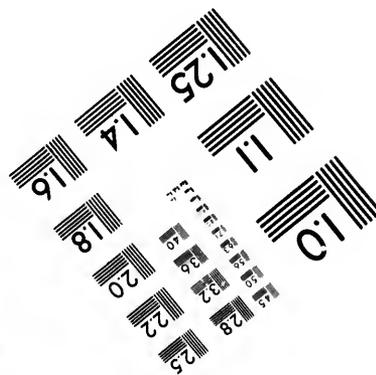
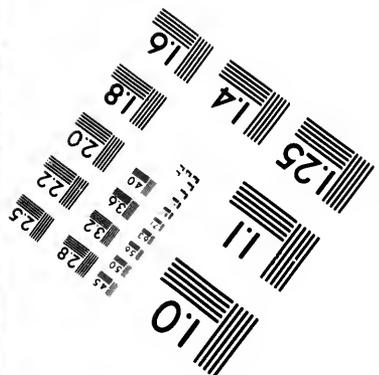
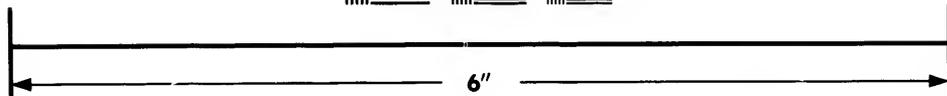
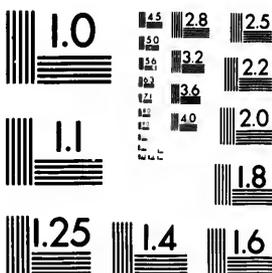


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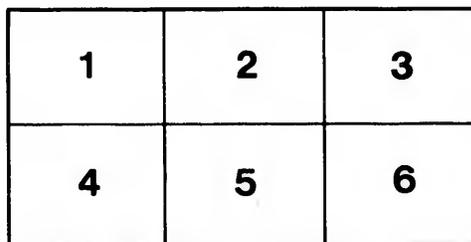
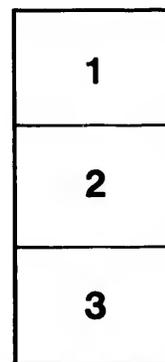
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BY

P. DONAN.

THE KLONDIKE.



A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

A LITTLE BOOK on the mining regions of the Pacific Northwest, which was issued a few months ago by The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, contained a prediction that attracted the attention of the press throughout the country. Commenting on the absurd declaration of a well-known, but ostentatiously ill-informed, eastern magazine, that "the day of the boom is forever past in America," the author of the booklet maintained that the greatest mining boom the new world had ever seen, since the California days of 1849, was at hand, and that this year of our Lord, 1897, would see it begun, in the Pacific Northwest. Here is the exact language, as it appears on the ninth page of the diminutive volume published last March:

"The greatest mines of earth are yet to be opened in this far-western land of miracles and wonders. Mountains of gold and silver ore, beside which all the famed riches of Ophir and of Ind, of Golconda and the Comstock Lode, will some day sink to beggars' pence, yet rear their proud heads to heaven, untouched by pick or spade or drill. The veritable treasure-houses of the genii and the gods yet await the enterprise and muscle of the sturdy prospectors and miners, who are destined to fire the avarice and the envy of the world with their Midas-surpassing wealth of solid ducats. From Alaska to Nicaragua, the whole vast system of Rocky Mountains and Cordilleras is an almost unbroken ore and minera! bed. Although, since the days of the Montezumas and the Incas, thousands of millions have been taken from it, not one ten-thousandth part of it has ever felt the tap of a prospector's hammer. The surface dirt is hardly broken, the glittering hoards are scarcely touched. The great bonanza fortunes are yet to be won! The big booms are yet to come!"

The prophecy has been, and is being, marvelously fulfilled. It is having at least a threefold fulfillment. The Baker City region of Eastern Oregon, and the Kootenai country of British Columbia, have boomed, and are booming; the great mines are increasing their production and their dividends; mines, that were bought for a song, a cayuse or a jug of whisky, are being sold for hundreds of thousands of dollars; new

discoveries are being made, and new mines opened up, with every passing day; and a new era of grand and growing prosperity has dawned on all the camps. The Le Roi mine in Kootenai, which sold a few years ago for twelve dollars and a half,—\$12.50—has increased its monthly dividends from \$25,000 to \$50,000—or \$600,000 a year. The Bonanza mine, near Baker City, control of which “Old Tim” Driscoll vainly offered in Portland, five or six years ago, for \$2,200, has recently been sold for \$750,000. Scores of sales have been effected at smaller prices, machinery is being rapidly enlarged and improved, exploration and development are being pushed as they never were before, and the boom is on gloriously in both the Eastern Oregon and the Kootenai Bonanza-lands. But, with all their rush and riches, they have been well-nigh eclipsed by the third section, or division, or factor, of this wondrous three-ply fulfillment of a boom prophecy—which promises to surpass all former Gold Booms, and to add almost incalculably to American wealth.

THE KLONDIKE,

A REGION till recently unheard-of, has swept, like a golden cyclone, to the front of all the world's talked-of El Dorados. It has, within a few days, or a few weeks at most, become the center of universal interest and attention. The Klondike, The Klondike, is on the tongues and pens, the telegraph wires and typesetting machines of all creation. The names of the Klondike, the Yukon and Alaska, like England's drum-beat, “resound around the globe.” In every land and every language of earth, men chatter today of gold dug out, and washed out, by pounds, hundredweights and tons, by the pauper prospectors of yesterday. They babble, half-crazed, of oil-cans, old bootlegs, shot-sacks and cracker-boxes overflowing with gold-dust and nuggets. They repeat Aladdin's-lamp stories of \$800 in gold washed from a single pan of sand and gravel; of bags of gold corded up, like stove-wood, on creek and river banks, and of ships coming back to Portland and San Francisco, laden with heaps of uncoined yellow gold. All over the United States and Canada, and in many parts of Europe, bands of venturesome Argonauts are organizing to go in search of the Klondike golden fleece. Every vessel, that sails toward the new-found Land of Gold, is jammed with eager fortune-seekers. When the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company's steamship, “George W. Elder,” sailed from Portland, on her first trip to Juneau, Friday night, July 30, she was packed like a herring-kit with sturdy gold-hunters and their outfits, and 20,000 people thronged docks and bridges and harbor-shores, to see her off, and bid her voyagers Godspeed. She started amid fireworks, and illuminations, and the cheers of mighty multitudes. Somewhat similar scenes have attended her every sailing since. Thousands of adventurous spirits have gone, and tens of thousands are preparing to follow in the same golden quest. All sorts of preposterous romances are being published, and all sorts of wild

schemes and speculations are being floated. Every able-bodied newspaperial liar in Christendom, who can be spared from Cuba, Hawaii and Manhattan Island, seems to have been turned loose on Chilcoot and Chilcat, Hootalinqua and Saint Michael; and every crank promoter of wind-railroads, flying-machines and Ali-Baba financial enterprises, has apparently set his face toward the same radiant realms of the polar bear and the aurora-borealis. Nothing is too visionary or too extravagant for belief or attempt, if it is only christened Klondike, or Yukon, or Alaska. The Klondike craze is in full and gorgeous bloom. Klondike trading and transportation companies; Klondike exploration, exploitation and great-expectation companies; Klondike development and investment companies, and every conceivable variety of Klondike bamboozlement and sucker-snatching companies, have sprung up everywhere thick as thistles and dogfennel in Dakota. One concern is arranging to build ocean-going vessels with gull-money, paid for passage a year in advance of the laying of the first keel-timber, and then launch river steamers from the decks of these unbuilt phantom-ships. An eastern syndicate combines business and philanthropy in a project to ship cargoes of schoolmarms, shopgirls and chambermaids into the Womanless Edens of Dawson and Cudahy, Forty-Mile, Pelly and Teslinto. A lot of New York idiots will set forth on bicycles to seek fortunes at the foot of the North Pole, and a hundred Minnesotans propose to drive through overland with dog-teams and combination boat-sleighs. In San Francisco, according to an attractive prospectus, "an expedition of ladies and their relatives is being formed to leave on the first boat that sails direct for the Klondike gold-diggings in the spring, with low fare, easy terms, six months' provisions, and employment at high wages, guaranteed." A Chicago man is going by balloon, and a party of Londoners will come around by way of Cape Horn. Every maritime boneyard in creation is being ransacked for ancient and wormeaten hulks, to be put into service on some gaudily advertised Alaskan, Yukon or Kamschatkan freight and passenger line. Klondicitis, in madly epidemic form, is raging among all nations, tribes and kindreds of earth. From every part of the globe, deluges of inquiries are pouring in, as to the new-found El Dorado—where it is and what it is, what its advantages and disadvantages are, how best to reach it, what equipment is needed, and what the probable expenses will be. To answer these natural questions briefly and reliably; to sift the truth from the vast mass of misinformation, fiction and contradiction, that is being scattered far and wide, as knowledge, and to give, as nearly as possible, all essential facts in regard to the far-away, glacier-walled land of so many golden dreams and longings, are the objects of this unpretentious folder. All its statements are based on personal knowledge or official reports.

WHAT AND WHERE THE KLONDIKE IS.

K LONDIKE is a corruption or mispronunciation of the Indian word or words, "Thron-diuk," signifying "Plenty-of-Fish." To the world at large, it now means Plenty-of-Gold. The Klondike is one—and a small one at that—of hundreds of tributaries of the great Yukon river of Alaska. This vast territory, then known as Russian America, was bought from Russia by the United States in 1867, for \$7,200,000. Its name of

Alaska—meaning, in the Indian tongue, "Great Country"—was suggested by Charles Sumner, and, in view of its extent and possibilities, is eminently appropriate. Its westernmost point, Cape Wrangel on Attu Island, is six degrees further west of San Francisco than that city is west of the eastern boundary-line of Maine; putting the California metropolis three longitudinal degrees east of the geographical center of the United States. Including its outlying islands, Alaska has an area of 617,703 square miles, or 395,329,920 acres—nearly equal to all the United States from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic ocean, and from the St. Lawrence river to the gulf of Mexico. Since its purchase by this government, it has yielded: In furs, \$55,000,000; gold, about \$15,000,000; canned salmon, \$12,000,000; whalebone, \$10,000,000; whale oil, \$3,000,000; codfish, \$2,000,000, and walrus ivory, \$250,000—a grand total of \$98,050,000, or more than thirteen times the price paid for it;—and its productiveness seems just beginning. According to semi-official estimates, its gold mines alone yielded, last year, \$4,670,000—of which the famous Treadwell mine near Juneau, originally bought for \$400, produced \$800,000, paying a clear profit of about \$500,000.

The Yukon, the great river of Alaska, is, in many respects, second only to the Amazon among the rivers of the new world. It is navigable for large steamers, as one unbroken flood, 1,965 miles from its mouth, to where the Lewes and Pelly rivers unite to form it,—or farther than from New Orleans to St. Paul, and more than twice as far as from New Orleans to Chicago,—and navigable for light-draft boats hundreds of miles farther up each of these arms, and others like the Hootalinqua and Big Salmon. At its mouth it is about 60 miles wide; and, 1,400 miles above, it is from 8 to 10 miles in width. It drains an empire of more than 500,000 square miles, and discharges nearly as much water into Behring's sea as the Mississippi does into the gulf of Mexico. Scores of mighty tributaries, like the Innoko, Koyukuk, Tanana, Porcupine, Birch, Stewart and White, many of them navigable streams, pour their waters into its majestic channel. About 1,850 miles above its mouth, the Klondike, a clear, shallow river, perhaps 200 miles long, and swarming with fish, empties into it. Along the bed and banks of this comparatively insignificant stream have recently been discovered the gold placers, that have aroused the attention and fired the cupidity of the world. Their amazing richness cannot be exaggerated, as their extent cannot yet be estimated. The truth in regard to them surpasses all fiction.

INCOMPUTABLE RICHES OF THE KLONDIKE.

HONORABLE WILLIAM OGILVIE, the official surveyor of the British Northwest Territory, in a report to his government, from Fort Cudahy, under date of June 10, 1896, said: "From all indications, I believe we are on the eve of some magnificent gold discoveries." From the same place, November 22, he wrote: "Every report that comes in from the Thron-diuk region is more encouraging than the last. Prospecting on Bonanza creek has only begun, and very rich gravel has been found on the few claims prospected. From one dollar up to twelve

dollars to the pan of dirt is reported, and no bedrock found yet. This means from \$1,000 to \$12,000 a day for every man sluicing." Elsewhere he spoke of the Indians bringing reports of "another creek much further up, which they call 'Too-Much-Gold' creek, where the gold is so plentiful that, as the miners jestingly say, 'you have to mix gravel with it to sluice it;'" and he closed with the emphatic declaration: "One thing is certain; we have one of the richest mining areas ever found, with a fair prospect that we have not yet begun to discover its limits."

All later accounts not only justify, but amplify, these statements of a year ago. For weeks past, every steamer, every scow, from the golden north has brought back men, whose plain, rugged history makes all the fairy-tales seem tame and commonplace. They went last fall, or last winter, or last spring, paupers, dead-brokes, hardly able to pay for a drink or to buy a poker-chip. They come back with thousands, and many of them with tens of thousands, of dollars in gold-dust and nuggets, and owning claims, or parts of claims, from which they expect to take hundreds of thousands, if not millions, more hereafter.

The steamer Excelsior arrived at San Francisco July 15, with from \$500,000 to \$750,000 in yellow dust and nuggets. Every one of her forty rough-garbed passengers had from \$5,000 to \$25,000 tied up in mooseskin bags or packed in ordinary gripsacks. Two or three of them had over \$100,000 apiece, while nearly all of them represented interests worth countless thousands more. One of these lucky goldbugs was J. J. Clements, of Los Angeles, who had cleaned up \$175,000 in a few months, invested \$125,000 of it in additional claims, and brought out \$50,000 to spend the winter on. William Stanley, of Seattle, had \$112,000. Clarence Berry, of Fresno, California, and his young bride—both poor as mission-chapel mice—had gone into the frigid Yukon wilderness on their wedding trip last fall, and his returning wallet held \$110,000, of which his game little wife had washed out \$6,000 at odd times "just for the fun of it." T. S. Lippy, secretary of the Seattle Young Men's Christian Association, and his wife, two more of the Excelsior's big-luckers, were credited with from \$65,000 to \$116,000, and so on through the list.

The Portland reached Seattle July 17, with "over a ton and a half of gold," on board. She brought back sixty-eight miners, with from \$5,000 to \$50,000 apiece in their heavy leather pouches. She came in again, August 28, bringing thirteen miners—in this case a lucky number—and about \$450,000 in gold. The Alice arrived, July 28, with \$600,000; the George E. Starr, August 20, with \$41,000; the Cleveland, September 11, with \$400,000; the Humboldt, September 14, with \$15,000; and the Excelsior, September 16, with \$1,000,000. The Volante landed September 15, with eight miners, averaging 150 ounces of gold apiece, and the George W. Elder, City of Topeka, Al-Ki, Queen, Flanders, Capilano and Willamette have, on every trip, borne homeward small parties of the fortunate gold-diggers, each with his precious bag of dust and nuggets.

These strong-armed, clear-headed treasure-bearers have scattered all over the country to spend the winter in luxury such as few of them could ever before afford. A number of them are in Portland, and they all unite in declaring that the richness of the new gold-fields surpasses all description or imagination. The Associated Press representative in Alaska estimates the golden output for this year at \$12,000,000, and every indication tends to establish the conservatism of the figures. Volumes might be filled with the impossible facts and incredible truths, but one

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or two brief samples must suffice. Mrs. Alice Henderson, a young newspaper woman, who has many acquaintances in Portland, and is well known in Dakota, Minnesota and Chicago, after spending several months, with her little three-year-old daughter, at Dawson City, returned in September, and tells a tale of golden wonders in the quiet, matter-of-fact fashion of one to whom miracles have become every-day affairs. She speaks of Nick Knutson, on El Dorado creek, picking up a nugget as large as her hand, worth \$585.25; and of four men taking out \$42,628, in six weeks, from a little strip of dirt 70 feet long by 25 wide, on claim number 13, El Dorado creek, and then selling the claim for \$45,000 cash. She describes seeing Aleck McDonald, a big, raw-boned, hard-working fellow, turn over \$150,000 to the Alaska Commercial Company. About \$12,000 of it was in a granite bowl, and he said to her: "Take some nuggets. Take a handful of these larger ones. Help yourself; they're nothing to me." She met Frank Dinsmore, who took out, in a single day, 90 pounds of solid gold—or \$24,480—on claim number 26, Bonanza creek, and she collected material enough for a whole library of Arabian Nights romances—every one of them absolutely true.

A wide-awake and reliable young Juneau man, who went to the Klondike this season, writing back from Dawson, July 23, says: "I have seen more gold and more money change hands here than ever before in the same period of time. Claims on creeks flowing into the Klondike are rich almost beyond belief, \$500 to \$1,000 to the pan being of daily occurrence. I will mention a few of our mutual acquaintances, who have struck it here. Harry Ash left on the last boat for 'Frisco. He takes with him \$100,000 sure, and leaves an interest in two claims worth fully that much more in charge of his brother. His saloon business has been worth \$2,000 a day. Gus Baake and Stevens bought his place and are doing a fine business. They are erecting an opera-house to cost \$12,000. Dick Lowe is worth \$100,000. Oscar Ashby and Billy Leak could sell out for \$150,000. Sam Matthews is going out in a few days with a good stake. An old fellow, 'Razoo Billy's' partner—he used to chop wood around town—has been offered \$60,000, and refused it, for his claims. Cornelius Edwards sold his claim for \$25,000, and goes out this fall. Bert Schuler came in this spring; he is taking out \$500 a day. An old fellow by the name of Whipple, who built the Seattle kitchen, sold out for \$10,000. Jack Smith is worth about \$50,000. McCauley bought a lot here last fall for \$50; it is worth \$10,000 now. Joe Brant is worth \$10,000; he sold a lot today for \$4,500. McCulloch, formerly of Wirt & McCulloch, has a saloon; drinks sell for 50 cents; meals, \$1.50; shave, 50 cents; bath, \$1.50. Bartenders get \$300 a month. Wages are \$15 a day. I am doing well painting signs; have bought a lot, built a cabin, and own a half-interest in a claim out of which I expect to make a raise this winter."

Another Klondiker writes of seeing 80 men, rolled in their blankets, asleep on a big dance-house floor, with from \$500 to \$10,000 apiece in their belts, because the safe of the establishment had not room for another bag of gold—and each man paying a dollar and a half for the privilege of the roof and floor. John Kavanaugh, a coast barber, who struck the diggings with a fiddle and a piece of rosin, has amassed a more or less respectable fortune playing "Money Musk," "The Arkansaw Traveler," "The Devil's Hornpipe" and other classical arias, for dancing soirees, at "two ounces of gold-dust" a night.

Gold, gold, yellow gold everywhere, plenty as icebergs, mosquitoes and filth. And this is but the beginning! The Klondike is only one small creek in over 15,000 miles of gold-bearing waterways. Gold has been found on every river and creek that flows into the Yukon, where the sound of a prospector's pick and pan has been heard:—On the Hootalinqua, Lewes, Pelly, Big and Little Salmon, Stewart, White, McMillan, Porcupine, Beaver, Indian, Dominion, Tanana and Koyukuk rivers; and on Forty-Mile, Sixty-Mile, Miller, Glacier, Birch and Preacher creeks, and innumerable other tributary streams. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars have been taken out around Cassiar Bar, Selkirk, Fort Reliance, Forty-Mile Post and Circle City; and rich discoveries have just been made on Sulphur creek, and in the Minook region, hundreds of miles further down the great valley. Scarcely 5,000 square miles out of over 600,000 have been prospected. The vast quartz ledges, from which all this placer gold comes, are still to be discovered. The world's greatest gold-mines are probably yet to be found in Sub-Arctic America.

THE CLIMATE OF THE KLONDIKE.

MUCH has been said and written about the rigorous climate of Alaska, and all sorts of preposterously terrible weather yarns are being daily published far and wide. Sensational correspondents, who never saw a mining-camp, and never felt the tingling rush of a blizzard,—ignoramuses in regard to everything beyond the limits of a city garret and an anthracite grate,—expatiate long and lugubriously on the horrors of an Alaskan winter. The less they know, the more they write. The truth is there are two wholly different climates in Alaska. On the coast, it is mild and equable all the year. In the interior, the summers are short and hot, and the winters long and cold—but scarcely colder or more severe than in Dakota or Manitoba. In the summer the sun shines about twenty hours of every day. All ordinary varieties of grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables grow in profusion, and wild flowers bloom everywhere in endless variety and luxuriance of beauty. According to the chief of the United States weather-bureau, the mean temperature for the winter, in the coast regions, is 32.5, or almost exactly the same as that of Washington City;—and the official records of government observations show the mean temperatures, from October to April, in the upper Yukon region to have been: For October, 33 degrees above zero; November, 8 above; December, 11 below zero; January, 17 below; February, 15 below; March, 6 below; and April, 20 above. The temperature remained below the freezing-point—32 degrees—from November 4 to April 21. The lowest temperatures recorded during the winter were: 32 degrees below zero, in November; 47 below, in December; 59 below, in January; 55 below, in February; and 45 below, in March; but these degrees of cold lasted but a few hours, and such temperatures are not unusual in the once famous “banana belt” of Northern Dakota and

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Minnesota. Dominion Surveyor Ogilvie, who made all the authoritative surveys of the Yukon river, from its head to the International Boundary-line, did a large part of the work, besides taking many admirable photographs of important scenes and landmarks, in the depths of mid-winter, from November till March, and he merely says: "During the progress of this work, the weather was cold; and, as the days were only four or five hours long, the progress was necessarily slow." But he did the work, and did it well, showing that the climate does not interfere with anything a healthy man may want to do at any season. Such men as McDonald, Healy, Ladue, Harper, and McQuestion, who have lived from ten to fifteen years in the region, would laugh at the idea of the climate being a terror to anybody but a weakling. Women and children stand it, and thrive on it. Mrs. A. P. Barber, of Portland, who is back on a visit to her old home and neighbors, after spending nearly three years, with her husband, her young daughter and two sons, on the Yukon and the Klondike,—and incidentally winning an ample fortune in the time,—talks far more of the loveliness of the wild flowers, than of the rigors of the winters. The climatic drawbacks of Alaska are trivial to well-equipped people.

HOW TO GET TO THE KLONDIKE.

THE Metropolitan Magazine for October contains a long, illustrated article on the new Alaskan bonanzaland in which the writer says, with an air of indisputable authority: "The present routes to the Klondike all begin at Seattle." The falsity and absurdity of the statement are so manifest that a blind man ought to be able to recognize them. To a plain, untutored westerner, it would seem, that "routes to the Klondike begin"—wherever Klondike-bound journeyers start from,—that every man's route begins at his starting-point,—whether that be New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, London, Paris or Timbuctoo. On the Pacific coast, there are regular transportation companies, whose "routes to the Klondike begin" at Portland, San Francisco, Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria; and, after reaching the Alaskan borders, there are at least seven well-known and feasible "routes to the Klondike." For convenience of classification, all these Klondike-pointing highways of sea and land may be briefly included in two great general routes: One, by way of the Yukon's mouth; and the other, by way of its head.

As may be seen by reference to any map, one great arm of the Yukon river rises within a few miles of the ocean at Dyea. The mighty stream then sweeps north and west, through nearly ten degrees of latitude and forty of longitude, crosses the Arctic Line near Fort Yukon, and, after describing a vast semi-circle of more than 2,500 miles, empties into Norton Sound, the northernmost end of Behring's sea.

The route by way of its mouth is used by two or three transportation companies. Their vessels go by Dutch Harbor to Saint Michael, 60

miles north of the mouth, where a transfer is made to river boats. The distances by this route are approximately:

	Miles.
San Francisco to Dutch Harbor.....	3,190
Dutch Harbor to Saint Michael.....	780
Saint Michael to Mouth of the Yukon.....	60
Mouth of the Yukon to Dawson City.....	1,662
Total	5,692

The distance from Portland is about 700 miles less than from San Francisco. The river part of the route lies, for some distance, north of the Arctic Circle; the navigation is open only about four months of the year, and the trip is long, tedious and expensive.

During eight months of the year, the only available route is by the head of the Yukon; and, in the practical estimation of most old miners, it is the only one at any season of the year, or under any circumstances. It is short, cheap, and always accessible to a well-equipped man. It is, by the first-class ocean-steamship line run from Portland, via Juneau, to Dyea; and from Dyea, by sledge or pack-train, about 23 miles across the Coast range, to the headwaters of the Yukon. From Dyea Inlet to Lake Lindeman, where the boat-trip down the river begins, there are two generally traveled trails,—the Chilcoot, and the Skagway or White pass,—differing but a few miles in length. It is 28 miles from Dyea to Lake Bennett, by way of Chilcoot, and about 35 miles from Skagway, over White pass. The distances by the Chilcoot route, in even figures, are:

	Miles.
Portland to Dyea	974
Dyea to head of canoe navigation.....	6
Head of canoe navigation to forks of Dyea river	2
Forks of river to summit of pass.....	6
Summit to head of Lake Lindeman.....	9
Length of Lake Lindeman.....	4
Foot of Lake Lindeman to head of Lake Bennett	1
Length of Lake Bennett	26
Foot of Lake Bennett to head of Tagish lake	3
Length of Tagish lake	17
Foot of Tagish lake to head of Marsh lake	5
Length of Marsh lake	20
Foot of Marsh lake to head of Grand canyon	25
Length of canyon	1
Foot of canyon to head of White Horse rapids	2
Length of White Horse rapids	1
Foot of White Horse rapids to Tahkeena river	15
Tahkeena river to head of Lake Lebarge.....	13
Length of Lake Lebarge.....	31
Foot of Lake Lebarge to Hootalinqua river	31
Hootalinqua river to Big Salmon river	31
Big Salmon river to Little Salmon.....	36
Little Salmon river to Five-Finger rapids	60
Five-Finger rapids to Pelly river (Fort Selkirk)	58
Pelly river to White river	96
White river to Stewart river	9
Stewart river to Sixty-Mile creek	21
Sixty-Mile creek to Dawson City.....	40
Total	1,549

A total of 1,549 miles—or little more than one-fourth of the distance via Dutch Harbor and Saint Michael. Firstclass fare from Portland to Dyea, by the staunch and comfortably-equipped vessels of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, operated in connection with the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, is \$40; second-class, \$25. The time

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from Portland to Dyea or Skagway is from five to six days. From Dyea, all baggage and supplies must be carried over the summit of the Coast range by sledge, on pack-horses, or on the backs of men; and the world has been filled with sensational penny-a-liner rubbish about the perils and horrors of the Chilcoot and Skagway trails.

The truth is, the summit of the Chilcoot pass is only about 3,200 feet, and that of the Skagway about 2,700, above the sea-level, and the roads are about like any other rugged mountain trails. An Indian packer thinks nothing of strapping 150 or 200 pounds of luggage on his back, and carrying it from Dyea to Lake Lindeman in 48 hours. David E. Brown, a Port Townsend mail-carrier, who started for Dawson August 29, was boating down Lake Bennett, with all his outfit, just nine days later. With the help of Indian carriers, he took nearly a ton of supplies across from Dyea to Lake Lindeman in 45 hours. Women and children have gone in and out over both trails. When Lake Lindeman is reached, the rest of the journey to the Klondike is a mere down-stream affair. The trip is no harder than any old-time Black Hills or Winnipeg jaunt in ante-railroad days, and many projects are being pushed to render it easier and speedier. Ex-Senator Watson C. Squire, of Washington; Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada; James McNaught, and other men who have money or command it, are said to have organized a company to build a railroad from Skagway, over White pass, to Lake Bennett, and the preliminary work is reported to have been begun, by enterprising Portland business men, on a cable tramway, for freight and passengers, from Dyea over Chilcoot pass, to Lake Lindeman. So it will probably not be long until the Klondike-headed would-be bonanza king or queen can go from ocean to river in a palace-car, over either Chilcoot or Skagway.

Nor is this all. The Yukon Mining, Trading and Transportation Company, of Delaware, including some widely-known names, has had surveys made for a railway from the head of Taku Inlet to Lake Teslin, and found an excellent route, with a maximum grade of but three per cent. The company is said to have secured a landed concession from the Canadian government, and to have ample capital to build its road promptly. The approximate distances by this route are:

	Miles.
Portland to Juneau	874
Juneau to head of Taku Inlet	42
Head of inlet to Lake Teslin	140
Lake Teslin to Dawson City	599
Total	1,655

It is only 40 miles, across a level, wooded country, from the head of canoe navigation on Taku river to Lake Teslin; and, from Lake Teslin, down the Hootalinqua, and on to the Klondike and the mouth of the Yukon, there are no rocks or rapids, but one unbroken sweep of navigable waters.

According to the Associated Press dispatches, Elijah Smith, of New York; John Cudahy and Philip D. Armour, of Chicago; John Underwood, of San Francisco, and a number of associates, have chartered a company to build a railway from Prince William Sound, up Copper river, to a point on the Yukon near the International Boundary-line, a distance of only about 325 miles.

An English company has surveyed a line up the Stickeen river, from Wrangel to Lake Teslin, by which the distances would be approximately:

	Miles.
Portland to Wrangel.....	728
Wrangel to Telegraph Creek	100
Telegraph Creek to Lake Teslin.....	150
Lake Teslin to Dawson City.....	599
Total	1,576

Last, but not least feasible or favorable, a railroad survey has been made over the Dalton trail from Chilcat on Lynn Canal or Taiya Inlet to Fort Selkirk. The distance is only about 350 miles, over a comparatively well-wooded country, where pasturage in the summer is abundant. Herds of beef cattle have been driven over it, and trains of pack-horses have traversed it for years. By this route the distances are:

	Miles.
Portland to Juneau	874
Juneau to Chilcat	80
Chilcat to Fort Selkirk	350
Selkirk to Dawson	172
Total	1,476

As they are now, all these "routes to the Klondike"—which do not "begin at Juneau"—are travelable, almost the year round, by any well-outfitted man or party of men. Timber for fuel, boats, rafts, sleds and all other purposes abounds everywhere, and an Alaskan snow-storm or blizzard is no worse than one of the Dakotan or Minnesotan breed. Zero is no colder at Teslinto than at Fargo or St. Paul.

THE NECESSARY OUTFIT FOR THE KLONDIKE.

THE comfort, if not the health and safety, of the expedition will depend largely on the outfit or equipment, and this of course will vary according to the means or tastes of the fortune-seekers. Men should go in parties of four or five, so that one tent, stove, and boat or raft, may serve for all, and every one should, if possible, take a full year's supplies. There should be at least one in each party with some knowledge of carpentry and boat-building. An almost luxurious outfit for such a party might include:

1 tent, 10x12 feet.	1 plane.
1 Yukon stove.	2 hammers.
1 frying-pan.	200 feet of rope.
2 coffee-pots.	6 pack-straps.
6 plates.	1 hand-saw.
6 cups.	1 whip-saw.
6 knives and forks.	12 assorted files.
6 spoons.	1 brace and bits.
2 butcher knives.	25 pounds of assorted nails.
2 hatchets.	15 pounds of oakum.
1 drawing-knife.	10 pounds of pitch.

An assortment of fishing tackle.

If in addition, a good "knock-down" boat can be afforded, there will be little lacking that is essential to "life, liberty and pursuit of"—gold.

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Each man should have a gold-pan, a pick, shovel, ax and hatchet, a pocket compass, a stout clasp-knife, a pair of snow-glasses to save the eyes from the glare of sunlight on snow, and perhaps a gun for hunting purposes. In the way of clothing, a full equipment for each man would consist of:

3 suits of heavy woolen underwear.	2 suits of light underwear.
4 heavy overshirts.	2 sweaters.
1 dozen pairs of heavy woolen socks.	6 pairs of mittens.
2 pairs of German socks.	4 pairs of stout overalls.
1 Mackinaw coat.	2 pairs of Mackinaw trousers.
2 pairs of heavy rubber boots.	2 pairs of heavy blankets.
1 rubber overcoat.	

A little rubber for mending gum boots and coats; needles, thread and general repairing materials should be included, and 5 or 10 yards of mosquito-netting, as these diminutive pests abound in the summertime. And each man should have, if possible, something like this supply of groceries, provisions and sundries:

350 pounds of flour.	25 pounds of rolled oats.
150 pounds of bacon.	25 pounds of coffee.
100 pounds of beans.	75 pounds of sugar.
10 pounds of tea.	25 pounds of dried beef.
25 pounds of rice.	25 pounds of evaporated potatoes.
25 pounds of dry salt pork.	10 pounds of evaporated onions.
75 pounds of dried fruits.	5 pounds of baking powder.
50 pounds of salt.	2 pounds of condensed milk.
2 pounds of evaporated vinegar.	2 pounds of condensed soup.
50 pounds of corn-meal.	

A box of candles, a dozen bars of soap, a can of mustard, a bottle or two of Jamaica ginger, and a tin of matches. A small medicine case, stocked chiefly with quinine and calomel, will be found valuable; and a little vial of good whisky—holding, say 8 or 10 gallons—sometimes comes to use. Such an outfit can be obtained in Portland for from \$125 to \$150, and with it, any man can spend a year almost luxuriously on the Klondike;—but men have gone into the Yukon country, and won fortunes with less than half of it.

PORTLAND THE BEST OUTFITTING PLACE.

THERE can be but one best thing of any kind, and but one best place for any purpose. As an outfitting-point for the stout-hearted hosts of Klondike-bound gold-seekers, **PORTLAND IS THAT BEST PLACE**, beyond all cavil or comparison. As the accompanying map of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company shows, Portland is on the only direct route to the Yukon and the Klondike, from any part of the United States south of St. Paul and Duluth. Portland is almost on an air-line to Alaska, from all the eastern and southern regions of the Union. It is the only port on the Pacific coast from which there is a regular, firstclass ocean-steamship line direct to Sitka, Juneau, Dyea and Skagway. No unseaworthy hulks are sent out from the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company's ocean docks at Portland, and there has never been a complaint from one of its legions of fortune-hunting voyagers. Portland is, after San Francisco, the only

great city of the Pacific coast. It is the one metropolitan city of the North Pacific. Its weekly bank clearings generally amount to more than those of Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane, all combined;—and that is the infallible measure of business done. Its wholesale and jobbing business has amounted to \$100,000,000 a year, and its manufactures have reached a grand aggregate of \$30,000,000 a year. The Exposition of Oregon Manufactures, which opened in this city September 22, shows that nearly every important article needed for a firstclass Klondike outfit is made here, so there is no piling-up of handling and shipping charges to be imposed upon the buyer. Portland merchants carry immense stocks of all the goods needed for the Alaska trade, and prices are lower here than in San Francisco or Chicago, because expenses are less. Portland is the metropolis of the grand empire drained by the Columbia river, which is unsurpassed in productiveness by any region of the globe, yielding in limitless abundance every variety of breadstuffs, meats, fruits and vegetables, essential to the comfort of the dwellers in Yukon bonanza-kings' cabins. Provisions cannot be bought cheaper anywhere in America. A large part of all the Klondike outfits sold in other Pacific coast towns are originally bought of Portland manufacturers, jobbers and wholesale merchants. In brief, it is safe to say that a Klondike pilgrim can save his steamship fare on the price of his outfit by obtaining it in Portland, the only true metropolis of the Pacific Northwest.

THE ONLY DIRECT ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.

NO ONE, who has glanced over this brief presentation of facts and figures, needs to be assured that, notwithstanding the positive assertion of The Metropolitan Magazine's correspondent, "all the present routes to the Klondike" do not "begin at Seattle." The OREGON RAILROAD AND NAVIGATION COMPANY offers TWO direct routes to PORTLAND in connection with the FIRSTCLASS STEAMSHIP LINE for SITKA, JUNEAU, DYEA and SKAGWAY. The Oregon Short Line with its connections enables intending gold hunters to select a route through Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden and Huntington, passing through the GREAT MINING REGIONS OF COLORADO, UTAH, IDAHO and EASTERN OREGON without extra charge. The Great Northern Railway, in connection with the railways leading to St. Paul and Minneapolis, together with its Steamship line through the great lakes, forms the second route via Spokane, passing through Montana, Idaho and Washington, within easy stages of the great MINING DISTRICTS of the KOOTENAI and COEUR D'ALENE. The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, with its connections, has the shortest, quickest and in every way best line from all eastern and southern points to Alaska. Its track, trains and equipment are all firstclass, and it traverses regions unsurpassed in mineral riches and scenic grandeur and beauty. The firstclass iron steamship, "George W. Elder," has been running regularly between Portland and Dyea, via

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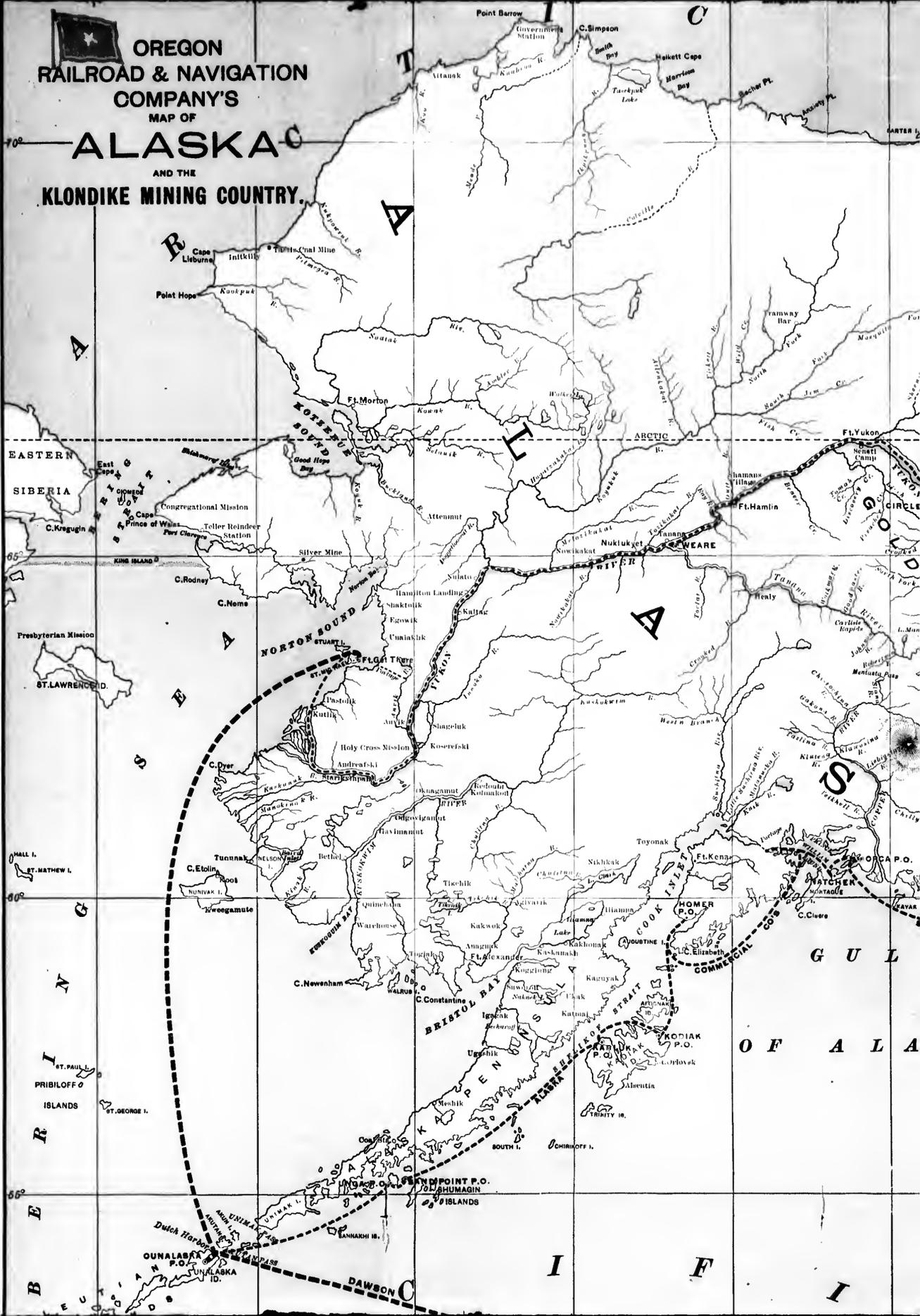
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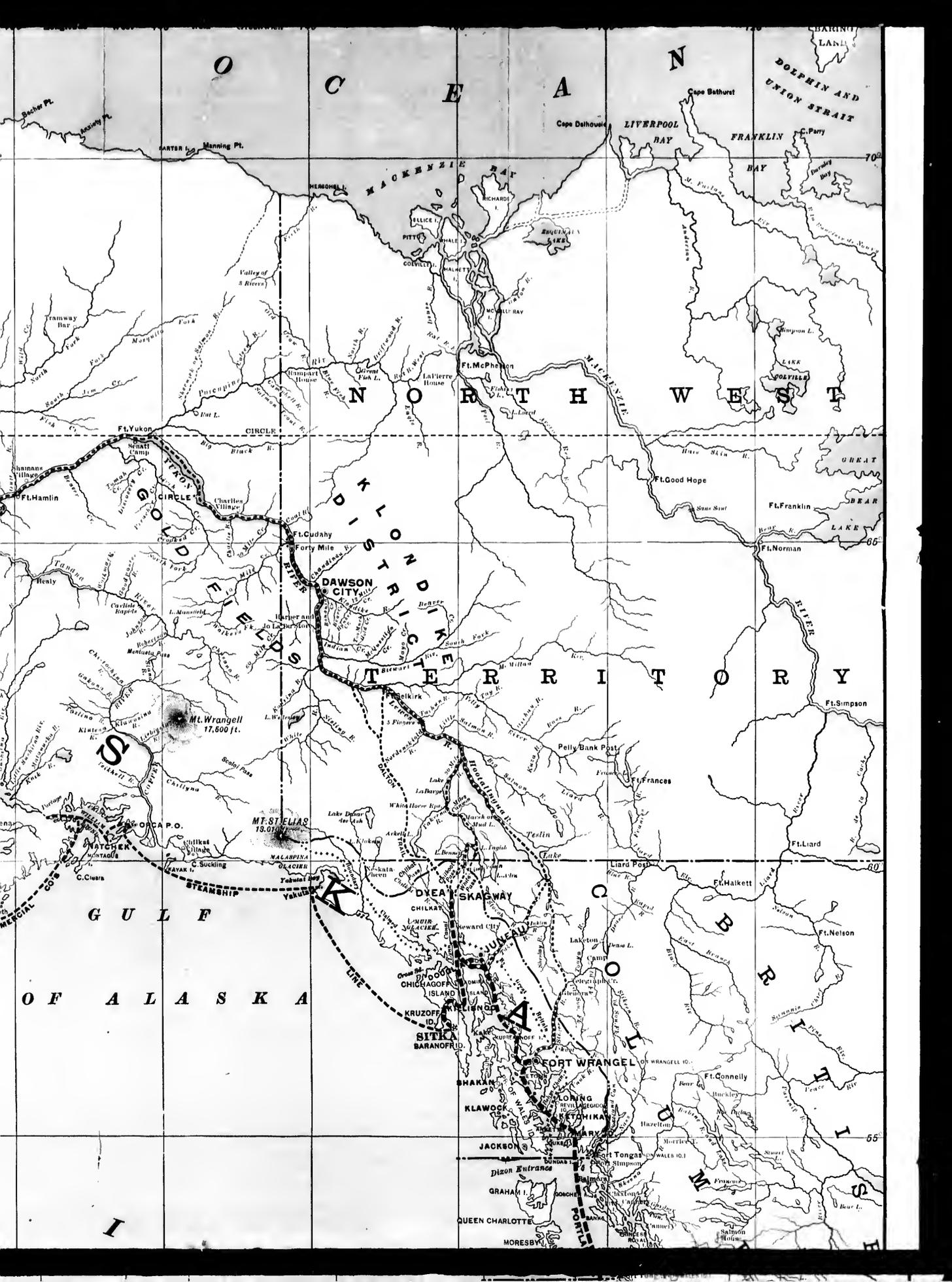
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RAILROAD & NAVIGATION
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MAP OF
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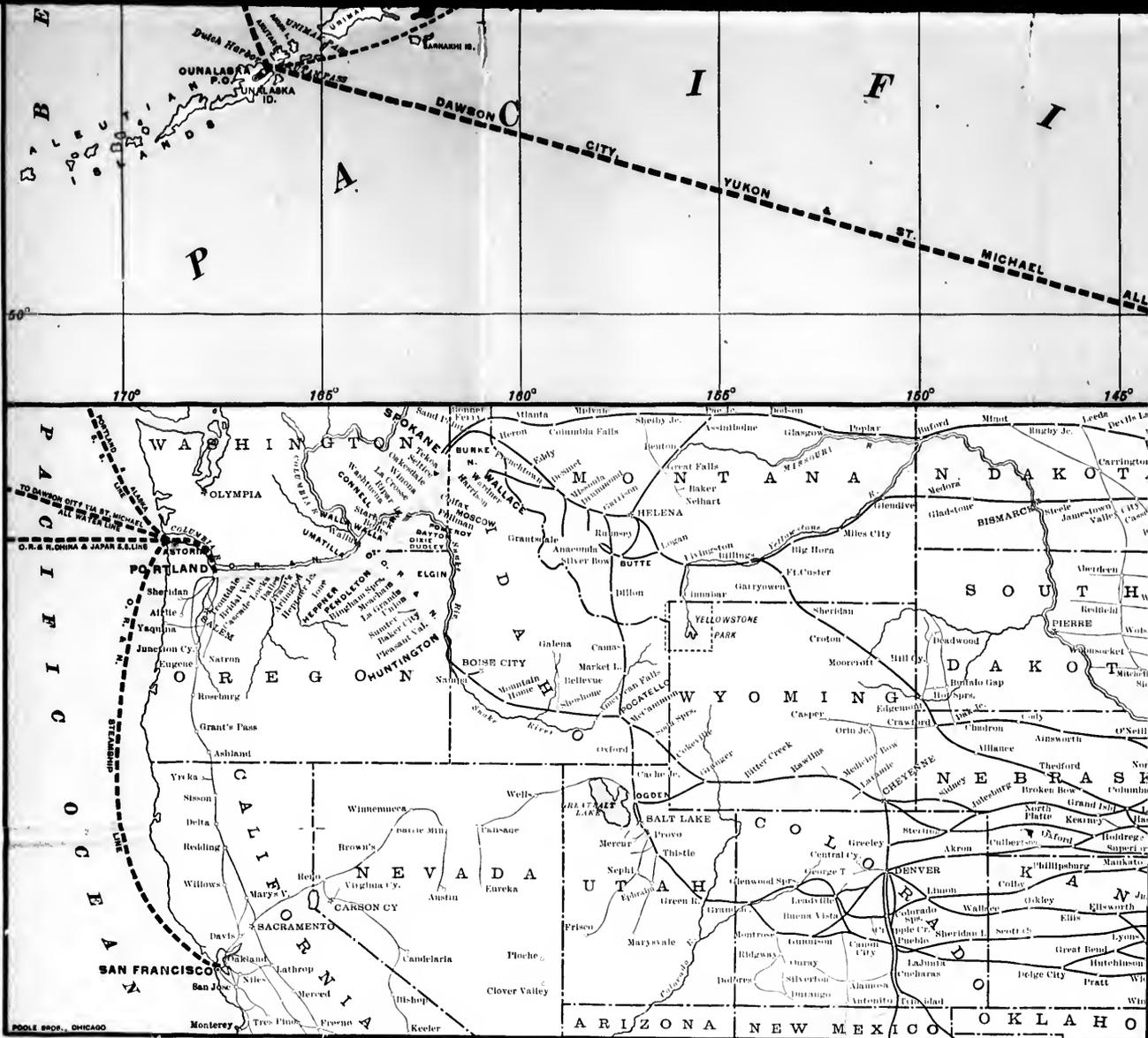
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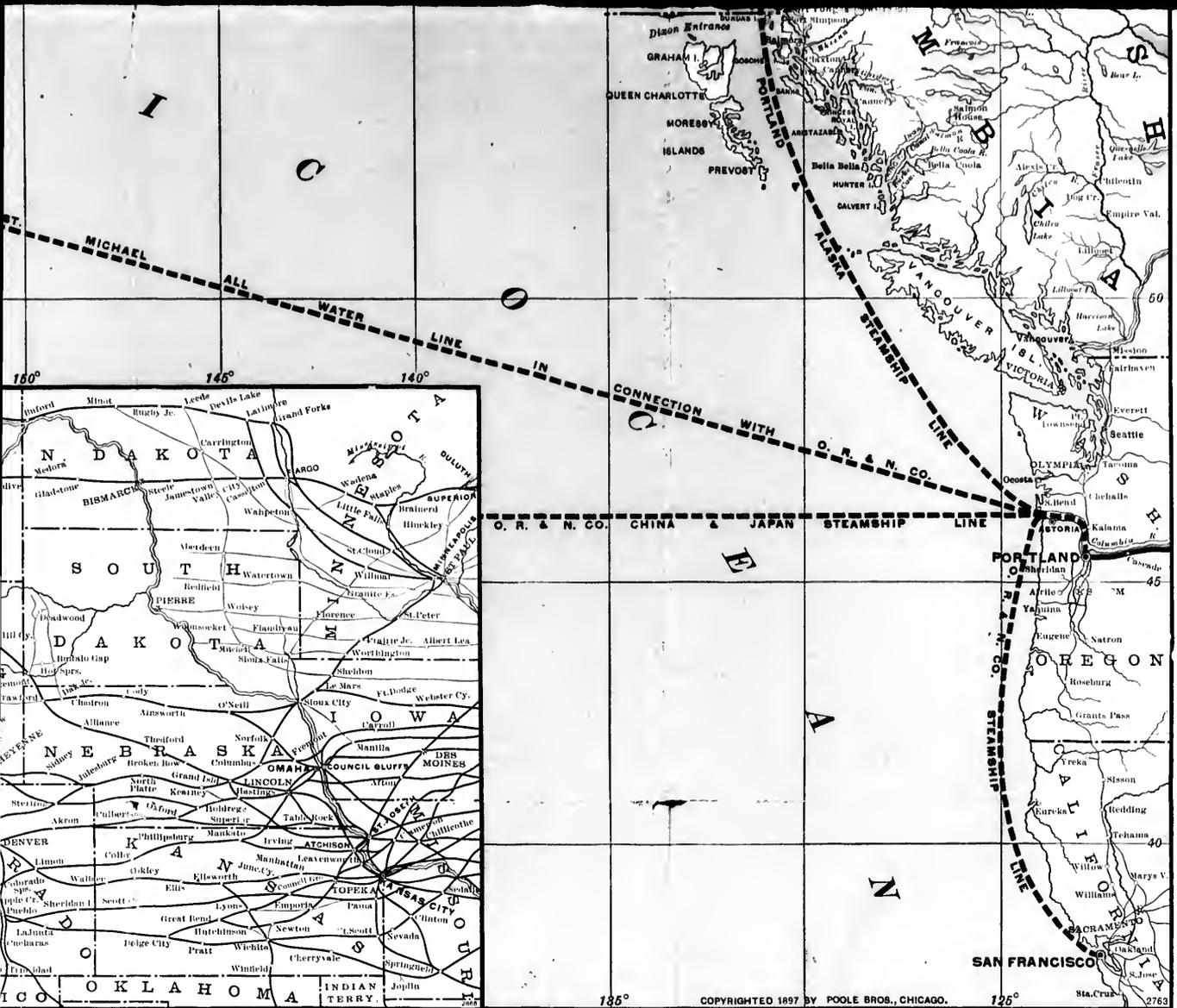


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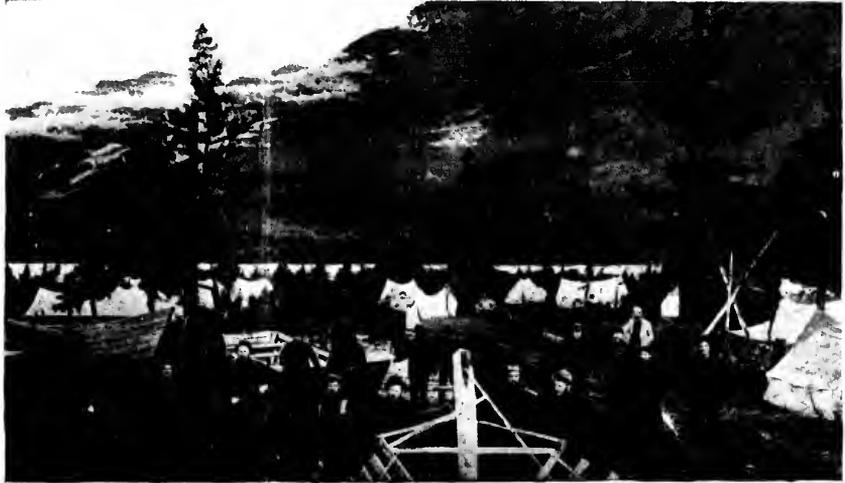




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GOLD HUNTERS ON LAKE BRNETT.

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To the YUKON



GOLD FIELDS

OF

Alaska



PUBLISHED BY THE
Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co.
PORTLAND, OREGON.



