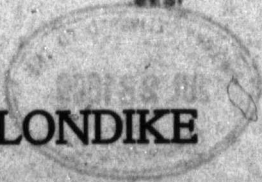


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A TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE

THROUGH THE

STEREOSCOPE.

From Chicago, Ill., to St. Michaels, Alaska, During
that Marvelous Crusade in 1897-8 to the
Gold Fields of Alaska.

NOTES ON THE TOUR

BY

MR. JOHN P. CLUM.

Chief of Division of Postoffice Inspectors, Postoffice Department.

PUBLISHED BY THE KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY.

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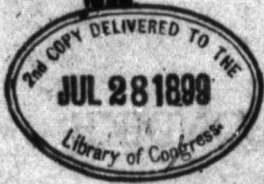
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PREFACE.

In this booklet we have the work not only of a student and lover of Nature, but of one who has seen and felt the beauty and grandeur he describes. Mr. John P. Clum, of Washington, D. C., the author of this booklet, had the good fortune to be delegated by the Postal authorities as representative of the United States to establish the government postal system in Alaska.

In the Spring of 1898, with an assistant, Mr. Clum joined the eager throng that moved toward Alaska and the Klondike. He spent over six months in Alaska, traveled more than seven thousand miles, and made a careful study of the country, its resources, topography and scenery. With the quick perception of a close observer, he gathered the interesting and novel sights and experiences to be seen and heard along the route, and with care and literary skill he has here described our Alaskan series of Stereo-photographs, and has vividly told the story of the trail and camp.

It so happened that our photographer and Mr. Clum visited Alaska at the same time. They journeyed to the West and together took passage on the good steamer "Queen" for the "New El Dorado." On this trip our photographer, with an artist's skill, caught with his camera the scenic life and struggle of the Klondiker, as well as the beauty and scenery of that new land. Thus we have preserved the pictured story of a movement such as had never been witnessed before, and one which will never be seen again, for there will not be another throng that will move in lock-step over the famous Chilkoot Pass to the Klondike. Thus while our photographer caught the scenic story of this rush to the land of gold, Mr. Clum, an actor and participant in the drama, caught and preserved the story of the life and struggle and trials of this courageous band, and here in the story and views we have the two brought together for the edification and benefit of those who would enjoy a trip to the Klondike without its hardships and trials.

KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY.

STATS

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INTRODUCTION.

As a means of liberal education and healthful recreation, no tour of equal length could be more desirable than that from the Atlantic seaboard to the ports of Southeastern Alaska. A most extraordinary panorama is thus presented. The masterful enterprises of American energy and genius which have developed our great commercial centers; the grand sweeping prairies, rolling plains and ample valleys of the middle West and the ever-changing glories of the Rockies, Sierras and Cascades, all furnish interest, beauty and grandeur which satisfy but never satiate.

As the tourist enters Alaskan waters new scenic wonders greet the vision. The lofty and shimmering summits of snow and the mighty rivers of the ice with their glistening cascades, present a spectacle unsurpassed in the majesty of its grandeur.

The Instigation.

When the steamer "Excelsior" sailed into the harbor of San Francisco in the summer of 1897, bringing nearly one million dollars in gold that had been wrested from the streams of the Klondike country, and the press dispatches announced the phenomenally rich discoveries of the royal metal that had been made on the Yukon River and its tributaries, the eyes of the civilized world were turned toward Alaska. The news inaugurated an exodus toward the gold fields without parallel in the annals of history; in fact the "yellow fever" became epidemic throughout the United States, and a majority of the members of our party were among those most seriously afflicted with this disease.

In accordance with a prearranged plan we assembled at Chicago, the great metropolis of the middle West, which, though little more than a half century old, has a population of nearly two million, and has justly earned its designation as "the magic city." The marvelous strength and almost inexhaustible resources of this young giant were demonstrated by the energy and genius displayed in the manage-

ment of the Columbian Exposition, and its phenomenal growth affords reasonable justification for the claim that Chicago is soon to be the world's greatest city. Her landscape decorations have made the boulevards and parks of Chicago famous throughout the world, while the subjects of literature and art have been most generously provided for.

No. 1.

State Street, Chicago, Ill.

One of the main thoroughfares of Chicago is State street, where we mingled with the surging throng and listened to the babel of sound. Striking evidences of the advanced ideas of the century are visible on every hand. Each available invention has been applied to its particular use. The rapid transit lines have virtually drawn the many delightful suburbs near to the great commercial heart of the city. Architecture has reared its lofty, attractive and enduring monuments, one of which, the Masonic Temple, twenty-three stories in height, appears in this view.

No. 2.

Bird's Eye View of Chicago, Ill.

Escaping from the busy mart we ascended the tower of the Auditorium, where there was presented to our vision a magnificent and inspiring panorama of this great city, a portion of which is included in this view. We can scarcely realize that this solid mass of substantial and lofty buildings has risen from the ashes of the great fire of 1871. In the foreground we observe the great "loop" of the elevated railway, around which all trains of the elevated roads pass on their way to and from the city's center.

No. 3.

Texas Cattle, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

It is fair to state that Chicago contains the "world's butcher shop," and nowhere else can we find such an extensive live stock market. Here are truly gathered the cattle from "a thousand hills," as well as from the vast prairies and plains and mesas of the West and Southwest. In this view we see a section of a herd of long horned

Texas steers which have but recently arrived from the Lone Star State. In the great packing houses of Chicago thousands of cattle are slaughtered daily, and this enormous meat product is shipped in various form to the centers of civilization in all parts of the globe.

No. 4

Cooling Room, Armour's Packing House, Chicago, Ill.

It was not until we had been admitted to the interior of one of these stupendous slaughtering and meat-packing establishments that we obtained a comprehensive idea of the vast proportions of this enterprise. While looking down between these rows of slaughtered swine one of our party aptly remarked, "a mile of pork"; and, indeed, he might have said truthfully "miles of pork." In this cooling room there were not two, but two hundred of these rows, and there are several cooling rooms of equal capacity. Then we passed through the spacious cooling rooms for beef, mutton and veal, which represented the plant and capacity of but a single company. When we remembered that there were nearly two score of these vast meat packing establishments in Chicago we began to realize the enormity of their product, and felt confident that we should find some of these distributed along the course of our contemplated tour through Alaska.

No. 5.

The Lake, Garfield Park, Chicago, Ill.

Wearied with the contemplation of the magnitude of the city's enormous commercial enterprises and the scenes in the midst of the jostling throngs on her great thoroughfares, we gladly availed ourselves of an opportunity to visit one of her famous pleasure resorts,—Garfield Park. Here nature and art have been combined to afford restful recreation to the city's populace. Here are pleasant drives, shaded walks, groves with cosy nooks, and a beautiful lake where those who love the water will find a variety of small boats at their disposal in which they may traverse the placid bosom of the lake and thoroughly enjoy the passing moments while listening to the measured stroke of the sturdy oarsman, or, perchance, the echoes of some sweet

song wafted over the waters on the wings of a cooling zephyr.

No. 6.

Flower Beds, Lincoln Park, Chicago, Ill.

In naming her parks Chicago has honored some of our greatest presidents, and from the charming lake in Garfield Park we were soon transferred to one of those fascinating vistas to be met with in Lincoln Park. In this view the skill of the artist is strikingly demonstrated. The perspective is extensive and wonderfully clear, while the outlines of the landscape decorations, the foliage, and every flower and shrub, as well as the projected shadows, are distinct, producing a general effect that is most realistic.

No. 7.

Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

A drive down Drexel Boulevard convinced us that there are few, if any, more delightful highways in the world. The broad, smooth and clean roadway, the spacious and well shaded walks, the artistic arrangement of the floral decorations and the well-kept parking were most pleasing to the eye, while the spacious and beautiful homes which are ranged on either side of the avenue, combined to produce an exceedingly attractive picture.

No. 8.

Grand Stairway, Public Library, Chicago, Ill.

Before leaving Chicago we availed ourselves of an opportunity to visit the magnificent new public library, and in this view we have a representation of a section of the grand marble stairway at the main entrance. This spacious and substantial building with its sumptuous marble arches, its statues, paintings and sculptured emblems, illustrative of science, literature and art, is not only an object of pride to all lovers of the beautiful, but it stands as an enduring monument to man's most masterful skill and the possibilities of human genius and endeavor. The majestic and imposing character of the structure throughout, together with its vast collection of literary productions, cannot fail to give it an influence in the elevation and refinement of the public taste which will be both potent and far reaching.

No. 9.

Minnehaha Falls, Minnesota.

On leaving Chicago it was determined that our party should proceed to the Pacific Coast by way of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and although there are many points of interest and beauty to which reference might be made, we have not now time to tarry too long while en route to the more thrilling scenes associated with the tour through Alaska. However, we linger for a glimpse at that matchless cascade, the Falls of Minnehaha, which is located about half way between Minneapolis and St. Paul, and which has been given undying fame in Longfellow's beautiful poem, Hiawatha.

No. 10.

Noon Hour, En Route to the Klondike, Northern Pacific R. R. Car.

At the time of our departure from St. Paul the crusade to the gold fields in the new Northwest was at its height and the passenger traffic taxed the transportation facilities of the various railroad companies to their utmost. This party secured accommodations in a tourist sleeper and accomplished the journey Westward in a most sociable and satisfactory manner. Their lunch baskets were ample and had been supplied with a carefully selected variety of the good things of life. In this view we have a snap shot of the company enjoying a midday lunch while the train swept on toward the occident, bringing them nearer and nearer to the new El Dorado,—that goal toward which, with eager hope, the thoughts of all were turned.

No. 11.

Minerva Terrace, Yellowstone Park.

We sped on across the vast expanse of rolling plains and thence into the mountains. Our next stop was in the very heart of the Rockies—Yellowstone National Park. Amid all the beauty and grandeur of the mountains of the great West the Yellowstone Park contains a class of unique and fascinating wonders which are ever the delight and admiration of the tourist. Arriving at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel we proceed thence to view these scenic

curios. First are the Mammoth Hot Springs. These present a charming picture. There is a fascination about the graceful symmetry of the terraces and the brilliancy of the colors that is irresistible. The formations about these springs cover an area varying from a few yards to five acres, and some of the terraces are from 40 to 60 feet in height. The scene here represented is the Minerva Terrace, which covers about three-fourths of an acre and is 40 feet in height. The hot spring on the summit is 20 feet in diameter with a temperature of 154 degrees Fahrenheit. These springs are contained within walls crystallized from their own limpid waters and the deposits resulting from evaporation on the margin of each basin are most exquisite in both form and color. Each bowl is beautifully adorned with honey-comb patterns, curious carvings and lace work effects, while the spaces between the curves are often filled with delicate and gleaming stalactites which appear, like dainty icicles; to separate each ray of light into every hue and shade obtainable upon the artist's palette.

No. 12.

Golden Gate, Yellowstone Park.

San Francisco has its golden gate and so has Yellowstone Park. Here the road passes through a canyon. We see it in this picture clinging to the side of the towering cliff. On the opposite side Bunsen Peak thrusts its crest still higher against the azure blue. The vista from the Golden Gate is one of the glories of the park.

No. 13.

Obsidian Cliffs, Yellowstone Park.

The Obsidian Cliffs are a curiosity and as such merit our attention and interest. They rise black, jagged, bold and glaring to a height of 200 feet above the surface of Beaver Lake, which nestles at their base. The Obsidian Cliffs were of great value to the ancient Indian arrow-maker, who, the poet declares, was wont to make

"His arrow-heads of sandstone;
Arrow-heads of chalcedony;
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper;
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges;
Hard and polished, keen and costly."

And so hard is this natural glass that the patient arrow-maker was often days in shaping a single "polished, keen and costly" arrow-head. The road winds around these cliffs for nearly a half a mile and is probably the only road-bed of glass in the world. In the construction of the road the engineers found their way obstructed by huge boulders of glass. Around these great fires were built and when thoroughly heated, cold water from the lake was dashed upon them and they were thus shattered into fragments by natural forces.

No. 14.

Our Party, Yellowstone Park.

The park affords ample opportunity for a choice of cosy and picturesque camping grounds, and at the end of our first day's journey through this wonderland we halted in the edge of the forest and pitched our tents for the night. Camp life in the park is most delightful and will always be thoroughly enjoyed by those tourists who have the time and opportunity for viewing the park in a thorough and leisurely manner. Although all of the wild animals which are native of this section of the Rockies are now protected within the limits of the park, even the dreams of the most timid are seldom disturbed by any fear of danger from these beasts of the forest.

No. 15.

Paint Pots, Yellowstone Park.

We next stopped on our journey to view the Paint Pots which we found on one side of the road-way and extending over a considerable area. The spectacle presented by these was more strange and weird than attractive. The pots consist of small holes in the crusty formation which are constantly emitting more or less vapor and within which is a moving mass of highly-colored earthy substance, which, by its constant bubbling and sputtering and gurgling suggested an ineffectual attempt of some subterranean monster to swallow a few bushels of hot mush. However this may be, the mush was never swallowed and the bubblings and sputterings are likely to continue as long as tourists make the rounds of the park.

No. 16.

"Old Faithful" Geyser, Yellowstone Park.

In both the geyser and the artesian well the water is forced above the surface by internal, but widely different causes. The flow of the artesian well is regular and measured, like that of a fountain under even pressure, while the flow of the geyser is intermittent and irregular as to time and quantity, according to the fitful force generated by the disturbing elements of heat and steam.

When quiescent many of the high spouters are but crystal pools. Owing to the irregular intervals of eruption the tourist whose time is limited may not be able to see all of the great geyserite displays, some terrible in majesty, which are the reward of those who "watch and wait." But here is a thing that never fails, an anticipation never known to disappoint,—this is the spouting of "Old Faithful." Punctually every hour, with an ominous grumbling and a quaking of the earth, this monster sends forth vast accumulations of hot water and steam to a height of 150 feet.

No. 17.

Kepler's Cascades.

After leaving Old Faithful the road turns Eastward toward Yellowstone Lake, and at this turn we stand for a moment on the edge of the black canyon through which rushes the Firehole River. The waters are constantly beaten into a foam in their swift descent over the rocky bed, and in this view is shown a number of charming little falls known as Kepler's Cascades.

No. 18.

Upper Falls, Yellowstone Park.

After passing the Yellowstone Lake, which hangs like a gigantic mirror more than a mile above the level of the sea, we follow the river a short distance to where the first majestic leap is made as the waters proceed on their way to the Grand Canyon. The Upper Falls are not imposing in height, but the vast volume of water plunges in a mass over the shelving cliff, and in its descent presents the appear-

ance of an accumulation of soft clouds driven before a furious gale.

No. 19.

Great Falls of the Yellowstone.

One of the grandest and most impressive scenes of the park bursts upon the vision of the tourist as he stands near the brink of the Canyon, just below the Great Falls, watching the water as it seems to pause on the verge of the precipice, and then plunges three hundred feet into the gorge below. In its descent the torrent is broken into fleecy columns and shimmering sheets of silvery foam, which, nevertheless, strike the pool below with a deafening roar and rebound in fountains of spray and clouds of sparkling mist.

Everyone who has looked upon the marvels and glories of Yellowstone Park is impelled to give homage to the Supreme Architect who has builded so grandly, even in the very heart of the mountains where for centuries only wild beasts had their habitation.

No. 20.

Point Lookout and Great Falls, Yellowstone Park.

Another view of Great Falls from the summit of Point Lookout affords a stupendous panorama, spectral as a dream and overwhelming in effect. As we gazed into the profound depths of this vast abyss the moan of the struggling waters rose like a grand anthem, which was echoed and re-echoed from the towering and gorgeously tinted mountain walls.

No. 21.

The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

The scene from the brink of the falls looking into the profound depths of the canyon is one of strange majesty. Gazing out upon the mighty space between the widely spreading, lavishly decorated walls, we inquire, "whence came all this"—how many centuries was it in forming—what occultism of Nature directed the chisel that has so deftly and boldly sculptured the cliffs and mixed the pigments and manipulated the brush that so ornately embellished them? We involuntarily exclaim with the Psalmist:

"Come and see the works of God. All the earth shall worship Thee, they shall sing to Thy name."

No. 22.

Bridal Veil Heights, Columbia River, Oregon.

From a scenic standpoint the tour of the Columbia River is one of the most attractive in all the West. The Northern Pacific Railway follows close along the river's brink, frequently skirting the base of towering cliffs which rise in a series of grand palisades.

No. 23.

Pillars of Hercules, Columbia River, Oregon.

Among the unique formations along the Columbia River are the "Pillars of Hercules," situated a short distance from Multnomah Falls. If these towering columns had been constructed by man they would be less impressive, but it was the Supreme Builder who set them in their place, graceful, complete and sublime, and between these pillars passes one of the great overland thoroughfares.

No. 24.

Multnomah Falls, Columbia River, Oregon.

Multnomah Falls, a beautiful little cascade tumbling over a precipice about three hundred feet in height, presents a sublimely attractive spectacle. It seems to quiver from end to end like a thread of silver with pearls slipping down its entire length.

No. 25.

Rooster Rock, Columbia River, Oregon.

Another prominent feature on the face of Nature in this vicinity is "Rooster Rock," standing like a bold and sturdy sentinel upon the rugged shore.

No. 26.

Bridal Veil Falls, Columbia River, Oregon.

There are numerous cascades and waterfalls in this section of Oregon, but none presents a wilder or more romantic aspect than the Bridal Veil Falls.

No. 27.

Fluming Lumber in the Mountains in Oregon.

Lumbering is one of the leading industries of the great State of Oregon, and among the labor saving devices for transporting the logs from the higher mountain ranges to the mills is the lumber flume, a section of which is seen in this view. These flumes are usually built at a steep incline, through which the water rushes with great velocity, and the logs are thus readily and swiftly borne over a distance of several miles.

Occasionally a lumberman ventures down one of these flumes in a rude boat and is thus afforded a most exhilarating and exciting experience.

No. 28.

Fishermen at Home, Columbia River.

The extent of the fisheries of the Pacific Coast are very imperfectly understood by the general public. On the Columbia River there are numerous canneries where thousands of cases of salmon are annually prepared and shipped to the markets of the world. Salmon are found in the Columbia River in great abundance and during the fishing season great companies are employed in catching and packing the fish. In this view is shown a section of the racks for the nets, which, at the larger canneries, cover several acres.

No. 29.

"The Portland" Dining Room, Portland, Oregon.

We have now reached the great commercial city of Oregon. Situated at the head of ocean steamer navigation, the city of Portland has developed into a wealthy metropolis. There are many imposing business blocks and palatial residences within the city proper, while the various suburbs connected by electric car lines, afford attractive homes for those who prefer a residence removed from the busy scenes of the great city.

Among the newest buildings is the spacious Hotel Portland which is modern in construction throughout, and here the overland tourist will find everything provided for

his comfort and entertainment while spending a few days in viewing the many points of interest in and about the city.

No. 30.

Bird's-eye View of Portland, Oregon.

The city of Portland is attractively and advantageously situated on the banks of the Willamette. This river affords a magnificent water power which is largely used in the operation of thriving manufactories. The city stands in the center of a region of almost unlimited agricultural resources, and it is the chief source of supply for the State, as well as for portions of Washington, California, and Idaho.

No. 31.

Crater Lake, Oregon.

One of the great natural wonders of the high Sierras is situated within the limits of the State of Oregon and is known as Crater Lake. It is a vast body of clear water, ice cold, confined within a circular basin on the very crest of the mountain, which at one time was evidently the crater of a mighty volcano. It is only the hardy and more enterprising tourists who undertake the trip to Crater Lake, but once upon its shores the exceedingly picturesque scenery well repays one for the time and effort necessary to accomplish the journey.

No. 32.

Great Oregon Caves—Under the Dome.

We were fortunate in having an opportunity to visit the wonderful Oregon caves. Hidden from human eyes, deep in the rock-ribbed bosom of the hills, the invisible hand of the invisible God has been ever busy throughout the centuries creating landscapes with stony skies, yawning chasms with spectral visitants, overhanging cliffs with threatening aspects, domes with thousands of glistening and many colored pendants, huge columns and pillars standing in solemn groups like petrified giants of the forest, crystal lakes asleep in a perpetual night, and many shapes and forms of beauty and imagery which to-day inspire admiration and awe, and impel each beholder to exclaim: "What wonders hath God wrought!"

No. 33.

Great Oregon Caves—"Old Nick's Bedroom."

Here we found ourselves in a vast realm of stalacta, where no ray of sunshine has ever penetrated. But the genius of man has revealed the glories of the Creator, and scores of powerful arc lights now blaze in the caverns, disclosing an infinite variety of quaint, curious and wonderful formations, which seem to be the handiwork of Nature in her most playful mood.

Entering "Old Nick's Bedroom" we failed to discover anything suggestive of a downy couch, and if it was expected that his Satanic Majesty would revel in delightful dreams while supported upon the knobs and spines and other inequalities of this subterranean sleeping apartment, we are not surprised that he is never at home.

No. 34.

Dining Room, Hotel Tacoma.

Passing Northward into the State of Washington our next stop was made at the City of Tacoma, which has a commanding location on the eastern shore of Puget Sound, about half way between Olympia and Seattle. Tacoma is now a thriving and populous city and in the preferred residence portion, upon the heights, are to be found some of the most charming and hospitable homes in the West. From these heights there is presented to the vision a most expansive and fascinating vista, which, though superbly grand at all times, is specially enchanting and impressive either at sunrise or sunset. Toward the East Mt. Rainier thrusts its crest of snow and ice far into the heavens, while toward the West the waters of Puget Sound stretch away to the shore beyond where rises the stately Olympic Range. Tacoma has excellent facilities for transportation both by land and sea, and the very latest and best of modern improvements have been utilized by her citizens both in public and private enterprises. The hungry and travel-stained tourist is always interested in the character of the hotels available and is gratified to find that those in Tacoma are both spacious and well conducted. One is able to enjoy a course dinner at the Hotel Tacoma with genuine comfort and relish, as

may be imagined from a little corner of the dining room, which is represented in this view.

No. 35.

Cutting Timber in the State of Washington.

The state of Washington abounds in most magnificent forests of fir. Many of the trees are so enormous in bulk as to suggest the giant sequoias of California. The lumber industry of Western Washington has assumed vast proportions, but the supply seems to be inexhaustible, so extensive is the area of the timber region. So straight and tall are many of these forest kings that they suggest mighty columns supporting the green roof above. The Puget Sound Indians have an old legend descriptive of the origin of the forests, which relates that great giants were fighting in the clouds, and a shower of their tremendous arrows were shot toward the earth. These speedily took root and the feathers of the shafts were forthwith transformed into green-leaved bowers. In felling these monsters of the vegetable kingdom two woodsmen attack a single tree, using both ax and saw. A stump of from five to ten feet in height is usually left, and while working, a temporary platform is constructed by fixing a board or plank in a niche made at convenient height in the stump. From these platforms the workmen wield their axes and operate the saw until, finally, the giant reels upon its base, and then with a mighty crash, thrusts itself prone upon the ground.

No. 36.

In the Lumber Region, Washington—A Walking Dudley.

After the trees have been felled and divested of their branches the trunks are sawed into convenient lengths of about 20 feet each, and then are transferred to the mills to be converted into various shapes and dimensions of merchantable lumber. One method of transporting these logs is by means of the "Walking Dudley," a narrow gauge steam motor, which hauls the logs over the sleepers of the track, as illustrated in this view.

No. 37.

A Cascade Mountain Elk, Washington.

Washington is a paradise for both the huntsman and the angler. The forests abound in game and the waters are fairly alive with fish. Nowhere will we find wilder or more picturesque scenes than on a hunting tour through the Cascades. It is indeed a rare privilege to be the guest of these majestic mountains, where one may roam at will on the trail of the elk and deer which inhabit this glorious region, although the hunting of large game is sometimes made difficult on account of the heavy timber and the undergrowth.

No. 38.

Snoqualmie Falls, Washington.

The Great Northern Railroad finds its western terminus at the little city of Everett on Puget Sound. From here the tourist may avail himself of numerous pleasure trips. One of these, which should not be omitted by those "who in the love of nature commune with her visible forms", is an excursion up the Snohomish River to Snoqualmie Falls, which, though not imposing in magnitude, is a marvelously beautiful combination of rocks, forest and dashing waters. Provided with luncheon and fishing tackle, no more delightful outing could be desired than a day on the brink of this grand cataract, as we may readily imagine from the scene presented in this view. A company has recently been organized for the purpose of harnessing the waters of Snoqualmie. This immense power will be utilized in the generation of electricity which will be conveyed by means of great cables to the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, and there utilized in propelling street cars and machinery, as well as for electric lights and many other purposes.

No. 39.

An Alaskan Outfitting Store, Seattle, Washington.

The city of Seattle is the metropolis of the great state of Washington and has had a marvelous development during the last two decades. Like Chicago, this city was almost destroyed by fire, and in ten years from its

ashes have sprung stately and substantial business blocks, banks, warehouses, hotels and other structures of which any city might justly be proud. During the extraordinary real estate boom which swept over this portion of the country in the latter part of the '80's Seattle was given a great impetus in the way of building and general public improvements. Then in the latter part of the '90's came the argonauts to the Klondike, a majority of whom made Seattle their outfitting point and the port of embarkation for the far North. The scene depicted in this view represents a portion of one of the principal business streets of Seattle. At the beginning of that "yellow fever" epidemic the supplies necessary to equip this vast army of argonauts not only filled the stores and warehouses, but were piled in great masses upon the sidewalks. All the food supplies intended for transportation on the trails and over the passes had to be enclosed in sacks or boxes of convenient size for packing on the back. A formidable barricade made up from these packages appears upon the sidewalk in this picture. A little later on we shall see these supplies distributed in the many caches along the trail and half buried in the snow drifts in the pass.

No. 40.

A Minnesota Dog Team, Seattle, Washington.

There were many scenes in the streets of Seattle during our brief stay there which suggested the character of equipment and means of transportation necessary for a successful pilgrimage into the interior of Alaska. The attire of the argonauts was often novel and of great variety. Then there were canvas boats, section boats, and various other boats for sale, to be used in crossing the lakes and navigating the river to Dawson; not to speak of the ready-made metal cabins, etc. One of the most interesting and characteristic equipments was the Minnesota dog team which is represented in this view. We were assured that this team of eight dogs, with its owner, had made the entire distance overland from Minnesota to Seattle, en route to Dawson. The team was well trained and whenever it passed up and down the streets attracted much attention and was viewed

with genuine interest by all. When this view was taken the team had been halted for a rest and the promptness with which the dogs stretched themselves upon the pavement and fell asleep suggested that the story of their long trip overland to Seattle was probably true. We shall see many more of these faithful animals on the steamers and along the trails, for the dogs transported many thousands of pounds of supplies up the slippery trails to the pass and over the ice of the lakes and rivers beyond.

No. 41.

Unloading Reindeer, Seattle, Washington.

In the outskirts of Seattle we found a herd of trained reindeer which was, indeed, an unusual sight in our country. The deer numbered 537 and were accompanied by a little over three score of Lapland trainers and herders. This proved to be the herd imported by the United States Government for the purpose of carrying relief to the miners who were reported starving on the Yukon.

On February 4th, 1898, a staunch ship sailed from Basekop, Alten Fjord, Norway, four degrees North of the Arctic Circle, carrying 538 head of trained reindeer, 511 sets of harness and 430 Lapland sleds. Accompanying the deer was a party of 113 Laplanders consisting of 69 men, 18 women and 26 children. The voyage of 24 days across the Atlantic was accomplished with the loss of but one deer, which was killed in a stampede during a storm. The expedition landed at New York on February 28th. The herd was at once transferred to suitably equipped cars and the long overland trip across the continent by rail was accomplished without any loss. The deer were unloaded at Seattle on March 9th. To maintain the herd until its arrival in Alaska, a sufficient quantity of the peculiar moss upon which these animals subsist had been brought from Norway. Unfortunately the deer were given some alfalfa while at Seattle which resulted in the death of a dozen of their number.

The "Lap" herders were industrious and good natured and seemed much attached to the deer which they had brought so far from their native land. The Laplanders

were indeed picturesque in their fur coats girdled at the waist, skin moccasins and their unique caps with a padded square on the top.

No. 42.

Government Reindeer en Route for Alaska.

These dainty animals were much smaller than the reindeer of our imagination and there was not a single antler in the entire herd, but we were told that the deer had been dehorned before leaving Lapland in order to economize space and also to avoid injury to the herd during its long journey by sea and land. Each deer was secured by a tether and they were picketed in long lines after the fashion of cavalry horses in camp.

Although these animals were thoroughly trained and appeared inoffensive and docile, we learned that they have a habit of turning frequently upon their drivers and herders and striking them viciously with their front feet. It is for the purpose of protecting themselves from these sudden and dangerous assaults that the "Lap" traveler always wears a cap surmounted by a pad or cushion about a foot square and two inches in thickness.

No. 43.

Steamer Australia Loading for Alaska.

In the good old days an Alaskan bound steamer attracted little attention and the tourist had no difficulty in securing accommodations, including ample deck space for a promenade, but during the exodus to the Yukon every available craft was pressed into service for the transportation of Northbound passengers and freight. The stability of the vessels was not always tested prior to the embarkation, and it is remarkable that so few disasters occurred on the long voyages through the narrow channels which intervene between Seattle and Skagway. For weeks every steamer leaving port was loaded to its utmost capacity and still the wharfs were crowded with the multitude awaiting an opportunity to embark. Those were, indeed, busy and exciting days.

No. 44.

Embarking for the Klondike—Steamer "Queen" at Seattle.

At the time of our embarkation in the latter part of March, 1898, the excitement had somewhat abated, nevertheless we found ourselves in the midst of an eager and bustling throng hurrying about with packages of personal baggage, giving final commands and bidding farewell to those who remained behind. In this view we see, half way up the bridge, the figure of a woman bent in earnest conversation with another of her sex. When and under what circumstances will they meet again?

No. 45.

"Good Bye, Good Friends, Good Bye; We go to Do or Die."

The shrill notes of the ship's whistle sounded the final warning, the moorings were cast off, the great engines were started, the steamer, as if pulsating with life, swung proudly into the open waters of that magnificent inland sea—Puget Sound—and the long voyage to Alaska had begun. Upon the decks were a few of the argonauts waving a last adieu. They had set their faces toward the golden goal and each seemed conscious of the responsibilities as well as the possibilities of the undertaking. Perhaps they realized that the future held—for all, hardships; for a few, fortunes, and for others bleak and isolated graves in the far and frozen North.

No. 46.

On the Hurricane Deck of the Steamer Queen Leaving Seattle for the Klondike.

The hurricane deck astern was reserved for the dogs,—dogs destined for service over the dreadful Chilkoot trail and the ice of the lakes and river beyond. This collection of dogs presented a wonderful variety as to size, color and disposition. There were old dogs, young dogs, large dogs, slim dogs, handsome dogs and vicious dogs. They were evidently entire strangers to each other and on unfriendly terms. By their constant snapping and snarling they

seemed instinctively to protest against the exposure and hardships in store for them in the far North. Even while aboard ship these faithful animals had a minimum of comfort and protection as they were exposed during the entire journey to the searching cold of those fierce blasts that sweep down from the mountains of snow and ice.

No. 47.

**Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Government Post Office Inspector,
en Route to Dawson City, Alaska.**

During our stay in Seattle the weather was balmy and springlike but this did not deter scores of vain Yukoners from sweltering on the streets in an endless variety of newly-acquired Klondike attire. The travel-scarred veterans did not don their "Easter" suits until the staunch steamer had actually put her nose into one of those chilling blasts of the Northland, and not until then did the artist have an opportunity to photograph Dr. Jackson and the Post Office Inspector fully attired in their frost-proof garments. Some of us had been nearly bankrupted in the purchase of a multitudinous Klondike wardrobe, consisting of garments of silk, wool, buckskin, leather, corduroy, India rubber, fur, etc., but when we sought to enjoy the magnificent scenery from the upper deck, while the breath of the glaciers was shrieking through the rigging during those latter days of March, we fully appreciated our "Easter" suits and the wisdom which had induced their purchase.

Nos. 48 and 49.

On the Deck of the Steamer Queen Bound for the Klondike.

We now found ourselves in the midst of the characteristic scenic wonders of the new Northwest and the passengers reveled in the glorious vistas from the upper deck until driven thence by the searching cold to the comfortable cabin. The kodak fiend, as well as the professional artist, was ever on the alert for "snap shots" of the rapidly moving and wonderfully varied panorama. Here the steamer glides steadily through the narrow channels and passes; the icy, green waters ripple along the somber

and tenantless shores, an endless sweep of forest fringes the banks and bluffs, while above and beyond tower those glorious mountains of snow; dimpled, shimmering, clean-cut and stately,—a spectacle of unsurpassed grandeur and impressiveness.

As we sailed on day and night between huge granite walls fringed and frosted at the base and mantled in eternal snows, with the vessel's prow pointing ever to the Northward, we realized that although more than three decades have elapsed since the territory of Alaska was acquired by the United States, comparatively little is understood by the general public relative to the history and topography of the country, its conditions, its resources and the vastness of its area.

The first recorded expedition to these parts was made in 1741 by a party of Russians under Vitus Bering, and it is just 100 years since the territory was granted to a Russo-American Fur Company by Emperor Paul VIII.

Less than a year ago the official statistics showed that Alaska had an area of 580,107 square miles, but last summer the officers of the Coast and Geodetic Survey discovered that the land in the vicinity of the delta of the Yukon extends further toward the Northwest than was formerly supposed, and hence approximately 2,500 square miles have been eliminated from the supposed dimensions of Bering Sea and added to the territorial domain. A considerable portion of Alaska lies within the Arctic Circle. The greatest extent of the mainland in a North and South line is about 1,100 miles, and from East to West 800 miles. Its coast line is estimated at 18,211 miles, which is greater in extent than the entire coast line of the United States. The steamer route from Seattle to Skagway is a little over 1,100 miles. The distance from Skagway to Dawson and the Klondike is approximately 600 miles, and from Dawson to St. Michael, in Bering Sea, about 1,300 miles. From St. Michael you can proceed to Unalaska by ocean steamer, a distance of 750 miles. If you go thence to San Francisco by sea you must travel 2,350 miles, while the journey by water from Seattle to Unalaska is a little less than 2,000 miles.

For more than 30 years American territory has stretched away to the Westward nearly as far as the Philippines.

At Unalaska we found ourselves three hours and nine minutes West of San Francisco. If a straight line were let fall due South from Unalaska it would pass a point West of the Hawaiian Islands. But we remember that we have several hundred miles of American territory West of Unalaska. If, then, from the Island Attu, which marks the Western limit of the Aleutian archipelago, we proceed due South we shall pass a point nearly half way between Honolulu and Manila.

Nor can we object to Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines simply because they are islands. The islands of Alaska aggregate an area of over 31,000 square miles. The Alexander archipelago, in Southeastern Alaska, consists of over 1,100 islands, and the Aleutian archipelago plunges away into the Pacific nearly 1,500 miles and lies upon the map like a giant index finger, mutely but persistently indicating the Westward stride of the course of empire.

No. 50.

Front Street, Wrangel, Alaska.

The tourist to the new Northwest usually sets foot on Alaskan soil for the first time at Fort Wrangel, one of the oldest Russian outposts, and named after Baron Wrangel. This is the site of one of the ancient Indian villages and the native community constitutes a considerable proportion of the population, although some of the American pioneers have been residents here since the '60's.

In the recent exodus to the gold fields Fort Wrangel became conspicuous as the starting point of one of the trails to the Klondike. This route led from Fort Wrangel via the Stikeen River to Telegraph Creek and thence to Lake Teslin. Here boats were constructed and the trip continued via Teslin Lake, Hootalinqua and Lewes Rivers to the Yukon.

At the time of our arrival at Fort Wrangel upwards of 2,000 argonauts had been landed, or, more properly, stranded there, and while this division of the grand army of the Klondikers were waiting for the ice to go out of the Stikeen River, American enterprise displayed itself in the development of various speculations of

a more or less illegitimate character. Here we found the "sure thing" and shell games, faro, roulette and, towering above all these, a genuine, civilized, up-to-date real estate boom. Buildings were in course of construction on every hand. Real estate and rents were unreasonably high. After every foot of available building space on the little harbor had been occupied, the boomers actually seized upon a portion of the sea, and, filling this area with piling, were offering, among other curios, town lots on stilts. We inquired the dimensions of these lots and were promptly informed that the regular frontage was 25 feet with the privilege of extending the back yard into the sea as far as one might desire.

The obstructions to be met with in the public thoroughfares of Wrangel are well illustrated in this view. The main street was literally filled with boulders, stumps, piling, crosswalks, rubbish, tin cans and building material of every description. The tourist wonders how the carriages and drays are able to traverse this thoroughfare, but soon learns that there are no horses in Wrangel and no wheeled vehicles excepting push-carts.

No. 51.

An Alaskan Deity, Wrangel, Alaska.

Fort Wrangel is not only one of the oldest of Alaskan Indian villages, but it is also famous as the native heath and abiding place of the totems. These curios seem to be indigenous and appear in the form of carved poles or hewn blocks. They are both numerous and grotesque, suggesting that the native Indian is at least unique. These totems are a sort of family badge,—not such as could readily be worn upon the lapel of the vest, but one that is not likely to be overlooked by a neighbor. They record the family history, and after viewing one of these family totems, those interested in genealogy realize for the first time just what a genealogical tree looks like—with the bark off. There is also a class of these grotesque columns known as death totems, which sometimes mark the graves of men of rank and importance.

No. 52.

Alaska by Moonlight; Bound for the Klondike.

The day of our arrival at Wrangel was clear and beautiful, and every moment of our stay was replete with fascinating interest in the many strange and unique sights; so that it was with reluctance that we obeyed the signal which once more called us on board the steamer. The moorings were cast off and the stately ship swung again upon the bosom of the rippling waters. The night was glorious and the full moon shed a flood of light upon the bay. The prow was soon cutting the waters of Lynn Canal and once more our little company of argonauts were on their way to the farther North.

No. 53.

The Seminole Loaded with Reindeer for the Interior of Alaska.

At the head of Lynn Canal stands those famous twin cities of Alaska,—Skagway and Dyea. This canal is nearly 100 miles in length and is enclosed between abrupt and towering granite walls.

Soon after entering the canal we overtook and passed the schooner *Seminole*, having on board the entire relief reindeer herd and a majority of their "Lap" attendants. The reindeer, which we last saw at Seattle, were loaded on board the *Seminole*, and on March 17th left that port for Haines Mission, a little Indian village located on the western shore of Lynn Canal, about 15 miles from its head. The reindeer were all stowed away in the hold of the vessel, but the Laplanders thronged the deck of the schooner and cheered us lustily as we passed. Inasmuch as the schooner had to be towed the entire distance from Seattle to Haines Mission, about 1,100 miles, ten days were consumed in the passage and the *Seminole* was safely moored in Portage Cove, at the Mission, on March 27th. The company of "Laps" on the *Seminole* consisted of 60 men, the remaining nine men, together with the women and children, having been left at Port Townsend, to proceed thence by ocean steamer to St. Michael.

No. 54.

The Steamer Queen at Haines Mission, Alaska, En Route to the Klondike.

Our good ship Queen, after passing the Seminole, sped on to Skagway, discharged her freight and passengers and then returned to Portage Cove just as the reindeer ship was dropping anchor. Furious gales sometimes sweep down between the massive granite walls which enclose the Lynn Canal, rendering navigation difficult and often dangerous. In the winter of 1898, during one of these gales, the steamer Clara Nevada was driven on a reef a few miles below Haines Mission, and when the storm subsided no trace of the ship or its thirty-five passengers could be found.

Portage Cove, upon which Haines Mission is situated, affords the safest anchorage ground on the canal. Here we left the Queen for a brief sojourn at the Mission. It would be difficult to find a locality of more fascinating and impressive grandeur. The rippling waters of the cove stretch away three miles to the rugged walls of the opposite shore of the canal, and on every hand tower the snow-capped, granite giants as if appealing for divine recognition. While endeavoring to comprehend the immensity of the stupendous panorama there presented, I could but feel that when our American tourists have wearied with Norway and the Alps, they may with confidence hope to find more varied, extensive and inspiring creations of the Supreme Architect in those silent Alaskan mountains, mantled in eternal snow, with their mighty glaciers of azure blue perched with threatening aspect upon the brows of towering crags, or creeping with measured pace to the bosom of the sea.

No. 55.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Government Reindeer, Haines Mission.

On March 28th we witnessed the landing of the reindeer at Haines Mission. The herd then numbered 525. During the disembarkation one of the deer fell from the

barge to the beach and was so severely injured that it had to be killed.

From the date of the landing of the deer at Haines Mission the story of the relief expedition is replete with tragedy. No preparations had been made for feeding the herd after its arrival in Alaska. The moss brought from Norway had been exhausted. There was none of this moss at Haines and no one seemed to know where to find any. A party of "Laps" went in search of the much-needed food for the herd, but returned in a few days empty handed.

It was then learned that the miners on the Yukon were not starving, but that the reindeer, intended to transport them relief, were. That the lives of the miners in the interior did not depend upon the success of this expedition is indeed fortunate, as about 400 reindeer died from starvation in the vicinity of Portage Cove. Two hundred thousand dollars was the sum appropriated by Congress for this enterprise, which appears to have been managed jointly by representatives of the Interior and War Departments, but since the expedition has resulted in disaster, each of the responsible parties is willing to give the credit to the other fellow.

There was at Haines Mission a detachment of infantry which was intended to act as an escort to the reindeer herd while en route to the interior. The officers of this detachment were Captain Eldrige, Captain Brainard, Lieutenant Clark, Lieutenant Field and Dr. Kemp. We see in this view a number of the reindeer just after they had been landed on the shore of Portage Cove, and the persons represented in the view are Dr. Jackson, Lieutenant Field, the Post Office Inspector, and some soldiers and "Laps."

No. 56.

Starting for the Gold Fields on Norway Sleds, Haines Mission.

In this View we have an excellent representation of a Lapland reindeer train ready to start on its journey over the limitless fields of snow. We notice the broad hoofs of the deer, wisely provided by nature in order to prevent their sinking into the soft or loosely packed drifts. The

"Lap" sleds remind us more of a cradle than a sled, and in order to test the virtue of this mode of transportation we made a short trip over a little pass in an adjoining range, utilizing these queer little boat-shaped sleds and the fleet deer. The snow was abundant and the trip was successfully accomplished with much enthusiastic enjoyment, but we do not hesitate to declare that to be able to maintain one's balance in a "Lap" sled, with the deer at full speed, is a feat of which even a Japanese juggler might justly be proud. The experiences of the novice in a "Lap" sled easily out-class those of the most awkward pupil on roller skates or a bicycle. Late in May a pasturage of reindeer moss was found about a hundred miles inland and the remnant of the herd was left there to browse until able to continue the journey to the interior.

The Dalton Trail to the Yukon starts from Haines Mission. It was over this trail that the surviving reindeer proceeded and when last heard from about 125 reindeer were still living and had reached the vicinity of Eagle City in Alaskan territory. The feasibility of utilizing the reindeer as a means of transportation in Alaska is still problematical but the Government is making further experiment in this line and it is sincerely hoped that the effort will result in ultimate success.

No. 57.

The City of Seattle at Skagway Wharf, Alaska.

After seeing the reindeer safely landed at Haines Mission we proceeded to Skagway on the steamer City of Seattle,—one of the swiftest vessels plying between Puget Sound and the headwaters of the Lynn Canal.

The pioneer white settler at Skagway located there in 1891, yet the first ship load of Yukon argonauts who landed on that beach in July, 1897, saw few signs of human habitations. Today four splendid wharves nearly a mile in length stretch away from a city to the deep waters at the head of Lynn Canal. Great sea-going steamers touch almost daily at these spacious piers. The city is truly a marvel of the nineteenth century, with a population of from five to six thousand. Its superb electric light system supplies 1,200 incandescent lamps and 50

arc lights. A placid mountain lake of glacier water situated hundreds of feet above the city is the source of a magnificent water supply. Here are also schools, churches, newspapers, banks and machine shops, and it is the ambition of Skagway to become the capital city of the North Star State—that is to be.

In this view we see the steamer City of Seattle moored at Moore's Wharf. The dock is thronged with Klondikers eager to learn the latest items of news from the States as well as to greet friends who have just arrived to join them in their long and hazardous journey to the interior gold fields. Astern of the ship we observe several steam launches. These little boats ply between Skagway and Dyea, for as yet, the only wharf at Dyea has not been completed and freight and passengers for the Dyea trail are landed at Skagway and transferred thence to Dyea, five miles distance, by means of the smaller boats.

No. 58.

Lunch by the Wayside; Dyea Trail.

It was not long after the news of fabulous fortunes unearthed on the Klondike reached civilization until that great army of eager and ardent adventurers to the Yukon and its tributaries made the Chilkoot Pass famous as one of the most accessible gateways to the land of nuggets, frosts, mosquitoes, scenery and silence.

The distance from Dyea to Lake Linderman, at the headwaters of the Yukon, is 28 miles, and interposed between these two points we find that dreaded barrier, the famous Chilkoot Pass. Having been safely landed at Dyea with our outfit we proceed at once upon the trail. For the first nine miles we followed the course of the Dyea River to Canon City and found the road a comparatively easy one. From Canon City the trail turns at once into a tortuous and picturesque box canyon through which we must proceed for a distance of a little over three miles. Down this canon rushes the swift waters of the Dyea River, which, however, we found completely bridged and hidden beneath masses of ice and snow. During the months of February, March and April, 1898, this canyon was thronged with eager and industrious Klondikers, who were pushing for-

ward with their supplies toward the summit and to the lakes beyond. Soon after entering the canyon we halted for a little needed rest and cheerfully accepted an invitation to lunch with a party of miners who were camped along the trail.

No. 59.

In the Canyon; Dyea Trail.

The scene represented in this view impresses us with the fact that the army of argonauts who passed over the Dyea Trail not only proceeded on foot but also personally transported their camp equipage and supplies. A few had horses or dogs to aid them in this tedious and laborious work, but the majority either packed their supplies on their backs or hauled them upon the low, narrow Yukon sleds. The canyon itself with its abrupt and barren walls, or steep and heavily timbered slopes, its frozen water falls, ice bridges, over-hanging cliffs and snow-laden forests presented many rare and beautiful pictures, but it is safe to say that few of these were appreciated or even observed by those weary toilers, who day after day labored diligently to bring their supplies nearer to the summit.

No. 60.

Gold Miners and Their Dog Teams, Dyea Trail.

As we emerged from the canyon the trail widened into a comfortable roadway and the ascent was more gradual. Here the mountain walls are less precipitous and there are numerous spaces in the gorge which are comparatively level, affording reasonably secure locations for temporary camps. These desirable nooks we found occupied by the tents of the gold seekers and as these tents rapidly increased in number on either side of the trail we were warned of the fact that we were approaching that wonderful winter metropolis of the Dyea trail,—Sheep Camp.

No. 61.

A Picturesque Street in Sheep Camp.

Those who have never visited a booming frontier mining camp will find it difficult to appreciate the rapidity with which such camps acquire a population and metro-

politan importance. The city of Sheep Camp had no excuse for an existence excepting the fact that it was the last halt on the trail to the Chilkoot before passing above timber line. This fact made it the great transfer station where Klondikers cached their supplies and from which they transported them in installments to the summit of the pass. There are few cities in all American history which have had a more rapid growth, or a more sudden and complete collapse than Sheep Camp.

No. 62.

Our Party en Route to the Klondike, Sheep Camp.

Sheep Camp is located on either side of the Dyea River, which, during summer, is a rushing torrent from 30 to 40 feet in width. Mountains of Alpine grandeur rise on either side and the gorges are filled with great glaciers. In the fall of 1897 the city consisted of about 150 tents with a population of from 300 to 400 persons. At the time of our arrival in Sheep Camp on April 5th, 1898, it presented a busy, unique and weird spectacle. Tents, shacks, shanties and buildings of varied shape, size and hue were crowded along either side of the road which follows the narrow ravine towards the pass. Thousands of people of all ages and nationalities, women as well as men, were camped here. Throngs of adventurous gold seekers were moving hither and thither in every direction, surging over snow drifts or along the narrow, winding and picturesque streets, with heavy packs, or tugging away in a persevering endeavor to drag their heavily laden sleds towards the summit.

The population of the city at that time was estimated at from seven to eight thousand. The business of transporting supplies over the Dyea trail was a profitable one to those who had at their command the necessary means of transportation. The rates charged between Dyea and Lake Linderman during the earlier period of the crusade were appalling to those Klondikers who were not liberally supplied with ready cash. Several pack trains were operated between Dyea and Sheep Camp, and in this view we see one of these trains entering Sheep Camp heavily laden with miners' supplies.

No. 63.

Main Street, Sheep Camp.

In this view we are offered a more comprehensive idea of that section of the canyon in which Sheep Camp was located. Every portion of available space is occupied by tents, stores, restaurants, warehouses and caches. In the foreground a dog team is struggling up the slope while the driver assists in tugging at the load. In the rear follow in single file a line of weary men bearing their heavy packs. There is nothing here to indicate permanency or comfort, but on the contrary, everything suggests a temporary abiding place and an earnest, persevering endeavor to reach some coveted goal beyond.

No. 64.

Dr. J. Jones' Residence, Preparing for Dinner, Sheep Camp.

Here we have a representation of the office and domicile of the leading physician of Sheep Camp. We must not forget that the argonauts were heirs to all the ills of human flesh and therefore the good doctor was in great demand. In 1897 Dr. J. Jones commanded a lucrative practice in Evanston, Ill., where he was chairman of the city Board of Health. Mr. George B. Winter was one of the successful grocers of the same city. About this time the instigator and promoter of a Klondike Gold Mining Company appeared upon the scene and cleverly disseminated a prolific brood of "yellow fever" germs. This seed fell upon exceeding good ground and soon bore a generous harvest—for the promoter. Jones abandoned his practice and Winter sold out his business. Each prospective millionaire member of the Evanston Klondike Gold Mining Company paid to the promoter several hundred dollars to be used as a "working capital" for the purchase of necessary supplies and the development of rich placer claims. The plan was to proceed to the gold fields by way of the formidable Chilkoot Pass, shovel and pan and sack as much of the royal metal as they could carry and then return to Evanston with new garments, amid the blare of bannered trumpets, feasting and revelry.

The brave, generous and self-sacrificing promoter volunteered to precede the party and prepare for their coming. Single-handed and alone he would purchase the supplies, arrange for the transportation, push aside the rugged boulders on the trail, and, as it were, strew with flowers their pathway to the fields of gold. And thus he went, bearing the money with him. At the appointed time the "Evanston Klondike Gold Mining Company" followed to the trysting place—but, lo, the kind promoter was not there, neither was the money nor the supplies, nor yet the flowers—nothing but the boulders and the trail. Their visions of gold had proved but a North Sea bubble, which speedily burst, enveloping its victims in a chilling mist. The promoter, alone, missed this mist, though he himself was missed.

However, the "Company" pushed on as far as Sheep Camp, where Dr. Jones "hung out his shingle," or rather painted it on the roof of his tent, and Mr. Winter engaged as his assistant. The fame of the doctor soon spread abroad in this portable Arctic city and his practice grew apace. Klondike fees were charged and collected, and thus the doctor retrieved a goodly portion of the money he had invested in the "promoter," but a majority of the "Company" returned to Evanston late in the summer of 1898, sadder, poorer and wiser men.

No. 65.

Red Front Store, Sheep Camp.

Passing along the main street we observe a few more or less pretentious merchandising establishments with a liberal display of such supplies and wares as are most needed in an Arctic mining camp. These stores are of rude and cheap construction, usually thrown together of such material as chanced to be most available, and without further architectural design than simply to afford shelter.

No. 66.

The Leading Store in Sheep Camp.

In some of these establishments we find a combination of general merchandising establishment, drug store, restaurant and lodging house. The unprotected manner in

which the goods were displayed in front of these stores indicates the absolute confidence which was reposed by the dealers in the integrity of the argonauts, and it should be added that this confidence was seldom violated.

No. 67.

Courtney's Store and Post Office, Sheep Camp.

In this view we have a combination of grocery store, post-office, laundry, and hay and grain warehouse, as well as a Miner's Exchange; for one of the signs on the front post announces that outfits will be bought as well as sold. We also observe that "spuds" are valued at seven cents per pound, while the pleasant, smiling features of the little girl in the foreground assure us that the happiness of children is never dependent upon their environments. Mr. Courtney, the proprietor, was fortunate in having with him his family, and his wife is seen at the doorway of the tent attending to the wants of a waiting customer.

The sign over the doorway advertising a "five cent mail," or ten cents from Dyea to the lakes, would not be understood by a stranger. It must be remembered that we are now very near to the international line which divides Alaska from Canadian territory. At this time no provision had been made by our Government for the transportation of mails beyond Dyea, and therefore the thousands of people who were moving their supplies to and beyond Sheep Camp found it necessary to arrange for a private mail service from Dyea. For several months a fee of ten cents was charged for carrying a single letter from Dyea to Sheep Camp, and 25 cents for carrying a letter from Dyea to Lake Linderman, but Mr. Courtney was a man who believed in competition and therefore established an opposition mail service, contracting to carry letters from Dyea to Sheep Camp for five cents each, and from Dyea to the lakes for ten cents. This private mail service developed into an extensive and profitable business.

No. 68.

U. S. Post Office Inspector, John P. Clum, on His Trip Through Alaska.

The residents of Sheep Camp and Dyea Trail were

greatly pleased when it was announced that an inspector representing the Post Office Department had arrived upon the ground for the purpose of arranging for a post office and a regular mail service between Dyea and Sheep Camp. In this view we see the inspector as he appeared astride of a Government mule while making a tour of Sheep Camp and arranging for the location of a post office and the appointment of a postmaster. It may be mentioned that the mule represented in this view was one of a large drove of pack mules sent by the Government from Montana to Dyea to be used for the purpose of transporting supplies to the interior, in case this should become necessary to save from starvation those miners who had spent the winter in the vicinity of Dawson and the Klondike.

No. 69.

The "Miners' Friend" at Lunch, Sheep Camp, Alaska.

That useful little animal which patiently bears the name of "burro" as a heritage from the old Spanish occupation of the great Southwest, was a pioneer of civilization, not only in Palestine and Egypt, and later in Mexico, but has also figured conspicuously in the development of our Western frontier where his form has become familiar to the chronic traveler, and, therefore, when we found him in Alaska mingling with the eager throng of gold seekers, we felt like shaking hands with an old friend. In Arizona the "burro" appeared to thrive on shavings, tin cans and pickings from ash piles, but the snow drifts and blizzards of the far North were illy suited to the delicate appetite of this docile and submissive beast of burden. Besides being patient and docile, the burro is also strong, sure-footed, economical and seems to have learned like Paul and the Mexicans, with whatsoever lot he has, therewith to be content. These characteristics have long since entitled the burro to recognition as "the miners' friend" and in this view we see a small group huddled together in a not very substantial but picturesque "corral", munching their noon-day meal in a most sociable manner.

No. 70.

The "Miners' Friend" at Lunch, Sheep Camp, Alaska.

The burro, unlike Othello and the Coxeyites, is never without an occupation. He has followed in the wake of the caravan, slept in the shadow of the prairie schooner, raised his familiar nightingale voice in response to the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and here on the Dyea trail he views with composure and incredulity his latest rival as a means of transportation,—the elevated tram.

No. 71.

The Morgue After the Snow Slide of April 3, 1898, Sheep Camp, Alaska.

It was not until the railroad and steamships had been abandoned for the trails to the Klondike that the argonauts encountered those labors, privations and disasters which have added chapter after chapter to the horrors of the Dyea trail and the dreadful Chilkoot Pass, and many a thrilling and pathetic story has passed into oblivion,—ended and lost in the tragic death of its hero.

It was our fortune to arrive in Sheep Camp just in time to witness the melancholy results of the fatal snow slide which swept across a portion of the Dyea trail on the morning of April 3, 1898, burying beneath its ponderous weight nearly three score of these adventurers. The work of rescue was already in progress and as the bodies were recovered from their frosty sepulchre they were placed on Yukon sleds and carefully transported to a large tent located near the center of Sheep Camp which had been temporarily transformed into a morgue. As fast as the bodies were identified and claimed by friends they were removed and prepared for burial. It was indeed a saddening and awful spectacle. Business of all kinds had been suspended. The gold seekers gathered in large groups and discussed the awful calamity which had interposed itself in their path. At irregular intervals little processions passed through the narrow and winding streets of this transient city dragging upon a low sled the rigid form of some luckless victim, who but a little time before had been one of the most eager and hopeful of that eager and hopeful

throng. The scenes were weird and dismal. Death, always dreaded, seemed doubly grim and dreadful in those remote, bleak and inhospitable waste places of the North where a majority of the dead were so far removed from happy homes and the ministrations of loving hearts and hands.

No. 72.

Sheep Camp from a Store House.

From Sheep Camp we proceed on our journey toward the pass. We here observe the "caches" along the trail. Heaps of supplies are visible everywhere. It was not the passing of the person but the transportation of the outfits that gave to the trails their greatest terrors and tragedies. Packers' rates from Dyea to Lake Linderman, 28 miles, ranged from 30 to 50 cents per pound for months during the stampede. Thousands could not afford these, or any other rates, so they tugged and lugged up the steep, slippery and narrow grades with a hundred or more pounds, for a mile or more, when the load was deposited or "cached." The distance back to the former cache was then covered again and again until the entire outfit of 1,000, 1,500 or 2,000 was brought up. The last load was not deposited, but carried to where a new cache was started.

No. 73.

Gold Miners and their Dog Teams, Dyea Trail.

It was thus that the pilgrims to the Yukon toiled and struggled in the midst of the rigors of the Arctic winter, many poorly sheltered at night, subsisting on food uncertain in quality, limited in variety and faulty in preparation.

We see in this view a group of those faithful dogs who did so much to aid the Yukoners on their march to the interior, but notwithstanding the effective service rendered by these noble animals they were frequently shown but little consideration or mercy. Indeed, the brutal cruelty practiced towards those faithful beasts of burden, horses as well as dogs, would, if truly narrated, occupy many pages in the sad story of the horrors and tragedies of the trail. The noble, patient, dumb animals labored, suffer-

ed, endured and perished,—martyrs to the inhumanity of human avarice.

No. 74.

On the Dyea Trail.

We have in this view an extraordinarily realistic panorama of the Dyea Trail just before it passes the track of the fatal avalanche. The scene is indeed rugged, bleak and uninviting, and the trail slippery, tortuous and difficult, enabling us to comprehend in some degree, the courage and endurance essential to the success of such an undertaking as that in which this vast army was engaged.

There were not a few here who had been made desperate through years of struggle with low wages and adverse circumstances. These cheerfully dared and endured in the hope of delivering themselves from the bondage of perpetual poverty, and they even found solace in the contemplation that if an early death awaited them, they should at least be free from the tyranny of life.

Before leaving this scene we should observe the line of telephone poles which appears upon the right of the trail. A telephone line had been constructed from Dyea to Chilkoot summit which proved a great convenience to the crusaders. Located in the center of the ravine we notice three of the uprights supporting the aerial tramway, which extends from the mouth of the canyon to the summit of the pass and of which we shall see more in the near future.

No. 75.

Citizens of Ohio En Route to the Klondike.

We have in this view an illustration of rapid transit on the Dyea trail. In fact, this train might properly be designated as the Chilkoot "Oxpress." The citizens represented may have hailed from Ohio, but the conditions on the trail were such as to completely obliterate anything like state characteristics. There was little respecting of persons in this multitude. All classes were represented; laborers, clerks, merchants, bankers, lawyers, physicians and ministers mingled in the adventurous throng. The difficulties and necessities of the situation leveled all ranks

and the observer recognized only frail humanity struggling in the mass.

No. 76.

Searching for the Dead After the Snow-slide of April 3, 1898.

We have now arrived upon a scene of unusual interest. The building represented is the last power house of the Tramway Company before the summit is reached. The foreground includes a portion of the trail which was swept by the fatal avalanche of April 3, 1898, while toward the left in the background, if we look carefully, we shall observe that so-called line of human ants persistently creeping through a niche in the mountain's crest. This is our first glimpse of the summit of the dreaded Chilkoot. We pause for rest and reflection.

On either side of the trail here the mountains rise abrupt and rugged. The masses of snow which had gathered upon the precipitous cliffs during the storms of winter had been softened by a southerly wind. It was Sunday morning; warning of danger had been given, and some of the victims were fleeing to places of safety. Between twenty and thirty had just left the power house; a few moments more and a majority would have escaped, but fate had fixed their destiny. In the midst of a blinding snow storm came the thunder of the mighty avalanche, and in a twinkling three score of those weary, hopeful toilers who had struggled with their supplies to the very gateway of the land of promise, were swept into eternity.

No. 77.

Searching for the Dead After the Snow-slide of April 3, 1898.

The roar of the slide could be distinctly heard at Sheep Camp, and the news of the disaster was quickly imparted. A thousand sympathetic hearts responded to the call for rescue, and during the remainder of that memorable Sunday, and for three days following, that eager rush towards the Klondike was suspended, while relays of several hundred each, made up from those thousands of weather-beaten adventurers, tunnelled and excavated throughout the

length and breadth and depth of that mighty sea of snow, searching for the dead. Only three of those caught in the slide escaped alive. On April 5th it was our melancholy privilege to aid in this work of rescue. Fifty-two bodies were recovered at that time, and the influence of the summer sun has since disclosed four others.

There is no suggestion of an irresistible and death-dealing force lurking in the tiny snowflake nestling on a petal of the last rose of summer. Expansive mantles of ermine hung like seamless draperies from the crests and shoulders of those towering Arctic mountains, giving to the myriads of domes and pyramids and peaks a peaceful, dignified and glorious appearance as they gleamed and glistened in the sunlight like stately monuments of purest alabaster.

Even after the mighty avalanche of April 3rd had accomplished its swift work of death, one might have passed its unruffled crest little dreaming that it was at once the cruel shroud and silent tomb of scores of luckless mortals who had been overwhelmed by the elements' mad rush, and their helpless forms hermetically sealed in the icy, vice-like grasp of the remorseless storm king of the Chilkoot.

No. 78.

Distant View of Chilkoot Pass.

The series of funeral services are ended. The solemn "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" has been repeated over the last victim of the avalanche, once more the thousands have taken up their line of march to the Yukon and all is bustle and activity along the trail. Proceeding a short distance beyond the track of the snow-slide and suddenly the icy stairway to the summit appears in full view, presenting a spectacle all were eager to behold; notwithstanding it interposed the most formidable and dreaded barrier of the trail. From the point where this view was taken the cables of the aerial tram stretch away to the summit, and where they pass over the camp at the foot of the grade the cables attain their greatest altitude.

On the right of the picture we notice the Peterson trail, which, though less precipitous, was much less popular than the direct climb to the summit, on account of

its greater length and the extra time consumed in making the ascent.

No. 79.

Preparing to Climb the "Golden Stair" and Peterson's Trail, Chilkoot Pass, Alaska.

Approaching nearer this last grand climb to the summit and we are afforded a realistic panorama of those scenes which were daily enacted at the foot of the pass. Here the last caches preparatory to the final struggle to the mountain's crest are made. Beyond this point the pack mules and other animals were of no value, and those who had not arranged for the transportation of their supplies over the tramway had no alternative except to trudge with them up this steep and wearisome climb. Here we observe overhead the cables of the tramway, with several buckets passing to and from the pass. This tram was operated by steam power, and buckets with a capacity of two hundred pounds of freight each, were suspended upon the cable at intervals of about one hundred yards.

No. 80.

Klondikers Climbing the "Golden Stair" and Peterson's Trail, Chilkoot, Alaska.

Many of us who are accustomed to mountains and mountain climbing would regard it an exciting and exhilarating exercise to cross the Chilkoot Pass unencumbered on a bright day; but when the storm threatens and the clouds gather and the darkness lowers and the tempest shrieks and the snow blinds and the frosts sear, then the bravest and the hardiest hasten to find secure shelter.

The pass was not so formidable for the Yukoner to cross in person, but many have endured untold hardships in packing their supplies between Dyea and Lake Linderman. Such penance is no longer necessary to those who are able to pay the freight rates charged by the Tramway Company, which we found to be reasonable.

No. 81.

At the Foot of the Chilkoot.

This view illustrates that activity which was daily manifested by the argonauts who had proceeded thus far on their journey. We observe the trenches in the snow drifts, made for the purpose of uncovering supplies which had been buried by the storms and slides since they were deposited here.

No. 82.

Gold Miners and Packers on the Dyea Trail.

At the foot of the grade was a small power house and here the packs were weighed and arranged. Here the "miners' friend," the burro, parted company with his load, which then became "the white man's burden." As soon as the packs had been adjusted the men took their places at the foot of the grade and proceeded upward as opportunity was afforded. Many were provided with alpine stocks to aid them in the difficult climb. The packs were of great variety as to their shape, weight and contents.

In the foreground to the left we observe one of those heroic women who joined in the crusade to the gold fields, and while leaning upon a bale of hay in the midst of confused masses of supplies, she is looking backwards over the trail, although we are sure she has no desire to move except in the other direction.

No. 83.

Klondikers Starting up the "Golden Stair," Chilkoot Pass, Alaska.

Having secured a place in line we were compelled to wait for the man ahead to remove his foot from each successive step before we could advance and likewise found it necessary to keep moving out of the way of the man who followed close upon our heels.

At this part of the trail we observed a portion of the surface cable by means of which goods were transported on sleds from the foot of this grade to the summit, the power being furnished by a gasoline engine.

No. 84.

**Bound for the Klondike Gold Fields, Chilkoot Pass,
Alaska.**

The grade is very steep and a life line was stretched from the foot of the stairway to the summit. A thousand icy steps were cut in the hardened snow.

There are numberless steep mountain grades and many difficult passes, but there never was but one Chilkoot, and the scenes and experiences it afforded during this crusade will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, nor will those scenes ever be repeated.

No. 85.

Gold Miners Climbing to the Summit of Chilkoot Pass.

The white packers carry from 75 to 150 pounds at a time, while the Indians carry from 100 to 250 pounds each. If we weary during the ascent there are, at short intervals, small balconies on the left of the trail dug in the snow drifts where we may step aside and rest. An unwritten law forbids that any one shall descend the stairway, for if this were permitted the steps would soon be destroyed by the force of the downward tread. The life line which formed the balustrade to this Jacob's Ladder to the Chilkoot, is plainly seen in this view. The nearness with which this grade approached the perpendicular is forcibly indicated here.

In descending this grade the regular packers redeemed some of the time consumed in the ascent. They had a sort of padded canvass toboggan sewed to the proper place or position on their garments and when they were ready to make the descent they simply stepped a few paces to the right of the stairway and sitting down on the brink of the mountain they shut their eyes and let go. Gravity did the rest. In a few seconds they gathered themselves up at the foot of the grade, shook off the snow and proceeded to weigh and adjust another pack. This was shooting the chutes with a vengeance and suggests the Chinaman's idea of a toboggan slide, who, when asked for a description of his experience simply replied: "Him alle samie swish-sh-sh-sh,—walkie back a mile."

No. 86.

Miners and Packers Climbing the "Golden Stair" Trail.

In this view we have ascended about one-fourth of the icy stairway and pause a moment to rest and view the strange, stupendous and impressive panorama which spreads away before us down the trail and through the openings of the great canyon towards Dyea. The throng here represented faithfully depicts the conditions which prevailed along the Dyea trail and on the Chilkoot Pass for months during the progress of this crusade. From morning till night, and day after day, this line of struggling, hopeful, silent men toiled up this steep and difficult grade. Their numbers and the close order of their march required a measure to their tread which will pass down in history as the famous "lock-step of the Chilkoot."

The climbing of the Jacob's ladder of the Chilkoot was finally accomplished, the last icy step was measured, and before our interested vision there was displayed a strange and wonderful scene. We could scarcely realize that we were actually standing on the very summit of the famed, the fearful, the glorious Chilkoot Pass.

No. 87.

Klondikers in Council.

After the summit of the pass had been reached then began the journey to the lakes and although the greater portion of the trail was down grade, there was the same proportion of wearisome marches back and forth as the supplies were gradually moved from cache to cache. In this view we have a representation of a party resting on the trail and evidently discussing the experiences of the past and the anticipations of the future.

In these inhospitable solitudes it occurred to us that Robinson Crusoe must have undergone some tedious rehearsals before he acquired that perfect resignation to Providence which so delights us—when told in stories.

No. 88.

**"Big Tree Store," on the Trail from Chilkoot Pass to
Lake Linderman, Alaska.**

The majority of those who crossed the pass stopped either at Lake Linderman or Lake Bennett for the purpose of constructing boats for the journey down the Yukon. The advance of the crusaders rendered it necessary for the merchants to move their supplies at an equal pace. Suitable buildings were not available at the front, and the goods and chattels which comprised the stock of the merchants were deposited at some convenient point on the trail, and the proprietor was forthwith ready for business. We see here a representation of an impromptu store located beneath a large tree by the wayside, while the merchant is taking the order of a Klondiker for the delivery of such supplies as he may need to complete his outfit. This particular merchant was known on the Dyea trail and the lakes as Dr. Cleveland. He had been formerly quite well known in Washington, D. C. Having features somewhat similar to Lincoln, he affected the style of dress and hat worn by the martyred President, which made the resemblance still more striking.

Dr. Cleveland was one of the most expert canoeists on the lakes, and shot the rapids between Lakes Linderman and Bennett several times in his canoes. These rapids were exceedingly swift and dangerous and the daring feats of the doctor in running them invariably drew large crowds of admiring witnesses to the brink of the canyon. Dr. Cleveland may have been regarded as a crank in Washington, but his skill as a boatman and his coolness and unflinching courage in the midst of seething waters and dangerous rocks made him the hero of the day at Linderman Rapids.

No. 89.

A Happy Home in Alaska.

A family residence in Alaska was not necessarily a very elaborate affair, as may be inferred from the structure represented in this scene. A six by eight wall tent, supported by a couple of rude poles, with the inevitable Yukon stove, a cracker box or two and a roll of blankets completed the

establishment, and yet the dwellers therein manifested a reasonable measure of contentment and endeavored to persuade themselves that they were simply enjoying an outing in the forests.

There were many families who joined in this crusade, in some of which there were several children, while not a few infants were found among the great company that made up the Yukon flotilla of 1898. In making the trip over the lakes and down the river families usually proceeded in barges, upon a portion of which was constructed a permanent tent, thus affording the maximum amount of comfort and convenience attainable during a voyage of this character.

No. 90.

A Halt by the Wayside, En Route to the Klondike.

We met a goodly number of robust young fellows who had undertaken this journey in search of the royal metal, fully prepared to overcome all difficulties and to get the greatest amount of enjoyment and comfort possible out of the trip. They looked on the bright side of everything, worked energetically during pleasant weather and rested during the storms, enjoyed the scenery, swung their hammocks in cozy nooks, ate regular and hearty meals, and whether or not they succeeded in securing a paying claim in the gold fields, they at least enjoyed the days as they passed, and their experiences en route to and through the heart of Alaska were worth to them all the time and effort required in their accomplishment. In this view we have represented a temporary camp occupied by two young men of the character just described, and while one is enjoying a short siesta in his hammock, the other is preparing some dainty morsel of food as a surprise for his sleeping partner, and a reminder of the goodie-goodies in the old home from which they are now so far separated.

When the adventurous pilgrim to the Yukon had climbed the thousand icy steps of that precipitous stairway which completes the ascent to the summit of Chilkoot Pass, he had reached the line which not only divides the flow of waters and the domains of nations, but where the conditions, interests and ambition of the people appear to change. The busy world, the march of nations and the

fortunes of war seemed to be instinctively confided to those who remained within the range of civilization and its marvelous facilities for transportation and communication. The Yukoner was not seeking the glories of war, but the glitter of gold; he did not lack patriotism, but the facilities for displaying that splendid virtue were woefully lacking. Battles might be lost or won—he could not change their course, he did not even know the result for days and even weeks after the roar of the great cannon had ceased and the dead and wounded had been anxiously numbered. A few papers with the "latest news" reached camp at irregular intervals, and although from eight to ten days old they were eagerly snapped up at twenty-five cents each.

Hence it was that the Yukoner accepted with more or less gratitude whatever news he could obtain from home and the war, but his energies were expended in the construction of his boat; his affections were centered upon her symmetry and sailing virtues, and his ambition and hopes carried him in his day dreams to a far off, undiscovered country, where there are nuggets galore, and thence back to a home of plenty and unalloyed happiness.

No. 91.

Going Down the Yukon by Moonlight to Dawson City.

The ice disappeared from the upper lakes during the latter part of May, and on the 30th of that month the first grand section of the Yukon flotilla set sail from the headwaters of Lake Bennett bound for Dawson and the Klondike. The voyage occupied from two weeks to a month, the time depending much upon the character of the boat, the weight of the cargo and the energy of the crew. At this season of the year the nights are very brief and it is possible to keep the boats under way the entire twenty-four hours.

There were about 7,000 small boats that made the trip down the Yukon at this time, carrying approximately 20,000 argonauts and 7,000 tons of supplies. Some portions of the journey were especially dangerous, and there were frequent furious gales on the lakes, and many ugly rocks and dangerous rapids in the rivers; but notwithstanding these conditions it is remarkable that so few fatalities resulted among this eager throng of voyagers.

The official statistics show that by actual count 40,000 persons reached Dawson during the year ending July 15, 1898. It is fair to presume that 20,000 others started, but for various reasons did not complete the journey. Five hundred dollars would be a most conservative estimate of the average individual outlay. Thus the enormous sum of \$30,000,000 was invested in this stampede. To this amount we may add \$5,000,000 invested in vessels for ocean and river transportation, making a total investment of \$35,000,000. Against this outlay the gold output during the same period is variously estimated at from \$8,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Out of 7,000 claims located on the Klondike and its tributaries only about 300 have paid to work. The cost of taking supplies to the mining camps, the great amount of labor necessary and the high rates paid for such labor, make it exceedingly expensive to work a claim. One must be extremely rich in order to yield a profit.

No. 92.

The First White Man's Cabin at Haines Mission.

Arriving at Dawson the first work to be performed by the prospector or miner is to construct a cabin for protection against the fierce arctic winter which will soon be upon him. The style of architecture is the conventional old log cabin, chinked in with moss, and in every way made as impervious to wind and cold as is possible. The structures are usually small and occupied by two or more persons as a matter of economy in building, and for mutual assistance and sociability.

No. 93.

Home Comfort in a Gold Camp.

The interior furnishings of a cabin are, as a rule, few and crude and no one is likely to envy the miner the comfort he may find in such a habitation. On the Yukon the winters are long and severe and dark, and the greater portion of eight tedious, dreary months must be passed within the four walls of the cabin. Communication with the outside world is limited, irregular and uncertain, and if the miner's efforts during the past summer have been unsuccessful he has little to cheer him during the winter except the hope of better luck during the coming season.

No. 94.

The Dying Klondiker.

If the stories of the horrors, tragedies and fatalities of the trails, and the privations, sufferings and death which awaited many who ventured far into the interior could be faithfully narrated they would fill a pretentious volume. This view represents the death bed of an unfortunate adventurer. Encased in his sleeping bag and furs he finds himself alone and exhausted, with none to hear his cry save proud, cold and pitiless Nature, whose irrevocable laws exact sore sacrifices in the waste places of God's universe.

In this stampede more than one met death alone and friendless, and if there is a sadder hour in all time than the hour of hopeless and friendless death, let us pray that we may never know it.

No. 95.

Placer Mining Near the Yukon River.

Having endured the hardships of the trails and passed the dangers of the lakes and rivers, the Klondiker has arrived upon the gold fields; but there are weeks and months of tedious labor and many trying vicissitudes intervening between the advent to the gold fields and the realization of a fortune. Having constructed a cabin and cached his supplies, the work of prospecting begins. The miner selects from his stores such provisions and implements as may be required for a trip of a few days, or perchance a month, along the streams and in the hills. Tests for "colors" of the precious metal are made in every ravine and nook of the mountains where there are the slightest indications promising a lucky find. The gold pan is ever ready, and a small portion of the gravel is carefully washed and the results noted with eager interest. It often happens that weeks go by without the discovery of gold in quantities that would pay for the labor necessary to separate it from its native bed. In the Klondike the actual mining is done in winter. Wood is hauled to the claim, a fire built, and inch by inch, foot by foot, the shafts are sunk and the rich gravel brought to the surface. It is a slow and expensive process. No cleaning up or "sluicing" is done

until the waters begin to flow late in the spring, and not until then is the luck of the miner determined.

Prospecting during the summer is not a joyous undertaking by any means. The labor necessary to pack the tools and a sufficient quantity of supplies over the hills and across the marshes has a tendency to relax one's energies and seriously impair good nature.

In considering the ordinary difficulties of a prospecting tour in Alaska, we must not fail to include the mosquito pest. Myriads of these pesky insects spend the summer in Alaska; they emerge from the bark of firewood in the winter, and come skating down the glaciers in the early spring. The Yukon variety has no conscience, nothing but an appetite—a thirst for gore. Snow and frost do not destroy them, and they utilize the dense fogs as an ambush from whence to pounce upon the unwary prospector. It is almost impossible to move about the trails or to undertake any kind of labor during the summer unless thoroughly protected by some sort of mosquito bar. As there is no night on the Yukon during the summer season, the mosquito evidently feels that it is not proper for the Klondiker to sleep while the sun shines, and does everything in its power to encourage wakefulness. Although the active members of this host of tormenters are usually small their bite would do credit to a much larger beast.

No. 96.

Gold Miners at Work.

There are some portions of Alaska in which hydraulic mining is carried on to advantage, although the developments in this line are still in their infancy. Of course all mining of this character must be undertaken during the summer or open season.

No. 97.

Transfer Point at St. Michael, en route to Dawson.

During the crusade of 1898 there were thousands who shrank from the hardships and dangers of the trip by way of the Chilkoot Pass, the lakes and upper river, and, therefore, contented themselves as best they could until the Arctic winter let go its frigid grasp on Bering Sea and the

lower Yukon. Scores of vessels carrying a vast multitude of gold seekers and thousands of tons of freight left San Francisco, Portland and Seattle in time to reach Bering Sea at the moment it should be clear of ice, and no time was lost in pushing forward to that distant, and yet well-known transfer point, St. Michael.

The village of St. Michael is located upon the North-eastern portion of an island of the same name, and is one of the oldest of the Russian outposts in Alaska. Here passengers and freight are transferred from the ocean vessels to the light draft river steamers. It is sixty miles from St. Michael to the northernmost mouth of the Yukon, through which a majority of the steamers entered the river, but inasmuch as the waters of the Bering Sea, adjacent to the Alaskan coast are very shallow, and there is no harbor or suitable anchorage nearer the mouth of the Yukon, it has been found necessary to maintain the transfer station at St. Michael. The crusaders of 1898 who followed this route gave the little port an air of importance and thrift.

No. 98.

The "Dora Blum" at the Port of St. Michael.

The two oldest transportation companies operating on the Yukon are the Alaska Commercial Company and the North American Trading and Transportation Company. They are located on the little harbor about a mile from each other and have spacious wharves and extensive and commodious warehouses. These great companies had their warehouses filled with supplies for the upper river, while thousands of tons were piled up in their yards and protected by expansive tarpaulins. At the time of our arrival over thirty vessels were anchored in the little harbor, and hundreds of Klondikers were awaiting transportation up the river.

In this view we have a panorama of the harbor of St. Michael, showing a portion of the wharf and warehouses of the Alaska Commercial Company. The little steamer in the foreground is the "May West," which was the first boat to reach Dawson when the river opened in the spring of 1898. The larger steamer, to which the "May West" is moored, is the "Louise," a new and powerful tugboat,

which was constructed during the winter at Unalaska, and had just successfully accomplished the trip of 750 miles across Bering Sea to this point. In the immediate foreground are some of the tents of the miners who are making themselves as comfortable as the conditions will permit during their enforced halt.

In this harbor there were several little steamers owned and manned by small companies, fitted up as dredges and intended to prospect the beds of the Yukon and its tributaries. One of these little steamers which was bound for the Koyukuk River, had, as a part of its equipment, a "full blown" brass band, which discoursed patriotic airs as well as classic selections, while the "twilight sun" gilded cliffs and sky and sea with a glorious blending of most exquisite tints.

No. 99.

Natives of Alaska.

We frequently see published statements to the effect that the aborigines are rapidly disappearing, but the scene here depicted contradicts such an assertion. The eleven youthful Esquimaux who make up the little company in the foreground do not appear to be dissatisfied with existing conditions, nor discouraged at future prospects. They are fairly well clothed and evidently have not recently felt the pangs of hunger. Their youthful games and playthings are simple in character, but these little people extract quite as much enjoyment from them as do our more favored children in civilization, surrounded by the comforts and advantages of the modern nursery and kindergarten. The little Esquimaux have never seen a kitten, for none was ever in that section of Alaska, but its place is well filled by the baby Siwash dog, which consists chiefly of a bundle of the downiest kind of fur, bright eyes and a playful disposition.

In the background is a representation of one of those native sod houses which served as a habitation for the pioneer Russian and American, as well as for the more advanced of the native Esquimaux. Many of these Indians now live in tents, and have otherwise adopted the costumes and customs of Americans.

P. W. J. . 10 3

Twilight—In Camp at St. Michaels.

A permanent residence at St. Michaels is not a thing to be desired, particularly by persons of a sociable disposition, for the winters are long and dark and cold, for hundreds of miles in every direction the waters are locked in their fetters of ice, and from September until the following June the residents of this little island are almost absolutely cut off from communication with the outside world. There is little opportunity for divertisement beyond reading and an occasional hunt with dog teams along the coast or toward the interior. The summer season, however, is delightful, and the scenes and experiences at St. Michael will afford many fascinating memories to those tourists who are fortunate enough to pass this way during the open season. The nearness of this locality to the Arctic Circle gives a maximum of sunshine and a minimum of twilight during June, July and August. Although the island is entirely devoid of forests, the formation is rugged and broken, giving a mountainous effect to the general outline, and at twilight the sun tints upon the clouds and sea and landscape are often exquisite beyond description, as we can readily imagine while viewing this artistic representation of a twilight scene in the outskirts of the village of St. Michael.

The argonauts to the Yukon have endured and suffered—but it cannot be said that their labors and sacrifices have been in vain. The pioneer seldom realizes the best fruits of his ambitions and efforts. The Pilgrim Fathers ventured and suffered, yet they were not permitted to anticipate, even vaguely, the magnificence of the power and civilization which the nation they had founded would achieve ere the close of the nineteenth century. So will it be with Alaska. Organized capital and effort will develop its vast resources and reap a rich reward. The argonauts have blazed a way to the interior; they have struggled in the midst of privation, disappointment, danger and death. Out of this seething crucible of human toil and woe the coveted gold will come, but only in rare instances will it be the portion of those who bore the heat and burden of the day.