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KLONDIKE LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 21. The readers of these letters will observe, if they read daily newspapers closely, that hundreds of people could have saved themselves thousands upon thousands of dollars if they had followed the advice of those who are in a position to know and had kept away from Alaska and the Klondike this fall.

In a limited way the mountain passes are kept open all winter. The United States mails have to be carried in, too, the Canadian government proposes to carry letters in and out of the country at intervals all winter. But the men who carry the mails pack only enough supplies to sustain them. If they had to carry a year's supply of food they would not be making a trip every three months to Klondike. Still, as a matter of fact, the United States does not deliver mail to "Klondike" or Dawson City. It cannot carry mail into foreign countries and that is the reason why the postal authorities have prepared a joint delivery for the new gold fields. At present the United States mail carriers of Alaska work under contract. They are paid, as a rule, about \$600 for a round trip from Juneau to Circle City. They travel with dogs, and only the toughest mountaineers can stand the journey in mid-winter. Even among people who live in the mountains and prospect all the year around in Alaska the going and coming of the mail carriers is looked upon with wonder and amazement.

And yet, from the bushel of letters that come to the Klondike information bureau here one would imagine some of the wise people of the east believe it is only a little jaunt from Tacoma to Dawson City in mid-winter! Another thing, these mountain passes you hear so much about are not perpendicular walls a thousand feet high. They can all be crossed at the proper time. The trouble up there at present is, however, that four or five thousand people are trying to get over the passes "out of season." Their motto has been "Klondike, this fall, right away quick, or bust!" And without exactly saying "I told you," it will be found, by reference to one of my first letters, that I turned prophet—a very dangerous business—and said it would be a case of "bust" in most instances so far as reaching Klondike this fall is concerned.

The people who start next February will have a fresh supply of provisions, they will find the passes in good condition for hauling sleds and they will reach Klondike before half of those who rushed pell-mell up against the mountain passes this fall and got stuck in the mud of Dyea and Skaguay. For the benefit of those who read these letters I will make a trip to the mountain passes in a few days. The round trip can now be made from Tacoma to Skaguay, Dyea and Fort Wrangle in a little over a week. A few weeks ago a party of New York society folk visited Skaguay and Dyea as one of the great sights of their trip around the world. Among the party was the Twombly and Sloane sons-in-law of the Vanderbilts. They enjoyed the trip immensely, and would not have missed it for anything on their itinerary. One Sunday they were a Skaguay among struggling ant-hills of Klondike miners, and the next they were monarch of all they surveyed in Yellowstone National Park.

So, it pays sometimes to be sons-in-law. But it is, indeed, remarkable how people's heads get turned by gold. A woman walked here the other day from Cape Flattery to go gold hunting. Her husband had deserted her and their three children, and she preferred wading streams, sleeping in the forest primeval and tramping 200 miles to go to Klondike to remaining on the ranch where her improvident spouse left her. She hopes to make money cooking Klondike meals even if she cannot dig gold with a spade. Again there is Dr. Depew, president of the New York Central railroad. He has taken a hand in the Klondike game. He will not swing a pick or shovel out the gold-laden gravel, but his place as an officer of a Klondike development company

will have the effect of causing many young men of the country to conclude that if Klondike is good for the long-headed Dr. Depew it is good enough for them, and the next their fond parents and best girls know they will have joined the now endless caravan that threatens to keep the mountain passes open all winter. The Goulds have also taken a flyer at Klondike, and there may yet be crowded into that corner of the earth enough heavy-weights to cause scientists to figure on the possibility of it causing a slight wobble in that direction.

A hundred or more people, however, have been straggling back from Skaguay and Dyea during the past few days. They will not remain to swell the number at the diggings, but will work their way home as quickly as possible and toast their shins before warm eastern fires this winter. Many of them are not to blame for attempting to get over the passes this fall. Unscrupulous men who wished to sell them outfits aided in getting them started. Others were urged on by the statement that those who advised them not to go in this fall were interested in "hogging" the diggings. They understand now that the advice given at Tacoma was disinterested, honest advice. But "there are others," many, many others, who have been disappointed. Some 200 tried to get to Dawson City via St. Michaels and the Yukon river by paying \$300 for transportation aboard the steamer Bristol and the river boat Eugene. These 200 people came from all corners of the United States, and each and every one of them ought to be spanked for thinking of depending on old flat-bottomed boats like the Eugene to get them anywhere—except into Davy Jones' locker. And yet some of them took passage on that old tub! Still, by making inquiry among reliable citizens any eastern man or woman can obtain reliable information here about men as well as boats. But those unfortunate passengers from aboard the Bristol and Eugene seem to have taken everything for granted and plunged ahead. They didn't go far. The Eugene sprung a leak before she got fairly out into the ocean and had to return. The Bristol could not proceed as she could not get her passengers up the Yukon river. All hands had to face about—they should be thankful that they were not drowned—and their time is now occupied demanding their \$300 fare to be returned.

In view of the unfortunate ending of this expedition it seems very wise and considerate, indeed, to find the citizens of Tacoma establishing a permanent "Klondike" committee, whose duty it is to advise strangers, without making any charge therefor or accepting any compensation for the same, regarding ways and means of reaching the Alaska gold fields. Thus far no unseaworthy vessels have been permitted to leave Tacoma for Alaska, and strangers have not only been assisted in making suitable purchases, but have been directed in many ways that have proved very beneficial to them. Other north-western cities are now following this good example, and hereafter Klondikers arriving from the east without adequate knowledge of the country will find no difficulty in getting posted by simply making themselves known to reliable citizens or the "Klondike" committees.

Klondike committees, or other reliable informants, are certainly needed by a large proportion of the men and women who want to go to the Klondike and are actually preparing to do so in the spring. Perhaps your next door neighbors are among them, as letters inquiring about the gold fields come from every nook and corner of the United States. A number of women of some means will outfit boats and sail away to St. Michaels or Skaguay or Telegraph Creek, Telegraph Creek, by the way, is a comparatively new name. It is on the line of the Hudson Bay company's old trail to the interior of Alaska, and the Stuken Pass, which is entered on at Telegraph Creek, and bids fair to be much traveled next season. There are no mountains to climb on this trail, and horses

driven over it can be taken right down to Dawson City. Gold hunters should travel in parties of four or five. It is cheaper and more satisfactory. Parties are forming here daily for the start next February. One party, which is building its own boats and barges for the Yukon, will include 200 people. It will require a letter by itself to explain how these parties form and how expenses are divided. I may as well take that important subject up in my next letter, but I will state in advance that the best of friends, who become members of Klondike gold-hunting parties, frequently quarrel and act just like little girls when they have a hitch with their playmates and impetuously declare: "I'll never, never speak to you again as long as I live."

THOMAS SAMMONS.

PROTECTION.



Our nation needs protection. This is the work of the statesmen and diplomatists. Our laws and institutions need protection. This is the work of our representatives, executives and judges. Each household needs protection. This is the work of the parent or guardian. Each person needs protection. Protection from storm and sun, heat and cold, each person must provide for himself. Protection from disease is the work of the wise doctor. Prevention is better than cure. Formation is better than reformation. Peru-na is a natural protection to the household from the ills of life. It protects as well as cures. It is the woman's friend in all of her physiological troubles. Jos. Kirchensteiner, 37 Croton street, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "We have used Peru-na for eight years as our family medicine. During the whole of that time we have not had to employ a physician. Our family consists of seven, and we always use it for the thousand and one ailments to which mankind is liable. We have used it in cases of scarlet fever, diphtheria and measles. Whenever one of the family feels in the least ill, mother always says: 'Take Peru-na and you will be well,' or if we do not happen to have any: 'We will have to get more Peru-na.'" Send for free book, for women only written by Dr. Hartman. Address The Peru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Our Clubbing List.

Below we present a list of a number of the leading magazines, newspapers, farm papers, etc., with prices they can be had in connection with THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

We must have one yearly subscription to the CHIEF with each periodical ordered, but both need not necessarily be sent to the same address.

Table listing various publications and their prices, including Qualla Bee, Farm and Fireside, Ladies Home Companion, etc.

The above offers are made only to new subscribers who pay one full year in advance.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF, Red Cloud, Neb.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

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TO THE RELIGIOUS.—The great sin of the good and the weakness of the strong is this.—That after having gained a glimpse of truth they demand that others shall see eye to eye with them. Hence comes disputings and wrangings between those whose energies instead of being directed against each other, should be unitedly propelled forward into the real battle, the battle against indolence and selfishness in human hearts.

What absolute nonsense it is for any one of us to claim perfect knowledge of any subject, or to announce that we have at last discovered a subject that has only one side to it. And mark you this—the chief sinners in intolerance are those who ultimately are found to have the narrowest conception of a subject. These are they who dwelling in grimy coal mines, deny the existence of sunshine and trees; or who rattling in their narrow cells of thought like empty milk cans in a wagon, by their noisy protesting drive from them those whom quiet thought would reach. Their view of life and of God is narrowed down to the range of their own short-sightedness, and they live and die content to be ignored of the infinite breadth of an infinite Creator whose works do justify him and whose vastness is only comprehended in tiny fragments by the best of us.

How dare any of us stand up to utter the whole of God's truth and then place little human limitations on it? We dare it because we are so small and so narrow that we scarce can see ourselves. Great men welcome to the great army of world-betterers, all who from profound purpose and a realization of their own importance as created parts of the universe, throw out all the powers they have if by any means they can improve some. It is the narrow and shrunken men, who as self-constituted toll-gate keepers along the highways of life demand of us the surrender of this and that coin of thought if we would traverse their section of the road.

There will of necessity, by the constitution of men's minds, always be those who, holding certain views, will flock, settle, or fly together like swallows in Autumn. But even granting this there is no more need of antagonism between them and their neighbors than between different regiments of the same army. If you want some really pitiful reading, take up Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," and see how the Covenanters harassed by their oppressors, snarled and snapped at the hands that would have aided them, so that, at the last, whatever advantage might have been gained from armed resistance to Claverhouse and others, was absolutely disregarded and lost to them forever. If you need further proof of the horrid stupidity of squabblers who, blind to a common danger, insist on triumphs over one another, read Josephus and his account of the fall of Jerusalem. You will concede it to be, in all likelihood one of the most frightful stories in human history, where, in sight of a danger that threatened to engulf all in ruin, the sects flew at each other in unexampled fury and slew of their own people until resistance to the foe outside the walls was no longer possible. The abuses of all human rights, the torrents of human blood, the wrenching asunder of all human ties by those who insist on agreement with themselves makes dreary reading, but it is one of the chapters of the human record and must be read if, in order to appreciate the heights possible in our nature, we must comprehend the depths to which it can sink.

It is so frightfully human to flee persecution and then lay the iron ban on those in turn who do not agree with us (our New England history sadly confirms this) that even though we concede that days of more liberality have come, yet each of us must look within to watch for symptoms of ill-liberality. It is easily nurtured, and its influences spring at once into vigor, if we criticize this or that worker for good. The world is a great harvest-field, and therein grow by different methods of work the varied crops that keep life in the body of man. The world of thought is equally wide, and its crops even more diversified. The world of moral effort no one can measure in its influence, and over it and its multifarious activities sits the Lord of the Harvest who, being able to further the efforts of the negro in his corn, the South Sea Islander in his cassava, the Hindoo in his rice, has not his power shortened so that he cannot reap from diversified methods in the doing of good.

Do I urge an age of loose beliefs? Not by any means. Grow more and intense in what you believe, if you will, but leave other workers alone, for they are watched by a wiser than thou. Let your test of a good man be by his energy in living out his beliefs, and having found in him the ring of the true metal of good purpose that has brought us onward hitherto, turn that superabundant energy that might in other days have been wasted in convincing him by force, into exertions to awaken those who sleep, to energize the weak who do not believe anything and therefore have nothing to work for. First fight the enemy outside the gates of wholesome useful life, and then—not till then—will you need to settle the trifling questions within. Make your life a protest against selfish sloth, and you will in some degree show just how high human nature can rise if we do but "hitch our chariots to the stars."

Though o'er the veil of northern night The myriad stars are flung Yet clear above to others sight The Southern Cross is hung So must we feel when questions rise Of details great or small: Though other eyes see other skies, God's love is over all.

Dig down to the cause of your sickness, if you want to get well and stay well. Most likely it's indigestion. The irritating poisons of fermenting, putrid food, left in the stomach by indigestion, cause headache, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, stomach-ache, nausea, irritability, and all the other well-known symptoms of indigestion. They also cause many pains and disorders which are often laid to other causes and hence are not easily cured. But as soon as the poisons are removed all these symptoms and disorders disappear, because there is nothing left to cause them. Nothing succeeds in this like Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it prevents the undigested food from fermenting in the stomach and helps the stomach to digest its food. Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

Weather warm. Threshing is the order of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Noble of Walnut Creek, were guests of William Van Dyke one day last week. Mrs. Karb of Danbury, Neb., called on William Van Dyke last Sunday. Mr. Farnan of Cambria, Wyoming was the guest of Charles Isom this week. Charlie Besse was in Line one day last week looking after his farm on west Penny Creek. The Sunday school rally at Pleasant Dale last Sunday was a great success. Four schools were in attendance. Rev. Campbell of Highland, Kansas preached at Pleasant Dale Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Haskins were the guests of Joe Taylor last Sunday. Mr. Aubushon has started up his molasses mill this week. Charles Gust has rented the Roeder place for another year. Miss Milvina Van Dyke will finish her college course at San Francisco, Cal., this term. Miss Millie Anderson was home on a short visit last Sunday.

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There are today thousands of young people on the farms and in the villages who are tied down by lack of education to work their hearts out dialike. Are you one of them, my friend? If so, the Grand Island Business & Normal College can put you on the road to success if you are ambitious and willing to study. It makes no difference how backward you are if you are plucky and mean business. We teach everything necessary for a successful start in life. If you are short of money we will accept a good note without interest for tuition, or if necessary we will furnish everything—tuition, board and books, and give you time to graduate and pay for same afterwards. Business, Normal and Shorthand courses. Board \$1.50 per week. Established 12 years. College Record sent free of catalogue for six cents in stamps. This is your chance of a lifetime. Will you let it slip by? Address, A. M. HARGIS, President, Grand Island, Nebr.

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A Modern Lazarus.

Inherited blood diseases are much more difficult to cure than those which are acquired. One of the most common hereditary diseases is Scrofula, which the medical profession admit is most obstinate and deep-seated, and their efforts to cure it meet with little success. A child afflicted with Scrofula is always puny and sickly, and can never grow into healthy manhood until the disease is eliminated. Scrofula leads into consumption nine times out of ten, so that it is important for this reason that immediate attention be given to all children who inherit the slightest taint. Mrs. S. S. Mabry, 360 Elm St., Macon, Ga., writes: "My boy, Charlie, inherited a scrofulous blood taint, and from infancy was covered with terrible sores, his sufferings being such that it was impossible to dress him for three years.



CHARLIE MABRY. His head and body were a mass of sores, and his nose was swollen to several times its natural size; to add to this misery he had catarrh, which made him almost deaf, and his eyesight also became affected. No treatment was spared that we thought would relieve him, but he grew worse until his condition was indeed pitiable. A dozen blood remedies were given him by the wholesale, but they did not do the slightest good. I had almost despaired of his ever being cured, when by the advice of a friend we gave him S.S.S. (Swift's Specific), and at first the inflammation seemed to increase, but as this is the way the remedy gets rid of the poison, by forcing it out of the system, we were encouraged and continued the medicine. A decided improvement was the result, and after he had taken a dozen bottles, no one who knew of his former dreadful condition would have recognized him. All the sores on his body have healed, his skin is perfectly clear and smooth, and he has been restored to perfect health."

Mr. A. T. Morgan, one of the prominent druggists of Macon, and a member of the board of aldermen of that city, says: "I am familiar with the terrible condition of little Charlie Mabry, and the cure which S.S.S. effected in his case was remarkable, and proves it to be a wonderful blood remedy." S.S.S. is the only cure for deep-seated blood diseases, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Cancer, Eczema, Catarrh, etc. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed Purely Vegetable and contains no potash, no mercury or other mineral, which means so much to all who know the disastrous effects of these drugs. Valuable books mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Quickly cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea.