

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

THE CANS FULL OF GOLD.

THE KLONDIKE'S REMARKABLE RECORD FOR HONESTY.

Tents and Cabins With Precious Hoards in Them Left Unattended With out Loss—Real Estate Speculation at Dawson City—Stories About Some Lucky Men.

Lyman A. Gregory, a native of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and for ten years a resident of Trenton, N. J., returned from Dawson City this week and has much to say of the richness of the Klondike gold fields.

"What do I base my opinion upon?" he said in reply to a question on the subject. "When, in travelling from cabin to cabin, one sees five gallon coal oil cans filled with gold dust and nuggets under the miners' benches and a few dozens of 500 and 600 pounds of the precious yellow stuff brought in by parties of miners from remote camps and deposited with one of the two rich commercial and transportation companies that have headquarters at Dawson, one very naturally comes to believe that there is something in the stories of the richness of the Klondike diggings."

"Out on El Dorado Creek—twenty miles south-east from Dawson—there is a settlement of miners who came from Seattle and Spokane. They have among them about fourteen claims and I have seen out there literally a galvanized washtub two-thirds full of gold dust and flakes. A number of the log cabins of miners out there in that natural storehouse of gold have in them dozens of tomato and fruit cans hidden under the bunks and buried in the dirt floors of the cabins and filled with gold. One Norwegian miner, who can't read or write and has a claim on Hunker Creek, showed me last fall a pair of heavy canvas overalls that were his treasury. He had sewed and overlapped the legs of the garment so as to make two great heavy bags. I think he must have had 100 pounds of gold in the yellow metal on hand when I was at his cabin. That was worth about \$27,000. Miners on the Klondike creeks have utilized rubber boots, kerosene oil cans, coffee cans, fruit jars, salt sacks and buckskin and walrus hide bags for the keeping of their golden wealth. Edward Mason, Assistant Register of Mines for the Canadian Government in the Klondike region, told me recently that he had seen a ton of gold in his travels among the claims along the richest creeks in one week. I have seen several times in one day in the cabins along such creeks as Bonanza, El Dorado and Gold Bottom, \$200,000 worth of gold, and I was not out trying to see the stuff, either. Mr. Mason told me that in one day last summer he saw George Miller (one of the first half dozen white men in the Klondike diggings) and five helpers sluice nearly 200 ounces of gold from Miller's claim (No. 5) on El Dorado Creek. That makes the yield worth about \$3,000. Bill Emory, who came down the coast from Dawson on the Portland last August and sold his gold at the San Francisco mint for \$87,000 and was a hero about California for a few weeks had about \$40,000 more in gold saved up when I last saw him and he expected to run the amount up to \$80,000 by his annual clean-up or sluicing this season."

"You probably wonder why such a land of gold would not make a thieves' paradise. Three men have been put to death up in the Klondike for attempted robbery among the mining cabins during the last seven months. Two were shot to death by the miners on the Dominion Creek, and another was hanged. One man had got ten miles away from the scene of his theft when the fearful cold caused him to stop for the night with a miner. The latter suspected that there was something wrong about the man, who did not look like a genuine Klondiker, and had so much gold in buckskin pouches, and was not able to talk intelligently about the spot where he had dug the metal. So the miner kept the stranger there in the cabin, while he secretly spread information concerning the suspected man. The thief was tried by fifteen men at a cabin. The trial lasted two hours, after which the man was stood up and shot because the weather was unfavorable for an execution by hanging, and there was no available tree or telegraph pole anywhere in the region of snow and ice."

"I never knew such honesty as there is among the Klondike miners in their cabins—mark you, I am not speaking now of affairs in Dawson. It is common for a miner to go on a visit of a day in winter a few miles from home and leave his cabin unbarred and unbolted to any one who

comes that way. You hear true stories in Dawson all the time of men who, travelling among the gold diggers, enter cabins and tents left open while the owners have gone miles away on business or a visit, and see jars and cans standing on the shelves of the place with pounds of pure gold in them. A friend of mine was out prospecting on Bear Creek last summer when he stopped at the cabin of an acquaintance. The owner had gone fifteen miles to Dawson to grub up, after the weeks of sluicing, and had left notice to that effect pinned to the door. My friend went in and saw two wooden mackerel kits in one corner of the cabin well filled with gold dust. A grimy tattered old blanket had been carelessly thrown over the treasure, which was probably worth about \$16,000. Up in the Klondike a thief cannot get out of the country without risk of his life, and it is impossible for him to stay there and not be apprehended for his crime."

"Is Dawson City growing?"

"At the rate of 2,000 a week, now that the thousands of people who brave a journey over the mountain passes and 900 miles across the most desolate and sullen country man ever looked upon have begun to reach it. Dawson will have fully 50,000 population before the summer is over. Two years ago it had a total population of five white men and eleven half-breed Indians. The whole site of Dawson might have been had for \$200 or \$300. Today the same area is worth about \$2,000,000. One cannot find a spot in all Dawson where the moss and earth may not be cleared away to a depth of twelve or fifteen inches and a cake of frozen ground or ice to be found. The real estate market at Dawson is as fruitful of speculation as gold mining is. No town in the United States ever knew such marvellous leaps in values as these in Dawson during the last two years, especially in the last ten months. I have seen more people crazy about real estate than about gold mining even, and that is saying a good deal. Lots 50x100 feet sold a year ago for \$1,000; last fall for \$4,000, last December for \$8,000, and a month ago sold for \$12,000. I know two lots on Front street that together sold for \$3,000 last August. They were recently sold for \$18,000. Last year lots sold for \$1.40 a piece, and now they command \$3 and \$4. Most of the buildings are constructed of logs hewn on three sides and chinked with heavy moss. The roof is made of poles on which a layer of moss ten inches thick is laid, and then a layer of dirt about twelve inches deep serves to keep out the cold. If green logs are used they crack and make reports not unlike a pistol shot when the heavy frost comes, and for the remainder of the winter frost will accumulate on the inside of the cabin and it is impossible to get enough heat out of the stoves to thaw the ice. About 130 log cabins and some 800 or 900 tents constitute the improvements of Dawson City. The buildings are on the streets, and a wide avenue separates the city from the river bank."

Mechanics get an ounce of gold for nine hours' work, and many of them are earning from \$20 to \$25 a day. Aside from the two stores, three or four barber shops, half a dozen laundries, five or six restaurants, a second-hand store or two, two saw-mills, three butcher shops, two jewelry stores, a dozen physicians and dentists, and a couple of real estate offices, the principal business engaged in is whiskey and gambling. Compared with prices in the States, the prices at first glance seem exorbitant, but when the prevailing rate of wages of from \$10 to 15 a day is taken into consideration, the charges appear more reasonable. Meat brings 70 cents a pound; codfish, 40 cents; a shave costs 50 cents, and a hair cut \$1; five gallons of kerosene sell for \$20; meals at the Chinese restaurants cost \$2 each, and on Sundays \$3; cigars that sell for 5 cents in the United States bring 50 cents in Dawson, and one last winter they were at \$1; bread is worth \$1 a loaf, and rubber boots absolutely necessary in working a placer gold mine sell at Dawson for \$25 a pair."

"The biggest money lender in Dawson is a Brooklyn man named James P. McCauley. He made a lot of money in Cripple Creek by lending money on first-class securities at the rate of 2 per cent a month and compounding every third day. He happened to have a large wad of money in a Denver bank, and he was looking about for an investment when the news came from Seattle of the returning Klondikers and their golden hoards. Mr. McCauley started immediately for Seattle."

There he assured himself of the genuineness of the reports from Alaska, and when he had drawn his cash he started for Dawson on the first steamer north. He has made a great fortune in the nine months he has been doing business. He gets 5 per cent, on all loans, and he has city lots in Dawson and gold dust as security for his money. I never knew a money lender to have the clench that Mr. McCauley has. Halsey W. Putnam is one of the richest miners in the Klondike. He is a native and was for years a resident of Brooklyn also. He came down to San Francisco in March, and is now on his way back to Dawson for two years more of work. He is worth fully \$250,000. He is about 37. He got to Dawson a week after the first discovery of gold was made. He had about an ounce of gold between himself and starvation then. Of course, he had the cream of the new diggers in which to select his claim. He mined and sold about \$70,000 worth of gold in the first year, or from August, 1886, to August, 1897."

"New Jersey's most notable representative in the Klondike is George Wetmore, who deals faro and runs the golden Arctic saloon and gambling palace. He was born in Newark, and he lived there and in New York for thirty years, when he went to Helena, Mon. He has always been a professional gambler, and no doubt he is remembered by hundreds of men in Newark alone in the seventies and in New York from 1880 to 1888. His gambling palace is not so gorgeous as one might infer from the name, but it is a wonderful money maker. It is a low, one-story affair of log walls half the way up and rough-sawn pine boards for the upper walls and roof. Its interior area is thirty by forty feet. Mud and moss a foot thick coat the roof for the sake of warmth within the structure. Earth is heaped five feet high above the log walls. The bar and tables are of unpainted pine. The glassware back of George's bar is the most dazzling in all Dawson. It consists of two cheap mirrors and about three dozen common bar glasses. The whole could be bought anywhere in the States for about \$5. The rent of the establishment is \$100 a week, or sixteen ounces of gold, and the landlord has been lamenting all winter that he had foolishly given a lease for such a beggarly sum. George has made money right along. Some people say he took \$2,000 to Dawson last year and has 12,000 ounces of gold ready to ship to the Mint next summer. You can reckon that gold at about \$16.50 an ounce."

THE DEATH OF HEROES.

How a Man who had Done Brave Deeds Died in Obscurity.

William McMaster, an American soldier who wore a medal of honor awarded him by vote of Congress, and who died lately at Glasgow, Montana, was born in a little village of Western New York. At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union army, and served all through it in the Army of the Potomac. In numberless engagements he fought bravely, winning an honorable reputation as a soldier; but the occasion in which he was to win his medal of honor was yet to come. At the close of the war he enlisted in the regular army, and went to the West to fight the Indians."

In 1876 he was in the detachment under Reno which was operating with Custer at the Little Big Horn. The fighting had been desperate, and the plains all about were swarming with Indians. The wounded under Reno suffered intensely for water which could only be obtained from a stream which lay in the range of the Indian fire. To go to this stream was almost certain death. Nevertheless the wounded must have water, and the commander called for four volunteers to go and fetch it."

Four soldiers instantly stepped out of the ranks. One of them was William McMaster, the veteran of the Civil War, and another was a young man named Dan Sullivan, who had enlisted from Illinois. The four men were laden with canteens, and gripping their muskets, they started for the water."

They had gone but a little way into the open when one of them fell, pierced by an Indian bullet, and lay dead on the ground. The other three ran on, with the bullets whistling about them, and succeeded in reaching the stream. They filled their canteens and started back."

The bullets were whistling worse than before, for the Indians had concentrated their fire, and were determined that not one of the soldiers should get back. Another man fell and McMaster and Dan Sullivan kept on alone."

Very soon a bullet struck Sullivan, but he ran just the same. McMaster helped him as well as he could, but he knew that he was sent to bring back water, and not to save a comrade. All four men had practically offered up their lives when they started out."

Sullivan staggered on, mortally wounded

but he brought the water to the command before he fell. McMaster brought his, too, and he was untouched. He had but to resume his place in the ranks after handing over his canteens, without assuaging his own thirst. Sullivan's work was over. He had clung to his musket, unwilling, though he felt himself to be dying, to leave it to be captured by the victorious Redskins."

Sullivan was cared for by the surgeons, and possessed so large a fund of vitality that he survived to be sent home to Illinois. There he died, and the musket that he had held so valiantly was placed in the museum of the historical society at Springfield, where it still remains."

McMaster's bravery was not forgotten. A medal of honor was awarded him by Congress. His service over, he went to work at his trade, which was that of a mason, and passed the remainder of his life peacefully."

HOOLEY'S PUSHING WAYS.

Methods and Manners of the Bankrupt Financier.

Ernest Terah Hooley, who has just become bankrupt in London after a series of operations that involved millions of dollars and one characteristic that is considered typical of many men who have acquired such importance through their own efforts. He was always ready to talk of his own experiences as well as his personal habits and inclinations. He has always been ready to supply the London newspapers with all the details of this kind that they cared for. He rarely failed to tell any reporter who interviewed him on such matters that he went to bed at 10 o'clock every night and got to his office by 8 o'clock in the morning. He was fond of repeating this, even when what might be called the yacht and racehorse phase of his career began, and this made the habit a little bit more difficult to understand."

"I begin work with my three secretaries every morning," Mr. Hooley used to say, "at 8 o'clock sharp. I find there is something in always being ahead of everybody else, even in such a matter. Ten o'clock is late enough for any man to go to bed if he wants to wake up in the morning feeling fresh and eager for business. I used to walk sixteen hours a day, smoking and drinking at the same time. That was impossible. It was too much for me. So I decided to get to bed by 10, and I have succeeded in doing it for years."

Mr. Hooley told many harmless fictions of this kind about his personal habits, as he was so frequently talking for the newspapers that it was somewhat difficult to have information at times without some exercise of the imagination. When he talked of what he had accomplished in business and his method of doing that, Mr. Hooley was always more interesting. One man heard this secret of his success, which Mr. Hooley told for the benefit of the Englishmen who were looking up to him as the most successful financier of their day."

"Again, I have always gone in for big things. If you go half way up the ladder, you will find it crowded with competitors. If you go to the top, you practically have the field to yourself. There are plenty of men ready to deal in thousands, but they get frightened when you talk of millions. The average city man of today is an easy going sort of chap. He doesn't make very much and doesn't do much good with what he gets. Young men knock off work at 6, go to the theatre and get to bed late and then wonder why they do not get on."

A FAMILY FAILING.

The struggle with Heredity.

The Right Side of the Color Line.

To heredity, to the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. If each newly born being started out anew, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the digger Indian or Bushman. Naturally bad traits descend like the good. Peculiarities of feature, eccentricities of speech and manner, birth marks, etc., are handed down just as surely as manual dexterity, physical beauty, mathematical ability, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga., in whose family gray hair was hereditary. She writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect, my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago, my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it only a few times my hair was restored to its natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle lasting me quite a while; and though over forty years of age, my hair retains its youthful color and fullness. To all who have faded and gray hair, I would heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. MAGGIE PICKETT, Canton, Ga.

There is no shame in gray hair, but there

Making money is more a matter of will and self-sacrifice than of luck or brains. It is, in a sense, a question of morale, though people cannot see it."

One of Mr. Hooley's peculiarities which was not neglected in the interesting information that was distributed about him was his fondness for threepenny pieces. He had left orders with the managers of several of the largest banks in London to secure for him all the mutilated threepenny pieces that came to them. He paid only the face value of the coin and that prevented accumulating too great a number. Although his passion for them was well known, nobody ever heard from him on what it was founded. It had been said that a lucky turn in his fortunes was connected with one of them."

In spite of the fact that Mr. Hooley always got to bed at 10 o'clock, according to his own accounts, he was known as a good liver who could appreciate a dinner quite as well as a man whose mind was not occupied by such absorbing affairs. He was as ready, moreover, to transact business at dinner as he was in his own office, in a cab, at the theatre, or anywhere else that he happened to meet a person who was ready to do business with him. Quickness was one of the qualifications that had led to his great success. He would decide at once about a matter over which other men would deliberate for days. He is married, and the catholicity of his tastes may be understood from the fact that buying fast yachts and fast horses did not prevent him from presenting a gold communion service to St. Paul's Cathedral nor did it interfere with the acceptance of it by the cathedral, although it has to be given up under the bankruptcy laws of England because it was bought within a limited time before the failure."

Swapping Telephones.

The following story comes from the Grand Rapids Press, and has to do with a man and a woman who are employed in different offices in one of the large buildings of that city. Each office has a telephone, but as it happens one is an instrument belonging to the Citizens' Company, the other a bell instrument."

One day the man had occasion to use the Citizens' line, and stepped across the hall to the lady's office."

"Have you a Citizens' phone?" he asked and she replied in the affirmative.

"Well," he ventured, "I'm a citizen. May I use it?"

Why, of course he might use it; but inwardly she was inclined to envy his ability to stand up and assert his citizenship in this way, for some of her womanly propensities were of the "newish" sort. An hour later she balanced accounts with him.

"Have you a Bell telephone?" she asked, on stepping into his office. He did not try to deny it.

"Well, I'm a tele; may I use it?"

New York Gold.

At the little town of Hadley, in the edge of the Adirondack Mountains and near the upper waters of the Hudson River, a gold-extracting mill has recently been erected, and attempts are being made to obtain gold in paying quantities from soil which is too poor in vegetation to be worth cultivating. The gold is found in fine particles clinging to the grains of sand, and has to be separated by the quicksilver process. In places the layer of gold-bearing sand is twenty-five feet or more in depth. Those who have confidence in the enterprise think that about four dollars to the ton can be realized in working the sand. Two other mills are being constructed near the junction of the Sacandaga and Hudson Rivers, and within the last few months five thousand claims have been filed with the Secretary of State by people who think they have found promising gold fields in the counties of Warren, Saratoga, Fulton, Essex, Washington and Herkimer."

may be some sadness, because it is untimely, and out of season. Gray hairs are a crown of honor to the aged, but to the young they are a stigma. There is no need to be gray in youth. Grayness comes from a deficiency of the coloring matter which gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially and is so supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is by supplying the lacking pigment that Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. Beyond this, it makes the hair grow, gives it gloss and softness, stops it from falling, removes dandruff, and cleanses the scalp. Mrs. C. M. Ayres, Mount Airy, Ga., writes:

"About three years ago, my head became full of dandruff, which caused great annoyance; after a time the hair began falling out. The use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the hair from falling out, and made the scalp clean and healthy."—Mrs. C. M. AYRES, Mount Airy, Ga.

Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is noted as a dressing. It is used every day by thousands whose chief claim to beauty rests on beautiful hair. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured. Free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.