

On the Klondike Trail.

Bennett-on-the Lake is the one absolutely cheerless station, the one inhospitable port, the one dreary, desolate, unsheltered unshaded shore on the long trail from Chicago to the Klondike. It is here that the pilgrim for the present, leaves the White Pass Railway and boards a river steamer for Canyon City, at the head of Miles Canyon, where there is another change to rail around White Horse Rapids a hundred miles from Bennett.

The winds blow at Bennett without ceasing. In winter they wail up through the narrow neck of the lake, cry across the snow and sob and moan in the icy eaves of the iron freight houses. In summer they complain constantly, sighing over the sands along the lake front and powdering the faces of passing pedestrians with pulverized stone—the natural paving in the one street of the town.

The only cheerful spot here is the picturesque clubhouse, standing high up on the shore, overlooking the beautiful lake. Oh! the scenery is all right. From the wide veranda of the quaint little clubhouse you can look out over the clear water, sleeping peacefully between the grand old hills that rise abruptly on either hand. Far away the lake narrows to a river and is lost to view among the distant dim mountains. Now the wind seems to have sobbed itself to sleep. The sun is sinking behind the hill as we go down the steep bluff, board the steamer Australian and sail away. Our new found friends, jolly good fellows, at the clubhouse are waving us adieu.

As we sit down to our first meal on the waters of the mighty Yukon, we observe that beer has bounded from 75 cents to \$1.50 a bottle. The lake has pinched out and we are now riding the swift waters of the majestic river. How they hit these river boats! This one has powerful engines and they are banging them for all they are worth. I think she is trying to shake us to sleep.

Jim had just come up from the engine room and down from the pilot house, and he assures me that this boat is 'dead safe.' Built in Pittsburgh, she is all steel, 115 feet long, 26 feet beam, with water tight compartments, electric lights and two big search lights that are constantly sweeping the shore on either side of the river. These are needed, however, only for an hour or two at midnight, and then only in the shadow of the hills, for it is never very dark here in summer.

The manager of the company proclaims to his patrons that: 'In addition to carrying a Canadian master, the company has two thoroughly experienced swift-water American pilots on each of their boats.'

A Canadian captain sits at the head of the table, but a Yankee runs the boat. The former to satisfy the law, the latter presumably to satisfy the passengers. It is not that the Canadians lack intelligence or training, but they are sailors of the lakes, while the Yankees come from the ever changing Missouri, the treacherous Mississippi or the swift Columbia. Naturally, there is a good deal of friction. Both Yankee pilots must have a captain's license, and are called captain, and the result is that there are three captains on a boat; each is and each feels that he is the captain but he is not.

By and by when the Canadians get used to the twist of the trail and the speed of the current, they may take charge in the pilot house, but as Jim puts it: 'You want a swift-water Willie at the wheel on these curves and rapids.'

Now the winds begin to cry and moan. The ship lists and leans far to the leeward. We are passing the famous Windy Arm. It is well named.

Far away somewhere in a remote corner of the ship—perhaps up in the pilot house or down in the engine room, or in the stewardess's boudoir—I hear a woman's voice singing without accompaniment, sweetly, plaintively, 'Far Away, Far Away.'

That was the last I knew until the sun came in at my little window and warmed my nose. The sleeping is glorious on the upper Yukon.

We hurried through our breakfast so as to be out at the canyon. We have slept through beautiful Lake Marsh, and are now in the kinks and curves of the Yukon swift and deep. The current here runs three or four miles an hour, the boat makes fifteen so we are gliding along between the softly shaded hills just fast enough to make it interesting. There is no snow to be seen, no mountains near; neither are there valley nor bottom lands. Just the rolling hills that seem to part to let the cool, green river slip through. Sometimes the hills are barren save for the short grass sometimes covered with the thick growth

RHEUMATIC! YOUR CURE IS ABSOLUTE!

When the Wall between Suffering and Health Seems Impregnable, South American Rheumatic Cure Comes to the Sufferer's Relief—"Shells" the Stronghold of Disease.

Drives out the Hostile Forces==Breaks the Shackles of Rheumatism's Prisoner==and Guarantees Him Perpetual Liberty.

This Great Remedy is Invincible—Gives Relief in a Few Hours and a Cure in from One to Three Days.

Of all the tortures that disease can inflict upon man perhaps there are none more agonizing than Rheumatism, and its kindred ailments, such as Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Sciatica—and these are no respecters of persons—they attack the old and the young alike.

The active, irritating cause of Rheumatism in all its phases is Uric Acid, a poison that collects in the blood. It is the waste or effete matters of the system, which, from various causes, are not carried away through the natural channels; the joints and muscles become affected; they swell, stiffen and inflame; and the pain and torture of it none can describe but those who have passed through the ordeal of suffering that Rheumatism entails.

In its more acute and inflammatory form it oftentimes attacks vital parts, such as the heart, and on the evidence of expert testi-

mony it is believed that many cases of sudden death that are today diagnosed as heart failure have really been caused by Rheumatism of the Heart, and it behooves rheumatism sufferers not to dally with so powerful and relentless a foe. It is a relentless disease, but so common that in many cases the suffering is born unheeded when the patient may be within a step of death.

South American Rheumatic Cure is no respecter of cases. It is a never failing specific—a panacea for rheumatic sufferers—it enters quickly into the circulation; it drives out the foreign and irritating matter; it starts in at its work of purification, and in a trice its healing power is felt, and as if by magic, pains disappear, joints are reduced to the normal, natural size, stiffness of the muscles makes way to suppleness, and where was a few hours or days at most, all suffering and and torture, is the calm of peace that comes after the great struggle. South American Rheu-

matic Cure has a thousand times made the erstwhile sufferer discredit that "the days of miracles are past."

The most obstinate, obdurate, acute and chronic forms of rheumatism have been absolutely cured in from one to three days. The remedy is simple and harmless, and leaves no bad after effects. Here's the testimony of one who ought to know its real worth:

Mrs. E. Eisner, a professional nurse, 92 Cornwallis street, Halifax, N. S., sufferer from Rheumatism, and while in my profession I met and consulted many prominent physicians as to my case; none of them gave me any treatment that was permanent. I tried many remedies which claimed to be cures, with the same results. I noted the almost magic relief which came to a patient of mine in using South American Rheumatic Cure and I decided to try it on myself, and I proclaim it here and now a great remedy, the only thing that I ever took that did my rheumatism any noticeable good. When I had completed taking the second bottle I was free from all pain, and although this is some three or four years ago, I have not had the slightest return of it. I do strongly recommend it.

South American Kidney Cure is a searching remedy—it cures permanently and quickly all bladder and kidney ailments. Relieves in six hours.

South American Nerveine is a health builder—it acts directly on the nerve centres—good for the stomach—aids digestion—gives tone to the nervous system—richness to the blood. Sold by E. C. Brown.

of low spruce. Here and there fires have destroyed the forests, and there is a field of flowers. Wherever the forest fires sweep the hills the beautiful fireweed grows and blooms. And thus Nature hastens to hide her scars.

The river is unlike any other river I have ever seen. There is nothing floating on the face of it, no drift along the shore. It impresses one as being brand new. It is easy to fancy that the channel was empty yesterday; that the water has just been turned in. This is because the river is high now, but there are none of the indications of a flood. The water is clear and almost as green as the waters of the South Pacific. The trees, grass and moss grow right down to the water edge. It is just like a big brook. Any other river in this condition would be bank full, but, as I said before, there are no banks—there is no bottom land—only gentle, rolling hills ranged along the shore.

A deep, narrow trail lies over the hill. One end of it hangs in the water. The pilot says it is made by the caribou coming down to drink. Early last night we passed a port called Caribou Crossing.

Now we round a bend and enter a broad comparatively quiet stretch of water, at the end of which we see a couple of river boats like our own. Beyond the boats are long rows of low log houses, the homes of the Northwest Mounted Police, of the people who operate the tram and offices of some of the steamboat companies. On the right bank are some Indians near a woodpile, making frantic signals to our boat. They want to sell their wood.

At the far end of the open water the river turns sharply to the left. The current is becoming swifter. Suddenly the boat turns her tail down the river, the bells jingle, the wheel revolves furiously, as we swing about just above the narrows, where the water sweeps through like a great millrace.

Now, if the engines should become disabled, we would be sucked into the mill race, slammed through Miles Canyon, and, if anything were left of the boat, pounded to pieces on the hidden rocks in the rapids of White Horse. But the engines hold her until a line is made fast to a spruce tree, and we swing gently to the floating wharf, the wheel still working to relieve the tension of the headline.

Here we break bulk. The quaint little railroad runs from here past Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids to White Horse station—five miles.

Passengers from the Victorian, outward bound, are tramping in over the trail going aboard the Bailey and the Sitton. Some have come up by rail and are already aboard ship. A dark woman, with a hard, happy, Irish face, wearing a red dressing sack and a black hat with a red plume, is weighing in at the purser's office. She has sundry sacks of gold dust and some beautiful nuggets. I ask about this bonanza queen and was told that this was 'Jim Hall's walkin' boss.'

I asked about Jim Hall and they told me that he was one of the new-made millionaires of the Klondike and owner of 'seventeen'—something.

A miner sat smoking behind the dump one day. Mead, the walking boss, crept up, peeped over the dump and caught him

red handed. She shied a pebble, and the man looked up.

'Well,' said the foreman, 'you hittin' the pipe at \$15 a day? Come to the cabin and get yer dust.'

That was the way she handled the men, and it is related that she saved many a nugget for Hall.

While waiting for the wagons to return from White Horse I walked down to have a look at the famous Miles Canyon. At first glance I was disappointed. After standing on the walls and looking down into the Royal George, after seeing the canyon of the Colorado, this is tame. But wait until a scow comes around the bend. There is only one man, the expert, who takes boats through here and over White Horse a mile or so below for \$20, \$50 or \$100, according to the value of the cargo and the owner's ability to pay. He steadies her at the head, and then the current catches her and slams her through the narrow gorge at the speed of a train. It is thrilling, even to stand on the wall and see a boat go by.

Here comes an Ottawa man whom I met in June last, bound for Dawson, full of hope and enthusiasm. I try to read his story in his face, but he is a quiet undemonstrative man, so I ask him boldly how they are breaking.

'Fine,' he answers, scarcely above a whisper. 'We have a fraction of a claim near 17 Elorado—one of my brothers has been there for some. The other day we found dirt that washed out \$9 to the pan. We covered it up quietly—it will keep you know—and now I'm going out to return next year.'

As we talk we must keep turning this way and that to fight off the Indians, who thrust their dirty heads into our faces and their thieving fists into our pockets.

Now the boat bound for Bennett casts off. When she is a good seven feet from the wharf a fine athletic young policeman rushes down and takes a run and jump for the moving boat. Every one holds his breath, for the water is swift and deep. Moreover, the man fails to reach the boat he will fall just above the whirling wheel. He lands with the breast of his brown duck coat on the edge of the after-deck. There is no one left to help him. His legs are swinging under the boat the paddle of the stern wheel barely miss him. For a moment he hangs helplessly, with only his elbows and hands on the wet deck. Now he begins to hunch himself along like a cat on the edge of an eve trough, and finally grasps a brace and pulls himself aboard.

All this time the headline is still tugging at the bow of the boat, to keep her nose up stream. A moment later the policeman, having raced up the stairway and down again, runs forward, and, just as the line is cast off, leaps from the lower deck to a row boat, and from there to the shore. As he walks past, panting like a terry engine, I ask him why he has romped so near to death.

'Oh,' he answers with a wave of his hand, 'man thought his grip had gone back on that boat, but it hadn't.'

That was all. This fearless young man had risked his life to do a stranger a good turn. It was not a part of his bus-

iness, but he did it and thought nothing of it.

Now the empties begin to rattle in from White Horse—the empty cars on the Spruce Line. While the horses eat the men load the freight, using a scrubby cayuse as switch engine. The motive power of the Spruce Line consists of twenty-six horses; the rolling stock includes thirteen four wheeled, unpainted freight cars, about the size and shape of an ordinary transfer wagon. The wheels of the cars are wide and concaved, to fit over the round spruce rail. The ties are of the same material—spruce—and were cut when the right of way was cleared. This, the first railway in the Yukon country, is better for the moment than anybody's mine. Each of these cars, drawn by two ordinary horses, walking tandem, driven by a man who handles freight at each end of the line, earns \$400 a trip, making from two to three trips a day. The foreman said operating expenses were \$500 a day. At least half that was dust in my eye. Call it \$300 and this five miles of spruce road is clearing \$1,000 a day, carrying freight and people into a country that is supposed to be dead.

'You come on the last car and look after the luggage,' said Capt. B. 'I'll go on to White Horse, round my fellows up, secure a boat, and if the Victorian does not sail until midnight we'll take a scout over to the copper fields.'

About 1 p. m. my car left the station, and about 1.08 o'clock left the track. The sharp rim of the wheel cut into the rail, climbed it and dropped to the ties. A delicate woman from Frisco with an eight year old boy, who had been ill all night, and I made up the passenger list.

We unloaded. I helped the long, lank, good-natured fireman, engineer and conductor to make wooden frogs for the wheels. Then we hitched to the rear end of the car and tried to drag it back on the rail. It would not go on, and we were obliged to send back to the canyon for help.

Finally we were on again—gone again. When the little boy was walking in the dust of the trail he cried and complained. When his mother put him on the car he regretted it, for there was great danger of dislocating his spinal column. I paid a dollar to ride, and when I was not helping to get the car on the track I was walking, and when I was not walking I was regretting my dollar.

'There,' said Mrs. M. to her little boy, 'there dear are the dreadful White Horse Rapids, where papa's ship was wrecked, and here over this trail we walked with bare bleeding feet.'

Scenting copy, I introduced myself and learned that Mr. M. had been wrecked in the rapids some two years ago. His boat, with his leather coat and notebook in the bottom of it, drifted all the way to Dawson. A San Francisco newspaper correspondent found the coat, guessed the rest, and Mr. M. was mourned as dead at Frisco for many moons. Finally he reached Dawson and contradicted the story of his death, and now after two long years, his wife and boy were going to join him at Dawson, where he has a profitable law business.

Across on the opposite shore, high up on the bluff, we can see another tramway—an opposition line. It is a better road

than this, has sawed rails, the drivers tell us, but it is not being operated. This company has bought it to cut off competition there being no law in Canada against the 'consolidation of competing parallel lines.' It has cost the Spruce line sixty thousand. When the White Horse and Yukon road is completed to White Horse both these trams will be worth in the neighborhood of 60,000 cents.

When I reached White Horse it was 4 p. m. My friends had given me up for lost and gone to the copper fields without me. I was not sorry, for an old Colorado man told me confidentially, that the 'sketchers were thicker out there than fiddlers in the hereafter.'

The Czar's Jewelled Map of France.

The Czar has made an extraordinary gift ostensibly to President Loubet, really to the French nation. It is a map of France, three feet square, formed of delicate varieties of polished Siberian jasper, each department being shown in a different color. The whole is inlaid with jewels, 'the towns of France, 106 in number, being marked in precious stones mounted in gold. Paris is represented by a diamond the size of a small hazelnut. Havre by an emerald, Rouen by a sapphire. Rheims by a chrysolite, Lyons by a tourmaline (black emerald), Nantes by a beryl, Bordeaux by an aquamarine, Marseille by an emerald, Nice by a hyacinth, Cherbourg by an alexandrite (green in the daytime and reddish blue in the evening), and Toulon by a chrysoberyl. Twenty-one small towns are figured by amethysts, thirty-five by tourmalines and thirty-eight by rock crystal. The names of town, foreign countries, etc., are written in letters of solid gold, chiselled and set into the stone. Rivers are in platinum.

The Fire Bells

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practiced when the great sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get 'Putnam's.'

Brother Jim's Prosperity.

In western Kansas there is a well-known politician who has a brother in Montana. A number of years ago this Montana brother borrowed \$250 from his Kansas kinsman, and up to a very recent date had neglected to pay it back. During the hearing of the Clark bribery case before the United States Senate there was some testimony which indicated that the Montana brother, who is a member of the State Senate, had received \$10,000 from one of the agents of Clark. When this came to the knowledge of the Kansas brother he wrote to the Montana brother as follows:

—Kan., March 19, 1900.
'MY DEAR JIM—I see by the papers that you are alleged to have received \$10,000 for voting for Senator Clark. If it is true, I suppose you must be in funds and I wish you would send me that \$250. Wouldn't have dunned you, old boy, if I didn't think you were flush. Yours,
'ROBERT.'

By almost return mail the Kansas man received the following reply:

—HELENA, Mon., March 25, 1900.
'DEAR ROBERT—I enclose you draft on New York for the \$250. You must forgive me for not sending it before. I have tried to spare it for several years back, but never was able to get that much ahead. Love to all.
JIM.'