

"SUCCESS the REWARD of MERIT."

THE QUAKER

DOCTOR,

REPRESENTING THE

American Herb Company,

IS NOW IN

Red Cloud

for a short time only at the

Holland House.

Dr. Monroe does not practice medicine. He has perfected himself and does not need to practice, although a graduate of the best medical college in America. He has a line of

Quaker Herb Remedies

which positively cure

- Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Female weakness, Tumors, Piles, Cancer, Consumption, Constipation, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Scrofula, Tape Worms, Malaria. Add all diseases of the Nervous System.

A specific for the liver and kidneys. Young old or middle-aged men and women who are exhausted from overwork or other causes should consult the Quaker Doctor.

NO - CHARGE - FOR - ADVICE.

TAPE WORM REMOVED ALIVE FREE OF CHARGE.

CONSULTATION FREE.

and strictly private. The medicines are sold for a small sum. Office hours from 9 to 11 a. m. and from 2 to 4 p m. You who have suffered for years and say you cannot be helped—how do you know? Avail yourself of this golden opportunity and know the truth. It may be the means of restoring you to perfect health and a life of happiness and longevity, such as is now enjoyed by the Quakers of America.

OFFICE AT THE

Holland - House.

THE SUMMIT OF WISDOM—"It is better to have a good medicine in the house when you don't need it than to need it badly when you don't have it."

H. E. GRICE DRUGGIST,

Is headquarters for our remedies and carries a full line at all times.

THE CHIEF

W. L. McMILLAN.

Local advertising 5 cents per line per issue.

Local Advertising for entertainments, concerts, etc., given by churches, charitable societies, etc., where all moneys raised therefrom are used wholly for church or charitable societies, first ten lines free and all over ten lines 2 1/2 cents per line per issue.

Local advertising of entertainments, concerts, recitals, etc., where per cent is given to promoters, 5 cents per line per issue.

Special Advertising.

One column per month \$2.00

One half column per month \$1.00

One fourth column per month \$0.50

General display advertising 2 1/2 cents per inch per issue.

THE ALASKA WANDERERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

year, and all of the latter class agree that last year the beach from Snake to Penny rivers, a distance of 12 miles, and about three miles east of Snake river was very rich—that there was three pay-streaks, the lower one being the richest. The beach-workers ignored the first two and worked the lower one only. By doing so the first two pay-streaks were mixed with the sand that carried no pay, and accounts for small colors of gold being found in almost every shovel-full of sand, but not in sufficient quantities to pay to "rock" it. The sand within the space mentioned has all been worked over from two to five times.

The most disappointed people are those who were here last season and took out from one thousand to several thousand dollars, and went home and invested all their money in machinery and brought it in and found in many instances they could not pay expenses and the result is the beach is strewn with machinery of all kinds.

I believe there will be some rich strikes made on some of the creeks in the future. Anvil and Dexter creeks and Snow Gulch are very rich. They took out \$60,000 at one clean-up on Anvil. They have a man panning constantly to keep the pay streak located at the last mine on Anvil. A party here told me while he was there he saw them pan out one pan which produced \$35.

Some parties have opened up a bench claim. (This is a claim on the side of the mountain) Above Anvil creek they sunk a hole about 40 feet and struck a pay streak five feet thick. A party in town brought in his coat pockets full of the sand and washed out \$8. I could go out and within thirty minutes find ground that I would be willing to expend sufficient time to prospect, but if I should find anything, the agent of the owner would be after me, so it is no use trying.

There have been several cases where men have gone away out in the mountains and opened up claims and were making fair wages, rocking, but the owner's agent would send the soldiers out and arrest them.

The balance of our party are now up Snake river, about 25 miles, opening up a leased claim. I am watching our supplies until they return. If we can make wages we will move up, if not, I think I will start for home as it will be too late to make another effort this fall.

Unlike any other mining camp in America, this one is under martial law and consequently the worst governed camp known to miners. There are three or four big companies who own the transports and the claims, and everything, and to protect whose interest the soldiers were sent. Murders and robberies are of frequent occurrence, and the perpetrators are seldom apprehended. A well organized vigilance committee that has successfully prevailed in all mining camps from '49 to the present time would correct all of the evils and make life and property secure. As it is, nothing is secure a few days ago a man with skull washed was unearthed in the sand, about 150 feet from our tent. Another man was beaten into insensibility and robbed of \$300 about 100 feet from our tent. Another about same distance from us was chloroformed and robbed. As high as five robberies a night occur, that we hear of, and no doubt many we never hear about.

The Nome thief usually has a tender heart, as he generally uses chloroform on his subjects under operation. I am guarding our supplies, and supplies are what they seem to want—while the balance of the boys are out in the mountains, but I always lock the tent securely by tying it in three places, and as an extra precaution I pin it with a large safety pin, and anyone familiar with the doing or undoing of safety pins need be no further advised of the perfect security I feel when the door of my tent is thus protected. But they do not always come through the door. In fact their most favorite plan is to cut a hole in the tent by your bed, reach an arm in with sponge saturated with chloroform, and when you are resting quietly they carry off the plunder. This plan I can't guard against so well. When Mr. Walter is here he has his gun by his side all night and says if anyone cuts a hole in the tent he will

ask no questions but will pump shot into the (I forget what he calls him) and keep it up as long as there was any "shoot" in his gun, and I believe he will do it, but I don't want to be around when the shooting begins, for I am powerful afraid of a gun.

The Tundra, I do wish I had the ability to convey even a faint description of the Tundra; I don't believe any one can and I won't try. A piece of native poetry that I am going to send you calls it "The Toe Twisting Tundra." It is certainly all of this and more too. If you travel up or down the beach you have your choice of two trails, one along the edge of the water in sand about shoe-mouth deep, the other from 100 to 200 feet along the Tundra. When you are on one you wish you were on the other; when you get on the other you wish you were back, but when you go out in the country away from the beach anywhere, you must walk over the Tundra. It is the one thing that is omnipresent; whether in the valley or mountain side it is all covered with "The Tundra." There is but one thing that I can call to mind that can be said in its favor, it is purely a product of Alaska. It breeds mosquitoes typhoid fever and consumption and if necessary would breed any of all diseases to which mankind is heir, but inasmuch as these three pests will depopulate any country within a short time, it is unnecessary to puzzle its brain to get up anything worse. A bunch of moss grows very compactly from one to three feet high and covering a space of from one to five square feet. They are not square, but very irregular in size and shape. In between these tufts of moss are holes from one to three feet deep. In walking over it you step from hill to hill on the moss, into which in dry weather you sink down but a few inches and when the foot is removed there are no tracks left, but in wet weather the space between these hills of moss are even full of water and the moss saturated, so when you step on a hill of the moss you may go down one foot or two, you can't tell which, but in order to keep from getting wet and catching one of the other of the diseases mentioned you had better wear hip boots, and it is best to go in parties so in case one gets swamped the balance can get him on his feet or the mosquitoes will get in their deadly work. For a team to haul an empty wagon across now while it is wet would be impossible. Nome is built on the Tundra. Onto First street they have hauled sand and gravel from the beach and mixed with the Tundra so that for a mile or more it is possible for a team to drive along but it is impossible for a team to get along on any other street and a few days ago I saw a big, stout, sober man absolutely swamped in the middle of the street and he would no doubt have perished had not assistance been given him. This is Tundra in the city after having undergone a certain stage of civilization that wore down the bumps of moss and filled up the pools of water and left it a common quagmire. It went do to civilize a Tundra.

Up to about the first of August we had nice pleasant weather as any one could wish for. We all enjoyed good health, except colds. No high winds, but always a gentle breeze. Heavy woolen underclothing and heavy overshirt was not uncomfortable, while at night four thicknesses of twelve pound blankets was what was required to keep warm. We began to think the climate of Nome had been misrepresented, as well as the quantity of gold on the sands of the beach. About the first of August however, the storms came and the winds blew, the rain fell and the waves rolled high and beat farther and farther on the beach. First one tent too near the water's edge would become submerged and then another. Then a lighter would break its cable and be dashed upon the beach; then a tug boat would meet a similar fate and then a schooner that had successfully made the trip across from Seattle to be dashed to pieces within a few minutes on the ruby sands of Cape Nome; then a Yukon steamer ready for her return trip to Dawson goes down out in the sound where she was anchored. We have seen wild days since the first of August. Not less than twenty boats, tugs and schooners are now lying along the beach between our tent and Snake river about one mile distant. I have seen some fine heroic seafaring work done in the meantime. One fine large four mast schooner parted her cable and was being driven with lightning rapidity towards the treacherous beach. In a moment one breaker was crossed, in less time than I can write it the second breaker was crossed; hundreds of people on shore stood breathless. If she crosses the next breaker she is lost, she will strike the sand and no power can save her, but just as the fatal breaker is preparing to give the knock-out blow, as if by magic the sails unfurl, they catch the breeze and she proudly sails over the treacherous breakers; skillfully maneuvered, she dodges here and there between the numerous boats that are anchored far out from shore, she reaches a point of safety and quietly takes in her sails, drops anchor and assumes her place among ships that are entitled to live. If the sailors did not get an extra grog

CANCER IS NOT INCURABLE

Time was when Cancer was considered as incurable as leprosy. Physicians and friends could give little relief or encouragement to one afflicted with this terrible disease. Even now doctors know of no remedy for this fearful malady; while admitting it to be a blood disease, they still insist that there is no hope outside of a surgical operation, and advise you to have the Cancer cut out, but at the same time cannot assure you that it will not return. You may cut or draw out the sore, but another will come in its place, for the disease is in the blood—is deep-seated and destructive, and beyond the reach of the surgeon's knife or caustic, flesh-destroying plasters. The blood must be purified and strengthened, the system relieved of all poisonous, effete matter; before the Cancer sore will heal.

S. S. S. is the only medicine that can overcome this powerful and contaminating poison and force it out of the blood. It builds up and invigorates the old, and supplies new, rich, life-giving blood. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy; no mineral can be found in it; the roots and herbs from which it is made contain powerful purifying properties that act directly upon the blood system and make a safe and permanent cure of Cancer. It has cured thousands, why not you?

Cancer is not always inherited; your family may be free from any taint, yet your blood may become so polluted that a severe and stubborn form of the disease may develop from a sore or ulcer on your tongue or other part of your body; a slight bruise or hurt, a little pimple on the eyelid, lip or nose, a small lump on the jaw or breast, a harmless looking wart or mole, and other causes so insignificant as to attract little or no attention. If you have an obstinate sore, don't rely upon salves or ointments to cure it—begin with S. S. S. at once; it will cleanse your blood and prevent the formation of cancerous cells.

Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Mo., writes: "A small pimple came on my jaw about one inch below the ear on the left side of my face. At first it gave me no trouble, and I did not think it was anything serious until the jaw began to swell and became much inflamed. At the same time the sore began to spread and eat into the flesh, and gave me intense pain. I tried everything I could hear of, but nothing did me any good. I then began the use of S. S. S., and after taking several bottles the Cancer healed, and there is now no sign of the disease. This was two years ago, and I am still enjoying perfect health."

Send for our special book on Cancer; it contains much information that will interest you; it is free. Write our physicians about your case, and for any advice or information wanted; they have made a life study of Cancer and all blood diseases. We make no charge what-Address, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.



that night the captain ought to be compelled to walk ten miles over the Tundra.

Everyone wears rubber boots, men, women, and children and adults; some hip, some knee. Some women wear skirts just below their boot tops, while extra modest ones have them a few inches longer. Yesterday while the surf was in its most violent mood, the breakers rolling about twenty feet high, a young woman and her fellow came down on the beach which is shallow for quite a distance out. Waves are comical critters, they seem to joke occasionally. They will run out full swing away up on the beach, then the next not that far by a rod; the next ten feet short of the last mark and will continue so for a short time, seemingly coaxing people in, and then they will come with a big swell and follow it up with one bigger until it washes all accumulations ashore. This young woman, like many others, wanted to see how near she could get to the swell without the water coming over her boots and against the advice of her fellow she followed the receding waves until the water covered her feet. Standing facing the broad turbulent sea she turned her head, looking over her shoulder as much as to say I understand how far out it is safe to go, when to use a sailor's expression a wave struck her afore filling her rubber boots with water. She immediately turned around with back to the sea and instead of pulling for the shore as almost any "well organized" woman would, the wave having receded, she stooped over to investigate the extent of the dampness her skirts had sustained. She wot not that the wave had gone back for reinforcements and was even then approaching with sufficient force to knock a ship lying on the beach into kindling wood, but whether she wot or didn't wot, the wave did come with full force and as she occupied that stooping posture it struck her (what sailors would call aft) threw her on her face and washed her about two rods and left her with her powdered face and sorrel hair lying high on the ruby golden sand (very little gold and almighty fine) of the beach of Cape Nome. Farther investigation of damages was discontinued. The fellow laughed, the hundreds of spectators smiled and as the fellow assisted her to her feet it was noticeably plain that she was the maddest blonde that ever wore a rubber boot and as they started to their home, she violent with rage, called her fellow by name. I forget his name, but it is the same name of the man Mr. Walter is going to shoot when he undertakes to rob us. There must be quite a large family of them here as I hear it often. Strange I can't remember it.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens. Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking



You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

The Cut Prices On High Grade Portraits and Frames

Will continue until September 15th, to accommodate those who have had to have photographs made.

SPECIAL---Crayon Portrait Free!

Crayon Portraits free this week with each cash frame order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

- G. V. ARGABRIGHT - PORTRAIT PAINTER, RED CLOUD, NEB.

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No shoddy goods offered to our trade. Prices the lowest; quality the best, and styles up-to-date.

Lady's Gold Watch and Chain Given Away.

A very fine Lady's Gold Watch and Chain will be given away at the end of the season. Buy a dollar's worth of goods for cash, or pay a dollar on your account at the Up-to-Date Millinery Store and for each dollar so spent you will be entitled to a number on an elegant watch and chain.

C. D. MORSE, First door north of F. & M. Bank.

JACK OF ALL TRADES

OUR NEW "LITTLE GIANT" 1 1/2 H. P. GASOLINE ENGINE, WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD TO EVERY STOCKMAN AND FARMER.

How many of you have lost the price of this Engine in one day on account of insufficient wind to operate your wind mills, leaving your stock without water, get one now to do your pumping when there is no wind or to do it regularly. Weather does not affect its work, hot or cold, wet or dry, wind or calm, it is a. the same to this machine. Will also shell corn, grind feed, saw wood, churn butter and is handy for a hundred other jobs, in the house or on the farm. Costs nothing to keep when not working, and only 1 to 2 cents per hour when working. Shipped completely set up, ready to run, no foundation needed, a great labor and money saver. Requires practically no attention, and is absolutely safe. We make all sizes of Gasoline Engines, from 1/4 to 75 horse power. Write for circular and special prices.

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