

MAD RUSH FOR GOLD

RUNNING THE RISK OF STARVATION TO REACH KLONDIKE.

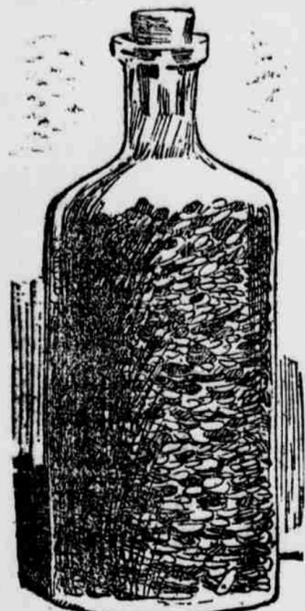
Steamers Crowded With Men—Some Women Also as Passengers—Tales of Great Earnings—The Pacific Coast Has Gone Mad.

Special San Francisco Letter.

The entire Pacific coast has gone gold mad since the discoveries of the yellow metal in the Klondike region, in Alaska. The Alaska Commercial Company's steamers will not be able to carry a tenth of the hordes now preparing to start for the frozen gold fields. Great processions of men and some women, have been filing in and out of the steamship offices, asking particulars about transportation and rates.

Tacoma reports that men of wealth in that city are forming syndicates, made up of from ten to twenty men. Each one signs a contract to receive his share of the proceeds. Each party will scatter on reaching the placers, and it is estimated that at least two out of each party of ten will strike it rich and bring the average of all up to not less than \$10,000.

The biggest scheme of all is to char-



One Pan \$500. Actual Size.

See the Northern Pacific steamer, City of Seattle, provision her and load her down with all sorts of goods suitable for use in the far North. It is proposed to send the vessel up the Yukon river as far as possible and to utilize her during the winter as headquarters for the Tacoma colony. All the experienced Yukon miners insist that those who venture into the Klondike country must have at least one year's supply of provisions, but such warnings are not heeded by many who are only anxious to get into the gold fields, and then trust to luck to make a living. All classes of people are joining the gold hunters, but street car conductors and policemen take the lead in point of numbers. One capitalist who proposed paying men \$5.00 a day and meet all their necessary expenses, besides dividing earnings with them, was overwhelmed with applicants and had to withdraw his offer. It is leaking out that many who returned last spring from Klondike were careful not to give a true version of the wealth of the country. Maps of Alaska are in demand.

The centre of the new gold region is not within Alaskan territory, but forty miles are not much on a map, and thousands of prospective adventurers on the Pacific coast are studying the somewhat uncertain lines and charts that will serve to guide fortune hunters into the northwest. The advent of the Excelsior, with the load of gold dust, has dispelled some of the hazy notions of this distant Yukon region, which generally has been regarded as a dreary succession of impassable snow, and mountains of illimitable ice prairies. The gold hunters who returned with fortunes tell of a country rich, not alone in minerals, but in variety of climate and resources. It is not an endless ice carnival up there. There are two months of sunshine and summer. There are trees, and ferns, and flowers, and where cultivation of the soil has been attempted, according to the requirements of that latitude, it has been successful. Nevertheless the dangers from cold and famine are great, and the menace of snow, ice and the relentless winters will have a restraining influence on the exodus.

There has already been a rush from all parts of Alaska to Dawson City, and the Klondike camps. If at the last moment there should be an unexpected rush of prospectors, with the importations of additional supplies cut off by the close of navigation, starvation would be the result. If the matter is left to transportation and trading companies the supply of provisions may readily be regulated, so as to keep prices at the proper figure; for the opportunity of cornering the market will be perfect. There is, however, talk of one or two steamers going north on independent speculating trips.

The miners recently arrived in San Francisco from the fabulously wealthy placers diggings are aghast at the outlook and predict no end of suffering within the next twelve months. They say, that the people do not appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking, nor the difficulties that surround it. Two million dollars, picked up in less than nine months, and fifty times that amount awaiting those having the courage to invade the cheerless regions and strength to handle a pick and shovel tells the story of the mania that has seized upon the people.

It is certain that there are now on the way to St. Michael's more than 6,000 tons of provisions, but it is impossible to get these supplies further up the river this year. There will, of

course, be enough for those already in the camp, but for any greater number intense suffering is feared. As the favorite route is by way of Juneau, it is certain that a large number of adventurous people will take advantage of the weekly boat between this city and that point. This boat stops at Seattle and is crowded on every trip. The fare from San Francisco to Juneau is \$30, which includes board. From Juneau to Lake Lindemann is really the hardest part of the entire journey. Most of the distance, 200 miles, is over a mountainous country, though snow does not begin to fall until September 15. After this there is scarcely a let-up before the middle of the following March. Just before reaching Lake Lindemann the famous Chicout Pass is encountered and woe to the traveler who is caught in one of the snow storms, which spring up with the suddenness of an April shower and rage for days. They are frozen simoons. Nature has provided at the pass a protection against these terrific outbreaks in the shape of an immense overhanging rock. At the top of the pass it was the custom in former years for the Indians to corral the wild sheep and goats, which were to be found in large numbers in all the surrounding mountains. The species now is practically extinct. This route by the way of Juneau is a fine trip of 1,000 miles or so. For an individual it is more costly, but for a party it is cheaper. At the head of Lake Lindemann is a sawmill, where prospectors are permitted to prepare the lumber for the boats necessary to complete the journey to the camp. This work generally consumes five or six days, but if the prospector is in a hurry he can purchase a boat, the average price being \$50. Then he floats on and on for hundreds of miles and finally reaches the gold and the miners and the Arctic Circle.

Just what placer mining in Alaska means is difficult for eastern people, or in fact, any not familiar with arctic methods, to realize. For instance, placer mining in a country where unfrozen water is at a premium nine months in the year, presents an apparent contradiction of conditions. The Yukon basin is full of such paradoxes. Here, where for three months the sun shines from eighteen to twenty-four hours a day, the thermometer often registers eighty degrees. Here the extreme dryness of the atmosphere is a specific for every fleshy ill. There has never been a case of severe sickness in the Yukon—yet the whole country is a marshy bog, and the foot sinks ankle deep in the morass at every step.

The Yukon basin occupies an immense area, most of it still terra incognita. This generation, the next and the next will not have time to survey all its plains, measure its mountains, trace its rivers and discover its wealth. Gold, platinum, copper, iron and coal are known to exist in vast quantities. Its furs alone equal in value the purchase price of the entire territory. The extent of the richness of its placer mines have been established beyond question. Not a stream yet prospected has failed to "show color." No bonanzas have been uncovered, nor are they to be looked for in the future, unless new and especially adapted methods of extracting the gold are invented. But with pluck, perseverance and industry many moderate fortunes will undoubtedly be made.

The Yukon was one of the earliest streams to be worked. Its bars are not yet exhausted, but have been somewhat neglected since the discovery of coarser gold in surrounding gulches tributary to Sixty-Mile and Forty-Mile creeks. These in turn are likely to be given up temporarily for the treasures of Klondike. A man who gets to the Yukon with the determination of making a good stake expects to stay at least three years. The best part of his first season is spent in reaching the diggings and locating his claim. The process of getting out the gold is slow and difficult. The soil is merely glacial drift and is always frozen solid, saving for a few inches near the surface, and this is thickly covered with



Banza Creek Valley.

a growth of moss called tundra. To remove the tundra, except in small areas, is impossible. It cannot be dug up, blasted, or otherwise destroyed.

Mining on the banks of the large rivers is easier but not so profitable. All the coarse gold and nuggets have been found in tributary streams, the size of the grains increasing as the streams are ascended. The briefness of the summer season is the greatest disadvantage of placer mining so near the pole. The time from June 1st to August 15, gives but little opportunity for profitable work, especially when the expense and labor of reaching the mines is considered. Impossible as the proposition appears, winter mining has been experimented with for two seasons and soon promises to yield fair results. But this work can not be started until the cold weather is settled beyond the possibility of doubt. About 100 days can be relied upon.

Winter in the Yukon basin is not an altogether unbearable season. The thermometer often falls to 70 and even 80 degrees below zero, but there is neither wind nor moisture, and the extreme cold is not therefore realized. When working out of doors the miner wears a thermometer as he wears a watch. He consults it ever now and then, for prudence's sake, and when the mercury freezes he knows that it is time to go in.

Was All Tired Out.

"Well, little girl, what is it?" "If you please, sir Mr. Slimmer will not be able to come down this morning. He's just got back from a two week's rest in the country and he's all tired out."

AN UNFAIR DIVISION.

Cabby Had a Strong Leaning Toward Fairness to Himself.

Hank Miller of New York, sometimes called the "Omnibus King," was good-natured, and full of fun and he enjoyed a patronage which eventually netted him a neat income. One evening Hank was making his rounds of the stable, as was his wont, when he overheard the chink of money and a subdued muttering (glancing over a stall, he discovered one of his drivers counting his fares as follows:

"That's two 'shillin' for Hank, and two for me," laying the shillings in two piles. He kept on dividing his fares, until he came to the last piece of money, an odd shilling.

"There," said he, "that's too bad to come out uneven, 'cause I wants to be square and go halves with Hank. Let me see, shall I throw this in his pile? No, I'll toss it up; heads for me and tails for Hank," and he spun it up in the air. "Tails it is!" he cried as it fell. "Well, that's Hank's I suppose," but he hesitated. "No, I guess I'll toss again." This time it fell down heads. "Ah, I knew that first toss wasn't fair!" and having divided the money to his satisfaction, he slipped away without knowing that Hank had been watching him.

Hank gulped his office before the thiefing driver arrived to leave his fares. "Good evening, Jack," said he, as the man entered. "Luck good to-day?"

"Rather poor, Mr. Miller," and he laid the money on the desk.

"Well, Jack, I guess we can dispense with your services from now on."

"Eh! How's that? What have I done?" cried the astonished Jack.

Hank gave a quiet smile, and then, looking the man in the eye, said: "You see, Jack, you didn't treat me fair. By rights, I should have had another chance at that odd shilling."

A TORTUOUS TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

None but the Daring Could Ever Have the Courage to Try It.

The steeplechase course of the tobogganing world is a twisting, winding mountain path—an icy incline three-quarters of a mile long, with a descent of over 600 feet—running from St. Moritz, in a valley of the Swiss Alps, in the province of Grisons, to the fields of Cresta, nearly a thousand feet below. St. Moritz is near Davos-Platz, and, like it, is a famous Winter health resort.

As soon as a foot of snow has fallen the St. Moritz tobogganers begin to lay out the course, which it takes twelve skilled laborers, with some amateur help, six weeks to construct. In the beginning four men, arm in arm, tramp over the projected course several times, beating down the snow.

Then snow shovels are used to fill up inequalities, and to bank the curves and corners. The whole is then led until it is more slippery from start to finish than the fabled descent to Hades.

If it were in a straight line it would be nothing remarkable, and sliding down it would be the child's play that it is on the long direct chutes in this country, Canada and Russia. But its course is, instead, most devious and desperate.

It twists and turns, describes semi-circles and S's, goes downhill and up, or, on occasions, keeps level. It has "leaps," and "corners," "banks" and "straights," which give the daring coaster wildest excitement of the most varied sort during every one of the forty-odd seconds while he is hurtling headlong down its length.

If the very sharp corners and curves were not banked high, like a cycle track, there is no telling where the adventurous tobogganer would finally land.—New York Journal.

Refused to Officiate.

The Mayor of a village in Brittany recently resigned rather than officiate at the marriage of a divorced man. The assistant Mayor and four Municipal Councilors were asked in turn to perform the ceremony, and, rather than comply, resigned one after the other. The Sub-Prefect of the district refused to accept the resignations and the disappointed bridegroom sued the recalcitrant officers for damages.—New York Tribune.

Business and Honor.

Said Judge Potbury to Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter: "Just think of the deception practiced every day. Why, 't is dreadful. Now, if you could make \$150 by a lie, your sense of honor wouldn't allow you to do it, would it, Mr. Baxter?" "Dunno 'bout dat ar," replied Whangdoodle. "Seems ter me dat an a mattab of biness, wharin honah hein't got nuffin ter say. Say, judge, who is de man wid de \$150?"—Texas Sittings.

Mme. Patti's Fear of Burglars.

Burglars are the great terror of Mme. Patti's life at Craig-y-Nos Castle. She has had all the window-shutters fitted with electric bells, which start ringing at the slightest touch, while by the same machinery a gun is fired, and a number of dogs are let loose in the grounds. Special watchmen are told off every night on "round" duty.

A Polite Official.

Bill the Burglar—"De warden 'f dis penitentiary ain't got a bit 'f feelin'." I told him dis mornin' dat dis wuz de tenth anniversary of de day I came in here."

Pete the Pickpocket—"Wot did he say?"

Bill the Burglar—"He wished me many happy returns 'f de day.—From Puck.

MORE THAN A MILE DEEP.

Boring into the Bowels of the Earth for Purposes of Investigation.

Near Pittsburg, Pa., a curious experiment is in progress. It is the boring of a well to the lowest possible depth, with the view of discovering not only the variations of temperature at the different levels, but the discovery of elements which may be utilized on the surface. The operations are under the direction of Professor Hallock, of Columbia College, and the depth already attained is 5,502 feet. At the outset it was intended to stop when a depth of two miles, or 10,560 feet, was reached. But the present intention is to fix no limit to the undertaking. The plan now is to bore until it is impossible to proceed any further, for it is believed that at some stage the power of the machinery to operate will be exhausted. No one ventures an opinion as to when that point will be reached, and there is no certainty that it ever will be reached. But the difficulty of operating is augmented as the distance from the surface increases, and that fact strengthens the impression that there must be an end to this, as there is to all other things.

The deepest well in the world at present is near Leipsic, Saxony, where salt is brought to the surface from a depth of 5,740 feet, at which point the temperature is said to be 135.5 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the Pittsburg well at a depth of 5,000 feet was 120.9 degrees. Measurements taken during the progress of the work show, moreover, that the rise of temperature averages about one degree to every fifty feet in depth, and at a depth of 5,500 feet the Pittsburg well showed 128 degrees of heat. At this rate of increase the boiling point—212 degrees—would be reached at the depth of two miles. It is not improbable, however, that as a greater depth is reached the rise in temperature will be more rapid. But the experience in Leipsic contradicts this supposition, for the difference between the depth of that well and the Pittsburg hole is a little more than four degrees higher. What will occur when the depth of two miles is reached, or what conditions will be found below that, is, of course, a matter of conjecture.

All sorts of hopes are entertained in connection with the experiment. For example, Prof. Hallock believes that the heat found in the interior of the earth may be utilized for power, light and other purposes. He reasons that when the depth is reached at which water boils steam may be made power by turning in water from the surface or utilizing subterranean steam that may be discovered during the progress of drilling. If that expectation is fulfilled the value of the enterprise will become inestimable. It would be scarcely safe to dismiss the scheme as impracticable and to look upon it as a wild goose chase, for this is an age in which everything appears reasonable and attainable through the aid of science.—Kansas City Star.

You and Your Grandfather

Are removed from each other by a span of many years. He travelled in a slow going stage-coach while you take the lightning express or the electric car. When he was sick he was treated by old fashioned methods and given old fashioned medicines, but you demand modern ideas in medicine as well as in every thing else. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine of today. It is prepared by modern methods and to its preparation are brought the skill and knowledge of modern science. Hood's Sarsaparilla acts promptly upon the blood and by making pure, rich blood it cures disease and establishes good health.

Some People Still Blow Out the Gas.

The following is what a hotel man says: I venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that for every death from asphyxiation in my hotel during the past five years I or my employees have rescued 25 persons who would certainly have died if we had not been on the alert. We are indeed always on the lookout for guests who think they are doing right when they blow out the gas. Only a few nights ago I discovered as I passed through my hall a strong smell of gas and traced it to a room where a man and his little child had been assigned but a few hours before. The door was soon burst open, and two unconscious forms were found in a peaceful repose, which would have ended in death if the discovery had been made two hours later. When the man was resuscitated, I asked him what he meant by turning the gas on after it had been put out.

"I'll give you my word, sir," he said earnestly, "that I blew the gas out and didn't touch the pipe afterward."

When I told him what a mistake he had made and what a lucky escape he had had, his joy was unbounded, and between his sobs and exulting cries of joy he hugged and caressed the little boy with him, who was just coming out from the effects of the gas, as if

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IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S 2nd Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

A GOD SENT BLESSING.—Mr. B. F. Wood, of Easton, Pa., was a great sufferer from Organic Heart Disease. He never expected to be well again, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was his good angel and he lives today to tell it to others, hear him: "I was for fifteen years a great sufferer from heart disease, had smothering spells, palpitation, pain in left side, and swelled ankles. Twenty physicians treated me, but I got no relief. I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose relieved me inside of thirty minutes. Seven bottles cured me." Sold by C. A. Kleim.

HOW TO BE ERECT. 1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar. 2. Roll the shoulders backward and downward. 3. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day. 4. Stand erect a short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back." 5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart. 6. Walk about or even run upstairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head. 7. Try to look at the top of your high-cut vest or your necktie. 8. Practice the arm movements of breast stroke swimming while standing or walking. 9. Hold the arms behind the back.