

THIRST FOR GOLD.

MAD RUSH FOR THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS BY THOUSANDS.

Hundreds Will Not Get Through this Year - Terrors of the Chilkoot Pass - Brave Women Now on the Trail - Some Disbanded - Joaquin Miller in the Pass.

Of the many thousands of gold hunters that have flocked to Dyea and Skagway very few will succeed in crossing the Chilkoot and White passes before the snow flies, and it will be six months before the majority of these men will be able to resume their onward march. Two small cities of tents have sprung up at the entrances to the two passes. At Dyea from seven hundred to one thousand people are living in tents, and great piles of provisions and materials which the gold hunter brought with them are stacked up everywhere. At Skagway, which is six miles down the river on the southern slope of the peninsula that divides Dyea Inlet and Skagway Bay, about 1,000 people have pitched their tents. At both of these places the majority of



Joaquin Miller in the Pass.

prospective miners have decided to remain until spring. There are very few who have been discouraged at this prospect of wintering in the shores of Alaska with only tents to shelter them from the snow storms and the blizzards. On the contrary the majority of these people are quite content. It is doubtful, however, if, of all the men at Dyea and Skagway, even one-half will get through the passes, even when spring has come. Yet the crowd at the passes are satisfied to take their chances, and so they have decided to settle down for the winter.

Town lots are being staked out and squatter's rights prevail and some of these who have squatted on desirable lots often have an opportunity to sell them to those who are well supplied with funds. United States Commissioner Smith who is located here, and his two assistants at Skagway, are the busiest men in the section. They are engaged in recording the claims of lot holders. Next to these are three surveyors, who are kept hustling. Dyea has an eating house which the proprietors call a hotel, while at Skagway there are four restaurants. Some of Juneau's business men have decided to build wharves at Skagway, and it looks as if Skagway would be the coming city.

At Dyea the tents of the gold hunters are scattered from the head of the inlet to Sheep Camp, a distance of five miles. At Skagway the settlement is more compact, extending from the bay for a distance of about five miles to the beginning of the pass, but most of the tents are grouped on the new town site near the water. Among those who went down from here in the Alki is C. Snowdon, a robust young man, slightly lame of leg. His home is Nainai, B. C. He crossed and recrossed Chilkoot Pass this season and he is the first man who has come from there within the last three months who has accomplished the feat. Snowdon accomplished the last in five days. He came to Dyea just before the first of this month. He thus tells of his experience:

"When I first reached Dyea I had 1,500 pounds of supplies. I decided to make a trip over the pass to see what the prospect was for getting some of my stuff through. I concluded to pack over a portion of my supplies, and I made up a pack of 68 pounds. With this I started off. From Sheep Camp one begins the ascent to the mountain pass. It is like climbing up the face of a huge bare hill, the trail zig zagging. It is a hard and slow job, and in some places one has to use hands and scramble along the trail on all fours. When I reached the summit I decided to continue my journey light, and taking only a few pounds of food went down to Grater Lake, the first of a little chain of lakes, each about a mile long. Then I went to Long Lake, and thence to Lake Linderman, the first of the chain of big lakes."

Mrs. Mary Holmes is the first woman who, as correspondent of a newspaper, has attempted the hardships and dangers of the Chilkoot Pass. Her first letter written from Skagway gives a vivid description of the conditions prevailing at that place. She is by this time on her way across the pass. Mrs. Holmes is traveling with her husband through the mines. She writes:

Provisions are being left all along the trail. A newspaper seems to be the most desired article now. Every one is pleading for a paper. The different stories told are enough to drive one distracted. Some say it rains like this all the time till snow sets in, and others that this is the first rain in weeks. Though the prospectors are already urging newcomers not to land if they have no horses, all seem determined to do so. Only a few are going to Dyea. I have just learned that the ship is short of hands, a number having deserted to go to the Klondike. At Juneau alone three quartermasters deserted. One concluded himself in the hull and has just walked off with his pack. My waiter informed me at Juneau that he would not again serve me, but would leave the ship as soon as

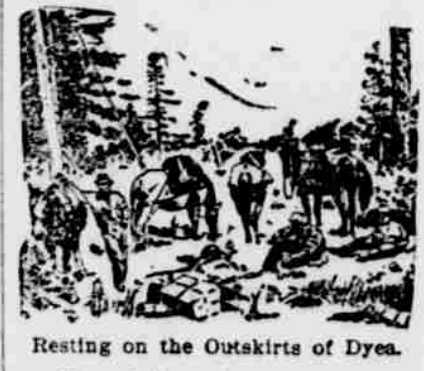
he had eaten. Getting ashore is necessarily very slow work. The freight is sent off in boats towed by tug, while the passengers are landed in small boats. Tourists, however, find it worth getting off in the rain and slush, just to see the mining camp, as it is called. Lots are selling for \$500 each, and houses are going up rapidly. Streets are being laid out and given such high sounding names as Fifth avenue and Broadway. A hotel run by two negro women is flourishing, and the streets are filled with cows and calves. Packers here are paid \$5 a day and board. It takes four days to make the round trip over the pass—that is to take a pack to the summit of the mountain and return for another fifty pounds. One can easily see how long it would take to carry fifteen hundred pounds to the lakes. That amount usually constitutes a year's provisions for two people. All the men who are going to the gold fields have landed at Skagway and think me very foolish to even think of going over the Chilkoot Pass. I shall go to Dyea, however, and make a personal inspection and inquiry about the hopes of getting over.

From all that I can gather there is likely to be serious trouble at the passes before the winter is over. The Canadian officials are said to be very dictatorial in their treatment of the miners, who have come so far. Even before the prospectors cross the mountains they are met by the revenue officers and forced to pay duty. Canadian teamsters are allowed to come on American soil and dispose of their services at outrageously high prices. If, however, an American strays over to the other side, he is bullied into paying duty, though he expects to return to his own country within the day. It is this sort of thing that has exasperated the Americans, and there is likely to be a clash some day.

Dr. E. W. Spotteswoode, of Missoula Mont., surgeon of the Northern Pacific, says that Skagway's population when the Queen sailed on August 12, was fully thirty-five hundred, if not four thousand people, while at Dyea there are not more than five thousand or six thousand.

The Queen brought back several disgusted fortune seekers, among them a former longshoreman of Seattle, named Fred Story, who has had practical experience to relate, and a prospective millionaire who was glad to secure a quartermaster's berth on the Queen for the homeward voyage. Story says that the much-talked-of Skagway or White Pass trail was never opened until Thursday last, the work of cutting through a four-mile stretch of mountain road only just having been completed. The soil is soft from the recent rains, but corduroy is being used and the general character of this route makes it the only one practicable for horses.

On the other hand the Chilkoot Pass being an older and more traveled one, is the only one to be thought of by those who pack in their supplies, but it is knee deep in mud. The anxiety of the prospectors to get through their goods at any cost, has led to most extravagant prices being offered and gladly paid. As an example, a San Francisco party paid over \$1,000 for the transportation of one ton of supplies from Skagway to the upper lake, and they were looked upon as fortunate. The opinions of the returned fortune seekers differ as to the general prospect. One man declared with positive conviction that not a tenth of those now at Skagway will get through at all. The next witness declares that all who want to will reach the upper Yukon in time, while others assert that any man, with average strength and grit, will get through safely this year. Time alone can disclose which is right. Story, who was over a portion of the White Pass, declares that the difficulties it presents are not by any means



Resting on the Outskirts of Dyea.

appalling while packing over the Chilkoot Pass few obstacles are met. He returned, not because he could not get through, but because he had business affairs to close up and preferred to take his chances in the spring. He bought one \$150 outfit for \$50 cash. The seller having decided to go to Juneau for the winter, and has it stored away for his own use on his return to the north.

A Klondike letter from Mrs. John Horne says: "We are doing well, owning one-half interest in No. 13 and all of No. 34 on Bonanza Creek, and a three-quarter interest in No. 34 on Hunter Creek. We are living on No. 13 and I can go ten yards from the house and pan out \$100 at any time, while Jack, my husband, and his partner are sawing lumber. The price of claims is away up in the thousands. If we sell we may come out this fall; otherwise we will winter here. Among others who have made fortunes is Dick Low, who is worth half a million. He took out \$300 in two pans of dirt. Life in the Yukon is not so bad after all. Fifty hundred and forty-four persons have left Seattle for Alaska and the Klondike—222 on the Humboldt, 145 on the Alki, 50 on the Farallon and 87 on the city of Kingston. Tickets are being sold rapidly for the Queen, and it is presumed that she will carry a heavy load of freight and passengers when she sails."

R. C. CHARLES.

Improved Ventilation. Among recent methods of supplying air and heat to buildings there is one involving the use of fans, which draw air through closely woven silk curtains or meshes that wash and render it free from all impurities. The air is drawn into the atmosphere is drawn upward to a considerable height above the building to avoid dust and contamination, and the air, after being brought to the right temperature and the proper degree of moisture, is distributed from the basement through the building.

ORIGIN OF THE DOG STAR.

Curious Computations Made by a Reverend Astronomer in Nebraska.

From Rev. Newton M. Mann of Omaha, we have received a pamphlet containing an article by him, reprinted from Popular Astronomy, on the orbit of Sirius. The article gives the results of Mr. Mann's latest calculations and conclusions concerning the path of the great companion of Sirius discovered by Alvan Clark in 1862. Observations of angle and distance from 1842 to October, 1888, inclusive, are employed in the calculations. From 1830 to 1836 there were no observations as the companion was apparently so near its principal as to be lost in the intense light. That is, the orbit is so inclined that the companion in its journey came nearly in line with the planet and observers on the earth and was therefore invisible. Six years were required for passage over an angular distance sufficient to get clear of the blaze of Sirius and become visible to observers.

It is apparent from the delineation by Mr. Mann of an approximate orbit with the positions of the companion at the date of each observation, and from the text, that the work of calculation was difficult. For no orbit could be constructed that would touch the companion except on eleven dates out of forty-one. The angles and distances given on the other dates of observation placed the companion outside or inside the delineated orbit. It must be understood that this orbit, an ellipse, was drawn after numerous trials to touch the companion at the greatest possible number of times. The work was done on a scale which would render the thickness of a line of great account. Furthermore, it was the purpose to draw the orbit so as to bring the companion as near as possible to the outside of the line at every observation. After many trials Mr. Mann was forced to conclude that the wide divergence often noted could not be explained by errors of observation, and that the companion suffered perturbation from the pull of a second body revolving about Sirius and a giant satellite yet unseen. He concludes that the companion has a period of 30,125 years and that it passed its principal or Sirius in 1844-95, and that the distance of the star from the center is 4 seconds and 29 hundredths.

Of a disturbing body or satellite Mr. Mann writes: "A third member of the system seems to be indicated, having a period of some twenty years, motion retrograde, the plane of whose orbit cuts that of the one we are considering at about 90 degrees, where the disturber appears to have passed in 1886, at a distance from Sirius of four or five seconds. The disturbances noted may also be complicated by a massive satellite of the companion moving in an orbit commensurate with this grandiose system." The evidence of perturbation is sufficient to warrant these conclusions. It is possible that the third member of the system may yet be sighted or so carefully traced by the mathematicians as to be precisely located. Mr. Mann's work is of great interest.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Live Mouse in a Game Cock's Craw.

"I always knew that game roosters were thoroughly up to date in everything, and always ready to fight anything, whether it be a circular saw or a bald-headed eagle," said Chief Clerk Roomer of Assistant Manager Fay's office in the Southern Pacific building yesterday, "but it was a revelation to me to see a gamecock act the part of a rat terrier. I saw a black-breasted rooster a day or two since wade into a covey of mice that Dr. Merder had corralled for the bird's amusement, and inside of six minutes the rooster had killed sixteen of the rodents and had eaten eight of the covey. The doctor says that bird has a particular fondness for mice, and never seems to get enough."

"Some time ago, after a diet of the mice, the rooster grew sick. He lost his appetite and seemed about to give up the ghost, and the doctor was greatly worried because of this fact. After treating the fowl for a couple of days he chloroformed him and dissected his craw. To his astonishment he found three mice in this portion of the bird's anatomy, one of them still alive. The mouse had gotten its tail into the small entrail leading to the bird's gizzard, and consequently had put a stop to the digestion of the rooster. The mouse must have realized this, and that it was his sole chance of life, for when the doctor attempted to withdraw the tail the mouse set up an awful squeaking, and feebly objected to the process. To make the matter more interesting, the gizzard had gripped the end of the mouse's tail, and would not let go."

"Between the two, the rooster came very near dying, but upon the mouse and tail being removed and the craw sewed up again, the bird speedily recovered, but now it runs from a mouse as if it were a bull terrier."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mr. Labouchere on Motor Wagons.

I have no special feeling of like or dislike towards a horse—my sentiments towards him are those I entertain towards a pig or a donkey, or any other useful animal; nor have I ever understood why any one should be deemed the better man because his affections are centered upon a horse. The object of a carriage is to convey people and goods. The carriage is to my mind the best that, at least cost, adequately fulfills this object. If motors, by all means let us have motors. Last Saturday I betook myself to Westminster Bridge to see the procession of these vehicles on the way to Brighton. I was disappointed. No one yet seems to have grasped the fact that there must be a new departure in their form. Judging from those in the procession, their makers have simply sought to make them as like carriages drawn by horses as possible. Apart from form, the lighter ones seemed to vibrate greatly. By my side stood a talkative lady whose acquaintance I had not previously enjoyed. "If the people inside of them were cream," she said, "they would be butter before they got half way to Brighton." I suggested to her that the petroleum cars smell unpleasantly. "Stink," she said, "is the word for them," and it certainly was.—London Truth.

THE BEST POLICY.

A Pittsburg Magistrate's Treatment of a Truthful Prisoner.

A squad of five discouraged-looking loafers were marched out before one of the city police magistrates the other day with the grave charge of drunkenness confronting them. The Magistrate looked serious, and the hearts of each of the offenders slipped down a notch or two as they thought of the penalty to be paid. Each groggy-looking countenance presented a picture of despair. The first man in the row of five was questioned: "Do you drink?" asked the Magistrate.

"No, sir," was the reply the man gave in a trembling voice. "What a liar," thought the Magistrate, and, looking at the next man, he inquired: "And you, sir, are you a drinking man?" "No, sir; this was my first offense, I never was drunk before."

"No, 3, there," again spoke the official presiding over the court. "What are your habits?" "I just took some whisky for medicinal purposes, yer honor, and I guess I had a drop too much. I never drink, sir; that is, as a usual thing." But his honor would hear no more. The fourth culprit was put through the ordeal. "What have you got to say for yourself?" asked the Magistrate, with the emphasis on the "you." "Not guilty, yer honor." "Hem," said the Magistrate, adjusting his glasses and looking severely at the arresting officer. "It's a shame to arrest such innocent, intelligent-looking gentlemen as these. I am sure you are a drunkard." Then, turning to the fifth man in the row, he said: "Well, my friend, would you take a drink if you were offered one?" "I never refuse, sir," replied the fifth, with a military salute. This so startled the audience and so gratified the truth-loving magistrate that he ordered his clerk to go out and bring the prisoner a drink of whisky. The latter drank it with a relish, while his four neighbors looked on with watery eyes. The man was then discharged, after receiving the compliments of the court. The other four were sentenced to prison for thirty days each, as a gentle reminder that truth is stranger than fiction.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Despatch.

How She Got the Job.

She was as beautiful as a dream and as fresh as the dawn. But Horatio Everingham was not in a genial mood. He had a headache, and everything had seemed to go wrong at the store that morning. Only five minutes before the sweet young woman entered one of the firm's oldest customers had left in anger, and declared that he would in future buy all his goods from a rival house. "Well," said the old gentleman, as she stood with downcast eyes before him, "I suppose you've called in answer to my advertisement for a typewriter, have you?" "Yes, sir," she demurely replied. "I've already engaged one," he went on. "Sorry you didn't get here a little earlier. The fact is, I hired the first applicant that came, for I concluded that a person who would not get here early enough to beat the others who might want the place wouldn't be likely to be very prompt in getting around if I were to employ her."

"I should have been here earlier," she said. "If I had not first gone to see Mr. Bullion, the banker. He, also, advertised for a typewriter. I am sorry now that I didn't come here first. Then I should probably have beaten all the others."

"While she had talked Horatio Everingham had taken his first good look at her, and he, too, was sorry that she had gone to see Bullion first. But here was no use regretting what had been done. He didn't need her now; so there was nothing to do but let her go. He arose to show her out of the private office, but she hesitated. "You don't think you'd need two typewriters, do you?" she said, at last. "No," the merchant prince replied rather impatiently. "One can do the work very easily. Good morning."

"Well, then," she murmured, half to herself, "I suppose I shall have to accept Mr. Bullion's offer. I'm sorry, for I'd rather work here."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Everingham, "you're going to work for Bullion?" "Yes, I told him I'd come back if you didn't want me."

"The old gentleman, while beads of cold sweat stood out upon his brow, "I'll make room for you some way. Great Caesar, what a narrow escape! Why, all my money is in Bullion's bank!" "Stay here, my girl, stay here," said Cleveland Leader.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co's Breakfast Cocoa. Includes image of a woman and text: 'A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture. Walter Baker & Co's BREAKFAST COCOA. Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious. Costs Less than One Cent a Cup. DORCHESTER, MASS. WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.'

Advertisement for Alexander Brothers & Co. Dealers in Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts. Sole agents for Henry Maillard's Fine Candies, Fresh Every Week. Penny Goods a Specialty. Sole agents for F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco. Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars: Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash, Bloomsburg Pa.

Advertisement for W. W. Watts, Iron Street, Bloomsburg, Pa. Prices Low and Good Work. For the finest and best stoves, tinware, roofing, spouting and general job work, go to W. W. Watts, on Iron street. Buildings heated by steam, hot air or hot water in a satisfactory manner. Sanitary Plumbing a specialty. I have the exclusive control of the Thatcher steam, hot water and hot air heaters for this territory, which is acknowledged to be the best heater on the market. All work guaranteed. W. W. WATTS, IRON STREET, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Advertisement for W. H. Moore, Carpet, Matting, or Oil Cloth. We buy right and sell right. Our success is based on this fact. Honest trading has won us hosts of customers but we want more. We are selling good shoes, so good you ought to see them. Drop in and we will make it pay you. W. H. Moore, 2nd Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Charles H. Lamson, at Rigby Park, near Portland, Md., made a successful ascension with a kite to the height of 100 feet.

The Gathman system of firing high explosives has been found impractical, as no result can be gained from the discharge of an explosive just outside of a ship.

The Carlsberg fund for scientific purposes has offered about \$40,000 to the Danish scientific expedition to the east coast of Greenland, for the purpose of making a chart of the coast northward to Angmagalik.

Cheap electrical power is distributed to private houses a distance of thirty miles from the central station at St. Etienne, near Lyons, France. Two dollars a month is the charge for sufficient power to drive a loom.

One per cent. of alcohol in water will kill a gold fish in one hour and thirty minutes; twenty per cent. will kill him instantly. The experiment may lead to the use of chemicals in the commercial pursuit of the larger fishes.

A German statistician has calculated that of every 1000 persons 100 reach the age of 75, 38 the age of 85, and only 2 reach 95. In the seventeenth century the average duration of life was only 13 years; in the eighteenth 20; in this century it is 36.

COULDN'T ESTIMATE ITS VALUE!

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart never fails. It relieves in 30 minutes, it cures. It is a beacon light to lead you back to health. W. H. Musselman, of G. A. R., Weisport, Pa., says: "Two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart entirely cured me of palpitation and smothering spells. Its value cannot be estimated. I feel like a new man." Sold by C. A. Klein.

When the hair has fallen out, leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Beecher's First Church.

It has been determined that the church in which Henry Ward Beecher began his ministry shall be torn down to make room for buildings of up-to-date design. When Mr. Beecher became the pastor the church was the finest in Indiana. His salary was \$800, but at the same time the governor received only \$1300, which included pay for his private secretary. Beecher is remembered by members of his first congregation for his wit, popularity and sociability, and as a lecturer to young men.

"Some persons were inclined to believe that Mr. Beecher was a little too exuberant and fond of fun," said a member of the church. "I remember that it was said at a lawn party he took off his coat and rolled down hill. Once, in coming from Terre Haute in a stage at night, he found an elder of his church in the stage. He disguised his voice and inquired what people thought of Beecher's church and about Beecher. All this was done in pure fun."

Mr. Beecher was twenty-six years old when he came here, and he remained for eight years. In 1847 he left to go to Brooklyn.—Chicago Chronicle.

DEAFNESS OF 12 YEARS STANDING.

Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh, all treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. Sold by C. A. Klein.