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KLONDIKE LETTER.

(Special Correspondence.)

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 8.
Many hardships are encountered in gleaming the latest authentic news from the Alaskan gold fields. During the past six days I have been rolling and tumbling about the Straits of Fuca. Sleep could be had at but short snatches of from five minutes to two hours. I have not had my clothes off for five days and meals have been served, when served at all, in cramped quarters in a Puget Sound tug boat with everything tied fast and a safety railing around the table to keep the cups and dishes from tumbling off and breaking.

Wednesday I came to town for a few hours and while waiting for a stenographer to take down a few dictations I fell sound asleep while sitting bolt upright in a chair. That was the day after the Associated Press and the St. Louis Globe Democrat "scooped" an army of special correspondents on the cream of the Klondike news. Well, the ball opened Tuesday night, August 24th. I had just written my last Klondike letter and immediately took passage from Tacoma on the elegant steamer City of Seattle for Port Townsend. I arrived at the latter place at 4:30 a. m., and before the steamer had made fast I was hurrying about the docks in quest of a tug.

A minute or two after I had made arrangements with Captain Herbert F. Beecher to go down the straits aboard the tug Discovery. Captain Beecher is a son of the late Henry Ward Beecher, but a man not aware of the fact would never know it from Captain Beecher himself. Even one of his nautical friends whom I afterwards met at sea did not know it.

Just as we rounded Point Wilson and straggled out for down the strait, Beecher asked me if I could see the "light" on Dungeness spit. Dungeness is a little village on the shores of the Strait of Fuca, on the American side. A spit, consisting of a narrow piece of sandbank, makes out into the sea four miles in a semicircle and shelters the little haven. The light referred to was the government light house on the spit. It was fourteen miles distant and I could not see it "by about five miles" as it afterwards turned out.

At Port Angeles, after visiting Port Crescent, I left Captain Beecher, and at some other time I may unfold an interesting tale about my experiences with him and his gentlemanly crew. His tug, like the others, bobbed about, when the sea was rough, like a match in a mill pond when the wind blew up strong. I fell a victim to sea sickness, of course, and Beecher gently put me to bed.

At Port Angeles I bargained with another tugmaster, Captain Bucklin, to go out to Flattery early in the morning. During the night, however, the government weather observer at Tacoma reported the steamer Portland, from St. Michaels, Alaska, entering. To be more accurate this man Hobbs, his name is Hobbs, did not mislead several million people next morning. He did not say the steamer was the Portland. He did say he guessed it was. Hastily made a bad guess.

It proved to be the collier Willamette returning from Skaguay and Dyea, after having taken up 850 would-be Klondikers and a large amount of freight for Dawson City. She is in the coal carrying trade between Tacoma and San Francisco, and made a special trip between Skaguay and Dyea because there was "big money" in the venture. The captain decided to come down the outside passage from the north, that is, he came out into the Pacific ocean at Sitka, and avoided the inside run among the small islands, which is the usual course for steamers going to Dyea, Dyea and Skaguay.

Inside of an hour after Hobbs gave the word at Toloosh Island, the stopping off point of the United States, the news and telegraph editors of the country had been deceived into believing the treasure steamer from the

Klondike was coming into Puget Sound. One news-gathering syndicate wired that the Portland was entering the sound with miners and gold aboard. It was daylight, however, before the average correspondent knew that Hobbs had guessed badly, or that his bad guess had been twisted out of shape by some of the newspaper men who were famishing for "story."

I simply "held my base" at Port Angeles until I became satisfied that the Portland had not arrived. I dismissed the idea of going to sea with Captain Bucklin in the tug Boysen, although I was quite sure he would meet a St. Michaels steamer for which I was keeping vigil. My guess discounted Hobbs, as Bucklin did come in the next night with the Fred E. Sanders, thirty days out from St. Michaels. I went up to Townsend on a steamer and started back again on the tug Vigilant the same night.

Captain Walters of the vigilant let me take the helm and we steamed out of Port Angeles and I asked him to keep a sharp lookout for a sail. We headed down the mouth of the Straits of Fuca as night closed in. He knew the whereabouts of every craft on the coast and the schooners Fred E. Sanders, J. M. Colman, Ford and Alice Cook were all due from Alaska and with news from the land of gold. Presently Walters said:

"There's a schooner off there."
Under his direction I ported the helm and jogged along at ten knots for a long time before the captain said:

"I'll take the wheel now and speak her."
The schooner, everybody "stared by" and presently a faint, timid voice from the schooner called:

"Ship ahoy."
"What schooner is that?" asked Walters.

"J. M. Colman," was the reply.
"From St. Michaels?"

"Yes, sir."
"When did you leave St. Michaels?"

"July 26, sir."
"Has anyone spoken you?" I was prompting him.

"No, sir."
That settled it. The Colman was our first.

We came alongside and Captain Walters casually intimated that he had a "bottle," whereupon the captain of the schooner, Captain Trainor, became very anxious to interview it. We found several miners aboard all fresh from the Klondike, Mr. Chas. H. Metcalf, of Detroit, Mich., more of a trader than a miner, being the most experienced. We unearthed a mine of Klondike news on the Colman, and even though it was near midnight when we boarded her, every man aboard crowded into the captain's room to hear the news of the world, but they were no more anxious for the news of the world than the world was for the news they brought from Klondike.

The same night the schooner Fred E. came through the straits with six passengers who brought down about \$70,000 in nuggets. One of the passengers, Jeanette McNair, is a very interesting Klondiker, although he was not above enough to buy a Klondike outfit ten months ago. He estimates the output of gold from the Klondike for the year ending today at only \$2,000,000. He also estimates the output between this date and August 31, 1898, at \$5,000,000. Even after the cream has been worked off, he says, there will be good "pay dirt" there for many years to come.

The significant point in the statements of the Klondikers just arrived by the schooners Colman and Sanders and the steamer Portland, is that the new discoveries outside of the Klondike are panning out well. Many new strikes have been reported and letters received here are so encouraging that extensive preparations are being made to double the capacity of the outfitting houses. Steamships will make the run from Tacoma to Skaguay and Dyea in seventy hours, and some form of steam overland transportation for the mountain passes will be arranged. During the past summer the Klondike miners have been exerting themselves with preparatory for the winter's work and due attention has been given to getting out gold.

It is estimated that \$300,000 in gold was brought down on the steamer Portland, sixty per cent was owned by actual miners. The trading companies will send down between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000 by the last steamer of the season from St. Michaels. The latter amount will be in addition to the \$2,000,000 estimate of Mr. McNair, making a total of nearly \$3,000,000 for the first year of the Klondike. The output of next year is estimated at from \$3,000,000 to \$15,000,000. My former advice, "don't go to Klondike until spring" still stands.

THOMAS HANMONS.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Present indications are that the entire civil service law and rules will be passed upon by the U. S. supreme court in the near future, and there is more or less trepidation among government officials who have supposed themselves anchored in life time positions, under the protection of the law and the rules prescribed for its enforcement. A test case is to be made of the suit brought in a District of Columbia court, by John G. Woods of Louisville, Kentucky, to prevent his removal by the post master general from a position in the classified service without any charges having been made against him. The case was to have been heard Saturday but a postponement for one week was asked and obtained by the counsel for the postmaster general, and it is announced that no matter how it may be decided by this court, it is to be taken up by the U. S. supreme court, in order to settle the question once for all of the power of removal. An attempt is also to be made to have the decision cover other civil service law matters more or less in doubt or dispute.

France is the first country to notify this government of its desire to secure both forms of reciprocity provided for by the new tariff law; and the French ambassador has formally applied for the reduction in the duty on articles of French production that the president is authorized to make by proclamation whenever, in his discretion, he considers the concessions offered to warrant such action on his part. These articles are limited to brandy, champagne, still wine and vermouth, and paintings, drawing and statuary, and the reduction of duty to about 25 per cent. The French ambassador has also given notice that his country wishes to negotiate a general reciprocity treaty with the United States, in accordance with the provisions of the new tariff. This law provides that these treaties shall, in addition to being ratified by the senate, be "approved by congress." This is the first time that the consent of the house has been made necessary to put a treaty into effect, but that is no reason why it is not a good idea.

Either somebody has been mistaken about the salary being insufficient to attract a first class man, or a lot of second rate architects are trying for the position of supervising architect of the treasury. A special examination to fill this office is being held, and so far nearly eighty architects have presented themselves for examination. This office has charge of the erection of all public buildings throughout the country.

The civil service commission wishes everybody to know that it is simply throwing away money to pay for any information connected with its examinations, either in Washington or elsewhere, when such information may be had without paying a cent by addressing the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

The experiment of using carrier pigeons to carry information from our war ships to land, which was tried during the evolutions of the North Atlantic squadron in the Atlantic off Cape Charles, was such a complete success that the navy department will, hereafter, regularly make use of these birds as news carriers. The news was in this case taken from the flagship New York, to the Norfolk navy yard and from there telegraphed to Washington, thus keeping the department informed of every movement of the squadron.

The Commercial Directory, issued by the Bureau of American Republics has annexed Hawaii without waiting for the senate to act upon the treaty. In a hand book just issued by this bureau is a prospectus of the Commercial Directory, and a list of the countries that will be represented therein, and in the list is "The United States (including Alaska and Hawaii)." This is keeping up to date and a little ahead.

One of the knottiest problems yet tackled by Attorney General McKenna is the construction which shall be placed upon that portion of the new tariff imposing discriminating duties. It was referred to him some time ago by Secretary Gage, for an opinion. The matter is of vast importance to those who are interested in our foreign commerce, involving, it is claimed, revenue to the extent of \$30,000,000 a year.

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Well Again.

Cured of a lingering disease. Enjoying the luxuries of health after years of sickness. Free once more from the clutches of merciless ailments. Walking again on the green earth in the fresh air, among the beauties of nature, after long confinement in bed to the dingy sick room, where hope and joy are unknown. Well again. Never did an executive pardon bring greater pleasure to a despondent riser than these words bring to the bedfast invalid.

Dr. Hartman cures many such people by correspondence, free of charge. Here is one of the many letters the doctor receives from grateful patients. Mrs. Benoit, 131 Pleasant st., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I employed three physicians, but they did not help me at all. I finally gave up doctors and continued to grow worse. I was so miserable I wished I was dead. Life had no pleasures for me. Four bottles of Per-na cured me. I am stout and well and feel years younger."

Dr. Hartman has recently written a book expressly for women. This book is intended to show what a boon Per-na is to sick women, especially those suffering from any phase or stage of female troubles. A free copy of this book will be sent to women only by The Per-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

The old settlers of Webster county will hold their seventh annual picnic in the court house park, Red Cloud, Neb., Thursday, September 23rd, 1897. Settlers are cordially invited to meet with us, but any one desiring a holiday and wishing to have an enjoyable time will be made welcome. The glad hand will be extended to all. Ample arrangements will be made to insure your comfort. Bring your well filled baskets, appetites, your flags, your swings, your hammocks, and the desire to enjoy yourselves.

DONALD McCALLUM, Pres.
T. C. HARRIS, Sec.

Don't think your liver needs treating if you are bilious. It don't. It's your stomach. That is, your stomach is really what causes the biliousness. It has put your liver out of order. See what's the matter with your stomach. Sick stomach poisons the liver and then there is trouble. Shaker Digestive Cordial cures stomach and then all's well. That's the case in a nutshell. Shaker Digestive Cordial is no secret. Its formula is on every bottle. But it's the simple, honest way it's made, the honest Shaker herbs and other ingredients of which it's composed, that makes it so efficacious.

Any real case of indigestion and biliousness can be cured with a few bottles of Shaker Digestive Cordial. Try it. Sold by druggists at 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

The "Bicyclist's Best Friend" is a familiar name for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, always ready for emergencies. While a specific for piles, it also instantly relieves and cures cuts, bruises, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin. It never fails. L. Colting

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, The famous little pills.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

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TO THE MATURE AND OTHERS.—The slight chill in the morning mist, the changed color of an occasional leaf before it flutters to the ground, the silencing of the birds, the odor of the evening air—these signs unite, with numberless others to announce that summer is nearing its end, and with it is vanishing the opportunity for raising further crops. Good or bad, well tended or neglected, the results will soon be estimated and the farmer knows whether profit or loss is the result of his labors. The wise farmer finds the autumn at hand in its due season; the wasteful, idle one is astonished that it is here so soon after the spring days when the sun summoned vegetation to life. But gone is the summer and no voice is so loud or so imploring as to call it back. One more seed-time and harvest is gathered into the eternal and irrevocable past and the hastening days move us away from the time of crop growth, forward to the time when the storms without are defied by reason of the stores within, or the wallings without accentuated by the want within.

Up—gather earth's glories while ye may. For winter shall sweep their souls away; When the first dawn and the light is gone, And the ashes drive pale and wan; And the afterglow of November fades, And the winds are the wail of shrouded shades.

For opportunity's departing is coming early; Which calls that the hour of death is near; And the year's strong manhood started hair; At the primal chill from the opening vaults, And knows that its voice shall be stricken dumb, And its laughter lulled—till spring is come.

The slackening step, the occasional feeling of impatience at the frantic and unreasonable joy of children; the gray hair here and there, the brevity of the years—these are signs that the summer time of your life is passing too. You rob your eyes to see if you do but dream the message of lessening time that is ever buzzing in your ears. The shivering sense of protest against the desperate hurry of time is the counterpart of that hollow, sighing sound that seems now to creep through the woods:

That shuddering breath, which tells that life is placed to the season's funeral pyre.

The time of opportunity is passing; the time of garnering draws near. Into that full crop of accomplishments and of deeds, which some of you will rejoice over, are woven the works done when you were weary, but done nevertheless because time was never known to return. In your harvest of plenty are treasured the duties done because they needed to be done and not because they were easy and pleasant. Such works are there—every one of them; none are lost. And you with wisps from your neglected fields of life, and hands full of gleanings from other's bounty—the ghosts of neglected chances are impalpable in your grasp, but they are there. Indolent turning over on flowery beds of ease hath its reward, and you begin to see it in vision—an autumn of regret, a winter of cheerless emptiness with nothing of honest pride whereon to feed self respect.

Does the sun make any audible noise as he peeps over the hill-tops in the morning? Does it summon the farmer to duty with persistent calls and shakings? No! the day comes silently, silently does it go and wane, and silently does it pass and without protest, even if unimproved. The farmer's utilization of time does not originate from any compelling force in the power of daylight, but from a purpose within his heart to make the most of his farm in the days that the passing seasons give him. Combining his powers with the powers of nature that he can control, the barren place can be made to flourish, and out of the parched ground come forth food. While the idle farmer frets and fumes and grumbles about rain or what-not, the days hurry by that are giving his neighbor good returns for effort expended. This is so generally true as to be practically accurate.

And thus it is with the opportunities of life. They do not troop up to us with the blare of trumpets. As silently as the sun do they pass us by and as supremely indifferent to neglect do they sink out of sight. Invisible to the eye of the savage is the modern warship buried in a bed of iron ore. Just so invisible are most opportunities except to the eyes of compelling faith. The iron clad is there, the opportunities are here, all around us, free as air and discoverable by every man of full faculties, who will take of his time freely, mingle it with strength of purpose and direct his operations with intelligence. He it is who makes highways across trackless deserts; who dares out on deeps even if alone; who, ever dissatisfied with these things whereunto our race has attained, moves us forward along new lines, dragging us to betterment by his own forces. He it is who is ever harassed by the indolent who will not act, and the faithless who will not believe in opportunity until it materializes before their very eyes. But what of the harvest? To such a man, no matter how barren his life may first promise to be, there is a creditable career, not perhaps of money grabbing, but, at any rate of honest, upright living and kindly benevolence. And to the others? They are in themselves whole buffaloes come and die; cuttle, special objects of personal spite on the part of the Almighty; they crawl off to escape the hardships; and, when they come to themselves as life is waning, see nothing worthy of a race that has suffered and sweated and travailed for every single inch it has gained in morals or in materials. They have enjoyed some of its gains, but they have added naught to its store. Their hearts starve and their memories perish.

Cease then to curse the bitter blows of fate. No goal is easy whose reward is great. Each barrier won will heart and strength renew. Each step ascended gives a wider view. I know people whose lives seem one long experience of meeting with barricades on the way of life, and yet in their disappointments are their opportunities, and out of them they seem to extract the tenderness of heart that is touched with others needs, and that lovely charity for all who labor and are heavy laden—that charity that makes them bearers of good along pathways that to them are ever thorny.

Here's to your good health! Use "Economy Boneset Cordial." C. L. Colting.

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IMPURE BLOOD

is wasted by the kidneys failing to properly filter out of it all poisonous matter.

If you are tired, dull, aching and suffering greatly from a combination of ailments, you may be sure your kidneys are clogged and inactive. Cure your kidneys and the blood will take care of itself. You can be

CURED

Your Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills are indeed excellent, and accomplish what you claim they would. They are the only pills I can recommend for the kidneys, and for the purpose intended. They are indeed blood purifiers, health and health giving. Anyone troubled with his kidneys should take these pills and nothing else, as they overcome such troubles as well as prevent them. I have tried them with several persons, and with good success. I do not care for patent medicine, but this is a good one.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. C. LEUTWEL,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

HOBBS Sparagus Kidney Pills.

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Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
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