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STORIES OF
SUNSHINE and SHADE
IN THE
FAR NORTH

BY
LULU ALICE CRAIG



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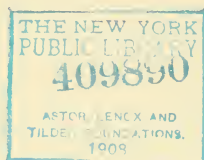
GLIMPSES
OF
SUNSHINE and SHADE
IN THE
FAR NORTH
OR
MY TRAVELS IN THE LAND
OF THE
MIDNIGHT SUN.



BY
LULU ALICE CRAIG.



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GLIMPSES OF SUNSHINE AND SHADE
IN THE FAR NORTH.



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PREFACE.

I have endeavored within this book to describe very accurately my travels to and from the Northland, as well as my stay in Dawson City, where I sojourned one year.

In January of '98 I obtained a leave of absence from the School Board of Saint Joseph, Missouri, to go into the Klondyke in company with my brother and his family.

There were only four of us—Morte H. Craig, of Denver, Colorado, his wife and little daughter, Emily, who was only nine years of age, and myself; there were a number of friends who went into the country at the same time.

We were all in comparatively good health during the entire time, though the climate did not seem to agree with Mrs. Craig as it did with the rest of us. Little Emily gained in flesh and strength, and was delighted with the free open life she led.

I took the trip at the suggestion of my mother, for an outing that would do me double service—giving me a rest from my school labors and widening my knowledge of the North of which I, like most others, had known but little previously.

To most every one the journey seemed long and perilous, and devoid of the pleasure contingent to travel. While the former was true in a measure, the latter was not, for much delight was experienced, though different from the usual conventionalized travel.

In these pages I shall try and relate every phase of the life I led, giving an account of the trials and hardships, as well as the intense pleasure and interesting episodes—though I encountered few of the first named, while many of the second I daily enjoyed.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this book cannot be as replete with descriptions of wild experiences and thrilling narratives as it might otherwise have been had my journey been taken in the year prior to my departure.

And not so many pages will be devoted to mining lore and the accumulation of gold, or the misfortune of not obtaining it, as to the geographical descriptions of the trip, and telling of the great pleasure derived from viewing nature, in a land that is favored with scenery which is classed among the grandest of the earth's domain.

As I write this little book, now and then there will be recalled to my mind scenes of sorrow, sickness and death, of which there have been so many in that far land of ice and snow, where a number of strong, stalwart men have succumbed to weakness—ofttimes to death—brought on from hard work and exposure, and their forms are "Lying in the Klondyke vale to-night."

In giving these incidents, the pathos of it all may be little realized by the readers as it was by us who came in daily contact with them; no more may the pleasing experiences be really felt, yet shall I try to so clearly and so graphically portray to you these pictures of delight and woe, of joy and sorrow, that with the aid of your imagination you may have a rather good conception of it all, and I hope I may succeed in this attempt.

The trip gave me a wider experience and deeper knowledge than almost any other I might have taken—at least I came in touch more fully with nature, bereft of all art, codes and conventionalities, and herein I tell of these various scenes and happenings.

Lulu Alice Craig



EMILY LYSLE CRAIG.

Glimpses of Sunshine and Shade in the Far North.

The Start.

THERE are many beautiful places in this world, most of which I have never seen. Indeed, prior to my trip north, I had never traveled except in the United States.

But from reading and hearsay, I had formed something of an idea of the many beauties of nature, scattered here and there, and almost everywhere, as the All Wise One has so generously and so equally distributed them. Yet perhaps nowhere could I have traveled, perhaps no where could I have looked upon grander exhibition of God's handiwork than I did traveling to the land of gold, and sojourning in that far away country of ice and cold.

I left my home in Saint Joseph January twenty-seventh and after four days of pleasant travel reached Seattle, where we spent several days in shopping preparatory to life in the country to which we were going.

During our stay in Seattle we heard nothing talked of but the Klondyke. In stores, on the streets, in the corridors of the hotels, on the street cars, in restaurants, and everywhere the subject seemed all absorbing and inexhaustible.

Seattle has received a great benefit from the immense find of gold in the Klondyke—it has steadily improved and commercial life has received an impetus from the very birth of the Klondyke which increased its wealth and population. It is a very nice little city, and, aside from the annoyance and inconvenience of its rains, it has a pleasant, beneficial climate.

Lake Washington is a pretty sheet of water which gives much pleasure to the residents of Seattle, and is the pride of Seattleites, as well as an attraction to its tourists. Sixty miles south of Seattle may be seen Mt. Ranier lifting its lofty head in its hoary grandeur. We engaged passage on the "Queen of the Pacific" a large and well appointed vessel—the best on the waters, though we did not derive the comfort we had hoped for, on account of the large list of passengers and immense cargo she bore.

There were nearly one thousand passengers, three hundred dogs, a number of horses and donkeys besides a very large amount of freight.

We were fortunate in securing the choicest of the state-rooms, and after all the preliminaries of stocking up in dry goods, groceries, medicines, et cetera, which was necessary in taking up life on the frontier, we sailed for Dyea, Alaska, on the morning of the fourth of February, 1898.

There was such an immense crowd at the wharf that it was difficult to push one's way. Men rushing to and fro heavily laden with freight; and such a hub-bub of voices, a veritable Babel it seemed, as friendly adieus were mingled with the orders of men to those in their charge, and rain only added aggravation to the scene.

At one time we found ourselves imperiled between a kicking donkey and barking dogs, surrounded by

people, many of whose faces were angry and disturbed at the jostling of this motley throng, while we on the contrary were much amused and could not repress the merriment thus provoked. But indeed our humorous feelings were not the only emotional ones I assure you, for we were fearful that one of us would fall a victim to either the dogs or the donkey. Yet our humor predominated, and so it was throughout the trip; though terribly homesick and irrepressibly sad at times, annoyed by some worries, and burdened by a few trials, imperiled on both land and sea, still the beautiful scenery the novel life, the pleasant episodes, and the interesting people whom we met, all tended to make us enjoy the wonderful trip into the interior of Alaska.

After much patience we were glad to at last reach our state-rooms laden with the fruit and china and sundry other parcels we feared to trust to the luggage, as little care could be given to so large an amount of cargo.

As the ship loosened her moorings, and we again and again waved adieus to our friends, I realized that we were turning our backs upon civilization and leaving behind those nearest and dearest; that we were going into an almost unknown, untried country, I cannot describe the loneliness that crept over me and which was doubtless increased by the dark, dreary day and drizzling rain. Turning, I left the deck and went into the salon to read the dear, home letters, which were handed to me just as I left the hotel, and which would be the last news from home for some time.

After reading my letters I soon became interested in the journey and watching the people on board the ship. Ere long my spirits regained their natural buoyancy, and the gloomy, sad feelings were lost in the intense interest I had in this grand and wonderful trip to the interior of Alaska.

From Seattle to Dyea.

I regret that the great pleasure I had anticipated of viewing the much-talked-of scenery was marred by the clouds, and foggy weather that attended us during the greater part of our voyage. It snowed or rained much of the time and the sun shone but little. Yet during the short periods of sunshine, remarkably beautiful scenery was disclosed to our eyes and we were delighted with the splendid views. Had we had bright weather, one continual panorama of beautiful scenery would have been unfolded to our eyes throughout the entire distance.

This route, which is a distance of over a thousand miles, is almost entirely through narrow channels with high mountains on either side, which prevent the open ocean from reaching the mariner and is called "The Inland Voyage." And were it not for an occasional glimpse of the main waters of the Pacific, as we passed from the shelter of one island behind the high rocky shores of another, one would not realize that he was having an ocean voyage which is usually attended by some discomforts of sea sickness.

It is well named "The Tourist's Route" and is undoubtedly the most popular one into the interior of Alaska.

A couple of hours' sailing brought us to Tacoma, a city of forty thousand inhabitants and second in size and importance in the State of Washington. From here Mt. Ranier may again be seen only thirty miles distant.

In Tacoma I am told it is never referred to as Mt. Ranier but as Mt. Tacoma. From this one can readily see the rivalry which exists between the two cities of Puget Sound.

Soon again we were steaming along and the next morning we reached Victoria where we stopped for an hour or more and were given an opportunity to see an English City, as its inhabitants and buildings with their environments plainly stamped it.

When we were again under sail we felt that we were really started on our journey to Alaska.

Our progress was somewhat impeded by the dense fog, every now and then we would stop, and at times the foghorn could be heard continually blowing for some minutes, especially so during some of the nights. Dismal, indeed, it sounded when we realized that we were anchored out at sea, enveloped in an awful darkness, and lonely and weird were its echoes, as they were clearly brought back to us.

Though we had the pleasure of the sun shining brightly but little, yet the more was it appreciated when it came.

I will quote one page from my diary and so more clearly impress you with the pleasure I enjoyed: "What a fascinating picture to stand on deck and watch the dashing, foamy waves sparkle and gleam in the bright sunshine, the flying of the graceful sea gulls and the ducking of the little water-quails ever and anon, as they skim over the water; the mountains dimly visible in the distance through the low overhanging clouds. To these pleasures of sight are added that charmingly delightful feeling which steals over one's senses as the steamship is propelled so smoothly over the quiet waters. Oh! how the heart wells with reverence and homage toward

the One who holdeth the seas in His hands as you stand full of admiration and gaze in rapture upon nature under such pleased conditions.”

On the morning of February seventh we saw a school of whales at a distance and there were also a number of porpoises quite near, racing with our ship.

Our next day was the most eventful one of our voyage. About five p. m. in passing through the narrows, we were stranded on a bar and so sudden were we thrown upon the mountain side that our ship began to list. The rudder unfortunately broke and the tide ebbed, so the ship continued to list until we stood at an angle of forty-two degrees.

All this trouble was undoubtedly due to the fact that our captain, though an efficient one on a smaller vessel, had never carried so large a vessel through these troublesome narrows.

So here we were stationed from five p. m. to twelve at night, seven hours of weary waiting during a snow storm. So much were we on the incline that the incoming tide brought in three feet of water, though it also aided the captain very materially in righting the ship. The steering apparatus having been repaired, we were backed out of these dangerous narrows into the open sea, and soon were again sailing smoothly.

So what might have turned out very seriously ended all right but we were in a great deal of danger. The ship came very nearly turning over. All life boats were lowered. Had the ship been thrown over many would have been saved, but it is hardly likely that nearly one thousand could all have been saved, the night being so dark and stormy.

While we were so dangerously situated another accident occurred—the linen room caught fire, but the

matter was wisely kept quiet, many not knowing of it until the next day and so we were saved a panic which probably would have occurred had the cry "Ship on fire" been heard.

We who were in the salon had a great deal of fun watching those who would move about and who were one after another precipitated to the floor. Many a laugh we had and much merriment was enjoyed as we would see one start to help another only to fall himself, and several times there were three or four on the floor together struggling to get on their feet.

One old lady who was quite large and must have been near sixty-five years of age, was quite amusing. She would insist upon moving about, changing her seat from one place to another, probably from a feeling of restlessness occasioned by the long period of waiting.

At one time she started to rise several times, but ineffectually. At last with an unusual effort, she got upon her feet and with an awful crash she came down to the floor. Had it hurt her we would have quelled the jollity that arose, but she laughed with the rest of us. A gentleman arose to assist her but quickly found himself stretched upon the floor by her side. Another one tried with the same result, but by repeated efforts the gentlemen regained their footing and at last succeeded in getting her seated, but just as they let her go, she again slipped down and this time refused to be assisted, and wisely remained on the floor amidst much laughter in which she merrily joined.

Another most amusing thing was the comical actions of a little Jewess who was very anxious to cater to the inner man of her small son, as well as to herself. She let herself carefully down from her seat to the floor and then propelled herself along by crawling a few feet,

then by sort of sliding or pushing herself by the aid of her hands until she reached the railing from where she could peer down into the dining hall. In the meantime she had sent her boy, Jacob, down to one of the waiters. Jacob had quite a time reaching him, pushing his way through the crowd that sat on the floor and steps, and falling, he landed in some woman's lap, who could not see the joke or why the others laughed. At last little Jacob reached one of the waiters to whom he was sent on the all important errand of getting two sandwiches, but the waiter refused to take any notice of the child; whereupon the little mother began to make frantic efforts in her broken English to be heard above the din of many voices and much laughter, and at last the waiter was compelled to pay attention to her wild gesticulations and loud imprecations. And finally she was pleased to see her boy given two sandwiches, one of which he immediately began to eat, the other he carefully held, again making an effort to press his way through and reach his mother, which he succeeded in doing and gave her the little lunch he had procured.

Many other amusing incidents might be related to show how much fun we on the inside had. But not so with those on the outside, many of whom really suffered with the cold and wetting they got, beside being in much more terror than we were, for they realized their danger so much more.

Our dinner which should have been served at five p. m., we hastily partook of at one a. m., after which we hurried to our state rooms, where we soon slept, and that which might have been a most thrilling night, long to be remembered, passed away without ending seriously.

One of the most interesting places on this route is

Ft. Wrangle, a picturesque settlement, where there are a number of Indians and a few white people, though not so many as formerly in the early days of the great gold strikes in Alaska.

The place was named Wrangle for Baron Wrangle, a Russian who was Governor in 1831. The Indians have a number of curios to show the tourist, which they make. Then here are erected the totem poles which are worshipped by the Indians.

The Indians make a spoon of native silver and carve upon it the image of the totem poles; they do this in your presence, while you wait if you have time to spare.

Of the different confines of waters, which we passed through the two most dreaded were Seymour and Wrangle Narrows—the former are the most dangerous—yet the ledges of rock and boulders that extend across the distance of twenty-five miles that Wrangle Narrows measure, make the steering of a vessel successfully between tides, through this narrow confine of water, much to be admired; even though the surging of the waters are not so fierce as in Seymour Narrows, where the waters are greatly feared, particularly at the ebb and flow of the tide. The current is so strong and masterful that the strongest of ships are lost control of and sink underneath the waves of these tempestuous waters.

In 1875 one of the United States steamers was wrecked here. She was caught in the maelstrom of waters and dashed hither and thither in the wild narrows, but at last reached Vancouver Island safely, where the officers and crew were landed, though the ship was caught into the whirlpool again and went down. Many other vessels have been wrecked in these narrows.

Shortly after passing through Seymour Narrows the most beautiful scenery is again seen. As we passed

Queen Charlotte Sound the heavy swells of the ocean were felt, and a few were inconvenienced quite a little for about an hour with nausea attending sea-sickness.

A little farther on, the waters lead through a picturesque route winding here and there through narrows with fir-covered mountains rising high on either side, mirrored in the waters underneath. So winding and intricate is this channel that some have named it "The Mystic Maze." These beauties of nature extend all along the route.

But on the dark nights when the dense fog enveloped us, and continually the dismal sound of the fog-horn could be heard, when we were passing through narrows where oft before other ships had gone down, one needed faith in the One above to be at rest and enjoy slumber. As the day waned and twilight deepened, I felt thankful that I trusted in Him who "doeth all things well."

Shortly before you come to Juneau several glaciers may be seen as they wind down the mountains, and they seem what they really are, frozen rivers winding down the mountain side.

Within two miles of Juneau are the famous Treadwell Mines, the largest in the world. Columns of dense smoke could be seen arising from these great works, surrounding which are mountains, grown white with the timber bleached under the poisonous smoke that comes from the burning of that ore, which cannot be separated from the gold by batteries. The heavy, moist atmosphere will not allow this smoke to rise, but thus crowds it down, causing it to become very dense and more powerful to bleach the timber along the base and sides of the mountain.

It is near here that the steamers have two ways from which to choose, one called the Chilcoot, the other

Chilcat. The former leads to the head waters of the Yukon and is the one we took, while the latter bears you to Chilcat, a small settlement from the left of which is the Dalton Route, a way by which the Yukon may be reached without the ascent of very high mountains, the inclines all being gradual.

It is somewhere within this region that the existence of the silent city is said to be, and if there is a reality in it all, it is thought to be a mirage of a place in England, which is claimed to be Bristol, several thousand miles away.

We arrived in Juneau at one a. m. February 9th where we remained until morning. We arose very early and went on shore ere it was daylight, and found the place well lighted. Juneau, in a commercial or mining sense, is a typical mining camp, but in the beauty of its location outshines most others. Right in the midst of mountains, great boulders form its background and overhang this little hamlet which gives it a very picturesque appearance. The evils of life are said to run riot here much the same as in all mining towns. Later we found Skagway and Dyea the same sort of places, only that Juneau was favored with so much more of the beauty of nature. Yet the scenery of Juneau is wierd withal, though beautiful. In fact all the scenery of Alaska and the North West Territory has something of this wild weirdness; especially does this seem to be the case in winter, when the mountains are robed in their pure, cold mantle of snowy whiteness. Summer with her becoming garb of green, her running waters with their swimming fish, her gay, bright flowers and singing birds, seems to chase away this weirdness; and the awe of reverence that one has for great and majestic mountains, rising in their icy grandeur in the cold win-

ter, gives way to a warmer, gentler feeling of admiration, that developes into a positive love for nature under the rays of the bright sun, which shines so grandly in a sky as beautifully colored and delicately tinted as can be seen anywhere. Grander sunsets cannot be imagined than those seen en route from Seattle to Dyea and others all along the way down the chain of rivers and lakes until it seemed to me the climax was reached in Dawson this spring, when upon two evenings in particular we were awed into an admiring silence by the most beautiful ones I had ever seen, of which I will write later.

Our voyage lasted between five and six days and at five p. m. on February ninth we arrived at Skagway after a rather fair sail, though a somewhat perilous one, considering the listing of the ship, the fire in the linen room, and the dense fog with which we were enveloped a great portion of the the time.

We remained on board the "Queen" until two p. m. the following day awaiting a suitable vessel in which to be taken to Dyea, as the wind was too swift and the waves too strong to allow the large "Queen" to land in the Dyea Bay.

We were conveyed over to Dyea in a little tug a part of the way, then transferred to a smaller skiff. In getting into the tug we had to descend a very steep ladder by the assistance of the men.

From this time on we saw a great many men and very few women. Day after day we were constantly thrown with men of all nationalities and all classes—men of all professions and of all trades—men of culture and education, as well as those of the ignorant, unrefined classes—men of baser natures, whose faces only too plainly told the tale of their evil lives. Yet by one

and all were we most courteously treated and to all with whom we found it necessary to mingle, did we endeavor to give the kindly greeting that good breeding would always urge one to do, no matter to what class or station of life he might belong.

It is this interchange of the graces within us, this flow of human sympathy, surging from heart to heart, that forms a part of the broadening of one's nature, which comes more from travel than from any other condition of life.

One loses one's identity, as it were, in traveling, and a stranger in a strange land often finds himself yielding to the gentler, softer impulses within him, and he reaches out a hand to aid his brother or give a sympathizing word more often than when settled at home, busily going through the daily routine of life whether pleasures or duties. But to resume my narrative. I will in the next chapter tell of the days spent in Dyea.



Our Stay in Dyea and Sheep's Camp.

WE remained at Dyea nearly six days waiting our luggage and freight, where we had comfortable quarters in one of the hotels, and very good meals.

The freight quarters at Dyea, which were situated right on the beach were very crowded and densely packed. The luggage was piled high into the air and there was much scrambling after one's effects. Keen hunting and some hard physical labor had to be done ere the men could obtain their bags. Each of our party had a large canvas bag for our personal clothing, beside which we took in just one trunk that carried all of our best things. Through the advice of others we took in a great deal more and heavier clothing than we had need of. The men of course found it necessary to be more heavily clad and more warmly wrapped, as they were out for hours working hard in various ways. But during the entire winter I seldom needed to be dressed far from my usual custom, though I walked out every day. The greatest difference in our dress was the flannels and footwear. I wore the heaviest of jersey for the former and German socks and moccasins were required over the ordinary hose for the latter, during the coldest weather.

The six days that we spent at Dyea were novel ones indeed, and much enjoyed, though we were somewhat impatient to move on. Dyea was an example of what might be called a mush-room town, so quickly had it sprung into existence. We overheard some talk about

the wickedness of the place—that one could scarcely step out upon the street without hearing an oath. In fact, the minister made a similar statement in his pulpit the Sunday morning that I attended services in the humble, neat house of worship. Yet we ourselves heard no oaths in the streets of Dyea, and in this we were particularly fortunate during our entire trip, and heard very little coarse language used.

In our walks through Dyea we saw some Indians, Malamute and Huskey dog teams, and other interesting sights of which Mrs. Craig took pictures with the small kodak she brought.

The United States soldiers sent in by Congress were encamped here at this time. Here for the first time we saw men make beasts of burden of themselves, and strange it seemed to see great heavy packs strapped upon their backs, heavier and more bulky ones placed upon one of the Yukon sleds, until it required every nerve strained, every bit of strength to move it.

The trail over the Chilcoot starts at the point where the Dyea waters empty into the sea and follows it very closely to its source. From the Dyea shore all along the way over the pass this trail was much crowded with men, dogs, a few horses and an immense amount of freight goods were cached every short distance.

One thing very noticeable was the men starting out so fresh and hopeful, with their canvas bags white in their newness, and with an almost defiant look of courage in their faces, to be seen in a few days or weeks worn out, outfits looking badly dilapidated—the bright, hopeful buoyancy gone to be succeeded by a downcast, discouraged air. I refer to those who did their own packing—it was no easy task to pack a thousand pounds over thirty-five or more miles and could not be done very quickly.

While we were at Dyea a man had stolen a little from one cache and a little from another, here and there, and the vigilant committee took him in charge and placarded him with the word "thief" and marched him through the place—after which they gave him bodily punishment.

On the morning of the fifteenth of February our freight and luggage were packed in wagons and taken to Sheep's Camp. We could have ridden, but the day seemed pleasant and we thought we would enjoy the walk. So about noon we started to walk this distance of fourteen or more miles.

The sun shone brightly and though the wind blew quite a little, we found the walk pleasant for a short time. Then the wind increased and as we got out quite a distance from Dyea we found a badly drifted trail; this together with the keen, strong wind that we faced made the walking very tedious, and with great effort our strength held out until we reached Cañon City, nine miles from Dyea.

At Finnegan's Point, five miles from Dyea, we had rested and refreshed ourselves with hot coffee and doughnuts.

We had hoped to reach Sheep's Camp that night and our bedding had been sent on there. At Cañon City there were no accommodations for women, but thoroughly worn out we were glad to find a seat indoors, while the gentlemen went out to find the best quarters the place afforded, which were poor indeed. But we had a good meal and after an uncomfortable night we arose early, breakfasted and resumed our journey to Sheep's Camp only six miles away.

The day was pleasant and though we were a little stiff and sore from the exertions of the day before we en-

joyed the walk, particularly that part that took us through the winding cañon which was picturesque and pretty.

On our way to Sheep's Camp we were overtaken by an ox-team, the owner of which lifted little Emily and placed her on the loaded wagon, which gave her quite a rest.

There were so few children on the trail that our little girl attracted a great deal of attention and every one had a smile for her. One day a man said, "God bless you dear, you are just the size of my little girl at home," and tears sprang to his eyes as he pathetically spoke of his child.

We reached our destination before noon and went to the Seattle House, which was kept by a gentleman and his wife who looked after the comforts of the guests and did all they could to be courteous and kind to them.

We were given a large room in which were several beds built rudely of rough timbers. This was the only private room in the hotel and was given to our use alone. That night we had our own soft beds and warm blankets, and laid very comfortably compared to the night before at Cañon City, which was the only cold, uncomfortable night that we had to endure on the entire trip. I will describe our beds that gave us so much comfort. They were made of the finest sateen-covered down comforts—two above and two below—stitched together on the sides, and the center of the upper part was left open a short distance from the top, to enable one to get in and out more conveniently, and ribbons were sewed on either side of this opening to tie it up when the weather was severe, and thus keep out the cold, leaving the entire bed closed but the top. And when the weather made it necessary we, of course, had blankets to put over these

beds, but the majority of the winter we did not need them. In the spring and summer we laid on top of our beds and did not get into them.

We liked them much better than any we saw and there were a number of different kinds on sale in the stores in Seattle. Ours were made to order, and according to our own personal ideas.

We were held at Sheep's Camp for nearly two weeks by a blizzard. Most terrifically did the wind blow at sixty miles an hour, carrying fine particles of ice and snow in the air, which cut the face almost like glass.

Most of this time the thermometer stood between six and fifteen degrees below zero. Even the packers abandoned all work, and daily the few who tried to be out any length of time, would come back with some portion frozen, an ear, cheek, nose or more often the feet, and one could stand but a moment out of doors until a heavy frost would fringe the eyelashes. The frost formed an inch thick or more in a few hours on the window-panes. Every thirty-six to forty-eight hours the weather would change, the wind decrease, and the packers would start out and try to reach the summit only to get as far as Stone House, one mile and a half from the hotel, there to be met with the terrible wind from the Summit which drove them back. We walked out every day, and twice we reached Stone House, where the wind was so swift it fairly caught our breaths, and nearly took us off our feet, and if we went without our masks on the very windy cold days we returned with sore faces cut by the myriads of tiny pieces of snow and ice so swiftly borne through the air.

We took these walks to gradually accustom ourselves to the cold and to the climbing, and I think we

endured that one extremely hard day's travel over Chilcoot Pass much better for the preceding walks.

From February 10th to February 25th, there were a number of ships anchored out at sea near Skagway and Dyea held there by the strong wind, and there were nine at one time, and on the latter date our first mail got in.

Sheep's Camp presented an odd appearance made up of so many little tents, all huddled so closely together; so many men costumed and masked so queerly, some in very picturesque garments, others in very grotesque ones, all rushing hither and thither, and some calling out to their dog teams they were driving, made our walks quite interesting on the days the weather was such that many were out.

Some of the tents had been pitched upon the snow after which heavy snow storms had come and the wind had drifted the snow over these tents and almost covered them—in several instances the stove pipe was the only thing visible, but if one entered the small opening in the snow and walked on a few steps he would soon come to a warm and comfortable Arctic home, lighted by candles where one or more men were seemingly enjoying life, or at least, getting the best they could out of it under the circumstances. We always went out well wrapped and wore fur hoods and we found the weather during this blizzard more severe to endure than any we afterward experienced farther in the interior, where the thermometer registered between fifty and sixty below zero.

The wind coming down the mountain from the summit of Chilcoot at times rages terribly and is much dreaded when the thermometer stands between ten and fifteen below zero.

There were days during February and March when no one would dare risk going over the Summit. I heard a number say that no living creature could live in one of these blizzards on top of the summit of Chilcoot exposed to the weather.

One morning several ascended as far as The Scales and a couple of the packers gained the summit. The thermometer jumped from four below to eighteen above—then it grew warmer and thirty above was registered, and at last forty above was reached, so you may imagine how warm it was.

On February 27th my brother and Mr. B. went over the Chilcoot to Lindermann to pitch tent and prepare a place for us.

While at Sheep's Camp there was one death at the hotel. A strong young man hastily stricken down. He came in after a day's hard work and had a severe chill. After several day's sickness he died—it was thought he had eaten something poisonous in canned meat. He was a member of a lodge, who cared for him well, and neatly laid him out in a pine coffin covered with white cloth. After a short and impressive service the body was taken in charge by the lodge, who shipped it to his family in Seattle.

I will not forget that service. Mrs. Craig and I were the only women in the house save the proprietor's wife who was sick, and we were asked to lead with the singing which we gladly did.

In retrospect I clearly see that scene—the large, plain room in the rudely built house—dimly lighted by one lamp. A big stove in the center, surrounded by men, many of whom were rough by nature, yet from whose faces shown the tender, human sympathy bestirred for the dear loved ones of this man, who had

been compelled to yield up his life so suddenly in this strange, new country so far away from his home. In the midst of this well filled room, stood the rude, plain coffin that held the remains.

One of the leading men of the lodge read a chapter from the Bible—several songs were sung—and the short service was over.

Hearing the matter discussed afterward we learned this young man was well liked, and though a stranger to almost every one, had impressed one and all with his sterling qualities of mind and heart; particularly was he bright and sunny in his disposition and courageous to a great degree.

On Sunday evenings an interesting service of prayer and song was held at the hotel addressed by a young Canadian. His earnest words were well listened to.

The day the boys went over to Lindermann to get the camp ready for us, we walked out with one of our friends to the two saw-mills in operation there, and found it quite interesting to watch the great rough logs sawed into nice boards, which were not finished smoothly, though they had ready sale at Sheep's Camp at that time.

My brother returned late Monday evening and rested the next day and arranged everything preparatory for us to cross the Chilcoot the following day.

A party of gentlemen left Seattle and came up on the "Queen" at the same time that we did, with whom my brother became intimate and while at Sheep's Camp we were thrown with them more or less.

There were six in the party, and of various callings; two brothers, lawyers, a bank clerk, and lumberman from Pennsylvania, a physician and druggist from Ontario.

The latter was only twenty years of age, and at Sheep's Camp he contracted a severe cold, that bade fair to go to his lungs. It was very unwise for him to sleep in a tent, so he tried to get a comfortable place in the Seattle House—but there was none. So Mrs. Craig told the doctor to have him come into our room, where the beds were arranged with curtains similar to sleeping car accommodations. This he gladly did, and got over his cold.

And this party of six men, with whom we had been thrown from the very first, crossed the Chilcoot next day with us, pitched tent near us in Lindermann, and we saw more or less of them the entire eighteen months that we were gone.

They were pleasant, courteous, and Fred S., the young druggist, later became my brother's partner and seemed like one of our family.







UNDECIDED.

Crossing The Chilcoot.



ON the morning of March 2nd, at nine o'clock we left the hotel at Sheep's Camp and began the ascent to Chilcoot Pass, which we crossed the afternoon of the same day.

As we ascended this noted peak, again and again were we impressed with the hard labor of the men, horses and dogs.


Touching indeed was it to watch the two last named, but when it came to seeing men make beasts of burden of themselves, terrible was the sight. It was hard to see young, able-bodied men toil up the incline heavily freighted, but to see weak, old, aye even feeble ones, ascending that steep mountain with forms almost bent double, then was it pathetic, heart-rending.

On the preceding page is given a picture of one of the many cases that showed care and woe and weakness, either from sickness or age. This poor, old man sits weary and worn from the hours of labor of carrying the burden strapped on his back—in deep thought of the future and the hardships and privations it holds—the present is impressed upon him by his aches and fagged out body, and his strength has been taxed to its utmost. The past comes to him in a vision of home, with its dear ones, and the love, grown stronger as he has grown weaker, starts unbidden the tears to his eyes. He longs to turn back and yet he sits considering whether to return to wife and family and give up the hope of winning the coveted gold which he may not obtain anyway,



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or plod on through the difficulties that will beset him in an endeavor to win.

My friend who took the picture well named it "Undecided" and very strongly will it appeal to all, though you did not see the original.

So I might go on and cite many other instances of weakness and ill-health. Often could we hear men groan aloud in their great fatigue—their faces wet with perspiration, and sometimes they would unwisely loosen their outside garment to cool off, thus placing themselves liable to take a heavy cold and endanger themselves to pneumonia. The trail on either side was terribly congested with freight, so much so it was hard to keep one's belonging to themselves, and things were lost and mixed a great deal.

On the way from Sheep's Camp is an immense glacier, under which there is said to be a hot spring.

It is near here that the awful flood of ninety-seven occurred deluging a number of camps, though but one unfortunate lost his life. He was overtaken with the great power of water just as he was dipping a bucket of water up preparatory to getting his breakfast.

Though very, very tiresome we found the day most interesting, watching the men go up and down, the packers with their pack-trains of horses, and the dogs attached to the Yukon Sleds faithfully pulling. Ever and anon could be heard a merry shout—a school boy yell, and turning we would see men on their sleds, having deposited their loads and returning for others, racing with each other down the steep incline with all the merriment and jolly fun that boys could possibly have had. And many a funny fall and comical tumble brought the smile to even the weak and fatigued.

Indeed it was this combination of man and boy,



CROSSING THE CHILCOOT.



this mixture of work and play, that helped to keep up the courage of many. And the spectator was reminded of the old adage, "The man is but the boy grown," a number of times.

We had waited for a pleasant day and we certainly were favored in the selection we made. The sun shone brightly and it was rather quiet until we reached Stone House—so named from a great pile of stone which bore the form of a house. To this point the walk was very pleasant, as it needed no great exertion to ascend this gradual incline. But here the wind increased and the ascent became so steep that going from Stone House to The Scales, in my opinion we found the hardest part of our journey.

The incline was so precipitous, so smooth and slick from the large amount of travel and coasting down on sleds that it seemed impossible to keep one's footing and we were assisted up this part.

Two of our friends got a large strong stick, and took hold of either end of it, urging me to grasp the center and lean heavily upon it. This I gratefully did and was thus helped up the steepest portion.

Little Emily rode on a sled, drawn by a dog, from Sheep's Camp to the Scales and from there was borne on the shoulders of our friend, Dr. H., up the summit of Chilcoot Pass.

The wind being so swift and the ascent so rapid, our progress was impeded, but we at last reached The Scales where we rested and lunched. I think that that day was the greatest effort of my life without exception, especially going from Stone House to The Scales.

After our rest we resumed the ascent to the Summit, which the rest of the way was made by going up steps cut in the side of the mountain.

We had read and heard more of this part of our journey than the preceding, and yet we were agreeably surprised to find it less tiring. There were between eleven hundred and twelve hundred steps cut in the snow by the constant walking of the packers. It seemed very much like climbing steep stairs or a step-ladder of great length. Of course one might feel a little nervous when he thought that he was one of a number of a long line, who were ascending this great incline and to falter or deviate a step was to trouble and annoy those behind. But this gave us little or no worry as we were followed by friends and any way though we might trouble, we would not annoy men in this, as we belonged to the weaker sex, and the majority of men are kind to women when it comes to physical exertion.

After reaching the Summit we again rested and as we sat there easing tired nature and recuperating our strength, we feasted our eyes on the grand and beautiful scenery spread out before us. The grandeur of the lovely views I feel unable to impress you with. The surrounding mountains, far and near, majestically stood in their mantle of snow against the background of the deep blue sky, and the brightness of the sunshine added brilliancy to the scene.

It was very interesting to look down upon the long line of men bearing their burdens ascending on the right side, while to the left could be seen those descending, and here again was the child part of the man pleased, though it needed the courage of man as well to fit one's self into the groove, which had been worn into the side of the mountain by those preceding, and rapidly shoot down. It seemed a veritable "shoot the chute" sort of action, which was dangerous, for had either arm turned the least bit, as they rested on the

elbows, bearing the weight of the body, a serious dislocation if nothing more would have been the result.

While my brother was looking up our things and attending to the paying of the duty we were invited in the little custom house by the officers and courteously treated by them.

On the summit of Chilcoot waved the Canadian Flag, and when we started to descend to Lindermann, we turned our faces from the land of our birth for the first time, toward a new country of foreign government.

So far we had had a very pleasant journey, as well as a very tiresome one, not an especially merry time, but now our fun began and a jolly good time we had descending the mountain to Lindermann where we expected to take up camp life in which we had had no experience. In spite of tired limbs and aching bodies we had a very jolly time.

The first mountain was so very steep that we quickly declined a kind offer to ride, although later we enjoyed coasting down the less rapid descents. We first tried walking the very steep ones, but really we walked very little, we rather rolled, slid, and at one time propelled ourselves with our hands and knees, backwardly making the descent, now and then slipping and rolling over and over until we came to a rough place to which we could catch and stop, and of course in all this there was a great deal of fun as we saw each other in the different comical positions and one would try to aid the other to rise only to fall himself.

We reached Long Lake near six o'clock in the evening. Just before reaching the place one of our party drew the attention of the rest to a picture in the distance, of a mountain, which although covered with the pure white snow, appeared golden in the setting sun, a

bright significance of the gold for which so many had made this journey.

After resting and eating our evening meal we walked the remaining distance to Lindermann in the bright light of a full moon, whose radiance seemed exceptionally brilliant.

To say that we enjoyed the walk is to lightly express the delight we felt, wearied though we were, in going over the mountain on so grand a night and our gaiety did not desert us until we reached Lindermann, which was all the more comical from the fact that we groaned one moment from sheer exhaustion, only to laugh the next in seeing one of the party rolling down hill, another starting to assist him to rise, only to fall, and still another until all of us would be down.

We kept our spirits up a part of the time by singing comical songs. Once looking back I saw Mrs. Craig walking on uneven ground, causing her to limp, one foot walking on higher ground than the other and I sang out to her: "And one leg was shorter than it really ought to be," at which we both laughed and while laughing down I slipped, so peal after peal of laughter rang out over the mountain and were re-echoed back to us.

Now and then we would pass a tent, though there were very few from the Summit to Lindermann, and as our voices resounded in the clear night air, the men would come out, their attention attracted by a woman's voice, for there were very few women that had crossed the Chilcoot at that time.

Once I fell and rolled almost into a tent, where I heard the voices of men. I think I was more like a rubber ball than I ever had been before in my life, for I bounced up and away ere they got to the door and I was laughingly telling the others about it, when I heard one

of the men say: "It is quite a party, and there two women and a little girl among them."

Just a little distance away from the others I fell at one time and mischievously thought I would lie there and make the rest think for a moment or so that I was hurt. In an instant I was missed and located a few steps ahead. My brother running toward me called out, "Lulu! oh Lulu," and then I heard him say: "Nell I believe she is hurt," and I broke to the laugh I could repress no longer; but when I saw I had alarmed my brother I did not try it again.

But in these different little ways our courage was kept up. Humorous indeed and intensely interesting was the experience of that never-to-be-forgotten day, journeying from Sheep's Camp to Lindermann over the famous Chilcoot Pass.

We reached our destination at nine-thirty p. m. where our tent was well warmed and lighted for us by Mr. B, who had kindly gone on before us to make the tent comfortable for the tired-out mountain wanderers.

And after a hot drink of cocoa, we needed no coaxing to give ourselves over into the arms of Morpheus.



Our Stay in Lindermann.

THE three months we spent at Lindermann were very interesting, particularly the last six weeks, and we enjoyed the novelty of camp life, though we found the weather quite severe, and the winds, too, were trying, especially in March. We had a large tent with bedrooms partitioned off, which were well heated by a cooking and heating stove combined. We took in candles but also had a large coal oil lamp, which gave us much more pleasure in reading than the former. We had quite a few luxuries, which the ordinary camper had not; such as china, silver, table-cloths, doilies and napkins in the way of table articles, and, besides a complete Yukon outfit in provisions, such as flour, beans, bacon, rice, oatmeal, all the dried fruits, vegetable-soups, canned meats, spices and vinegar; my brother took in cases of tomatoes, peas, oysters, corn, lemons, figs, hams, raisins, nuts, cheese, maple-sugar, et cetera, and while at Lindermann we had some fresh eggs and fresh meat, though later in the interior we were deprived of them some of the time. As a substitute for eggs we found that the crystalized eggs were very good, especially in cakes and desserts. Then too, the condensed cream served us well for fresh cream, of which we could get none.

It could be whipped nicely and we enjoyed it over the desserts like lemon jelly.

In the way of furniture we had a table, china press,

settee, book-case, stools and bedsteads, all made of lumber, whip-sawed from timber, which was so abundant. Our beds were very comfortable, the mattresses were formed of pine-boughs, and when they got a little flattened we had fresh ones brought, taking pains to lay them carefully after having dried them well. Over these boughs we laid our tarpaulin, then blankets, on top of which we placed our down beds.

We led a very busy life with our domestic duties and reading, writing, walking and chatting with friends, who would drop in on us most any hour of the day. All conventionality was laid aside, and at all times our friends were welcome, but particularly on the stormy days, for a pleasant, social chat went far to make one forget the terrific roar of the blizzard. And oh! how the wind did howl some of those March and April days! I could but think of these words:

“Oh, you that are so strong and cold,
Oh, blower! Are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Oh, wind ablowing all day long?
Oh wind, that sings so loud a song.”

The windy days were very trying, especially after a heavy snow storm, as it drifted the snow so very deep in places, sometimes not only on the top of our tent but right around the door of it.

During March the thermometer registered from ten below to twenty degrees above—in April from thirty to forty-five degrees above in the day, though at night it was much colder, running from six to ten degrees below. May was quite like April though a little warmer.

The days were rather short the first of March, gradually lengthening until the first of April, when they grew longer more perceptibly and at the first of May the nights were only from ten p. m. to three a. m.

We received mail every two to four weeks, but from this time on until we reached Dawson City, we paid from fifteen to twenty-five cents for each letter to a special courier. At first this was somewhat annoying, especially when one received from two to six letters at a time, but we soon became accustomed to it and were so glad to hear from home and friends that we got so we did not mind it.

Now and then the gentlemen would go over the Pass to make some purchases in Dyea, where there were several small stores and one large one, and then they would bring our mail to us.

We were warm and comfortable at all times tenting in Lindermann, though the weather was much more severe there than further in the interior on account of the winds.

It was interesting during March and April to walk out and watch the going and coming of the men hauling freight, though in some cases pitiable—some packing themselves, others having dog, horse and goat teams—however there were few of the last two named. The mountain goats are said to work well, they eat less, will pull more and live longer than the dog.

I often took long walks and though I would leave home in the sunshine, sometimes ere I returned it would be snowing and blowing furiously and I would be almost blinded and reach home quite fatigued, but I believe walking out every day was a great benefit to me and acclimated me finely.

We invited the young minister that we heard speak in Sheep's Camp to hold a song service on Sunday evenings in our tent, which he did, and the service was much enjoyed.

Sometimes we would go across the lake with my





OUR TENT SURROUNDED BY TWELVE FEET OF SNOW.

brother and friends, and while they would get their wood we would look around for spruce gum, and hunt a nice place to coast with little Emily, often all of us getting on the sled together, and shortly after be thrown into the deep snow that filled up a deep ravine, which only increased our fun. If it seemed cold the boys would build us a fire, by which we kept warm when we tired of exercising.

During the first half of April it snowed a great deal and the wind blew terrifically.

On the morning of April third an awful avalanche of snow came down between the Summit and Sheep's Camp, nearer the latter, and nearly seventy-five people were buried. This was a great shock to every one. Never had I been near so great a disaster. So many strong young men so suddenly killed, so many families bereft of loved ones, and deprived of being near their sons when death came, to administer the last kind act. Several women were buried in this snow slide. A friend of ours lay for four hours beneath it and was then dug out and resuscitated. He had mail for me in his possession at the time and I have the letter, which was from my father, and shall keep it as a relic of the snow-slide at Sheep's Camp in 1898. Less than a year before, the terrible flood to which I have previously referred, occurred near this place.

There was a blizzard on near the middle of April, the wind was raging and the snow had continually come down for days. On the morning of April thirteenth, at six o'clock, our tent collapsed. The center ridge-pole broke under the weight of eight feet of snow, that had blown there during the night, and we miraculously escaped from being buried alive. The first break made a cracking sound that awakened us, but the tent did not

lower until the second break, which broke the pole and brought the tent, with its heavy weight of snow down, not entirely, however; giving us barely time to dress and snatch our wraps, when it all came down flat upon our beds.

Still the stove and china-press kept a portion of it up on the other side and in one corner, and to this part we hastened and huddled together, sat and waited until my brother went out and aroused our friend, Fred, who arose and prepared for our coming into his tent.

As we sat there in that comfortless place, soberly looking at one another I thought to myself "what would my family and friends say now if they could only see us"—a desolate picture we made—but we had come out of it all right and as usual I saw the comical side and could not repress my laugh, though I felt none the less thankful and I freely admit that morning was one of the trials of our trip.

Our friends soon had a nice warm place in which to invite us, tidied and made as respectable as possible—but when I tell you that the tent was eight by ten for six of us to occupy you will realize how crowded we were.

But we made merry the time and place, as we cooked the breakfast on that stormy morning.

We had been there but a short time when hearing some one call I looked out and saw one of our friends, Mr. S., pushing and shoving his way into our tent, calling loudly "Craig, Craig." I knew from his demonstrations that he thought we were all in there buried alive, and I called to him that we were safe. We afterward laughed many times over it. That night the gentlemen slept in the bunk-house and gave their tent to us.

All night long the wind howled—we reclined in our dresses and did not disrobe. One of us got up every once in a while and made up the fire—the snow piled on the top of this tent some, but it being so much smaller, there was little or no danger of its coming down.

Still we were a little uneasy and appreciated the thoughtfulness of a friend, who was sitting up with a sick man, that prompted him to come out every hour and clean our tent off with a broom. He had said to my brother that as we felt uneasy he would keep the snow off as he had to be up all night anyway, and he urged my brother to take his rest.

The next day it still blew and stormed and there could be nothing done to our tent. We had a great deal of annoyance one moment and fun the next, cooking and serving our meals in that little cramped place.

The following morning brother and Fred went to the woods and got some strong green poles, and that afternoon near three, a number of friends joined brother, each with a shovel and began the arduous task of taking the snow off of our tent, and repitching it. They worked for two hours or more, then they raised the tent and soon we saw our humble little home ready for us. A good fire had warmed it and taken the dampness off so we bade our friends good-night and repaired to our own home, thanking them for their hospitality, to which they replied that it had been an advantage to them, and they had enjoyed it, particularly our cooking, they laughingly added.

We were hours getting our bedding entirely dry, and our home re-arranged for our convenience and comfort, and retired that night late.

When the days were pleasant, the sun shone so brightly in the sky so deeply blue, with fleecy white

clouds here and there and the wind was so completely allayed, that one almost forgot the howling, screeching blizzard of the previous days. And at night when it was calm, I loved to stand and gaze at the serene sky, which was made more beautiful by the graceful outlines of the snow-covered mountains, rising majestically in the near distance.

The evening star seemed larger and more brilliant here than elsewhere, though that may have been imaginary. During March the Aurora, that great searchlight of the North, now and then appeared, more often in a white color, though at times breaking into colors that vied with the rainbow in brilliancy.

From time to time late papers came, which brought the news of the impending war between the United States and Spain and on the twenty-eighth of April we received the news that war was declared.

All of our friends were intensely interested and some talked of returning and joining the army and I think many of those on the trail would have done so but for the great expense they had had going into this country.

The last of April the snow began to melt during the long pleasant days and in May the ice commenced to move out of the lake. We enjoyed walking out of evenings along the shore of the lake until we came to the cañon where the torrent of water came with a rush and a roar on into the lake breaking up the ice, and returning we wandered through this little city of tents of twelve to fifteen thousand people, finding interest in reading the names on the tents which represented many if not all parts of the world.

The first six weeks or more there was no sickness in Lindermann, though there was a great deal at

Sheep's Camp during the two weeks' stay there and it had increased daily.

And about the middle of April a number sickened in Lindermann and from that time until the first of June there was a great deal of sickness and a number of deaths; every few days a small procession could be seen wending its way to the little graveyard on the knoll nearby.

Kind attention and every care was given to the unfortunates who died in this strange, new country some of whom lay in an unnamed, unknown grave, for in a few cases no one knew them or anything about them.

We were very careful in every way possible to ward off sickness. Always boiled the water which the physicians claimed was impure and caused the sickness.

One case came under our attention that was quite pathetic. There were three partners, all of whom seemed in good health. But from the start one, the largest and strongest apparently, of the three, refused to work. He never said he was sick, or what ailed him but complained of being tired. The other two stood it for a while, but when he seemed well and ate heartily, they began to upraid him and finally they quarrelled and parted, the other two telling him they did not want him any longer and in a couple of days afterward he died alone in his tent—it was heart trouble. The pathos of this little affair brought tears to many eyes, and the partners of course felt badly, as they thought he was well and able to work. I think one might recall a most estimable moral from this—indeed two: "Judge not," "Be charitable"—under any and all circumstances.

We enjoyed the last of May and the forepart of June very much—then we had continual daylight—there

was no night, only a dimness of the day, which might be termed a long twilight and lingering dawn combined. It seemed to me that day and night were veritably wedded—for the setting and the rising of the sun were almost together.

The only disadvantage to all of this was not being able to sleep in so bright a light—but even in this there was a gain.

A number of times near twelve p. m. I was awake and quietly putting on my slippers I would tip-toe across the floor, and pulling the curtains aside, I would look at the rising sun just peeping forth in all the beauty possible.

One morning in particular I recall, it seemed like a great red ball of fire, from which radiated a deep glow that gradually lessened as it distanced from the sun, until it passed from the rosy red to the delicate pink shades; then lighter it grew passing from the least possible tint of pink into the very light blue of the sky, deepening into the most intense blue, and around and above all this floated the softest of pearly grey clouds intermingled with others of downy whiteness.

Shivering I crept back into bed but left the curtains pulled a tiny bit apart, that I might lay and feast my eyes upon the great fair dawning of the day, which brought me thoughts akin to this grand and beautiful display of nature.

The month of May was a busy one at Lindermann. Most of the men were busy whip-sawing their lumber and building their boats, of which there was six thousand built there. Boats large and small, and of every conceivable shape, from the tiniest skiff to the largest barge or scow, and some even built rafts.

We looked with interest upon the two saw-mills there

in operation, the numerous saw-pits of those whip-sawing their own lumber and the construction of the many boats.

We began to get anxious to start down the rivers and lakes, yet we knew it was wise to wait until the ice was gone. Many started the last of May and the first few days of June, but a number of boats got jammed in the ice; many outfits were lost, and a few were drowned.

One morning, shortly after breakfast, we were standing on the lake shore, watching the different vessels afloat, when our attention was called to a small raft made of three ill shaped logs, on which a man stood, having his coat for a sail and nothing but a small mess sack as freight; and in this poor, unsafe way he was going to Dawson. Mrs. C. got in a boat and a friend rowed her within speaking distance of the man and she called out to him not to proceed in such a way so long a distance, but he replied that he would go to Dawson City and this was the only way in which he could go. Mrs. C. then took a snap shot of him and the next day we heard he had been drowned—poor fellow! lying in a watery grave from sheer recklessness.

Another pleasant morning was darkened by the ravings of a mad man. I did not see the man but heard his wild talk clear to our tent, and afterwards heard one of the men say he was crazy and that the Mounted Police had taken him in charge.

Numerous little sad incidents occurred such as these and pathetic indeed were our thoughts, when we saw the sick and the dying, the insane and the troubled, burdened in this strange, new country.

The names of the boats were interesting. Many were named for dear ones at home, and others were com-

ically called, "Yellow Garter," "Seven come Eleven," and so on. We named ours, "Old Glory."

Decoration Day was fitly commemorated in appropriate exercises, and the graves of the poor unfortunates, who had died during the Spring were decorated. This service was attended by the North West Mounted Police. The Union Jack and our dear old flag were crossed and held over each grave as the flowers were placed upon it.

June third was Emily's birthday and upon that evening we entertained our friends—the little birthday party serving as a sort of farewell fête as well, for in the following few days our friends began to leave, some having Dawson as their destination, and others going up the Stewart and elsewhere, and that little social hour was our last with these friends for months. That day we were very busy. After having prepared our refreshments, we arranged our tent in as much of a drawing-room as possible.

We left the curtains up that draped off one of our bed-rooms, but the other we drew back and looped up, and the wolf robed couch made a convenient place to use as a receptacle for hats. The wooden settee we draped in a dark, brightly bordered blanket.

We stretched a new tarpaulin upon the floor, and re-arranged the china-press, bookcase and seats placing them across the corners, and put the table back a little farther to make more room. Two of the gentlemen had rowed across the lake that morning to a pretty spot, where they found lots of wild flowers and had returned with their arms full. It took but a few moments to transform our northern home into a southern bower, apparently, as we placed the beautiful wild flowers in every conceivable place. But perhaps the prettiest thing

in the room was the table on which was spread a cloth of snowy whiteness, and over this we placed a large doily, embroidered in roses typical of our June rose of ten summers.

The roses were not in bloom, but we selected a pretty pink flower to lay in garlands around the birthday cake upon which were placed ten lighted tapers. And when we had finished our task and were ready to see our friends, we felt repaid for the hours spent so busily.

We had a most pleasant evening, and one we all will remember.

The following week we were preparing to leave Lindermann, and on Monday, June thirteenth, we started on our journey to Dawson.

We were glad indeed, to leave Lindermann and resume our way into the interior. Yet we left a number of good friends there, among whom were two of the North West Mounted Police—the sergeant and the corporal—very pleasant Englishmen of culture and refinement; and we were turning our faces from home and going farther away from our dear ones, which made us sad. Withal though, we felt quite happy as we waved adieus to those on shore and sailed away from Lindermann, where we had tented for over three months, the forepart of which was passed amidst the snow and ice and wind, and later on the charms of Spring had held us enraptured with an intense interest, watching the ice move out of the lake and each little flower uplift its head, opening its petals, under the rays of the sun.

Our Trip Down the Chain of Rivers and Lakes.

THERE was just eleven on board the "Old Glory": our family and my brother's partner and four passengers, two of whom were friends. Then my brother had hired two men as carpenter and pilot, the latter representing himself to be an experienced river man.

Everything possible was arranged for our convenience. A little cabin had been built upon the barge for our use only, in which we slept. The men pitched tent on the evening that we tied up, and cooked for the following day, we just having our own meals to prepare.

We left Lindermann at one p. m., and in two hours reached the portage between Lindermann and Bennett. The rapids between these lakes are much dreaded by every one, many having built their boats in Bennett to avoid passing through them.

No boat as large as our barge had even been taken through these rapids, and the cargo being very expensive, my brother decided to hire the expert pilots to take her through and they lined her down the following day.

We expected the pilots near noon and shortly before that hour we left the barge and hastened over the portage to an eminence where we could view the boat, as she was lined through Lindermann Rapids. We soon reached the spot near the swiftest part and seated our-



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OLD GLORY GOING THROUGH MILES CANON.

selves upon a rock. In a few moments the barge appeared with four men on board and three on either shore to aid in lining her down. The pilots succeeded nicely passing all dangerous rocks, and after everyone thought the barge safely through, they carelessly allowed her to strike a rock, which made quite a hole in her. We had anxiously watched the "Old Glory" as she was lined through these treacherous waters, and felt quite relieved when we saw she had passed the places upon which we feared she might be wrecked. We then turned and walked up and down the little incline to where we expected her to land.

We had walked but a short distance when we met a man who said—"Ladies I think they have knocked a hole in your barge, for they were throwing things out when I passed" and hurrying on we found his words too true. This of course delayed us in Bennett two days. My brother and his crew went to work and soon the barge was as good as new. Re-loading came next and on Thursday at five p. m., we resumed our journey to Dawson.

We had sailed but a short distance, near twelve miles, when we encountered a head wind which caused us to go ashore, for rowing on so large and so heavily freighted a vessel made such slow progress that it seemed impracticable.

Though we would not have cared to have remained here and delayed our journey too long, yet the two days we lingered in this pretty little spot were much enjoyed, and in delight we climbed the mountains and gathered the wild flowers. Picturesque indeed was the attractive scenery that surrounded this little mountain place and when wearied from walking, we would get into one of the little row boats and, accompanied by one of the

gentlemen, we would soon get refreshed on the quiet waters. The evening scene particularly impressed me, the mountains sloping directly down to the water's edge, were mirrored on the bosom of the lake—so calm were the waters that not even the tiniest ripple was seen only when our oars disturbed the surface; and over this quiet scene fell the clear rays of a brightly setting sun. Reluctantly did we retire on these evenings.

Finally it was decided on the third day to start and row awhile; after several hours of rowing we found a nice spot near noon, where we landed for dinner. Soon after our family party left the barge and climbed the nearest mountain, leaving word with the men, if a favorable wind should spring up, to leave one of the little boats for us and sail on. This was also one of the prettiest places that we snubbed in on the entire trip and on this mountain we found the dainty blue and white forget-me-not and clumps of ferns of the maiden-hair species as well as lots of wild roses. And all along the route were all sorts of flowers; butter-cups, daisies, sweet-peas, and a number of other kinds.

Birds and fish abounded and sometimes it was hard to realize how far north we were when daily we were enjoying the pleasures of flowers and birds with the bright sunshine and beautiful scenery.

The ptarmigan is a beautiful northern bird of snowy whiteness in the winter, though in the summer it turns a grayish mode. Another peculiarity of it is that its feet are protected by a thick white fur in the cold season, that in the spring it loses. The pretty plumage of the duck is dark mode and white—the former color of the rich leaden hues intermingled with darkest of greens, is over most of the body but the latter is found on the breast.

While we were busy picking a bouquet away up on the mountain side we noticed the wind had changed, and looking down at the barge we saw our crew making ready to depart. We hurried down and got in the little boat, and as the wind from the south was so slight, my brother soon rowed ahead of the barge, and gained a pretty little island where we landed and awaited the barge. Soon she came sailing along and we were taken on board.

The wind had increased, and we went rapidly spinning over the water and sailed all night, out of Lake Bennett, through Caribon Crossing, thence into Little Windy Arm. The latter we reached between three and four in the morning and right suddenly were we awakened, the clatter of the things falling around us, and the calling of the pilot on the outside of our cabin "Star-board" then "Port" followed by "Man the oars," made us know that we had come into Windy Arm and the waves tossed us wildly as we were rowed ashore, for it was too late to cross Big Windy until the following morning at two o'clock, that being the best hour to ride on these wind-tossed waves. And here we spent an interesting day, climbed a rather steep mountain on which there was a thick, scraggy growth of trees, as well as great, lofty ones. We found the trail up this incline quite fatiguing, but we felt amply repaid when we gained the summit and had a fine view of the surrounding country and water over which we had passed, and also a good view of Big Windy.

We could see three pretty little islands in the near distance and the middle one had the perfect form of a turtle. These islands are much feared by all who sail on this water, lest amidst the angry waves their boats should be thrown ashore on one of them. And then it

might take days ere the wind and waves could be overcome and the boats again set sailing and if a very heavily freighted vessel was cast upon these shores it is possible that it would have to be abandoned.

After resting and gazing upon this natural picture of land and water so splendidly spread before us, we walked down on the other side of the mountain and went close to the water, were we seated ourselves on a big rock to watch the play of wind and wave on this dreaded lake. As we looked upon these violent waters, dashing with great force up to our very feet, it seemed that the breakers of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, although larger, were no more powerful than these. This body of water is well named Big Windy.

That evening we retired quite early and arose shortly after midnight, getting well started and on Big Windy before two a. m.

Oh! Our crew worked hard and all hands were kept busy to keep the wind and waves from driving us ashore on one of these islands. But we passed over the wild body of water very successfully, and snubbed in at a quiet little cove to rest from the strain we all felt and refresh ourselves with a breakfast, which we took more than ordinary pains in preparing. After which we were soon sailing toward Tagish Lake, which we reached near six p. m.

We remained here more than an hour, awaiting the inspection of the custom officers. While we were at Tagish we saw four Indians under surveillance there at that time for murder of a white man. This crime had been committed only a short time before and for the motive of robbery. The Indians were all very young, fifteen, sixteen, nineteen, twenty-one years of age.

An officer walked to and fro in front of their tent,

where they sat chained. They were bright, intelligent looking Indians and seemed capable of realizing the crime, for which they were imprisoned, although they carelessly smiled when questioned in regard to it.

The custom officers were busy attending to the steamboat that landed just prior to us, which was the second steamboat to make this trip down the rivers and lakes to Dawson, one having sailed a few days previously.

While awaiting our turn we walked around this government station which seemed so shaped and laid out to make an excellent little watering resort. Quite a pretty little place in the summer in the midst of sheltering trees, but lonely indeed in the winter, we were told by those who wintered there.

Near eight p. m. we left Tagish Station and sailed smoothly. It was a fine evening and for three hours we enjoyed the pleasure of sitting out on deck looking at the scenery. Gradually the snow-capped mountains that were distantly visible during the first part of our trip were disappearing and the days were quite warm, although the nights were very cool. That evening we passed a little Indian village and before we retired we were on Marsh Lake—sometimes called Mud Lake—and sailed all night.

The next morning we passed into Sixty Mile River, a very pretty stream of water running through a picturesque part of the country.

A heavy rain storm overtook us at three p. m. and we snubbed in until morning.

The following day we enjoyed smooth sailing and most beautiful scenery and at four p. m. we landed a mile above Miles Cañon.

The next morning we left our barge near noon and

hastened to an elevation, where we could see our boat go through the cañon. She could not be lined through these waters of course. One man stood at the bow and another at the stern, and two men on either side at the oars.

The entire freight was left on board and "Old Glory" most successfully went through both Miles Cañon and White Horse Rapids. We had seen a large steamboat pass through the evening before, but she had struck a rock and made a small hole in her, so we were glad to see our barge so proudly borne through these noted waters.

Miles Cañon is grand! On either side the great cliffs rise perpendicularly and are so formed by nature that they seem to be the work of man rather than of God, so very regular are the immense pillars that appear like columns of architecture, and the red, green and gray stone harmonizing in natural confusion, lends additional charm to these massive walls, at the foot of which the fierce waters raged.

White Horse Rapids seem less dangerous to me than Miles Cañon; much wider and not bounded by high cliffs, although the waters plunge and roar madly over the rocks which throw the foaming, spraying waves high into the air.

After watching a number of boats come through and having been joined by my brother, we walked quite a distance to where our barge was landed. We saw a number of Indians camped at White Horse and along the trail.

The mosquitoes which had annoyed us some before were more numerous and irritated us quite a great deal here.

As we walked along we saw a number whose boats



WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

had gone to pieces, or been damaged in the cañon or White Horse Rapids. They were drying outfits and repairing boats.

After a five o'clock dinner we spent a pleasant evening and retired early. We started at eight a. m. and very shortly afterward got on a sandbar which caused our crew some labor and a good wetting but delayed us only a few moments as they succeeded in pushing us off very soon.

This was a pleasant day of smooth sailing and fine views. We passed the Taceenah River and soon sailed into Lake Le Barge. In the afternoon we encountered heavy swells which made me a little dizzy. Toward evening we found a pleasant little place where we snubbed in. We spent a couple of days in this attractive place waiting for a favorable wind. There was one advantage in being delayed as it gave us an opportunity of exploring so much more of the country. Every where we stopped there was beautiful foliage and lovely flowers. And there is a great variety of lichens in the North.

On the third day we started again, still sailing on Lake Le Barge. This lake is said to be subject to squalls, but we were favored with smooth sailing and pleasant weather. The next morning we sailed into Thirty Mile River which we dreaded very much on account of the many rocks in it. Its entire bottom is said to be formed of rocks. Shortly after sailing into the river and rather early in the morning a sudden bend in the river brought a great rock into view, and had my brother been at the stern we would have been steered aright but he was in the cabin, having just finished breakfast. Stepping out on deck he saw the pilot was taking the wrong course and that we were in imminent danger—

and springing to the bow he called to the pilot to turn into the left channel but it was too late. We were going very fast and the suction at this point was strong. Never shall I forget the scene and my brother's voice calling out: "My God! We are going to strike the rock! All stand firm!" Then came the awful crash! Almost instantly one of the little boats was untied and in a moment more Mrs. C., little Emily and I were seated in it being rowed to shore. The men succeeded in snubbing in the barge just as she was sinking, and nothing kept her from sinking sooner but the fact that all the flour was placed right over the great hole made by the rock and so tightly were the sacks packed that the water made slow progress in pressing its way in.

The loss of freight was great but a large amount was saved by the quick action of not only our eight men, but eight others, who had struck the same rock and were camped near, repairing boats and drying outfits, and they kindly aided in unloading the barge.

The hole the rock made in our boat was three feet, ten inches by four feet and a half, and seemed almost the entire end of the boat. Our barge was borne safely through Miles Cañon and White Horse Rapids only to meet its doom on that cruel rock where so many had the misfortune of going to pieces.

It took just four days to dry the fruit and provisions that were worth saving, repair the barge and re-load ready for sailing on this terrible river. During this time we saw a number of boats barely escape destruction on the same rock, and on the last day two boats were entirely destroyed, outfits lost and the occupants just escaped drowning. In one of these boats were two women who were saved by my brother and our party. One of them, a young German girl, was on the rock fully fifteen min-

utes calling for help before she could be rescued. All efforts were being made to save the other woman whom the current was fast bearing away, and when the men in a small boat had reached the latter, my brother reached out and caught her by her long hair, thus pulling her in. With some difficulty was the young girl reached; in fact the boat could not be rowed very close to the rock upon which a part of the wreck had caught, and it was to this small portion of lumber the girl clung. A rope was thrown out to her by one of the men in the boat, and she slipped it over her head and tightened the slip-knot herself, after which they drew her into the boat.

They were both brought to our tent and we resuscitated and cared for them. That night they occupied our tent and we went aboard the barge into our cabin. They were strong, robust women, and the next morning they were all right and very thankful to us for having saved them. We were glad that all was ready to leave this place where our tent was in sight of that dreadful rock. At eight o'clock that morning we started, and had a trying day, sailing amidst the rocks of Thirty Mile.

At one place a reef of rocks came far out into the water in cone shape and it seemed as though we surely would strike these, but managed to escape. In the evening we reached the Houtalinqua, where we rested over night.

Here we were assured by my brother and the N. W. M. P. and others, that we had nothing to fear now but sand-bars; that we had passed all dangerous rocks.

More than two hundred boats went to pieces during the summer on the same rock we struck. This last spring the Government had taken most of it out, by dredging partly, and partly by blasting. The following

morning, after a night's refreshing rest, we left the police station on the Houtalinqua and soon sailed into the Lewis River, on which we enjoyed smooth sailing. Near noon we reached the Big Salmon where we landed for a short time. There is quite an Indian village here and we found the walk through it very interesting. The Indians are of the Chilcat tribe and wear rings in their noses. The men were intelligent looking and neatly dressed, while just the reverse could be said of the women and children, though the former had evil looking faces, while the latter had a good kind expression, even though lacking intellectually. The Chief wanted to trade for little Emily and was so earnest about it that he followed us clear to our barge with his arms full of skins and we felt happier when we sailed away from the station. Of course my brother laughed at us and said there was no danger, but he admitted that the Chief was in earnest about the trade and we feared him, not knowing what he might dare after he was thwarted.

It was about two p. m. when we left the Big Salmon and only sailed a couple of hours, snubbing in earlier than usual to have a sweep-oar made, as our stern oar had gotten partially broken in landing. The mosquitoes were terrible here, and in fact from this place until within a few miles of Dawson we were greatly annoyed by them. We made a smudge every night in our cabin and drove them all out, and we put camphor ice on our faces, yet still we were troubled. The following day at seven a. m. we started again and at noon reached the Little Salmon. Here we saw another Indian settlement remarkable for its cleanliness. These Indians were neat and intelligent looking and had kind, friendly faces which fairly shone with good nature as they waved good-bye to us; especially did we win the pleasant smile of the squaws.

In the afternoon we ran on a sandbar which delayed us an hour. The scenery continued to be charming, although we saw less of the wild rugged class but more of foot-hills or rolling land. Near the Little Salmon upon one of the high mountains we saw a number of wolves. Between the Big Salmon and the Little Salmon we passed a mountain that we called Mt. Echo on account of the very clear echo that resounded unusually plain. A remark made in almost the ordinary conversational tone or very little louder was taken up and vibrated just as the voice naturally sounded.

One of the pleasant reminiscences of our trip was the exchange of greetings. Some one on every boat we met called out cheerily to "Old Glory." Probably partly from the attraction the name had for these men who were traveling so far away from "Old Glory" now waving over the battle field, and every once in a while we would pass a boat from which we would hear the sweet strains of music. One of our party would call out "come and give us some of that" and jumping into a small row boat one of them would come over, tie to our barge, and getting up into it would play for half an hour or more on the mandolin, banjo or guitar and then return to his party after a hearty thanks had been given him. Perhaps the next day we would meet the same party or another one who would again render sweet music for us.

That evening we found a quiet cove where we landed and passed the night. The next morning we left the little eddy at seven o'clock and neared Five Finger Rapids. Quite a distance from the Rapids we were taken ashore by one of the passengers, Mr. O., who was a former friend and he accompanied us in the long, tedious walk at the beginning of which we ascended a

very steep mountain. From this high point we looked upon the most magnificent scenery. For a time we had a level walk on this high elevation and enjoyed the gorgeous view. Then we walked up and down the inclines and at last through a forest of tall as well as those of under-growth trees—an unbroken trail which fatigued us greatly ere we reached the place where our barge was landed. When we reached Five Finger Rapids however, we sat down and rested and gazed upon this peculiar formation of natural beauty. It is so named from the five great rocks through which the waters pass. Just to one side and at the rear of one of these rocks is a natural bridge, which is an added charm to the already pretty formation.

We sat here quite a while talking and laughing and enjoying the view. We watched several boats go through, and in one case we fairly held our breath lest the boat would strike one of the rocks. My brother and Mr. S. joined us and feeling refreshed we finished our long walk and got on board the barge.

Rink Rapids closely follow those of Five Finger and we remained on board while passing through these. The turbulent portion is on the left, while it is quite calm and smooth on the right.

On the night of the Fourth of July we saw a beautiful sight and we were at a loss to say whether it was a sunrise or sunset. The sun rose and set at so nearly the same time and the same place that in this case it was somewhat puzzling to distinguish the one from the other, but this really must have been a sunset; there shone in the heavens a great fiery ball in the midst of the most beautiful opal tinted clouds, and in some way the phenomena of which I cannot explain the sun seemed to multiply itself and there were several along the hor-

izon; all of this was reflected on the dark blue waters below. As we stood for some few moments in a rapt, fixed gaze feasting upon the gorgeous picture of land and water and sky, the fiery red changed into a rose, the rose into a soft pink, which faded into the most delicate hue, and the blue of the heavens and the blue of the waters beneath, intermingled with the rosy pinks of the sun, so harmoniously touched up here and there with foliage, gave such an agreeable mixture of color that no one could possibly attain it, no artist could possibly conceive of it. It could be but from the hand of One Artist.

And when on retiring, we remembered that this was the night of the Fourth of July and that in many places throughout America that thousands were enjoying the sight of the beautiful and brightly colored fire-works ascend to the heavens, we felt nowhere was there seen a more beautiful sight—nowhere were there enjoyed grander colors than we had seen in this natural picture of a setting sun and we will never forget the glory of the Fourth of July, 1898.

The next afternoon we reached Fort Selkirk where we remained that night. The Fort is a level plateau on a prominent and very pretty site. At one time the Government considered making it the capital of the Northwest Territory. We spent a very pleasant afternoon here, saw the spot upon which the original Fort was, walked through the Indian settlement, which has a number of well built houses, though most of the Indians were off on hunts. We saw the police quarters and the Mission of the Church of England which has a nice church, school-house and rectory. As we walked through the Mission, our thoughts were saddened when we recalled the fate of the Reverend Lyons from England, who was

on his way to take charge of this Mission when he was drowned. He was on Lake Le Barge during a storm a couple of days before we were—in one of those sudden squalls. His scow was too large to land in the strong wind and he and others were lighting her. He was in a very small canoe which the wind capsized and he could not be rescued, though strong efforts were made to do so. He went down to be seen nevermore.

We were interested in the Indian graves here which were very peculiar looking; each one was fenced around and was decorated with all colors of cloth, grown old and ragged, doubtless from being worn by the wind. Here we saw a fine collection of furs; the store was not open to the public but the gentleman kindly showed us the various kinds of wild animals.

We were delighted to find a patch of the nicest sort of greens here and the men picked a large amount. We also had the good fortune to find some wild currants with which we made a fine currant roll.

Just across from Fort Selkirk was a very high, flat elevation, a palisade said to be the result of recent volcanic eruption not more than eight or ten years ago.

About twenty-five miles from here, and a hundred and twenty-five miles from Dawson we landed the next day at a place called "Lazy Man's Gulch," a new mining camp. Colors had been found and parties were digging for bed rock where they expected to find gold in good paying quantities. We lingered here for several days and in fact we stopped a number of other places along the last of the route to investigate the camps and learn if there had been any good strikes made; but in this place as in all others, although gold was found in very small quantities, yet not sufficient to justify our remaining.

Soon again we were on our way, stopping here and there wherever we saw a mining camp, sometimes only an hour or so and again a day or two or even longer. We stopped at Stewart City over night where there were a large number of people. The place stretched quite a distance along the front of the river and seemed to be in three separate parts. Some jestingly called it "Split Up City" on account of many having dissolved partnership here, and it was rather remarkable how large a number who had tried to bear with each other and kept together, would feel that they must separate when they reached Stewart City.

The trials of the men going into the interior of this country, the arduous labor, the severe hardships, the many privations were strains on the tempers of even the best natured and it is no wonder that many good friends and even brothers quarrelled. A friend of ours told us of a very funny, though reckless experience he had. One of their number was very cranky and officious, ordering the others around, and one morning right in the center of the swift flowing rock-filled Thirty Mile, as the current bore them rapidly along, this man ordered our friend who was making the fire to hurry and do it differently. To which he replied that he was attending to that, and in answer the man said something very impudent upon which our friend jumped up and there in a small boat they began to fight out the trouble. The other men in the boat could not help seeing the humorous side though they knew it was reckless. Our friend succeeded in whipping the other and all ended well.

Domestic life has its worries and men are unused to the petty annoyances of it. I think that many, if not all, of the men who have made this trip into the in-

terior of the north, will return to their homes much more appreciative of the home life and the duties of women, the majority of whom lead rather busy, industrious lives even though in many cases assisted by one or more maids.

The day after we landed at Stewart City we were again sailing on the bosom of the great Yukon, this time constantly in fear of sandbars. This river is full of them and sometimes a large barge is compelled to stay on one for days until a steamboat comes along and for a good round sum pulls her off. The last day of our journey we got on one but were fortunate in not remaining on only a little over an hour.

The wild, rugged scenery again came in view during the last part of our trip and we saw another of those palisades, out of which came a beautiful cascade that dashed in foamy whiteness to the base of the great rocks.

And now we were nearing Dawson City, the goal of our hopes, the destination of our journey. As I experienced it then day by day, and as I recall it now from time to time, it was a most pleasing journey and one of the most intense interest. True, the striking of the rock in Thirty Mile was a trial, a hardship, a dark cloud upon an otherwise sunny picture, yet perhaps it was this glimpse of shade that gave unto us a keener appreciation of the bright and beautiful; at least, I may say in all candor that since we came out of it all right I encountered nothing in the way of hardships in the trip or climate that would have deterred me from making the journey could I have realized the experience before I started.

Just before we reached our destination we suddenly turned around a projecting point of the mountain, a sort of promontory and Dawson City was in sight although

we first sailed by what is called Klondyke City, which is two miles from Dawson proper; and what an array of tents came into view in these two places. As we passed Klondyke City we noticed quite a number of the tents pitched away up on the mountain side and upon rocky places hanging far out over others below and the tents were pitched so very close together that we straightway made up our minds that we decidedly did not want to live there. Sailing on to where we landed in Dawson we passed vessels of all sizes and shape. The shore was not only lined but there were six boats deep upon the waters and upon many of those large enough tents were pitched.

And so upon the evening of July 28th we landed at Dawson City, a very delighted little company that our long journey was over, and that we had at last reached the heart of gold land.



My First Impression of Dawson City.

WE found Dawson City very densely populated, a little White City extending far out into the water. Later these tents were superseded by neat log cabins. Those who had pitched their tents on their boats, either went out upon the creeks or far up on the mountain side, so closely settled was the most of the ground in Dawson. Our first impression of Dawson City was far from being pleasant. Perhaps it were partly on account of homesickness, partly from the fatigue we naturally had after so long a journey, however delightful it had been. But I think not; rather was it the condition of Dawson City for I had never looked upon a more miserable place than it appeared to me upon the evening that I first saw it.

The stores and business places were crowded together terribly and the streets were horribly muddy with great holes in the center of them. Just at the foot of the mountain receiving all of the water pouring down its side, much of Dawson was swampy and covered with black muck, and at the time of our arrival nothing whatever had been done to drain it. The sanitary condition of Dawson was frightful, but aside from this unpleasantness there was a great deal of interest to be seen and heard as one walked through the crowd that was constantly going to and fro on the sidewalks and in the streets of Dawson.

Many sickened and died during the first days of our stay there from typhoid fever, though pneumonia, scurvy and divers diseases had their victims.

This discouraged us and had my brother not located across the river in West Dawson, a dry place compared with Dawson, built upon a gradual ascent leading to the mountain just back of it, we would have in all probability returned to our homes.

In West Dawson we had pure air and good water and later our home was built upon a little knoll that had a commanding view of Dawson City, the mighty Yukon and the mountains surrounding. The scurvy was said to be quite prevalent, though personally we saw little or nothing of it. The physicians seemed almost outwitted by this disease, some saying it was the result of one thing while others gave an entirely different cause, however, most of them agreed that it partially came from uncleanness, lack of sunshine and poorly prepared food. During the entire summer and fall the typhoid raged and even through the winter there were a few cases. The lack of drainage of the great amount of wet, marshy land, from which a most foul odor arose under the rays of the sun, together with the impure water, caused this disease to be so prevalent during the hot period.

We felt delighted to be in the little healthy place in which our home was built where there was no sickness during the entire year, except in two or three cases of those who had been brought down from the creeks after they were taken sick.

Dawson City is probably the most cosmopolitan mining place of the world. There one meets every class of the human race and this alone adds interest to a sojourn in the Klondyke.

In our first walks through Dawson, if one noticed only the faces of the ever moving throng, he doubtless was reminded of the World's Fair grounds and especially at the Midway Plaisance where men of all nationalities wended their ways.

Dawson City was overflowing with the great influx of people, many of whom had been enthused and induced to come into the country by the exaggerated accounts which the papers published from time to time. Many of these returned on the same steamers which landed them, while others whose finances were low waited until the rivers and lakes froze over and walked out over the ice. Others remained in Dawson to take up a vocation to which they were entirely unaccustomed; as an example there were said to be eight college graduates behind saloon bars, two of whom were of Yale.

As to hard physical work the very best classes of men, educated and cultured, were engaged in doing it in various ways.

Soon after we landed we moved over to the West Dawson side, where my brother pitched our tent and fixed us comfortable, after which he began to prepare for winter. He built us a picturesque home, a sort of Queen Ann cottage of birch poles; the bark was peeled off of a portion of these leaving the bare mahogany red log which was a pretty contrast to the pearly gray bark.

The architecture of our little house as well as the building of it was quite a unique success and, as it was both planned and built by my brother, unaided by any one, we were quite proud of his skill, for he had never had the least experience of the kind. Everything inside of "Birch Snuggery" was built by my brother



BIRCH SNUGGERY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

also and was rustic, even the candelabrum which was a picturesque branch of a tree placed upon a solid foundation and this had little bright tin rests for the candles. Mr. and Mrs. C. did some neat upholstery with denim and excelsior on the divan and seats. Cheese cloth was hung upon part of the wall, though the bare birch poles were so pretty and rustic, chinked with green moss that we left some of them uncovered. The windows had dainty hangings of dotted mull and brussels net and we had two screens covered with pure white cheese cloth and each of the spirals tied with ribbon. The top boards of the screens were covered with blue-print pictures which made them very pretty. Our floors were covered with denim, dark blankets and sheep skin rugs. There was not a purchased article of furniture in the house except the stove—though we had a few toilet articles that we had brought into the country with us, such as a triple mirror, small fancy clock and silver brushes and combs, et cetera, which aided in giving a home-like appearance to our Klondyke house. And though we cooked and ate and entertained our friends in one apartment, you would have been surprised at the view that met you in that far off mining camp, had you stepped into our little home when the table was spread with white linen and the few pieces of cut-glass, china, and silver were placed upon it. We had half a dozen pretty sofa pillows stuffed with moss which added to our comfort. I must tell you of the beautiful thick, soft moss of many varieties that grow in the north in various colors from dark green to the lightest, and of red, and brown and some of almost pure white. The moss grows wonderfully thick and when one steps upon it his feet are almost lost in this deep, soft mass of greenery, far softer than a thickly padded velvet car-

pet, its growth varying from two to four or even more inches high, these long sprigs springing from the ground very close together. There are many kinds of lichen clinging to the rocks and trees, of the daintiest of colorings and shapes.

Bodies buried a few feet are preserved for all time—and the digging of a grave was quite an undertaking, as it took two or more men several days to accomplish the excavation necessary.

The ground never thaws only little more than a foot down from the surface. Yet the trees and flowers, the grasses and mosses grow so luxuriantly, and imbedded in the latter are found many tiny, delicate vines and ferns, and vegetation has a ready growth also—this luxuriance is probably due to the sun shining nearly all the time during the summer.

There were five windows in our little house and the roof which was what you call a hip-roof with a gable in front was formed of several things. First tiny poles were closely laid together, on top of which was placed moss and over this boards and lastly the canvas was stretched upon these. A square sky-light gave us a great deal of comfort, especially on the short dark days as it shed light to the very corners of the room. An exact representation of our home is seen upon the frontispiece, to the left of which may be seen the typical miner's cabin.

During August though the days were lengthening still it seemed daylight all night, and in Dawson the people walked and talked the whole night long, but in September the days perceptibly changed, the sun shone brightly most of the time and the thermometer registered between sixty and seventy-five above. It was during the September days and the early ones of October that the rich tints of Autumn were seen. Never have I

beheld more beautifully colored foliage than in the Autumn that I spent north. The leaves of one variety of trees would turn yellow, another red, and still others brown, while less often could be seen a dark, deep purple almost black, yet those that were the most pleasing were the variegated ones, bright yellow and crimson and green combined.

Our door faced a mountain that was literally covered with these gay bright Autumn leaves, gay in the sunshine and we revelled in the pleasure of looking at them day after day as these leaves were showered on the mountain side by the keen winds until King Frost robbed us of this delight. In October the cold winds made us realize that a long Arctic winter was approaching with its short days and long nights and very soon we laid aside our shirt waists and sailor hats to don our winter garments. The change came rapidly and in the first few days of October ice floated in the river which continued more or less until November 4th, when the river entirely closed over. During the last week of this period very immense bodies of ice were borne down the river until they gorged a short distance below, and at night particularly we could hear great crushing sounds as the ice jammed.



An Arctic Winter.

THE days grew very short until they were only about three hours long, then the sun rose from ten thirty to eleven p. m., and near two p. m. we lighted our lamp and candles. We had the pleasure of moonlight nights there as elsewhere, only perhaps more brilliant or the white snow diffused or reflected the light, thereby increasing it.

During the months of November and December the thermometer stood between ten degrees above and twenty degrees below most of the time though for nearly a fortnight we had very cold weather more than fifty-five degrees below. The last week in December we had rather remarkable weather, being warm enough to rain one day.

The Aurora appeared ever and anon, sometimes like a search light shooting from over the mountain tops past the zenith and again as a bright border around the heavens.

We had no very deep snow at any one time though it snowed for a while nearly ever night and as the weather grew more severe it never thawed; so gradually the snow became very deep but one scarcely realized it for each day the previous night's snow was trodden down and so the trail never had deep snow upon it. Though at times the weather was very cold yet we were able to keep warm and comfortable and even when the weather was between fifty and sixty below zero I put on my wraps every day and walked out.

Then the cold weather could be borne much better because it was so very still, scarcely a bit of wind and it was such a dry cold that it did not affect one as it would in a moister climate, yet there was great necessity to watch one's self lest some portion should freeze; many would freeze a cheek or ear and not know it. I had been warned of this and I would feel of my face every few moments when out walking to see if I was all right. I did not get the least frost-bitten in any portion during the entire winter. Once when crossing the river a gentleman addressed me with the words, "Lady, I think one of your cheeks is freezing." Thanking him, I turned to Emily and asked her if it appeared so and she said, "Yes, Aunt Lulu, there is a tiny, little white spot on your right cheek," but I did not feel the least discomfort, yet laughingly bent down and picked up some snow and held it to my cheek though I did not think it was necessary. It was a very common thing to hear men tell each other to feel of their faces and see if they were not frozen and sometimes they would find their ears, noses or cheeks were freezing and they did not feel it. The pain would come after they went into the warmth and those portions would thaw out.

We arose very late and of course a portion of the day went attending to our domestic duties after which we wrote and read. We took in some good readings such as *Progress*, the *University Course of Literature* and our friends kept us well supplied with good novels. Sometimes during the day we ascended the mountain to the right of our home, and walked away into the forest with my brother; enjoyed peeling birch bark off the trees which we separated into thin layers after we got back to the house and stored it away to take back home with us. Once we noticed one or two green leaves peeping from

under the snow and stooping I pulled up a little vine, the leaves of which were bright dark green and a number of red berries on it, which were much like the holly berries though the leaf was tiny; these were pretty to decorate our home.

The evenings were spent pleasantly with our friends, one and another coming until sometimes we had from six to ten visitors at one time. We passed the time these long winter evenings in music and conversation on Art and Literature and the current topics of the day—or at least as far as we knew them. The gentlemen brought their instruments with them and we all joined in the merry songs that resounded in our northern home. The War was discussed, for though it had virtually closed in August, still we would hear some sensational news of its continuance every little while. It was annoying to hear the many false rumors afloat. The last steamboat brought in mail the latter part of October and it was two months—yes, nearly three months—ere we received our new mail over the ice on January 24, though some old mail was received in December, and on April 20 we received our last mail over the ice. In a little over a month the first steamboat down river brought in mail. Always the day after the new mail got in, the post-office was closed to sort over the large amount of mail, and the following day it was a novel sight to see the large number in front of the post-office formed into a double line, and this extended sometimes for two blocks up and down the street, each man awaiting his turn. And during the severe weather it was hard on the men—there was a side door, however, where ladies were waited upon immediately.

At one time in the winter there were a large number of reindeers held in Dawson brought there for the

purpose of conveying mail to St. Michael, and there were also a few Eskimos with their own reindeer there for a short time.

We spent a pleasant Thanksgiving which was shared by a half dozen of our best friends. We had not the usual turkey dinner though we had quite a dainty repast of oyster patties, shrimp salad, asparagus, potatoes, tomatoes, plum pudding, lemon ice, salted almonds, and coffee.

Child-life in that far off northern clime was interesting, and the little girls and boys of Dawson and its vicinity enjoyed life very much akin to those of the rest of the world. In my daily walks I met children of all ages from three to twelve years happy and gay in their glee, with their dogs and sleds. Sometimes a number would be piled on the Yukon sleds drawn by one or more dogs, attended and cared for by some older friend, though at times they would be in no one's charge, the older children driving the dogs, and calling out, "Mush on," "Gee there," and "Haw." The first expression is from the French *Marché*.

These little ones were always well wrapped and usually wore an outside garment of fur called a "parka" that goes over the head and has no front or back opening; to this is attached a hood that fastens close over the face, revealing only the eyes when it is necessary to protect the face. This garment is the typical northern wrap worn by most of the men when out on stampedes or long tramps during the cold season. Now and then you would see a woman wearing a parka, though the majority wore fur coats or the ordinary wraps they were accustomed to at home. The dogs worked faithfully in and about Dawson just as they did on the trail from Dyea to the Pass. The streets of Dawson and the roads leading to

the gulches were thronged with these dog teams, and so quietly did they travel that one had to look out not to be run over; and some of them were beautiful creatures, especially do I refer to the interior dogs, the Malamute and the Husky, which are of the wolf species and are fine specimens of a canine. Most of the dogs were well treated by their masters, though now and then you would come across men who were very cruel to these faithful animals. I had several rides behind these Yukon horses but never attempted to drive them myself, and one day a young girl friend about thirteen years of age came to take me out for a ride. She had two dogs harnessed to the sled, and as I got on I said: "Now Josie, do you know how to manage this team?" To which she answered, "Oh, yes Miss Craig;" and the words were scarcely out until they started, she having the reins. We were going down hill and they started from the first to go very fast, Josie trying to stop them. Well, they got away from her of course, as I might have known they would, and on they raced faster and faster, I laughing and calling to them; soon I saw a sawbuck for which they seemed heading. I quickly threw my arms up to protect my head and face if we struck it; fortunately we just grazed it and soon after the dogs turned off and the sled upset, I rolling down the incline. My young friend came rushing down in distress fearing I was hurt, and seemed so sorry that she had attempted to guide the dogs, but I soon relieved her by saying that I was not at all hurt and that I did not know when I had had such fun. After we got down on the river I got on again and then the dogs traveled nicely. Ten or twelve of these dogs attached to a Yukon sled embellished with bells and bright ornaments is a pretty sight. Some black, some are almost pure white, others a deep

cream, and again you will see black and brown spots upon the white ones. They are very affectionate but are great thieves. They forage every night and almost always get great pieces of bacon and ham from the caches. It was wonderful to see how they would open cans with their teeth and paws. A Malamute dog was worth two hundred dollars and upward and an ordinary dog from the States brought forty dollars.

The children oftentimes would accompany their fathers to the forests to get wood. One day I met a father and his three sons crossing the river, the youngest being between four and five years old. They were all laughing and chatting together and seemed to be in fine health and their appearance was quite picturesque in their parkas and muckluks; the latter are fur coverings for the feet and usually reached to the knees, looking like fur boots. The little one was somewhat in advance of the others and he was merrily singing "Old King Cole was a merry old soul," and his bright eyes and rosy cheeks and happy face betokened a heart e'en as merry as the jolly old king of "Mother Goose's Melodies."

And dear, old Kris Kringle slighted not these children of the North; childish hearts were made glad with his gifts and the Christmas tree appeared in a number of homes as well as in the churches.

So the great sympathy extended to children, whose parents took them so far from the homes of their births, was not needed. There was little sickness among them and I personally knew of several, who grew stronger and healthier during their stay in Dawson. One advantage they had was the companionship of their parents, of which they had much more, than a number of them were accustomed to have in their homes; especially was this so with the fathers whose business cares in a city

gave them little time to walk and talk with their children.

From the middle to the last of December were the very short days of three hours length. During most of December at least, the sun did not entirely appear, but on January 2nd its whole disc was seen for the first time in days, and though for a time the sun shone but for an hour or two, yet it shone very brightly; the sundog appeared in the heavens quite often and at times was a pretty sight; it was the size of the regular sun and diffused with the prism colors.

My daily brisk, invigorating walks were a source of much pleasure and benefit to me.

Christmas eve we passed at the home of friends and with them partook of a delicious lunch just before twelve, after which we all went to the Catholic Church with a mutual friend to attend Midnight Mass and hear the good singing. The soprano was a native of Belgium and sang very sweetly with a voice of culture. Christmas day we decorated our home with evergreens, vines and some ferns, that we had gathered and pressed in the fall. Upon Christmas night we entertained a number of friends and our little girl enjoyed her Christmas tree and the expressions of kind thoughts, which our friends took pleasure in making. We had some fine mandolin music, accompanied by the guitar, and our voices chimed together in making merry the Christmas in the Klondyke.

The following Saturday evening we ate five o'clock dinner with friends, a young married couple from Chicago, and that evening much the same company that composed our Christmas gathering met with these friends to watch the old year out and the new year in.

The night was quite cold but clear and a lovely

moon shone forth. We passed several hours with games and music, and when twelve o'clock came, we all stepped out upon the little veranda and listened to the various whistles and sounds made by the Dawsonites to welcome the year 1899. Several of our party joined in with the bugle calls on the cornet.

Somewhat chilled, we went in and were gladdened by a dainty lunch. After wishing each the other "Many happy returns of the day," we bade our host and hostess good-night and began to descend from the eminence upon which their home stood. I think it took one hundred and ninety steps to reach the street and there was much merriment as now and then one of us would fall. So ended our holidays, and pleasant they were, even though we were deprived of home and dear ones, and were so far away from the rest of the world.

During the winter there was a great deal of travel in and out of Dawson over the ice. In February and March there were five hundred who went out of the country either afoot or with dog teams, and seven hundred who came in it.

And now we noticed the days beginning to lengthen—the long pleasant evenings grew shorter. Our Arctic winter had been an agreeable surprise to us, for we little realized we would have the good, social times we had. Good books and interesting friends with their violins, mandolins, guitars and banjos, helped us to while away the long evenings and we had much pleasure in our musicals.

The Aurora visited us every once in a while and was always a delight to watch as it flashed here and there in the heavens, some times appearing low right around the northern part of the sky, and again in triangular shapes, the apex reaching to the zenith; these lights, phenom-

enal to the North, would appear in a milky whiteness, a Nile green, or in the prism colors.

We were surrounded on every side with snow—on mountain, river and vale the same white mantle was spread and often in the mornings, this picture of nature was fascinating in the extreme. During the night heavy hoar-frost had silently crept over the roofs and over every branch of the trees and when the sun first appeared before its effect was felt, the beauty of the winter scene was increased and we had much delight in looking upon it.

There is a little Indian village a couple of miles from Dawson on the Yukon, which is quite a civilized little community. It is a mission of the Church of England and had a school under the care of a gentleman, who also held religious service with them. The Indians are pleasant and friendly. Chief Isaac seemed delighted to chat with you though he has not a very intelligent use of our language. In going through the Indian village one day I saw a large number of fire arms on exhibition, and upon inquiry we learned that all of these belonged to Chief Isaac and that the office of the Chief is determined upon by the number of arms possessed—the one having the greatest number succeeds in gaining the leadership of his people.

Miners have their good times and play many a joke on each other. The following little story was told to me by one of the old-timers. In Eighteen Ninety-six the candles became very scarce and could hardly be obtained at all—at this time several of the miners got together and schemed a good joke. They took condensed milk, and weakening it, froze it into molds shaped like candles—then they placed a number of these in a box and took them down to the restaurant and saloon, where they

drove quite a bargain with the proprietor, who was very glad to get candles at any price—and particularly to be able to trade for them with drinks. The latter of course then in that country were very expensive. Well, he took the box and placed it behind the counter and then began to serve drinks to the little crowd. In a little while after the beverage was enjoyed he discovered a white liquid running on the floor and of course it did not take long for him to understand how he had been taken in, but he took the joke very good-naturedly.

The men of course did their own cooking and all of them did not enjoy this—but managed to have their fun out of it. When one would be frying doughnuts, a friend might accidentally drop in, and of course would be asked to have some, or would help himself. When he left he would go around and inform the entire camp that “Joe is frying doughnuts” and this information would start one after another until all had called and eaten of “Joe’s doughnuts” and the poor man would have little or none left for himself—but he would soon have a chance to pay the others back and so they enjoyed themselves. A number of those, who have been among the fortunate and have made immense fortunes in the Klondyke, are plain, uneducated men.

I heard something of one of these men, who had been in the interior for years. He had had the scurvy and had lost all of his teeth, but this little German had the good fortune of having two hundred thousand dollars of Klondyke gold.

Last year when he went out of the country he was entertained in Chicago at one of the very elegant homes, where he was given beautiful apartments in which were a number of mirrors and afterward he remarked “Why even the comb was silver and everywhere I could see my

little ugly self—and oh! I was happy to get out of that house.” And when he was entertained at the club by his host he was under great embarrassment for fear he would be very awkward and show his lack of culture—but by watching the others, he got along very well.

Another funny little tale is told of one of the old timers coming out and stopping in San Francisco; he went to the Cathedral and seeing the priest and the little choir boys with their suplices—he took these garments for parkas and when the holy incense was burned he said “They made a smudge when there wasn’t a darned mosquito there.”

Travel in and out of Dawson to the different creeks on which gold had been found in large, or small quantities was fine in the winter and in the spring as long as the snow was at all firm, but after the thawing commenced it was terribly muddy, and the tramps to and from the mines were very fatiguing to the men and some of them were quite exhausted after walking the long distances; for of course the sled had to be abandoned soon after the thawing commenced and most of the travel was done on foot—sometimes the men going into mire almost up to their knees.

A great deal could be said about the trials and hardships that the men endured in that country—the most of them did their own cooking and laundry and got their own wood, which they sawed and split. But all this is endured in any new mining country.

But going on stampedes in the extremely cold weather is a departure to other endurances.

A few worn out and exhausted sat or lay down to rest and have been found frozen to death the following morning. Others have lost their way in a blinding snowstorm and almost yielded up life and have lost

portions of their legs and feet, and yet after recovering again joined in the wild rush after gold—still courageous and undaunted. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." We had a friend that had gone on one of these stampedes recklessly dressed.

It was during a warm spell and he had on rubber boots and one pair of hose. Without preparing for a change in the weather, he joined a party of his friends and hastened to the strike. He got located and returning the weather changed, the thermometer fell very low and he froze a portion of his feet. When he undressed them, the entire skin of the soles of his feet came off and stuck to his hose. He was confined to his cabin for three months and at last had to have his big toes amputated. So I might go on and relate sore trials and severe hardships that were experienced by these men rushing blindly after the goddess Gold, though if one gives the right care to his person and clothing, dwelling place and eating, the climate of the north is far from being an unhealthful one.

We enjoyed our winter very much and the time fairly flew. I had the pleasure of attending religious services at the different churches from time to time and was interested in the success of the various efforts made by them to forward the good work.

Now and then we were invited to join our most intimate friends in evenings of pleasure either in their cabins or in vacant ones rented for the time. On February 22nd, three of the gentlemen rented a cabin and decorated it and put up a stove. Everything was arranged nicely for a little private gathering on the birthday evening of the "Father of Our Country," and we spent a very pleasant time with about twenty of our friends. Those who were fond of dancing had that

pleasure after the sweet strains of the mandolin, though much of the evening was spent in intellectual games.

All news either in letter, magazines or papers came to us about a month late—sometimes later—but one may easily see that our winter was interesting and pleasant and that “the long dark nights of an Arctic winter” may be and were passed agreeably. We shall never forget the merry social times we had in our little northern home amidst the ice and snow, surrounded by friends of almost all nationalities.



The Spring.

DURING March the thermometer registered between ten below and twenty above most of the time, though there were warm days when it stood forty-five above zero. The snow of course was beginning to melt but there was so much of it, and the nights still remained so cold that the thawing made slow progress, and it was hard to realize that it was a spring month.

We had a few very windy days in March but more in April. St. Patrick's Day was duly celebrated and a goodly procession was formed, each wearing his badge of green, and the music of the band gladdened the hearts of the people.

The Aurora had been giving us nightly exhibitions, but we had never seen it very gorgeously display the prism colors, or had we ever heard the electrical sounds which are said to accompany these lights.

On the night of the twenty-first of March we had the gratification of seeing the Aurora Borealis in great brilliancy. The morning after in writing in my diary of the delight and pleasure I had experienced the night before I wrote: "I still feel under the spell of those lovely lights of the Aurora. Indeed I seem to be yet in a fascinating dream, though a realistic one." And in the afternoon I wrote to my home and attempted to describe these northern lights. I will quote from that letter written by me while I was yet under the influence of the magic beauty of the Aurora:

“Now I want very much to describe something I saw last night but I fear I am incapable of doing so. It was a fine exhibition of one of the wonders of nature, the Aurora Borealis, for though theories have been advanced, yet no certain decision has ever yet been arrived at concerning its cause. Some have lately most absurdly brought forth the idea that it is the sun shining on the icebergs of the far north, but the most feasible theory is that it is a result of electricity.

“It was a beautiful moonlight evening and earlier we had noticed bright white lights of odd shapes flitting about in all parts of the heavens, though starting in the South rather than the North.

“We were chatting with friends about nine-thirty p. m. when after a hasty rap in came our friend Mr. J., to tell us of the grand sights on the outside.

“We all rushed out and at the time I did not believe it possible to describe it but will attempt it.

“It was the grandest sight of my life and strongly indeed, did nature appeal to my sense of the beautiful. The entire canopy of the heavens was covered with an ever moving ever changing mass of beautiful colored lights.

“The celestial body seemed to be a living thing of brilliant beauty. In many places the prism colors were all brought clearly out and again you could see two or more, a lovely rich purple combined with a deep green, and so on in a most harmonious effect.

“They seemed to be chasing each other in lovely confusion, suddenly coming together and again quickly separating in the tumult.

“Then there were times when we could hear the electrical, whirring sound, as we silently viewed the Aurora.

“A part of the time the wild disorder of magnificent confusion gave place to a gentler motion and it seemed more like a great piece of the fluffiest of tulle daintily and airily shaken to and fro under strong bright calcium lights.

“Oh! words are inadequate to express the delight these startlingly beautiful colored lights of the North



BLOSSOMS FROM THE FAR NORTH.

gave to one as he stood viewing them. The electric fountain of the World's Fair was to them as the faintest streak of the light of the dawn is to the glare of the noonday sun.'

And perhaps I can add nothing more to the above to make it more realistic—though others might. In all candor I never looked upon such magnificent coloring! such gorgeous brilliancy! such picturesque beauty! We stood for half an hour enraptured, spellbound, until the prism colors all left the heavens and only the white light remained. Then somewhat chilled we went in to warm. Our friends soon bade us good night and we retired dazed almost to muse over the gorgeous splendor of Aurora Borealis.

On April second we dined over in the city, guests of a friend, at the best restaurant and were served with a fine dinner, and two weeks later we were given the pleasure of another dining at the same place and the *menu* was much more elaborate. The last was given in compliment to our family, and there were twelve covers laid. One of our hosts was a Scotchman, a physician, the other came from my native state, Missouri.

At both of these dinners the spread was served very nicely and in courses. I think many would be interested in the list of eatables and a few doubtless much surprised at it. Below is the Easter *menu* :

MENU.

SOUP.

Green Turtle with Sherry.

FISH.

Anchovies on Toast.



Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.

ENTREES.

Small Moose Steak aux Petitpois. Fresh Oyster Patties.
 Cream Puffs.

ROASTS.

Sirloin of Beef au Jus. Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes. Hubbard Squash.

DESSERT.

English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.
 Assorted Pies. Cake. Cheese. Coffee.

The snow was melting fast and the creeks were running, the trail on the river was getting slushy and soon we began to watch for the breaking up of the ice. Previous years, when the "Mighty Yukon" broke, the ice had piled high in pyramids just below Dawson, near the Indian village and we hoped for a gorgeous sight, although we could not expect it, for many had said the winter had been much milder than usual and the Spring had come more gradually.

On the twenty-seventh of April we ascended the mountain just back of West Dawson and gathered a number of pretty flowers, the variety some called the crocus, others the anemone, but I thought it quite like our clematis though it grew differently. It is the large purple flower in the colored plate. It grew on a shrubby little plant close to the ground.

Lowell's words were recalled to my mind on these Spring days:

"We may shut our eyes but cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing.
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near—
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky;
 That the robin is plastering his house hard-by."

From this time on flowers were in bloom, though we left too early to enjoy the roses, which were budded, but not in bloom. After having enjoyed the pleasure of the many flowers and grasses, it seems odd to hear people say: "Why grass and flowers do not grow and bloom so far North, do they?" And many have made this remark to me and cannot believe that there is aught in that far northern country but ice and snow. Nature is something the same the world over and while North I most thoroughly enjoyed communion with her, as well as took pleasure in talking about nature. Among our numerous friends there were educated botanists and geologists, with whom I took pleasure in discussing nature and her characteristics. One in particular talked very interestingly of the upheavals of the earth's surface and had a thorough knowledge of his subject. He was a graduate of Harvard.

The majority of the men in the Klondyke were educated men, many of them fresh from college. Others had laid down successful professions to join the mad race after gold, and nearly all seemed to be men of intelligence and at least belonged to the middle class. The slums were not represented, or at least exceptionally so, if at all.

The first of May the sun rose at four-thirty and set at eight-thirty. Upon the sixth of May I crossed the river for the last time on the ice, but my brother and a number of the men continued to cross for some time. On that day I stepped above my ankles in water, and once I fell my foot going down further until the water reached almost to my knees, not going over the tops of my rubber boots, however, so I did not care to risk crossing any more, and when my brother came home in the evening he told me it would be better for me not to cross again.

The men continued crossing until May fifteenth, when several fell in but were helped out, though there was one drowned, a civil engineer in the government service. The ice broke under him near Klondyke City and it being very early in the morning no one was near to go to his rescue, so the poor man died clinging to the ice, taking precaution to throw his book of government records on the bank. Then there was no more crossing and at four-fifteen on May seventeenth we heard loud shouting and looking we saw the river had broken and the trail over which we had gone so many times was moving.

This continued for two hours then it stopped until nine forty-five when the ice began again to move and it was an interesting sight, though not the wonderful piling up of the ice that we had hoped for. There was a little jam every now and then which lasted hours, but the pyramids of ice that we had heard talked of, did not appear. We lingered long in the gloaming and watched it until the chill of the evening drove us in.

For several days the ice continued running, though growing smaller and less frequent. The men began crossing on the nineteenth but I did not cross until the twenty-fourth of May, when there was quite a nice celebration held and a fine program carried out of races, et cetera, in honor of the Queen's birthday.

Crossing that day a funny thing happened. Often there were odd shapes of wood seen floating down the river, at times looking very much like a duck or some water fowl. That afternoon just as we were passing two men who were mending their seines on the river bank, one of these oddly shaped pieces of wood floated by near us. One of my friends, who was rowing me across called out to the men that there was a duck and

hurriedly glancing at it, one of them dropped the seine, and hastily ran up the embankment to his cabin, grabbed his gun and rushing out shot at the object; at this we all laughed, he with the rest of us when he saw how he had been fooled and my friend, who perpetrated this joke, hurraed over it.

Upon the twenty-third of May a boat from up stream came in with lots of mail, that had been brought down over the ice part way and was compelled to lay over until the river was navigable for boats.

On the twenty-fourth one from down river got in, boats now came in every day from up and down stream, but they were boats that had been wintering only a little distance out of Dawson where they had sought a sheltered spot to harbor ere they were frozen in. And when we left on June twelfth there had not arrived but one boat that had come all the way from Bennett and it was a small one, and there had not one arrived from Saint Michael; most of the boats from the latter place do not get into Dawson until the middle of July.

We were now what is called in the Klondyke "sour dough" or those who had wintered in the country and no longer belonged to the "Checharko" class, new comers.

The last month that we were in Dawson and especially the last two weeks it rained a great deal. On one of the afternoons we saw a most beautiful double rainbow, both very vivid, and half or more of these brilliant arches were over the mountain, the end of each was even cast upon the waters.

The last social gathering to which we invited our friends was on Emily's birthday; the second she had passed away from home.

On June third we elaborately trimmed our home in

the many lovely wild flowers that grew on the mountains near us and extended the hospitality of our home for the last time to our host of friends with whom we spent another pleasant evening. Many of the flowers to which we are accustomed grow in profusion in the North, besides which there are a number that though akin to ours, are distinctively of northern or Alaskan growth, some of which have such tiny and such delicate petals that it seems impossible to believe them native of the North.

And now came the last preparation ere we sailed for home. Divers errands took us across once or twice a day, having our traveling dresses made at the tailor's, (and there were several good tailors in Dawson) selecting a few nuggets to take home, et cetera. And it was very interesting to look upon the gold just as it was taken from the ground, some were tiny and others were quite large and of odd, pretty shapes. A friend showed me one about the size of an egg taken from his claim, which was solid gold and no quartz. I have a small one quite like a capital H in design, another the perfect form of a calla-lily.

It is quite a feat to cross the Yukon and land just where one wishes. The men usually rowed or poled up the eddy close to the bank for quite a distance, and then with hard and skillful rowing against the current, were borne by the latter rapidly across. Sometimes, however, if they failed in going far enough up the eddy ere they attempted to cross, the current bore them too far down stream, landing them far from the point they wished to land. We crossed most of the time in a Peterborough canoe, which turns over easily if one moves carelessly around in it, but is so much more easily paddled across.

The provisions were usually kept in outside caches

that were in easy access to any one who was of a dishonest nature, and many have wondered that there was so little stolen which I explain, first, that after all there are many good honest people in the world, and second, the few that were dishonest had such severe punishment dealt so quickly out to them that it warned the others. Judgment and punishment soon followed a crime and there were times doubtless that as in every country the innocent were wronged.

And now I almost counted the hours that intervened between the present and my return home, for though I had been much interested in my travels and in my sojourn in Dawson, I felt anxious to get back to the dear, old home and its loved ones. Then the bright anticipations of the lovely journey ahead of us impelled me to wish to start, for we had decided to return via Saint Michael and Dutch Harbor.

The last month of our stay in the North we were blessed with beautiful sunsets, for though it rained almost every day it would clear toward evening and the long, late gloaming and the early dawn combined were preceded by the loveliest sunsets possible, so it seemed to me; at least that one seen en route to Dawson on the night of July 4th '98 and two particularly of the many I enjoyed in Dawson, can never be effaced from my memory.

One of the latter was seen about two weeks before I left. The sky was serenely blue with white fleecy clouds here and there mingled with others of pearly gray and and many more rose tinted from the glow of the sunset. When we first noticed the setting of the sun the whole of it was above the horizon surrounded and imbedded in a brilliant red. This deep glow not only was reflected in the sky and upon the clouds, but radiated over the

mountains and e'en upon the bosom of the Yukon and could an artist but have reproduced that evening scene, your very soul would be appealed to.

We stood in the rapture of reverent fascination and felt almost inspired, as our eyes feasted upon this rare and beautiful banquet that Dame Nature had spread before us. And as we looked a great portion of the heavens seemed aglow with the brilliant, fiery red, that flitted from cloud-tip to cloud-tip, throwing the most lovely opal coloring almost across the firmament. The startlingly bright red of the setting sun, the deep violet blue of the sky, with its variously tinted clouds, and the different shades of green foliage over the mountains, all blended so well in the harmonious contrasts. And a prayerless man looking upon this scene must have felt his nature reproved. It recalled the words of Whittier:

"So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man."

As the sun sank out of sight the rosy glow gradually died away, and the softest of Quaker grays took its place and the night in her plainer garb came forth, but for a short time, ere the rising of the sun was heralded in the east.

Two or three evenings later I was alone for a short time. At nine-thirty the sun was still shining—boats were coming in every day and several were expected that evening. So I picked up a book of the University Course and went out and sat down on a rustic seat to read, but the beauty of the evening scene distracted my thoughts from my reading. I went in and got my diary and wrote: "Sun not set—and it is nine-forty-five—I have been trying to read in the University Course but



WATCHING THE MIDNIGHT SUN ON MIDNIGHT DOKE, JUNE 21, 1899.



the splendor of the evening scene will not let me. Sun just passing behind the mountains but still shining on other peaks away in the distance. In the south, the rosy light reflected by the sun is changed into a pink, which mingled with the atmospheric blue enveloping the mountains, intensify the grandeur of the already resplendent mountains, at the foot of which flows the mighty Yukon. The heavens seem to smile a halo of benediction in all the dainty colored clouds. I cannot wonder at my lack of interest in my book.

Perhaps these descriptions may give one something of a conception of the gorgeous splendor of the Northern sunsets—which surely cannot be outshone, though doubtless they are equaled.



Dawson City.

DAWSON City proper had nearly five thousand people, but there were twenty thousand at least in the city and upon the gulches.

Municipal authority was vested in a Governor and the Yukon Council under the ordinances of the Northwest Territory, and order was well kept within this mining town by Colonel Steele and the Northwest Mounted Police. There were no riots and very few disturbances upon the streets. All of the saloons were closed at midnight on Saturday and were not opened until the following night at the same hour. The intense cold of the Yukon water even in the summer made one unusually careful in rowing across the river, for though a good swimmer, if one was thrown out into the water, it was doubtful whether he could save himself, as the very cold water soon benumbed him.

It is true that there had been some of the greatest discoveries of gold made in the Klondyke, but there have also been a number of exaggerated reports of the rich findings there. This took too many people into the country and there were not sufficient good mines nor enough to support so many.

Many of the creeks have little or no gold upon them and mining in the north is very difficult and very expensive for there was very little machinery in the country, though a large amount was expected during the summer.

Living was very high and labor brought good pay when it could be obtained. Prices varied greatly, though when we arrived they were very high and had been even higher.

Those who had the good fortune of getting in over the ice before the boats came in, made small fortunes. Lemons sold at eighteen dollars a dozen and eggs for twelve dollars. In the early spring, the latest papers and magazines sold for three dollars each. After the boats got in you could obtain almost everything from an imported hat for one hundred dollars, to a fine porter-house steak for two dollars and fifty cents a pound. Milk sold for thirty-five dollars a gallon and the first cow was rated at one thousand dollars.

But the many boats that came in from up and down the river during the summer of ninety-eight brought prices down considerably, lemons and eggs being reduced to three dollars a dozen, potatoes, onions and meat to one dollar a pound and other things in proportion.

Four denominations had neat houses of worship and presiding pastors—Presbyterian, Catholic, Methodist and the Church of England. These several ministers were earnest and helpful to the community at large. The Bishop of the Church of England was an old man of near seventy-five years; he and his wife had spent forty years in that country, working among the Indians, whom he found friendly and sociable. I was told a funny story of the Bishop relating to his association with them, which I will relate though I do not know it to be authentic.

There had been a drought for weeks and the Indians worked themselves up to the idea that the devil was in the Bishop and this was causing the wrath of God to thus descend upon them and they straightway began to beat

the Bishop and to drive him out of the country, but were soon persuaded to desist.

This was told as having occurred in the early days of that country and may be only idle rumor.

Fishing is a lucrative business with the Indians as well as others, and it is interesting to see the King Salmon caught, after which they are struck on the head with a club, though the latter seems cruel. Oft we would see a birch canoe, "with paddles, rising, falling, on the water." They were the tiniest and prettiest of canoes and speed rapidly, noiselessly and gracefully along under the fine and skillful paddling of the Indians. Many get accustomed to using some of the words used by the Indians. As an example: If you ask how a friend feels, he may reply, "I feel skookum" meaning "I feel good."

Hunting is engaged in both for a vocation and a pleasure. Many moose and caribou were killed as well as white rabbits and ptarmigan—the meat of all these were fine. We had bear meat once and enjoyed it, though we did not know that it was bear at the time, but thought it was moose.

Mrs. C. had a small, light gun which we would take with us in our walks and use more for practice—as we were never out at the hour that the ducks and ptarmigans were most numerous, that being very late in the evening or early in the morning.

Several hospitals attended by an excellent corps of physicians and nurses were running successfully—the two largest being Saint Mary's under the direction of the Catholic Church, and the Presbyterian Hospital which was under the leadership of Dr. G. of Toronto, who was also the presiding pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Dawson City though a graduated physician.

The public was furnished with good reading matter from a library of eleven hundred books for which a monthly fee of two dollars was charged the members. This also was owned and run by the Presbyterian Church.

Several saw-mills supplied an abundance of lumber, from which a number of good houses were built, though the most of the cabins were built of logs. There were three very large stores at which almost everything could be bought, and a number of small ones such as drug-stores, bakeries, butcher-shops and so on.

Several good hotels and restaurants were doing a fine business and part of them served very good meals.

There were two papers edited when we first arrived, "The Klondyke Nugget" and "The Midnight Sun;" another sprang into existence later.

There were many physicians, dentists, lawyers, artists and in fact almost every profession and vocation were represented.

It was greatly to be deplored that there was no school in Dawson; at least no public school and as far as I knew no successful private one. Yet there were a number of children. The matter was being agitated when I came away and now there may be a school supported by the government.

A telephone company had been in existence for six months though not very successfully operated.

Dawson had its fires galore—the first occurred in the last of October and was an immense one clearing Front street for several blocks. It broke out very early in the morning—we were awakened at six a. m., and the conflagration was a great sight. There was a volunteer fire department under the able direction of Col. Steele and the N. W. M. P.

Two more very large fires followed the first and a

number of minor ones. Each time the buildings were replaced by others more poorly built.

However there were several very nice business houses more lately built of two and three stories—that were rented as offices.

During May and June much had been done to improve the sanitary condition of Dawson City and the great run of typhoid endured last summer was not expected this season. There was very little sickness in the Spring.

The authorities had forced the people to be strenuously careful about throwing their refuse matter in the streets, compelling them to take it all to the middle of the river where the current could bear it rapidly away. Trenches two feet deep had been dug every short distance to drain the city and the place bade fair to be much more healthful.

During the Spring and Summer the sweet singing of the birds is heard the whole night long—the last one hears ere he slumbers is the twittering of these fairy-like-winged creatures and the first consciousness of the morning brings the sound of their voices. I think near the noon-tide must be the time they rest, for I missed the sweet singing and the flitting of their little forms to and fro among the trees more at that time than any other.

On one of the Spring days a young girl friend and I walked high upon the side of the mountain near Dawson and enjoyed picking ferns, stepping from one great rock to another. We climbed up to where there had been a slide some years ago and legend claims an Indian village was buried beneath the rocks and dirt. Here the formation had a great deal of asbestos in its composition.

Further up this same mountain a very pretty peculiar vine of the spruce or pine species was found trailing close to the ground and the ferns referred to above were small and hardy, with a delicate sandal wood odor and many of them had lived through the winter under the snow.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon shortly before leaving I walked quite a distance out on the trail leading to one of the prominent creeks—Bonanza, with a friend. My sister-in-law expected to go with us but was not feeling quite well enough to take a long walk.

We left home rather early in the afternoon, crossed in the ferry, and leisurely walked along, looking around and enjoying the beautiful scenery. From the elevation upon which we were the Yukon for a long distance could be plainly seen from the direction of its source to that of its mouth, disclosing the pretty little islands here and there upon its mighty waters.

First ascending and then descending we found the trail in fine condition, hardened under the constant press of the many feet going too and fro. We met several with quite a little gold dust upon them—one man had between three and four thousand dollars in the sack hanging from his neck and his brow was wet with perspiration from the exertion of carrying this weight. Later we met one of the N. W. M. P., who had been up the creek attending to the gold belonging to the Royalty which he had the pack-train bring down. I saw a sun-dial for the first time during my walk that afternoon. We walked out two and one-half miles—here we came to an extremely pretty place, the Dawson City Nursery and Garden, and this was the special point of interest that my friend wanted to show me. It was a picturesque rustic house, with the prettiest sort of steps, landing

and walk imaginable, leading up to it, the entrance of which was embellished with a lovely veranda. Running all around this little house and surrounding it was terraced ground, attractively laid out. In this "garden spot" of the North the proprietors expected to cultivate roses and all sorts of flowers, as well as to raise lettuce, cabbage and other vegetable plants in the rear of this lovely, fascinating place, which doubtless seemed more so because it was so novel in that far away new country.

So many had said that Birch Snuggery was the prettiest place in Dawson but I felt we had a close rival; however the two places were so different that they could hardly be compared.

One of the partners had gone down that afternoon to meet his wife whom he hoped to see on an expected boat, and for whom this little gem of a house was built.

After resting a little while we started home and I wanted to see how fast I could walk and not weary myself. So I asked my friend to time me and he did. I walked the two and a half miles in thirty-five minutes and had lots of fun with my friend of whom I was always in advance. He would call out to me to stop or I would be the death of him to which I laughingly replied, "When gentlemen attend ladies they must please them." And then he made answer, "Oh! I am too old a bachelor to worry myself with such things." It began to rain and as I raised my umbrella without looking back I said, "Pardon me if I strike you with this," thinking he was close behind, but he said, "Don't worry! I'll never catch up with that umbrella." I had a fine invigorating walk and had much pleasure in viewing the country.

There are two very high peaks some distance from



BUSTER—THE MALAMUTE DOG.

Dawson often referred to as the "Domes," not together however. One is very much higher than the other and is perhaps the highest peak near Dawson and is on Dominion Creek. Here a party of our friends, my brother included, had a picnic on the twenty-first of June. Some days later we returned and enjoyed looking at the midnight sun which shone brightly.

The last few days were busy ones preparing to leave our Northern home where we had sojourned one year, and to go on our return journey that bade fair to take a month.

We of course attended to our domestic duties and on Monday morning June 12th, we ate our last breakfast in our home to which we bade a regretful farewell. Two hours later attended by our most intimate friends we crossed the Yukon for the last time and went on board the steamer *Arnold*, of the A. E. Company, on which we had engaged passage. Dear Buster, the Malamute dog to which we had become so much attached walked down to the bank and sadly looked after us until we got across.

We were asked to go aboard the steamer at nine-thirty a. m. but she did not leave until three p. m.

The intervening hours were spent with friends who were coming and going the entire time, save during the lunch hour and then several lunched with us. We had many good friends of almost all nationalities in Dawson whom we regretted leaving. But we were especially sorry that my brother's business held him in Dawson and that Mrs. C., little Emily and myself were returning home without him, and on this account we felt very sad as our boat loosened its moorings and we waved adieus to my brother and the little crowd of friends standing on the bank.

We stood and looked at them until they receded from our sight, now and then giving a lingering look to the West Dawson side, where Birch Snuggery stood out so plainly in view, with the Malamute dog, Buster, lying in front of the door in his loneliness. We heard a dog's cry just then which we thought was Buster's wail and it touched our hearts for we were much attached to him. These Malamutes and Huskies never bark as other dogs, but they make a sound more like a human cry.



The Journey to the Mouth of the Yukon.

I was so happy to be going home, and this with the delight of looking at the beautiful scenery soon drove all sad thoughts from my mind.

The scenery was grand! Mountains on either side with snow clad ones in the distance. Many of these were thickly timbered and again great, rough picturesque rocks stood out in bold relief with no verdure on them.

There were over one hundred men and seven women on board the boat and the entire crew were courteously attentive to all, especially to the latter. Captain Mc. N. and the purser, Mr. F. were at all times attentive to their duties and thoughtful for the comfort of their passengers.

It took but a short time to reach Forty Mile where we saw a number of Indians; in fact we saw many of these all along the river and one thing was very noticeable, that the further we got down the river, the further into the interior, that the Indians grew untidier and less cleanly and intelligent looking.

That afternoon we saw another of those beautiful, double rainbows, one vying with the other in brilliancy. We passed several glaciers.

June twelfth was very early to leave Dawson and our boat was among the first to leave. There was quite a lot of ice close to the bank, on either side of the river,

though most of the river was entirely free from ice. That along the bank could not affect us in the least.

That night near one a. m. we crossed the boundary, and when we awakened that morning we were delighted that we were again in America, "The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

During the night we had passed a great rock called "Castle Rock," a huge, boulder peculiarly cleft in twain, and to this is attached a legendary story about an Indian Chief and his squaw quarrelling and the former had pushed her away from him and there she remained.

At five-thirty a. m. we passed Eagle City where we stopped for several minutes only. This was a small settlement of natives and white people as usual.

We stopped frequently along the route to load on wood of which it took nearly two hundred and fifty cords to run the boat to Saint Michael.

During the day we saw huge pieces of ice along the river bank and the scenery continued to be beautiful. At nine that evening we arrived at Circle City, where quite a crowd was gathered on the bank, among whom were a number of U. S. soldiers. Other boats were moored here, several of which had been frozen in the ice near this place.

We went on shore and walked about Circle City, which we found to be very much the same as the other settlements, though larger. The houses were all built of logs and there were two good-sized stores, the N. A. T. and the A. C. There was a crude, primitive fire department, at which we looked with interest. Here we obtained some very pretty beaded pokes, or gold sacks made by the Tanana Indians. After leaving Circle City we came to that part of the river most dreaded on ac-

count of the sand bars. For the next eighty miles so intricate was the way, and so difficult was it to decide which channel to take, that boats were very liable to get on the bars. But our Indian pilot was to be depended on and most successfully were we steered through these narrow channels. An entirely new channel had been cut this last year by the ice.

We stopped at several Indian settlements to load wood that day.

The sun passed behind the mountain at ten-thirty that evening though it was still shining from behind the elevation. On the morning of June fifteenth we landed at Rampart City, where we remained for two hours. Here a man came aboard with fine specimens of the gold taken from the mines near Rampart City. That afternoon we passed the largest Indian Camp on the river just outside of Weare.

Later we passed a Russian Catholic Mission and one of the Episcopal Church, the latter was called Saint James and we landed just opposite this place from where we saw a woman and a boy jump into a boat and the woman rowed across. She was evidently heading for our boat and most dexterously did she handle her oars. Soon she reached our side and tying her boat to a tree she came aboard; a neat, refined woman who looked quite delicate to row so well. She came across she said to see some of her own sex. She said that she had been in that country nearly two years, and had seen but two white women during that time.

Her husband was the rector of Saint James and their former home was in Omaha, Nebraska, not far from my home.

She enjoyed her visit with us immensely and we took pleasure in chatting with her. I asked her about

their work among the Indians and she said it was uphill work and sometimes they were much discouraged; that they would only succeed in doing the Indians a little good, when some white man would give them whiskey and then after they had sobered they would be in a worse state than ever. Still she said it was a fine field of labor and must be patiently worked.

After leaving this camp we soon came into the flats of the Yukon, which lasted for eighty miles. This was rather monotonous sailing with no beauty of scenery.

On the night of the fifteenth of June we retired at eleven with the sun still shining. That day the wind had been very strong.

At all times out of the sun the weather was quite cool, the thermometer registered nearly fifty above. The next day we stopped at two more Indian settlements, Mokakie and Nulato.

At the latter place we met quite a pleasant woman from the eastern part of the United States, and she was delighted to meet us and extended the hospitality of her home to us, serving very nice cake and lemonade.

Here we saw a large number of Indians and the squaws had their babies strapped to their backs just as in earlier days. And as coarse and filthy as many of the Indian women looked along the entire route, yet mother-love seemed to shine in their ignorant faces for their little papooses as strongly as it does in other mothers of more intellectual nationalities.

One thing I have failed to mention in this trip was the many wild flowers that the gentlemen got off and gathered and brought to us.

One especially worthy of mention was a lemon-colored poppy, the petals of which were of so fine a substance that they appeared like artificial silk ones.

During the night of the seventeenth we stopped at two settlements; one was called Amvik, I think, and the other Holy Cross Mission, the former was a Presbyterian mission and the latter a Catholic one, where the Indian women do a great deal of bead and embroidery work and the men make miniature boats and other curios which they sell for the mission.

Here the little dog Towser, which belonged to the boat was accidentally left, and we missed him very much, especially did little Emily. The boat would pick him up on the return-trip and in the meantime he had friends there to care for him. That day we passed Russian mission where the pretty, picturesque red church stood upon the mountain side, a bright contrast to the green tress.

For some time we had again had lovely mountain scenery, mostly covered with verdure though now and then bare, rocky ones would appear and snow-covered ones were in the distance.

On the morning of the nineteenth of June, just one week from the day we started, we were nearing Behring Sea. At nine a. m. we were only twelve miles from the beginning of the delta of the great Yukon on which we would travel sixty to eighty miles ere we reached its mouth. (The Yukon is three miles wide at its broadest point except at the delta which is from forty to sixty miles in width.) And after that we would have at least another sixty miles of travel upon the Behring Sea before St. Michael would be reached.

Near ten a. m. we had quite an expanse of lowlands on our left and the right shore was bordered by lowlands also, in the background of which were snow-clad mountains.

Ever and anon the sea-gulls could now be seen and

since early morn we had been traveling on the tide-water. In the afternoon the mountains had disappeared from view. At three forty-five p. m. we struck our first sandbar, reaching this shallow portion just at the ebb tide! A sister steamer, the "Mary Graf," tried to pull us off but in vain and we were aground for hours. During our river trip we averaged fourteen miles an hour, though part of this time we ran eighteen miles. We retired at a late hour and when we awoke the next morning at six o'clock, we were sailing on the Behring Sea, and were agreeably surprised at the smooth waters, which were as calm and as placid as a lake. We were delighted, for we feared it would be stormy and the Behring Sea in storms is very rough.

On one side we were out of sight of land and on the other there were snow clad mountains to be seen.

Later in the morning we passed a very pretty peninsula, mostly of rock formation, the most prominent part being round and extending far out into the water. Both shores were now in view and along one were great pieces of ice.

A short time before reaching Saint Michael we beheld an iceberg, though not a very large one. Seldom do pictures give us so clear a conception that we really seem to see the original but I think I had formed in my childish mind years ago a rather accurate idea of how an iceberg looked from the pictures in the *Geography and Gazetteer*—that morning was the first time I had ever seen one and yet it was just what I thought an iceberg was.

Just at noon we arrived at Saint Michael though we did not land, but cast anchor, and remained out at sea. The company had no wharf and there were great huge boulders on the shore extending away out into the

bay and upon our arrival the wind was so high that the boat would have been damaged on these, had she gone ashore.

Here we changed our time, turning it back two hours and a half. We had daylight all night—though the sun set a little earlier and the nights were not quite so bright.

During the last part of our journey we saw the hull of an old ship which was pointed out to us as the remains of a war ship of the Russians from one of their battles in the early days.



The Fifteen Days Anchored on Behring Sea.

WE were on the Arnold for ten days after we reached Saint Michael, awaiting an ocean steamer to sail to Seattle and during this time there were many vessels on the waters—schooners, brigs, whalers, river boats, tugs and ocean steamers—of the last named there were a number—several quite small and old, poorly built affairs.

Saint Michael is rather a pretty place built upon a sloping embankment with no very high mountains near it. Much of it is swampy and it rains there nearly all the time. Here a radius of one hundred miles was laid off for a government reservation and nearly seventy-five soldiers were stationed here.

The population of the place consisted mostly of the natives, the employes of the three stores and the soldiers. When the sun shone, which was not more than two or three days during the fortnight, Saint Michael was endurable, but the most of the time with the wind and rain it was the dreariest, loneliest, darkest place I ever saw. The days we spent there though somewhat interesting, were also tedious, for we were anxious to reach home.

The several companies had settled some distance from each other and there was quite a stretch of vacant land between them.

We went on shore nearly every day either in small

rowboats or in the little steam tug—we walked through the Indian encampment and stepped into several of the neatest homes and looked at their work and curious.

Many of their huts were closed and the Indians were off on a long hunt.

We enjoyed walking along the beach, picking up the small shells in the sand though we found no very pretty ones, just the ordinary small shells. The sand differed greatly in the different parts of the country from the finest of almost white to coarse, black pebble-like sand.

Each company had very nice stores and boarding houses for their employes. We called at the A. C. hotel, on the wife of the United States Custom officer whom we had met through her niece, Mrs. F., a fellow passenger on both the Arnold and the Roanoke, and her rooms would have been a pleasant surprise to many. They were nicely furnished—you might say luxuriously so. A variety of pretty flowers were in bloom in different rustic effects—some native and others grown from seeds, while the native fern was growing in profusion in pretty jardiniers and pots placed here and there.

Perhaps the most novel experience of our stay in Saint Michael was on the afternoon that we went on a whaler. Two of the gentlemen from the Arnold took us across the sea in one of the life-boats, and we accomplished the wonderful feat of climbing up a rope ladder, twenty feet high into one of the huge iron-clad whalers. At least it seemed wonderful to me though it was nothing for a sailor.

We were most agreeably entertained by Captain C. and his wife and daughter. The latter rendered some sweet music which was the first piano playing we had heard for months.

We spent a pleasant and interesting afternoon in their little salon and saw a number of curious from Japan, where they had passed the winter, as well as some ivory pieces carved by the Indians and Eskimos. We took great pleasure looking over the skins of the white polar bear and red and white fox and purchased some of the latter. We went on deck to see the great lot of whale bones they had there—two thousand pounds taken from one whale—I had never seen the whale bone just as it was taken from the whale before. It was in immensely long pieces differing in width from several inches to much greater, and one side was thick while the other was much thinner from which there fringed small particles, hairy in effect.

Our ride over to the whaler was in a life-boat as I stated before, and some might have felt that we were imperiled somewhat, for though we started on a calm sea, we had been upon the water but a short time when the weather changed, the sky darkened and the wind arose, but our boat was large and strong and we had a good oarsmen. Right well it rode the turbulent waves. Oh! it was jolly, good fun! And how I enjoyed being tossed high upon one wave only to meet another as we descended the first, and again to feel myself borne high in the air, from which elevation the white-capped Behring was pretty to behold. Our friends assured us that we were safer in this little life boat than we were on the steam-boat, which was too large to ride the waves nicely. So I gave myself up to the delight I felt, though I well knew with what trepidation and anxiety my mother would have looked at me, could she have seen me thus tossed by wind and wave upon the billowy deep.

We returned in the little steam tug, which was undoubtedly wise, as the waters were growing rougher and

the waves were tossing higher and higher. It was wonderful to see the Behring Sea change from calm to turbulent waters, sometimes within a quarter of an hour. Some evenings we would retire with quietness around us to awaken in the morning on rough and angry waters, or lay ourselves down at night midst the battle of wind and wave and arise next morning to view a serenely placid sea.

As an example I give below notes from my diary expressive of these changes :

“Saturday, June twenty-fourth. Rainy. A dismal windy day. The Behring Sea is transformed from the dream of last night into a howling hades, and though we are not out on deck, the constant swaying of the boat and now and then the spinning of it around tells us of the tumult on the outside. There are fifty or more vessels anchored out at sea today.”

The following day I wrote :

“Sunday, June twenty-fifth. Bright and clear. The last I knew last night was the mad tossing of the waves that rolled me from side to side, and when I opened my eyes this morning it was in the delight and pleasure of the sunshine, a lovely Sabbath morning.” Shortly after on the same day I made this note: “Now the wind disturbs the water and the calm surface of early morn is gone. The sunshine has left us and it is dark and cloudy. It is beginning to rain and the wind blows furiously, waters very rough.”

One evening, in particular, the waters were especially quiet; the sea appeared a lake, sheeny and brilliant on its mirrored surface from the bright rays of the sun.

Mr. B., one of the officers of the ship, had told us of an old man who was connected with the company and whose barge was anchored on the sea at that time,

whom he knew we would enjoy meeting. This particularly pleasant evening the captain and he asked if we would not enjoy rowing over there, to which we gladly assented, and in five minutes we were being rowed across to see this interesting old man and the work of his hands, for he could do almost anything. He was born in Greece and had been a sea-faring man all his life.

We soon reached the old barge and were quite surprised, upon being taken on board, to find such nice quarters. The old man was delighted to receive ladies in his neat bachelor apartments. Quite proudly, and justly so, did he show us around, first taking us to his pilot house which was scrupulously clean and painted in blue and cream; then we were shown the kitchen and culinary department, where everything was in place, after which our woman's nature was best pleased in looking at the very beautiful silk embroidery this old man had done, undervests of flannel finished at the neck with dainty and skillful embroidery. And lastly he showed us a sailor's canvass compartment trunk of his own make and design. He thought of having it patented and it was surely worthy of it, for it was a unique and convenient arrangement made of such heavy canvas that it was almost water-proof. At least it would have to lay in the water for hours before it could be penetrated by it. He used nothing but a large needle beside the canvas, even the thread he used was unravelled from the canvas.

During our visit he spoke touchingly of his wife and family from whom he was separated so much of the time. He offered us some refreshment and soon we bade him good-bye, thanking him for his hospitality, and enjoyed the row back over the quiet sea.

Several days previous both the Garonne and the Roanoke had come in, but expected to remain several days unloading and filling their passenger list, so there was no need of haste in engaging passage on either of them.

But on Thursday, June twenty-seventh, we went over and engaged passage on the Roanoke. This ship is said to have the record of making the best time of any and is among the finest that ply the waters between San Francisco and Seattle, and Saint Michael. She is a beautifully appointed vessel, prettily furnished and finely decorated.

The next day we went on board the Roanoke. We expected to leave on Sunday night, but there were boats expected down the river on which were passengers booked for the Roanoke. So our departure from Saint Michael was still delayed.

Our trip down river took eight days and then we had spent ten days more on the Arnold after our arrival, and in these eighteen days we had known some very pleasant people whom we regretted leaving. And when we went aboard the Roanoke we knew of no one of our friends or acquaintances on board ship, but later we were agreeably surprised to find that there were several we had known in Dawson and had entertained in our home.

They had left Dawson two weeks after we did and yet took passage on the same ship. Often people hastily made up their minds to return to their homes, business suddenly calling them, or a great desire to see their dear ones.

Among other friends were one of the Sergeants of the N. W. M. P., and Mrs. H., a cultured Welsh woman, with whom I was glad again to meet.

These introduced others, and so we had a pleasant little clique, in which we moved and enjoyed ourselves in our voyage on the briny deep.

For though one is fascinated in watching the great waves for hours—yet a pleasant chat with friends helps to pass away time that otherwise might prove a trifle monotonous.

The six days that we were on the Roanoke prior to our departure were spent much as the previous ten days were.

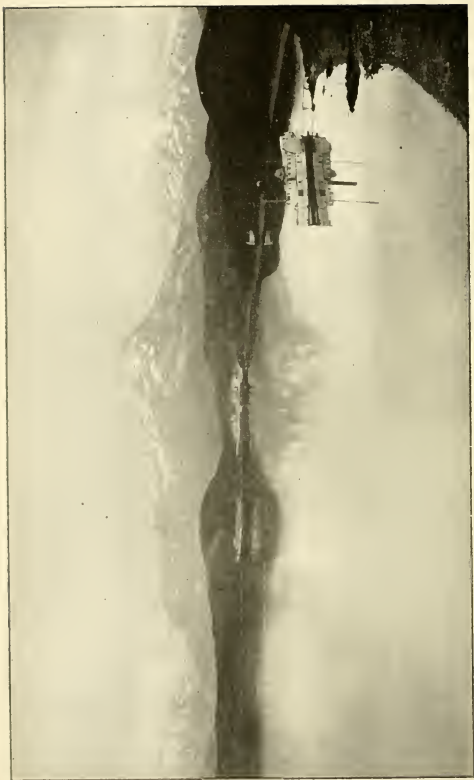
The steam tug, "The Saint Michael," took us to and fro, we took quite an interest watching the various vessels constantly coming and going on St. Michael's Bay, and had another delightful little visit on the whaler.

There was a great rush just at this time for Cape Nome, and every boat that came down the river was crowded with passengers en route to the new gold fields.

At twelve o'clock, midnight, July 4th, the whistle from the different vessels were blown all over the sea, shouts were heard from one ship to another, and the jolly patriotic songs rang out over the deep, blue sea in celebration of that day when we first had our independence.

One especially pleasant evening we saw a fine mirage of the mountains from one thousand to fifteen hundred miles away, so clear was the atmosphere.

At nine p. m. Thursday, July 6th, we embarked on our voyage which took us eleven days to sail from St. Michael to Seattle.



DUTCH HARBOR.
(With Permission of E. H. Harriman.)

From St. Michael to Dutch Harbor.

THE evening we left Saint Michael it had been cool and cloudy all day but towards evening it had cleared and we had fair sailing that night, though it was quite foggy toward dawn and during the early morn, which lessened our speed to ten miles an hour. Later the morning was lovely, the sea calm and beautiful, the deep blue green of which contrasted with the white foam of the water made by the motion of the ship, and our ship fairly flew in the bright sunshine.

A day or two before we left Saint Michael there were a number of persons brought on board the Roanoke who were either sick or crippled and the government was sending them to their homes. One was so weak he was helpless—he had suffered with scurvy until his physical powers were almost paralyzed and he was carried aboard the ship—the next day he died and there was a midnight burial. A short service was held, a few verses were read, and a prayer was given over the remains of the poor unfortunate. Then as the words “Nearer my God to Thee” were sung, all that was mortal of “Some Mother’s Boy” was gently lowered into the sea. The weirdness and sadness of this midnight burial at sea, the first I had ever known, still affects me, and the sweet strains of that old-fashioned hymn seems again to be heard sailing on the waters of the Behring Sea.

One of the passengers on our ship wrote the follow-

ing poem in memory of the one, whose remains were lowered at the midnight hour into the deep :

THE MINER'S LAST TRAIL.

'Tis midnight! Across the dark ocean
The boom of the ship's bell is heard
And out of the darkness in answer
Comes the cry of the wild sea bird.

In the gangway a form once so stalwart
Lies wrapped in a dark winding sheet,
While a pall—'tis the flag of his country
Hides the heavy round shot at his feet.

No more he'll stampede o'er the snow and the ice,
For poor Ben's reached the end of life's trail.
He has crossed the dark threshold whence no man returns,
And his funeral dirge is a gale.

A sob and a tear from his comrade,
A low prayer, then a splash, and 'tis o'er,
While in far off Missouri his children
Mourn a father they'll never see more.

No stone marks the brave miner's last resting place,
On his grave no sweet flowers ever bloom,
But God knows the spot where slumbers the dead
In the cold Northern ocean's deep gloom.

The days passed pleasantly, walking and talking out on deck, or sitting and reading. A part of the time was spent in the social hall reading, chatting, or listening to the music that several of the passengers rendered.

The first twenty-four hours we had traveled more than three hundred miles toward our destination. Quite a great deal of the time we were attended by fogs and clouds—sometimes rain—which of course kept us from swift sailing. Saturday was cloudy and windy though the waters were comparatively smooth. The walk on deck was not so much enjoyed, still I wrapped up well and remained out quite a great deal. The fog horn was blown every few minutes lest in the dense fog our ship

and another would collide. During the night the Charles Nelson had passed us bound for Saint Michael, towing two barges.

Sunday was still, cool and foggy, so much so our course was unknown, though we were nearing Dutch Harbor. The sea was a little rough. Later it cleared and we passed within view of the grandest and most beautiful of scenery, just as we came into the entrance of Dutch Harbor. A lovely spot in nature! Standing forth in prominence was a mighty consolidation called "Priest Rock." The name is of legendary origin which brings to us a tale of the early times that this recluse far from the world at large has been guarded all these years since its troubles by this sentinel—which is said to be a priest turned to stone and indeed so it seemed, and it added a dignity to the already imposing entrance to Dutch Harbor. Nothing had I ever seen on land or mountain scenery that excelled the view we had as we sailed into the Harbor—indeed I feel it was unequalled. Great lofty, picturesque mountains, alternately barren and green, the former though very attractive in their old gray appearances, which were enhanced by contrast to the green of the latter; now and then snow clad mountains intervening.

A grand and imposing harbor into one of the loveliest spots on earth! As I shut my eyes now I again seem to see that vision of almost unparalleled beauty—and now and then it appears like a cyclorama of nature, on which I gaze in admiring silence—the deep blue sea so calm and still and the valley of the harbor in the center. Surrounding these majestically rose the variously beautiful mountains of snow, and rock, and verdure, enveloped in that atmospheric blue that distance lends to scenery. The lofty peaks of which tower toward

the heavens of blue from which the white, fluffy clouds hang down low over these mountains, concealing a part of them and adding an attraction to the scene; while above all this the sun shines in his glory, giving a touch of color and perfecting this beautiful picture.

We went into port at two-thirty and spent the afternoon looking around, walking about and picking flowers. Though there is a great profusion of flowers at Dutch Harbor, the place is entirely devoid of trees—of the former the violet is especially worthy of mention—of a little larger variety than ours and with the same sweet odor. We just revelled in picking these, gathering immense bouquets of them that we saved until we reached Seattle—in fact a few remained fresh even after we got to the hotel.

Sweet clover is also found in this Eden spot of the North—the leaf of which is large and beautiful—of a light pea-green and it had a delicate odor. Some of both of these we pressed. In fact we began in Lindermann in May ninety-eight to press all varieties of flowers, and the colored plates here-in placed are exact copies of nature. The next morning we went over to Unalaska—about two miles from Dutch Harbor. Our friend, Dr. F., from Minneapolis, went with us and our merry, little party spent a most enjoyable morning, looking at the Greek Church and at the the many curios and skins in the small stores and the place in general. Here we refreshed ourselves with a drink of real milk, for which we only paid ten cents a glass. The two places are separated by a walk of about one mile and a half and a small lake over which we were ferried by a boy for the sum of ten cents apiece.

We returned from this trip just in time for lunch—after which we again went out, this time to walk along

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— BOUTIQUE VERMOREL —



KLONDYKE FLOWERS.

the beach and hunt for the pretty sea urchins and shell.

We walked a long distance down the beach but finding no very pretty shells, we retraced our steps, a part of the way and went over a mountain on the other side of which we again came to the sea—and along this beach we found the prettiest kind of different colored sea-urchins and a number of very dainty colored shells. By this time the rain had descended on us and our escort called out to our chaperon, “Come on Mrs. H., we had better go back to the ship, or you all will get wet” but we heeded him not for we were having too much pleasure in the novelty of picking up the pretty things we found on the shores of the Behring Sea. And on we walked in the pattering rain with no umbrellas to protect us. Again our friend called to us to hasten and laughingly we told him that we would excuse him—at which he started toward the ship, but finally waited for us. We picked up oyster shells and pieces of lobsters, and a number of other interesting things. I found one particularly pretty shell of a dainty pink coloring and to which a large piece of sea-weed clung. I dried it in that state and still have the shell with the sea-weed attached to it.

I thought the exquisite coloring of the sea-urchins a thing to most admire—after the tide had washed and beaten these delicate things around and in this way had cleansed them from all animal matter they were very pretty to look upon. They were variously colored—many pure white—others from the lightest of olive tints to the deepest, and in lovely heliotrope shadings—many of these were broken from being dashed on the beach, though others were not and they seemed more like pieces of delicate china than shells. It seem-

ed marvelous that all were not broken on the rocky beach where the tidal waves recklessly threw them. At last we had more than we could carry and yet we had a childish reluctance in leaving, but tired nature and a good wetting persuaded us that it was time to return to the ship.

As we walked along the beach Miss S. found a jelly fish or a part of one—and of course we had to get a stick and poke at it and found much interest in this. A most peculiar fish it was that at times seems to have the perfect form of a star-shaped body of a yellow color—then is suddenly transformed into a round transparent one—both of these are of a jelly substance and this transformation seems to be merely an expansion and contraction of the body—the yellow star-shaped body is never lost however, only drawn within the round one where in the center of the latter it may still be seen of smaller size. We got back to the ship a wearied and wet but thoroughly delighted little party and immediately repaired to our staterooms to divest ourselves of the wet garments and don dry ones.

The next day we had another pleasant walk and hunt for flowers and shells and in the afternoon it rained. Captain C's whaler was in the harbor there also, so the ladies came aboard our ship and we spent a pleasant afternoon in the social hall with music and conversation.

Several volcanoes were pointed out to us while we were at the Harbor, two of which were active and from out of these came smoke curling upward and mingling with the low overhanging clouds. There is an island near Dutch Harbor where the white and red foxes are raised.

That evening we sailed from Dutch Harbor where

we had been two days to load the ship with coal—the latter is found quite a great deal in Alaska and the North West Territory.

As we reluctantly sailed away from this grand old harbor I steadfastly gazed, long and lingeringly upon the beautiful picture of sky and earth and sea that it might be so distinctly and so vividly imprinted upon my mind that the impression would live always in my memory and never be effaced.

As the lofty mountains with their mantles of green and gray and white, amidst the low overhanging clouds, were touched by the last rays of the sun, the brightness of which had been denied us earlier in the day, and as they receded from our view, I felt that I had enjoyed the grandest mountain scenery perhaps possible, and that this little spot, Dutch Harbor, which I had studied and read of all my life, was a veritable Eden with its profusion of violets and sweet clover and numerous other flowers.

A few miles took us through the pass and at last we were sailing on the broad ocean.



The Ocean Voyage.

OUR voyage so far had been extremely pleasant, we had been blessed with a smooth sea upon waters that are much dreaded in times of storm, for the rough and tempest-tossed waves of the Behring Sea are of wide-spread note, but now we could scarcely hope to be again favored, and yet we were.

We left Dutch Harbor on Tuesday evening and the only sea-sickness I felt was upon the following Thursday and Friday, and then most of the time I was not very sick, just enough so to feel less humorous and not as much like laughing as usual. I was out on deck walking most of the time and enjoyed the ocean very much and as I watched the great body heave I recalled the lines that seem so true :

“The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth,
And as uncontrolled,”

and thought of the power and might of his strength, which could be quelled by but One Master. On Thursday the sun shone bright and clear and the waves were beautiful, so entirely different in their coloring in sunshine and in shade though yet at both times lovely, and perhaps more fascinating under the rays of the sun, yet were they very attractive in the deeply, darkly, somberly blue of cloudy days.

Our nights were very dark and foggy and the days also were attended by dense fog some of the time. Two



DUTCH HARBOR,
(With Permission of E. H. Harriman.)

of the nights in particular, were so dark and foggy that we anchored for a short time. We heard the dismal sound of the fog-horn every three minutes and you could but have a feeling of awe and trust toward the All Powerful Being without which a positive fear would have possessed you, when you realized how dark and foggy the night, and that you were upon the mighty deep.

Then also we had so watchful and efficient a captain, as well as first officer, that we felt comparatively easy. Captain W. never left his post of duty, but earnestly watched the whole night long on those dark and foggy nights.

One evening I stood out on deck and looked with interest and delight upon the phosphorescent wake of the ship in the water, brilliantly contrasting with the deep darkness above and below.

We saw several schools of whales and one day we had the opportunity of seeing one of those great water animals not far from the ship throw a fountain of water high into the air as he gave forth a deep breath.

At all times the waters were beautiful to behold. When rough there were the numberless white caps that spread over the surface of the great ocean and made a pretty fascinating picture as they were tossed hither and thither by the deep swells of the waves. And when the sun shone bright and clear, the blue-green of the waters changed by the motion of the vessel into a peculiar light Nile green that was so lovely, intermingled with the white foam—and much like the waters of the Mediterranean Sea from what I have heard and read.

On Monday, the seventeenth of July, we were nearing our destination. In the early part of the day we were in a dense fog, which was lifted and at twelve the

sun was shining brightly and after about five days sailing out of sight of land, we now came in sight of it.

Soon we saw land on either side, American soil on one shore and Canadian on the other.

Port Townsend later came in view, a picturesquely located town, the business portion of which lay along the water front, while the residences extended back upon a sloping plateau that had a commanding view of Puget Sound and the surrounding country. Several beautiful government buildings stand out in prominence upon the highest portion. Port Townsend has an especially beautiful harbor with water of enough depth and width to allow the largest ocean steamers to land.

And now indeed we felt that our voyage was almost over. And upon this last evening the sun set clear, soon the moon cast her radiance over the smooth waters, so calm and beautiful, and as we sailed along the lights of Seattle came into sight.

As our steamer sailed into port, we all stood out on deck enjoying the bright moonlight reflected on the waters, and the pretty view of the city twinkling with its electric lights. A number of boats were upon the waters, and from one large steamer came sweet strains of music, welcoming the returned Klondykers.

Left alone for a few minutes my heart welled with thankfulness to God that we had been spared to return from so long and perilous a journey, and one which had given me so much pleasure and knowledge.

Ere I slept that night, after being driven to the hotel, I wired my loved ones and found that all was well at home.

And now that the facilities of travel have progressed and the trip can be made entirely by steam and

rail, many tourists will undoubtedly make this journey, though a summer trip will not give them all the pleasure to be enjoyed.

In conclusion I wish to again express the pleasure that this trip has given me, and to state that the hardships of the journey and the trials of the climate were naught compared to the pleasure and delightful experiences I had. I sojourned in the north one year, though I was gone from my home eighteen months—had a most delightful trip into the interior of Alaska and a more charming one out of it—I was under an Arctic sky during the four seasons, and equally enjoyed,

“The freshness, the flutter, the ripple of Spring
And Summer’s broad glow and grave Autumn bedight
In his tarnished gold russet, then bareness and white
And the clasp of the sweet home in the long Winter’s night”

Yet of all the beautiful things I saw, of all the lovely views I enjoyed, of all the delightful knowledge I have obtained, there are three things that stand out paramount from all others, and in the years that come and go, there are three visions which in delight shall be most often recalled and they are the gorgeous sunsets of an Arctic sky, the brilliant Aurora Borealis of the North, and Dutch Harbor, that cyclorama of marvelous beauty of mountain, of sky, and sea.

THE END.

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and around Dawson. While her scenic descriptions are interesting and instructive, her apostrophes to nature, especially her pen picture of the aurora borealis, are couched in beautiful language. Not a little attention is devoted to the folklore of this romantic country.

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All events of interest in her travels the author has touched upon in a manner that is graphic as well as entertaining. The reader will gain from the work snatches of botanical information and find pleasing allusions to some of nature's wonderful phenomena, particularly that of the aurora borealis. While all through the book are to be found gem-like bits of word painting, the author has not neglected the practical side of her subject.

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BROOKLYN EAGLE:

The author's brother having decided to cross the Chitoot and take with him his wife and little daughter, Miss Craig was seized with a spirit of adventure and joined the party. It would appear from her account that it was not so terrible an undertaking as the stay at homes have supposed. It must be remembered, however, that this is the story of a young, vigorous woman, brimful of the love of adventure and with a keen sense of humor. Miss Craig writes in an unconventional way, and the book is unique and well worth reading. It took a woman to discover and to tell us that all along the route to Dawson, she found the dainty blue and white forget-me-nots, clumps of ferns, daisies, wild roses, etc. She has not only drawn some of the wild flowers, but has been at the pains to color them and have them lithographed for her book.

WASHINGTON POST:

GENERAL BAPTIST:

The story of adventure, hardships, escapes, triumphs and pleasure is told in an off hand, cosely style that is charming. Prof. Carrington, State Superintendent of schools, has selected this as one of the books for a place in school libraries in Missouri.

MOXTANA RECORD:

Somewhat in diary form but highly interesting is this narrative. Miss Craig shows life and death walking almost arm in arm, while joy and happiness laugh at the elbow of despair. As an attractive story it deserves reading, as a descriptive history it is meritorious.

BOOKSELLER:

It is quite different from the usual tales of adventure and hardship. The book is one to read with pleasure, and close with regret.

KLODYKE NUGGET:

This is an exceedingly clever account of the obser-

