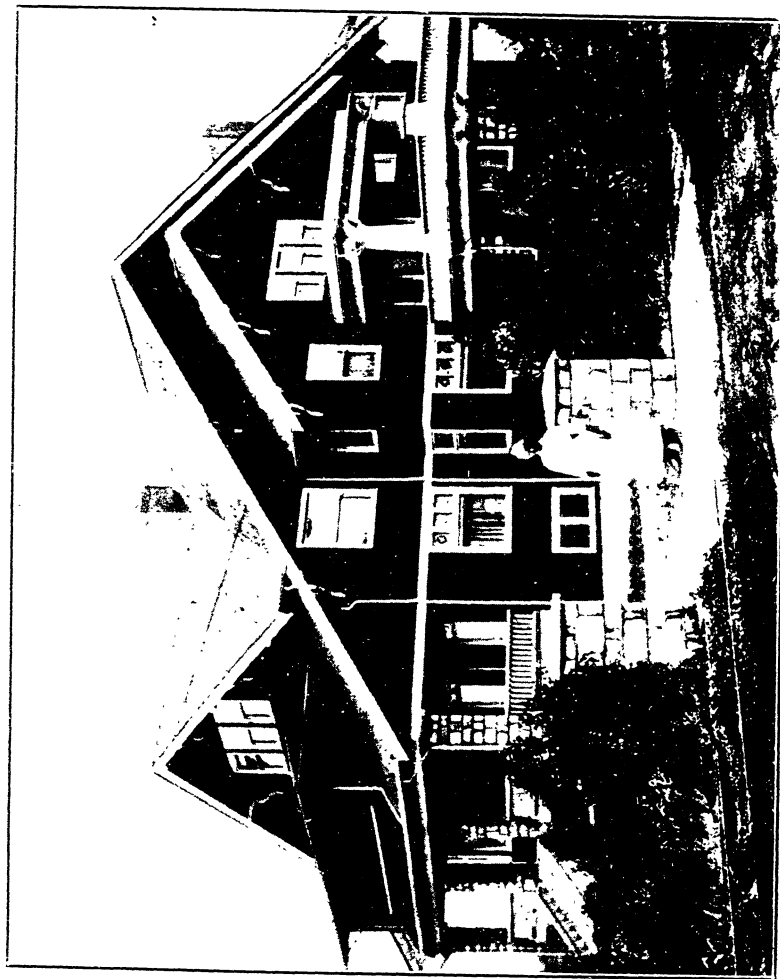
CHAPTER XXXIV.

TONEPAH, Nevada. September 24th, 1930—I arrived in the city some time ago to visit friends, including Mona and Al at their home. During the last two years I had travelled considerably in the East, West and South. During the long period that elapsed since I left my home in 1904, I had had strange and sad experiences, especially during my sojourn in Alaska, and with regard to my lost husband whom I had looked upon as gone for ever. But the most surprising and pathetic of all occurrences came one day at my friend's home, at a dinner-party given in my honour. This strange sensational news came to my ears from our friend Maurice, who, recently returned from the state of Washington, was one of the invited guests at the dinner. The unsuspected news concerned the where-a-bouts of my lost husband, whom I mourned as dead.

When Maurice informed me that my husband was alive, so stunning was the shock to me that I almost collapsed at the time:

He quietly broke the news to me in great excitement, saying: "Sarah Elizabeth, my dear friend, I have startling news for you with regard to your long-lost husband. My dear, he is alive. I saw him at the depot in Spokane a short distance away, as I was about to board the train. He recognized me at once, but I scarcely knew him, as he was much thinner than when I last saw him in Dawson."

Sharply interrogating my friend, I was not long in



Archbishop Casey's beautiful home in Staughnessy Heights, Vancouver.

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deciding upon my course. At once I determined to search for him, and I told my friends of my plans. Filled with terror and enthusiasm, the following morning I left Tonepah and set out with the object of locating my husband and ascertaining the reason for his long absence. My astonished friends Mona and Al accompanied me. After a few days of travelling we arrived at the place indicated by my friend Maurice, and I might say that it did not take me long to locate my husband through the courtesy of a kind-hearted gentleman.

When my husband and I met and stood face to face, my heart seemed to cease beating for a few moments. I scarcely recognized him as he stood looking at me dazed and stunned. We both seemed to have lost our speech for a while. At first my heart appeared vexed with grief as I thought of his apparent neglect, but as I gaze upon his pale features, I saw a look of despondency and a veil of sadness over his face, which stamped him as a man who had worried. Then thoughts of my early life flashed through my mind, and I remembered the love of other days : and it seemed to me that I was gazing on one who had returned from the valley of death. Mentally I contrasted this man with the lines of hardship stamped on his cheeks, and the handsome, florid-faced man whom I had met, loved and married a third of a century before ; and naturally I had ample food for reflection. It was apparent to me that my husband had suffered considerably during the long years of privation and toil in the Northern Country in pursuit of the lure for gold. As I looked into his white upraised face, through the tears that rolled down my cheeks, I broke the silence as I sobbed, " Tom dear, I thought you were dead ; why did you remain silent all these years ? "

Staring at me, his eyes growing heavy with tears, he

replied in a low mournful voice : " My dear wife, I too thought you were dead. Now I will try to explain and tell you the sad story of my life since I last saw you in Dawson. Sarah Elizabeth, dear, you know I went into the mining game for your sake, with the thought of obtaining a rich gold mine, so that you might have everything that other ladies possess, but year after year I encountered nothing except failure. When I left Dawson the last time I fully intended to return, as I always did, but while exploring the Pelly River my partner and I became lost, and several months passed before we found our way out. During those months, we lived on game, meat and berries, after our supply of food became exhausted. Fortunately we found our way to a camp where some men had been prospecting, and we remained with them for some time. My partner being in poor health, remained there, and I journeyed to different points where I had been told that gold had been discovered, but my bad luck pursued me and I found nothing. In 1909 I wanted to get in touch with you.

As I travelled I met two prospectors whom I had known in Dawson, and on mentioning your name to them they sadly informed me that you were dead. They had been credibly informed that you had left Dawson for the outside, after an attack of illness, and that word had afterwards come of your death. I felt terribly grieved and I became despondent at the receipt of the sad news, and I realized that I would never see you again in this world. I felt that I had neglected you by my continued absence and persistent search for gold, which always succeeded in eluding my efforts. After that, with a sad heart, I merely drifted about from place to place, first searching for gold and for work."

" Tom, dear, that woman who died must have had a

name similar to ours. I have been introduced to people who afterwards could not seem to pronounce the name Patchell correctly, and many people very often addressed me by such names as Paskell, and Paschel. Tom, my dear, I realize you have grieved over the sad news that you heard with regard to my death, and during all those years you believed I was dead. Why did you not communicate with my people and settle the matter?"

"My dear," he replied, "I had no heart to write; I believed what they told me was true."

"My dear Tom, many sad events have come into our lives since you began to prospect in the Northern Country, and you were always accused of neglecting me for gold."

"My dear wife," he gently said, "I did not wilfully neglect you, but it seemed that way. And now that I have found you alive and alone, after all these years of grieving, how can I answer to God for all the suffering I have caused you? My dear, will you forgive me for all my seeming neglect?"

"Tom dear, during all those years when you did not return, I grieved constantly for you; I missed you and I searched for you. Then when I was told by your friend Martin of the sad news that you and your partner had lost your lives in the Pelly River, I believed you were dead, and with deep regret I accepted my fate and made the best of life. And now, my dear husband Tom, I have nothing to forgive you, for honestly I believe you did not mean to be neglectful or unkind to me. Tom, dear, it seems so strange, my life has changed from what it was a few days ago. Locating you has been a great surprise to me. During the later years that I believed you were dead I was twice on the verge of marrying, but the hand of God intervened on each

occasion. My life has been sad, but matters might have been worse had Wilford or Carl lived and I had married one of them, and then discovered you were alive. It would have been indeed a predicament, as according to my religious faith I would have been compelled to return to you."

"Sarah Elizabeth, dear," was Tom's rejoinder, "God would not have punished you, and neither I, nor any other could have blamed you, had you married one of those fine gentlemen. My dear, your life has been sad, and you have lived a life of sacrifices for your faith and for me. Now I want to make your life happy in the future, and I wish to fulfil your every desire."

"Tom, dear, my greatest desire is to return to Alaska with you some day, and make our home there in that great country which I loved and where I was so happy."

"Yes, my dear," Tom replied, "some day I will take you back to Alaska, where I tried to win a fortune for you from mother earth—but failed. I know that it is the country where you long to be—where the summers are bright and cheerful, and the days are long and sunny, and where the midnight sun shines on the Dome. When the forests are green and the roses and flowers blooming, we will roam over the hills and mountains together, and your heart will know no sorrow, and your smiling face will beam with joy. And our home will be surrounded by roses and beautiful flowers that you love so well, and we will be happy for ever in Alaska."

"Tom, indeed I love Alaska, and I long to return to that glorious, fascinating land where I felt happy, and my heart was filled with joy as I wandered over its fertile soil when the flowers were in bloom and the birds sang sweetly. I shall feel happy in Alaska. And I feel

very happy that I found you, and am glad that my prayers have been answered, for I prayed continuously to God that if you were alive He would some day with His great power direct me to you. He has helped and guarded me, and I shall never fail to thank Him and try to please Him here on earth, for the great blessings and happiness He has bestowed upon me."

"Yes, my dear Sarah Elizabeth, I believe God has been good to you. He has also preserved your good looks by granting you excellent health and charm. Your attractive appearance has not changed much since I last saw you; you are still a beautiful and wonderful woman."

"My dear Tom, I believe that faithfulness to God's laws and sacrifices for His sake helped me to preserve my good health, and a contented mind made my life worth living in this beautiful world."

After a lengthy conversation we decided that we should live in Spokane for the present and plan for our future home in Alaska.

"My dear," said Tom, "I want to do everything in my power to please you and make you happy."

"Then, Tom, I would like it if you could accompany me to my home in the East to see my sister and brother John, who has been a conductor on one of the Canadian Pacific Railway trains for several years, and at present is very ill at his home in Fredericton."

"My dear, I would like to do as you wish and go home with you, but at present it is impossible. I cannot leave my work now, and later I have a mine I want to look into, but when I get through I will consent to any arrangements you wish. In the meantime you go home and visit your sister and see your brother who is ill."

Our conversation ceased as time had elapsed and

Tom was obliged to resume his duties at the depot.

Several days later, I received a letter from my home, stating that my brother was recovering from his illness, so I postponed my urging journey East. I decided to remain in Spokane. My husband and I had been debating as to whether we should break the good news of his unexpected restoration to our relatives and friends, or wait until we travelled East together and then give them a great surprise. I agreed upon the latter.

Spokane, Washington. August 30th, 1931.—My husband Tom and I were living very happily, making our home at the Volney Hotel, a very comfortable, up to-date residential hostelry, located in the heart of this beautiful city, noted for its picturesque scenery; luxurious flower gardens, beautiful homes, and the magnificent Davenport Hotel, one of the most elaborate and fine in the United States. The surrounding country is beautiful, and has an ideal climate.

October 5th, 1931.—Today I received the sad announcement of the death of my esteemed friend and pastor, the most Rev. Timothy Casey, D.D., who passed to his heavenly reward at St. Paul's Hospital, in Vancouver, B.C., A native of St. Stephen, in my own province of New Brunswick, he had long been recognized as one of the grandest spiritual leaders of Western Canada.

On October 10th, 1931 I received the sad news of the death of my dear sister Helen, Mrs. Joseph Flemming, of Milltown, Maine. I had a premonition of her death this morning, and later in the day I received the message announcing that she had passed away in the morning. Her death was a terrible shock to me.

Spokane, April 10th, 1935.—During the years that I lived in this city with my husband Tom, I made the

acquaintance of many illustrious people and was royally entertained. And I was especially indebted to the musical association for an honour that I shall never forget. Several of the members I had frequently met at social functions, and they always addressed me by the name of Sylvia. On a recent occasion at a musical entertainment given at the Masonic Temple, they had made a special addition to the musical programme — the beautiful song, "Who is Sylvia?" composed by Franz Schubert, which the members sang as a personal compliment to me. It was sung by thirty-two members, and while rendering the number, which was the first song on the programme, they cast their eyes in my direction. Although I greatly appreciated the honour conferred upon me, I could not avoid a feeling of embarrassment while the singing was going on. They sang beautifully, and their wonderful musical voices seemed to thrill and charm the hearts of several thousand listeners. The applause were so great that they were obliged to give three encores. The musical entertainment was a grand affair, which everyone enjoyed.

Vancouver, B.C., May 28th, 1935.—Owing to a long illness of congestion of the lungs, I was advised by my physician and my husband that a journey to the coast would benefit my health. So I came to sojourn in the great metropolis of Canada's Pacific Coast, the entrepot of an enormous traffic to and from the Orient. Vancouver has one of the finest harbours in the world, and it was a source of much delight to me to visit the docks and watch the great ships arrive and depart. One did not need to be possessed of great vision to be able to comprehend the sturdy, energetic population and the advantages bestowed upon it by nature. Before

long my health greatly improved and I visited the Spohn family. I saw their charming younger daughter Betey, recently graduated from the Vancouver University; I missed their elder daughter Peggy, also a graduate of the Vancouver University, who passed away to her heavenly home since I last visited them. Peggy was a perfectly charming, splendid young lady; lived a beautiful life, and was loved by all who knew her.

Family felt deeply grieved over her death, especially her father and mother, who seemed heart-broken. I also missed Peter, who was spending his third year at college at Upper Canada, Toronto. Peter's ambition was to become a doctor. He was a brilliant student, progressing with honours. He won the scholarship prize for his first year at College. Peter seemed interested in prize-winners from his early childhood. He was the owner of several dogs which won many cups and medals. Peter's parents were very fond of their only son, who is a fine splendid, handsome young man, loved by all classes of people, young and old. Last year when Peter was home on his vacation he presented me with a beautiful picture of himself and one of his champion Scottish terriers, taken at his beautiful home in Shaughnessy Heights.

During the last week I enjoyed a very happy visit at the magnificent home of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Quagliotti Romano and their younger daughter, Margaret Jane, who was a student at the Sacred Heart Convent at Point Gray, B.C. Therese, their elder daughter, was a student at the San Francisco College for young ladies, Lone Mountain.

These beautiful charming young ladies were clever students, possessing magnificent characters and personalities. Their unselfishness and pure deeds of kindness had

won them many true friends all over the globe, and they were loved by all. Their loving faithful mother was a beautiful lady of honourable and Christian qualities, and their splendid Christian father was one of the outstanding business men in British Columbia. He was a man of honourable principles, and a sterling personality—a kind loving husband and father. He took great pride in their beautiful home at Shaughnessy Heights, surrounded by an attractive collection of shrubs, beautiful flowers and gorgeous roses.

June 8th.—Since coming to Vancouver, my health had greatly improved, but I was leaving soon for the East to see my brother John who was ill at his home.

July 20th, 1936.—I returned from the East to Spokane this evening.

The last few years since 1934, brought with them many sad episodes, which I regret to state. On July 30th, 1936, my brother John F. Wade died at his home in the city of Fredericton, N.B., aged sixty-one.

Notes that I received from the *Fredericton Gleaner* :

“ John F. Wade, brakeman and conductor with C.P.R. for twenty-five years, is dead. He early took up railroading and for over 25 years was with the Canadian Pacific as brakeman and conductor. On account of ill-health he retired some time ago. He was known to the travelling public as a courteous official, and was greatly admired for his honorable principles, and highly respected by his fellow employees. He possessed a kind sympathetic disposition which won him many staunch friends, who will learn of his death with keen regret. He was a member of Woodstock Council, No. 2234, Knights of Columbus and an honorary member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

On November 7th, 1937; another sad event occurred, of the unexpected death of my brother William A. Wade at his home in Waasis, N.B., which was a terrible shock to his numerous friends, who mourned his death with deep regret. He was one of the outstanding men of his county, highly esteemed by everyone. He possessed a kind, pious, charitable disposition, and a pleasing personality. During his life he was greatly admired for his unselfishness and kind deeds, which won him many true friends. He worked hard durig his life, but the hard toiling had no effect upon his dignified appearance, and his handsome features always beamed with a smile for everybody. I felt deeply grieved over William's death, he being the youngest of my four brothers, including Michael and James, who passed away years ago. My sister Mary Jane and myself were the only two now living of our family.

My husband expressed his sincere sympathy in a pathetic manner to me, as he said, "My dear Sarah Elizabeth, when I last saw your brothers they were fine looking robust young men, and they seemed so worried about my going to Dawson, fearing something might happen to me, and now I deeply regret that they both have departed from this world not learning of my safe return from the Northern Country. No doubt, during my long absence, they very often spoke of me as gone from this world. My dear, I will try and arrange a journey East with you as soon as possible. I shall feel happy greeting our people once again, but I will certainly miss your lovely kind mother, whom I was very fond of. She possessed a golden heart similar to your own."

"Tom, my dear, I feel exceedingly pleased to know

that you believe I am like my mother, which I also have been reminded of many times by our friends. She was indeed a magnificent woman, performing her rightful duties during her lifetime. After my father died, she laboured very hard for her children, whom she dearly loved, and they loved her. And I feel very happy now, realizing that, during my life, I was always kind and thoughtful in helping my mother, like my sister, Mary Jane, who always remained with her at home on the farm, and is still there labouring to keep up the homestead. The place is very much the same as when you last saw it, with the exception of the house, which I had renovated and painted white, the roof of the house being painted red. It is very attractive, being located upon the hillside and partly surrounded by beautiful green trees. I am very fond of my departed parents home, where I have enjoyed many happy days, and I have spent a considerable amount of money in granting aid for repairs towards the place. I also made many gifts in money and money's worth to my brother William and his family, and to other relatives as well. wanted to make them feel happy."

"My dear, I know your dear mother appreciated all your generous offerings to her, but will the others? I fear not. I believe you have been too generous to some of your relatives, who have never appreciated your sacrifices in aiding them."

"Tom, my dear, it matters little to me whether some of my relatives failed to appreciate my benevolence. I judge not. God knows best. I always felt happy helping those who were in need, and trusting in our Lord and thanking Him for all His help. When God our judge scans the kind deeds I have done, He will bless me with His tender mercy, which is all I wish for."

"And, my dear one, your life's sweet happiness will never die under His merciful guidance."

Changing the subject of our long conversation, we then talked of our homeward journey, and how lovely it would be travelling in the beautiful autumn weather with the forests dotted with gorgeous autumn leaves of golden yellow, pink, red, and a variety of many other colours all blending together. A picturesque scene that never could be forgotten. How delightful that journey would be, and what a pleasant surprise to my relatives and friends! We talked of our future home in Fairbanks, and planned how beautiful it would be and how happy we would be there in Alaska.

Then I recalled that since I journeyed from Alaska, I had travelled extensively throughout Canada and the United States, and had been amazed at the many questions asked me by the people regarding my life and conditions in the land of gold. I related my memoir of Alaska, and my extraordinary experiences and thrilling adventures; they seemed filled with enthusiasm, informing me that my heroic and interesting life during those ambitious years in the Northern Country, so full of charm and historical interest, should be passed on to the public and not held in the secrets of a diary.

So as the years went by, one day a happy and interesting event occurred towards the end of a conversation with a newspaper editor, who interviewed me with regard to my manuscript. After reading it with great interest, he persuaded me to communicate with a book publisher, and to have my years' work of remarkable adventures and experience published in a volume, which would interest the public.

I meditated over my sad life and the number of years that had elapsed since my lost husband has been dis-

covered alive. I had concealed the good news from my people, owing to my husband being unable to carry out his agreement by not having the opportunity of accomplishing our journey East together, and breaking the happy tidings of his discovery to my relatives and friends. As I pondered, a happy thought entered my mind. Why not make it known to them by having the story of my life published, which would reveal the great surprise awaiting them?—and my heroic adventures in the golden Northern Country, fascinating, charming, romantic and pathetic!

THE END.