

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

KLONDIKE SIDE LIGHTS.

FRANK JONES, HUNTER AND GUIDE WRITES VIVIDLY.

He Tells of Killing a "Bad Bear" and Others—Saw Seven Kinds on the Klondike River—Shooting the White Horse Rapids—People at Dawson Well-Disposed.

Frank Jones, a famous hunter and guide of the far West, is now in the Klondike, where he went several years ago. His experiences have been exceedingly varied and exciting, and he tells them in his own way in letters to Casper Dull, a prominent lawyer of this city, who has frequently hunted big game in the Rocky Mountains with Jones as his guide. Extracts from two of these letters show in the most graphic way the toil and danger associated with the hunt for the precious metal in Alaska and likewise threw interesting side lights upon the customs in that frozen part of the dominion. Jones gives some information about the game of the country which will be news to many. In a letter written at Fort Cudahy, Yukon River, Dec. 4, 1894, which was received by Mr. Dull in the following April, Jones writes gloomily of the outlook:

'The old spirit is within me still if I can get it to move,' he says, 'but I think evolution is working on me backward, and if I stop long here I shall degenerate into a bear. I don't love everybody and every thing, as I used to; in fact this is my last deal. My last chip is up. If I win, then hurrah for better days; if I lose, then I will not kick, but my body will never leave Alaska. Hard usage I have had; hunger and cold I do not fear. If I did I would be badly scared now, for there is not an ounce of provisions to buy within four hundred miles of here, and those of us who have not enough must wait until the first boat comes up. I hope to get this letter out this winter. If I do it will cost \$1; that is the price that is charged for carrying letters out, and from 50 cents to \$1 each for bringing them in, which is cheap enough: 750 miles overland and the thermometer standing at seventy and eighty degrees below for weeks at a time. I would give my last dollar sooner for a letter than for flour, so you may know how I value a letter. We get no news from the outside world, only an occasional clipping, which little bit of outside news is scattered from man to man and from camp to camp. I suppose that I had better begin with my trip here and take you around with me.

I left home feeling bad. I did not want to come here, but took it as my last venture. Came by the Northern Pacific Railroad to Tacoma, then took the steamer Topeka for Juneau, then the Rustler for Dyas. There work began. The Indians at Dyas are great packers; they pack to the summit of Chilkoot Pass for \$10 per hundred weight or over, to the lakes for \$14. We packed our own plunder over. There were eight of us in the mess. We got over all right, put our stuff on sleds and pulled down Lake Linderman and half way down Lake Bennett, where we stopped to build our boats. There were quite a number going the same way, among whom were three women and a little girl and boy. Our mess built two boats; we sawed the lumber with a whipsaw.

The ice still remaining solid, we concluded to go hunting for meat, as our grub was beginning to get a little low. I saw three objects travelling along the side of the mountain, and rustling down through the bush I found one of the boys. We went up to where they had disappeared, and found that they were bears, one white one, which made me think at first they were cariboo. We saw them, but could get no closer than 400 yards, so trailed them for about three miles, when they went down into the timber and began digging roots. They had been picking berries on the side of the mountain. We worked along until Jim—I mention the man because I shall have occasion to speak of him further—said: 'Can't you kill one from here?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'but I would like to kill that white one first; that is the bad bear and I know it.'

'Oh, kill any one; we can manage the other two,' he replied.

'It is too far to the other side,' I said, 'but here goes for the nearest one with its head this way. One hundred and twenty-five yards will do it. Now, Jim, be ready for trouble and don't run.'

'Almost at the report of my gun the bear fell, never to rise again. The other

two ran away.' Yes, and here he comes back again,' said I. We fired two or three shots and missed, when they both jumped out into the open and started in a circle around us. We both fired together and hit both of them, and right there the ball opened. The bears were both roaring, coming over logs and around trees and the Winchester were giving them hard music to dance after. It seemed as though we could not keep them down, and I don't think either of us was doing any missing. Finally the darkest one gave it up and fell dead, literally cut to pieces, but the white one seemed more determined than ever, I tried twice to get my favorite shot at the butt of the ear, but he was moving around so lively that all I could do was to break his under jaw and cut a hole through the sharp ridge on the skull. He has now got within twenty yards of us, when rearing up on his haunches, he got a raking shot across the belly. His forehead was now right and again we fired together. His last battle was fought. Two bullets within an inch of each other had done it. I must say that I admired Jim, as I watched him very close all the time. I was standing behind a tree and shooting by the side of it; he was kneeling behind another, two rods off and shooting as cool as though it were a turkey instead of a bear. Every time he shot I could see it jar the bear. I don't think it possible that that bear could ever have reached us even if we had not fired the last two shots. I tell you the truth when I say there were two bullet holes in his heart and his sides were literally stove in. That is vitality fit for the best and an animal worthy of any man's steel.'

Jones gives this description of how he and Jim shot the White Horse Rapids: 'We went up along the side of the canon and looked down. We saw some go through. Several struck the walls, but all got through safely. We got into the boat after taking off our hip boots. 'Now, Jim said I. 'I will run her out with the paddle and let her float straight for the centre; you save your muscles and pull when I say the word. Well, I worked her out to the centre and pointed her down the stream. We were drawing near fast. I got a fair look down the canon; it looked awful, the water in the centre several feet higher than at the sides, and one great wave after another fuming at the wall with an exact mate at the other side. Every wave and its mate came together in the centre in the shape of a V, with the open end up, and the centre was our route. I have read of the jaws of death, of the jaws of hell, and have experienced the jaws of a bear, but never had such a feeling before. But the current had us now, and no power on earth could bring us back. I don't suppose it would have been so bad but for the horrible roaring. I just thought we must do as others did and nerved myself for the struggle, got the boat perfectly straight for the first breaker nodded to Jim, and shouted to 'Set her a-fire—we will make it!' The way he bent to those oars was magnificent. After striking the first breaker we were part of the time in the air and part in the water, but I felt like a new man, took delight in the waves, occasionally shouting to Jim: 'Right,' 'left,' 'hard now—both,' and we rode right on the comb of these waves and never dipped a bucketful of water. The canon would never more have any terror for me.'

Of the White Horse Rapids, three miles below the canon, Jones says: 'The upper end of the rapids does not look very bad, but the lower end looks like a cavy of white horses all bucking furiously, each one with a white rider who is repeatedly thrown, but is continually remounting. We packed our plunder around and let our boat down with a long rope, walking on the wall rock above. Some boats were crushed, some broken in two like straws. We got down all right.'

Jones tells of some more exciting experiences on the river and of the arrival at Forty-mile Post. He predicts that some day this will be a great tourist route, going to the mouth of the river, over 2,000 miles, and there taking steamer for about 3,000 more by sea. He gives an account of his first prospecting for gold and tells of the unsatisfactory results. Others, however, were more fortunate.

Jones tells of seven kinds of bears which he saw along the Klondike River and with which he had numerous encounters. He also speaks in detail of the swift and dangerous streams filled with hidden rocks and trees and the great difficulty of navigation.

On the 9th of December, he says, he saw the sun for the first time in three weeks.

'It does not shine on us down here,' he explains, referring to the post, 'but shines for a few minutes on the mountain. You may rest assured that I looked and looked—I never saw anything more beautiful—until at last it was gone. I love the sunshine. I then turned around and looked at the moon—big, bright, but cold and desolate. Yes, the scene changed. Away in the distant north under that moon was a picture no artist has ever yet painted. A world of peaks and crags away above timber line, covered with snow; not pure white snow, but of a blueish cast which said to me cold, cold, cold. I turned again where the sun went down; still a warm look in that direction; my heart went with it.'

After referring to the intense cold of the winter in Alaska, the guide says: 'Here in summer this is a land of roses and any amount of small wild fruit, chief of which is the cranberry, red raspberry, red currants, and a dozen other kinds. I should like this country if I had no family, or I should like it better than I do if I knew that my family had all the necessaries of life, which they have not. They cannot rough it and wear the skins of wild animals and live on meat like I can, but if they all live through this winter, I hope to be able to do something for next fall.'

Three years have elapsed since Mr. Dull received the letter from which these extracts have been made and another letter comes from his old guide. It is dated Dawson, July 15, 1897, and was received on April 27 last. He refers in opening to a letter received from Mr. Dull a few days before, which was written on Aug. 30, 1896. He says the letter 'brings me back to days when I was just a little happier and everything was more pleasant.'

Those were the days, he adds, when money had no value for him; that since he had tried to accumulate money he had seen more worry and trouble than ever before. 'I have no reason to complain now. What I have accumulated within the last ten months would, if put into dust, amount to \$15,000 or \$20,000, but it has brought care with it. I am kept busy looking after my interests, but my mining ground is all winter diggings, and really, I don't know how much or how little my ground is worth. I am located on Bonanza and Bear creeks. I know what it is to see and handle gold. I have seen one dog packing forty pounds of gold and strings of men with fifty to seventy-five pounds apiece. It looks now as though it might become necessary to demonetize gold and remonetize silver, as there has hardly been a starter made in taking it out. No one began burning until about February. Still there was lots of dumps that cleaned up over \$100,000 and \$50,000 is common. Men who could not pay cash for their grub last fall have had to hire men to pack their gold to town for them this spring, but I was not so fortunate. I had only about 100 ounces—\$1,700. I worked on a dump which cleaned up \$98,000. We worked three months. I expect to have a dump of my own next spring.'

Jones says the river Klondike is spelled several ways, among others Conedike and Troidike. It is full of salmon, and he writes of the bears coming to the river for fish. He also tells of shooting moose by attracting them to a 'lick' at midnight, when it is light enough to shoot. The stories of the awful ravages of the mosquitoes which have come down from the Klondike have evidently not been over-drawn.

'It seems,' he says, 'that all the little devils in hell were turned loose to torment us here from the middle of June until the middle of August. I have a small sack made of cheese cloth that fits over my hat and down under my shirt collar with a small piece of mosquito bar set in over my eyes to see through, and still they get inside in spite of all that I can do.'

Under date of Sept. 10, 1897, he writes: 'We have put up \$1,800 worth of hay and killed and sold over \$2,500 worth of moose—nine cows, two calves, and two yearling bulls. A good bull would dress between 1,000 and 1,100 pounds.' He tells of killing two large moose and hiring a boat to take the carcasses down the river. On the way down he was swept out of the boat by a log projecting over the river and narrowly escaped drowning, the swift water and submerged trees and logs making it almost impossible for him to get his head above water. He finally saved himself after an awful struggle by catching an overhanging willow, whose branches whipped the

stream. The meat of the two moose cows was sold at Dawson.

'Two of the boys that I came with are buried on the hillside back of Dawson; one was the first buried and the other the last, making twenty-three since last spring.' This is the principal reason given by Jones for a feeling of homesickness. He complains that the absence of civil officers works a great injustice to the miners, who lose many thousands of dollars through invasion of their rights. He has this to say of Dawson City:

'I have spent some time around town where one sees sights that only seeing is believing; but one thing I will say—a quieter or better disposed lot of men I never saw. One can go into a dance hall with probably two or three hundred people and lots of drunks, both male and female, whooping, singing, cursing, dancing and gambling for big money, but all is good nature. Grub is scarce, and many of us will go hungry before spring. I must take to the hills or starve. I had what was called a guaranteed order; that is, I put up my money last spring and headed my order with 500 pounds of flour and everything else in proportion. When I went for it, all that I could get was 50 pounds of flour and other articles in proportion. A few capitalists got in last fall and have bought millions of dollars' worth of property. Hundreds of claims will be sent out and put on the market. The second claim below me sold at random for \$160,000. Most of us original stakers will sell this winter. My claim is fifty eight miles below discovery on Bonanza. The best property lies on the creeks as I name them: First, and best of all is Eldorado; next and almost as good, is Bonanza. These two take the lead. Then comes Hunker, Gold Bottom, Bear, Sulphur and Dominion, with innumerable gulches and side hill claims. Some of these are very rich.'

THE PARROTS OF CUBA.

They Are Intelligent, Companionable, Talkative and Edible.

A company of prisoners from Cuba recently arrived in this city, coming unchallenged through our line of battleships, passing our coast guards unmolested, and reaching the interior of the country without harm, albeit the sentiments of each and all are for war. And these prisoners neither speak our difficult language nor understand it, their native speech being the Spanish vernacular. They are the latest and perhaps the last importation of Cuban parrots and they reached New York under many difficulties, but they are now in the homes of Lake Michigan, released from their dismal wooden cages and petted to their hearts' content, but still moping and melancholy for the loveliest land that ever the sun shone on. That was what Columbus said of Cuba when he carried the first consignment of Cuban parrots back to Europe introducing them to the delighted ladies of Seville.

In Cuba when that lovely land saw Tacon reigning in his glory.

These latest arrivals from the beautiful and unhappy Cuba will probably be the last consignment made for many a long day, and the pretty birds with their red breasts and brilliant green plumage and white-topped heads are as savage and misanthropic as human prisoners might be under the band of exile. They bite savagely and hurl Spanish anathemas at all who approach them, and whether they are rebels or parrots cannot be determined from their actions. But a few words of Spanish spoken by a visitor produced a wonderful change, as well as a babel of discordant jargon. They chattered as if in their native forests, and their bright, wicked eyes smirked with satisfaction and

they crooned to themselves like the uncanny folk they are with diabolical effect.

These birds recall the fact that the Spanish sailor has an abnormal love for parrots and is nearly always accompanied by one of those trick birds when he sails the Spanish main or adventures into distant ports, where he finds himself compelled to part with his harlequin friend in exchange for gold to pay his score. He is sorry, but not so sorry as the parrot, whom he had petted and taught and whose homesickness lasts long after the master she loved has forgotten her.

A poet wrote a pathetic ballad of such a case. In a strange country the lonely parrot was adopted by kind people, who made much of it, but the bird could never be induced to speak a single word—during the years of its enforced exile it preserved an unbroken silence. As it grew old its melancholy increased, and left to itself it brooded over its past life until one day a stranger passing its cage gave it a glance of recognition. The poet tells the climax:

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flew round its cage with joyous screech—
Then dropped and died.

Some Americans visiting Cuba a few years ago were much shocked while dining at a fashionable restaurant to hear an order given for 'two Cubans on toast.' They felt relieved on learning that Cuban parrots were the delicacy ordered. It is known now that the birds have been an article of diet for some time, the 10,000 parrots that were formerly sent to the United States in the season being now sacrificed to feed hungry families deprived of other sources of food.

The great popularity of the Cuban parrot in this country has been traced to the fact that they come to us with unoccupied brains, the few words the young birds have learned being easily obliterated to make room for a new vocabulary. The Cubans themselves have as much reverence for the bird that talks as the old Romans had in the days of Nero, when its uncanny utterances were regarded as oracles.

HOW FAST THINGS GO.

A Mathematician's Calculation of the Speed of Various Objects.

A mathematician has compiled the following list of speeds a second: The snail, one-half inch; a man walking, 4 feet; a fast runner, 23 feet; a fly, 24 feet; fast skater, 38 feet; a carrier pigeon, 87 feet; locomotive—sixty miles an hour—88 feet; swallows, 220 feet; the worst cyclone known, 380 feet; the Krakatoa wave—at the volcanic catastrophe of Aug. 27, 1893, in the Sunda Islands—940 feet; the surface of the globe on sea level at the equator, 1,500 feet; the moon, 3,250 feet; the sun, 5½ miles; the earth, 18 miles; Holley's comet in the perihelion, 235 miles; electric current on telegraph wires, 7,000 miles; induction current, 11,040 miles; electric current in copper wire armatures, 21,000 miles; light, 180,000 miles; discharge of a Leyden jar through copper wire one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, 277,100 miles, which is said to have been in the highest velocity measured.

Shetland Wool.

Shetland hose is known to excel in the unusual fineness of the wool used for it, which is furnished by the lean Shetland sheep. The wool of this animal, which is thriving in a comparatively raw climate under scanty conditions, is not obtained by shearing but by plucking, which is said to be harmless as far as the animal is concerned.—Chambers's Journal.

AN OLD BULLY.

People who live in fear of his attacks.

How to avoid him or beat him off.

If biliousness isn't the bully of the body then what is? When once biliousness gets the upper hand you don't dare say your stomach is your own. 'Don't you dare eat that dish says biliousness, or you'll see what I'll do.' You take the dare and you do see or rather feel, the weight of the bully's revenge. The head aches, not a regular ache, but an open and shut ache. The eyes ache, not with a dull, tired ache, but with an aggressive ache, as if they were being bored by a gimlet. The stomach trembles with nausea. 'The whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint.' There are scores of hundreds of people who live so under the dominion of this bully biliousness that they don't dare eat or drink without his permission. There's no need of such slavery. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills effectually cure biliousness.

'For fifteen years I have used Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, and find them very effective in all kinds of bilious complaints. They are mild in operation and easy to take. I prefer them to any other pill, and have yet to see the case where they have failed to cure.'—A. SWANGER, Texarkana, Ark.

'I have used Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills in cases of biliousness and general disorders of the stomach and bowels and have found

them to be always reliable. They are less liable to gripe than other purgatives, and although mild in action, they are thorough in operation. They are the best family physic that can be had.'—PETER J. DUFFY, Rockport, Texas.

'Having used Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills for years and thoroughly tested them, both as a preventive and cure for biliousness, I can truthfully say that I believe them to be the best medicine for the purpose and they do all that is claimed for them.'—JNO. E. KOLA, Shark, Ark.

Biliousness is in general but a symptom of a more stubborn disorder, constipation. Constipation is the root of almost all physical evils, and Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills cure almost all these physical evils by going to the root. They cure constipation, and the consequent maladies, biliousness, heartburn, palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, nervous irritability, foul breath, coated tongue, and a score of other miserable maladies that have their origin in constipation. Dr. Ayer's Pills are the surest and safest remedy for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook and read the story of cures told by the cured. Free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.