

TIPS FOR YUKON TENDERFEET

New Overland Trail to Klondike's Golden Sands.

DETAILS OF A RECENT TRIP OVER IT

During Winter Journey and Its Pitfalls—Adventures of a Fugitive Trail of the Fur Company Days.

On the 7th day of last October two young men, John M. Campbell of Spokane, Wash., and Len Miller of Sandon, B. C., left Spokane for Teatin lake, in the head waters of the Yukon, overland. Their object was twofold. Campbell was to gather material for a complete description of the country and its resources, as well as take photographs along the trail; while Miller who, in Sandon, had been told of some rich gold ledges near Dease lake by a miner with whom he had worked, hoped to be able to make a rich location. Neither of the boys are 22 years of age, but being hardy young fellows whose homes had always been in the mountains, they did not hesitate to make this rather adventuresome trip alone, and over a road of which little was then known to the public.

To make as good time as possible they traveled by rail and steamer to Ashcroft, B. C., where horses were secured. Their supplies were freighted to Quesselle, a little mining town in the Cariboo country, by Hudson bay freight teams. Here they secured an Indian guide, and turning their back on civilization, with guns packed on their horses' backs, and their dogs as well, for the dogs are packed in that country, they struck out on the trail for Lake Teatin. On Christmas day John M. Campbell, having made the full distance, and returning all the way from Hazelton alone, reached

new designs. Some one comes in and makes report of a rich strike. Every one is looking for something just a little better than he has. He picks up blankets and traps. He is joined by others. Supposed short cuts are taken to get into the new camp. As if by magic men come from all directions. A town springs up, and closely following the coming of the saloons the gambling hall, the dance hall and the variety theater. Some grow rich, others grow poor. There comes the tidings of another "feet" in some far-distant gulch, and the scene is repeated.

Thus it was when the first news of the Fraser river excitement reached Victoria. That lively city was filled with men who had been chasing fickle fortune. There is no discouragement too deep, however, no disappointment too keen, to keep a prospector from following up the report of a rich find, and soon the Fraser river district was flooded with men. But gold was not as plentiful as was expected, and many of the hardy ones pushed on, the result being the discovery, in the early '90's, of the great Cariboo camp. First trails were built, soon to be followed by good wagon roads to Generals' Barkerville and other camps of that district.

AN HISTORIC TELEGRAPH TRAIL. When Cyrus Field's great venture, the Atlantic cable, was apparently a failure, the Western Union conceived the idea of stringing a wire to Europe by the way of Alaska and Siberia. Leaving the Cariboo road at Quesselle, their survey followed the old Hudson bay trail. At an expense of about \$2,000,000 a trail 120 feet wide was cut from Quesselle to the mouth of a little creek called Telegraph creek, which empties into the Stikine river. When the workmen had reached this point work was received of the success of the cable, and the telegraph line was abandoned. Today those traveling over this trail will see many of the poles still standing, with much of the wire hanging to them or lying on the ground.

About this time began the excitement in the Cariboo and Omineca countries, and the "telegraph trail," as it then became and is still known, was used to reach these districts. The government of British Columbia has spent much money on this great trail, so that it is now neither a hard one to travel nor a difficult one to follow. The road has

What Mr. Campbell says with reference to the country from Ashcroft to Hazelton applies with equal force to the country from there on to Teatin lake. Game is abundant everywhere, and those who make the trip this coming year will find on bear meat or a nice roast caribou nearly every day.

A GOOD TRAIL FOR TENDERFEET. There are a great many going to the north this year to seek fickle fortune who know little or nothing about prospecting or life of this kind. Those who take their pack-horses from Spokane and travel over this trail will find they are gradually being broken into camp life, and are daily learning much of the hardships and work of the prospector. Such a trip as this puts one through the kindergarten and primary school of "rough life." Many, too, of small means will attempt to reach the Klondike. Most of them will be greatly disappointed, and will long for "home and mother." Far south of Klondike, along this overland road, are known as the great Omineca and Omineca countries, gold districts that, when prospected, will rival the rich streams of the Klondike section. Here is to be found what the mineralogist and geologist are pleased to call the "great auriferous gold belt," and here it is that the men of small means can secure good ground, and perhaps find that long-sought fortune. The mining laws of British Columbia—this trail, save the few hundred miles in the state of Washington, is entirely in British Columbia—are extremely liberal to all men of the American race fit to prospect her streams and her hills what he finds he can have, and she awards to the holder of a valid and legal government could give her own citizens. Great fortunes have been taken out of the streams of the Cariboo, the Cassiar and the Omineca districts, and great fortunes were looked in mother earth are there, but awaiting the energetic prospector to come along and claim them as his own. The past history of these districts, though yet never the subject of a pen, would read like some fable story from the "Arabian Nights."

HOW WORRY KILLS. Process Not Understood, but it Works. Heart, Arteries and Kidneys. We often hear of men who are said to have died of overwork, but it is safe to assume that in nine out of ten of such cases there has been no overwork at all. That too much work has killed some people is not to be doubted, says Youth's Companion, but this does not alter the fact that work pure and simple is one of the rarest causes of death. The mischief is done by the worry which often goes with the work and is mistaken for it. We do not yet understand the process by which worry undermines the general health, induces disease of the heart, of the arteries and of the kidneys, or kills a man before his time, but that it does do such things is a fact too well established.

BORDER JUSTICE VINDICATED

Wildcat Jim's Taking Off Satisfactorily Explained to the Court.

A VERDICT BASED ON THE FACTS

Embarrassment of the Coroner and the Sheriff Removed by the Artistic Diplomacy of the Vigilantes' Leader.

There was consternation among the officials of Bull Run county in the early days of Montana when Coroner John Severson received through the mails a notice from the district judge to hold forthwith an inquest on the body of Wildcat Jim, a desperado, who had been lynched by the vigilance committee as the simplest and most expeditious method of ridding the community of a public nuisance. Jim was executed upon a bitter cold night in November, when the thermometer stood at 40 degrees below, and so raw a wind blew in the faces of the executioners that the chairman of the committee apologized to his assistants, saying that he would not have summoned them from the well warmed barroom of the Nugget saloon had the conduct of the victim not become so obnoxious as to make immediate disposal of his body imperative. Jim's fate was due immediately to the fact that he had felt it necessary to maintain his reputation as the worst character between sea and sea by maiming with a revolver shot a salesman who had tried to sell him a "bled" shirt. On another occasion, when an itinerant preacher was holding services in the barroom of the Nugget, Jim had marred the solemnity of the occasion by practicing of marksmanship, using the silk hat of the preacher as a target and perforating it so thoroughly that the boys chipped in and carried a sash over the preacher, sending him forth upon the world a cowboy evangelist. Again, Jim had fired the building of a Chinese laundryman who had taken quarters in the town, and then shot at the owner as he fled across the prairie. There was no reforming Jim and the committee hanged him, as the only available means of restoring peace.

And when the coroner received the notice to hold an inquest there was more excitement than would have been caused by the preparation of a half dozen subjects therefor. The notice from the district judge added to the gravity of the situation: "It has come to the ears of this court that a character known as Wildcat Jim came to his death within your county in an unlawful manner. You will, therefore, proceed at once to hold an inquest on the body of the deceased and ascertain judicially in what manner the deceased came to his death, your finding to be reported to me for what further proceedings may be deemed necessary."

After the coroner had digested the legal verbiage to an extent sufficient to his understanding of its meaning he said: "Well, I'll be hanged!" The sheriff was called into consultation and allowed to read the legal document. He struggled haltingly through its maze of legal phraseology and swallowed a small quill of tobacco in his excitement. Then he muttered: "Well, I'll be hanged!" The sheriff ordered drinks, and three heads were tilted in unison, and three exclamations were heard in concert: "Well, I'll be hanged!" "Well, I'll be hanged!" "Well, I'll be hanged!" "There's one thing I don't quite understand," said the coroner, "I say in this order from the judge, 'inquest on the body.' Jim's planted and the ground is frozen hard. Do we have to dig him up before this business can proceed?" "No, Grindson got so he was about half sick all the time, and I had to let him go. I've got a younger and stronger man now."

Partly Unknown. Detroit Journal: For an hour she stood silent before her mirror; it told her how beautiful she was, and she was far too well tried to indulge in it. "But at last it was through. 'Do I really know myself?' she sighed, thereupon, clasped her hands convulsively. 'My face is familiar,' she cried, 'but I cannot speak my name.' It was then that she began to regret ever having married the Russian.

Where the Penalty Falls. Chicago Tribune: "I tell you," said the eminent lawyer, "there is no genius but industry. That has been the keynote of my business career. Hard work is the price of success." "Yes, it is," absently replied the professional man who had dropped in. "By the way, will you become the Grindson, your confidential man of business? I haven't seen him here for a month." "No, Grindson got so he was about half sick all the time, and I had to let him go. I've got a younger and stronger man now."

hangin' without making the boys liable to be persecuted," said the proprietor of the Nugget.

"Might say that he died of heart disease," suggested the coroner. "We don't know that he did," objected the sheriff.

"Nobody can say that he didn't either," rejoined the coroner. "CALLING IN A WITNESS. 'Let's talk it over with the chairman of the vigilance committee,' suggested the proprietor of the Nugget. 'He is the man most interested. Tell him that if he can find a way out of the mess, a way that'll hold water, the coroner will adopt it. If he can't, he'll have to take the consequences. That's fair.'

"The matter was laid before the chairman of the committee in all its seriousness of aspect. 'It will be necessary to have a coroner's jury,' said the chairman of the committee. 'I will appoint these gentlemen as the jury,' said the coroner, indicating the proprietor of the Nugget and the sheriff. 'Who will act as the body?' inquired the sheriff. 'The order says on the body you know. I suppose you could appoint some one to act as the remains. It will save a sight of hard digging.'

"I think the body can be dispensed with," suggested the chairman of the committee. "It's not necessary to have it before you." "The body is dispensed with," ordered the coroner.

"Now you must call me as witness," suggested the chairman again. And this being done, he proceeded to ask the chairman of the committee, on the night of November 16 for the last time. It was extremely cold, I think about 30 degrees below zero—cold enough to freeze a man to death in a short time. At the time I saw the deceased for the last time, he was near the place at which his body was afterward found, frozen stiff—I think that was two days later. Several other persons were present and were endeavoring to assist the deceased to warmer place (H—), by gosh, interrupted the coroner, unable to restrain his appreciation of the point, but he did not appear to want to go. After raising the man from the ground several times the persons present concluded to make no further efforts to induce the deceased to go willingly and left him. That is the last time I saw him, until he was afterward found as I have stated. frozen stiff. That is all, gentlemen," concluded the chairman. "It's every word true as gospel," exclaimed the coroner. "No question about the verdict, I s'pose," asked the proprietor of the Nugget. "Who'll fix it up?" inquired the coroner. "I might do it for you if you wish it," volunteered the chairman and main witness.

THE VERDICT. That night the following legal document was transmitted to the court in writing: "At a legal inquiry holden on the body of James Martin, known as Wildcat Jim, who came to his death on the night of November 16, the undersigned, sitting as a coroner's jury, found the following facts: "1. The said James Martin was absent from his usual haunts for two nights before the discovery of his body, and when found his body was frozen."

"2. The weather at the time was extremely cold, the temperature being 30 degrees below zero. "3. The said James Martin was seen by several men on the night of November 16 near the place where his body was found, and they endeavored to get him to go to a warmer place, but he refused to go willingly. After raising him from the ground several times, he struggling violently all the time, they left him. On these facts we, the undersigned jury-men, believe it will be evident to the court that the aforesaid James Martin perished of exposure. It is possible that other causes contributed to his death, but of these the jury would not like to attempt to state. The finding of the jury was signed duly by the coroner, the sheriff, and the proprietor of the Nugget. A few days after its date, the coroner received a note from the district judge, as follows: "Dear Sir—The finding of the jury has been received and filed. It was a peculiar case. There was a similar one in Texas a few years ago. The jury there, however, leaned to the opinion that the deceased had come to his death from fright, due to a premonition of sudden death. (Unofficially.)

The coroner read the note to the sheriff and the proprietor of the Nugget. "Well, I'll be hanged," he said. The sentiment was echoed by the sheriff and the proprietor of the Nugget.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* on every bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Pitcher is President.

March 8, 1897. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



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OFFER RELIEF TO THEIR LESS FORTUNATE SISTERS



A Sure Road to Beauty

The justly famed Complexion Specialists, The Misses Bell, of No. 78 Fifth Avenue, New York, now offer the public generally the Complexion Tonic which they have so long used successfully in personal treatment under the patronage of the leaders of New York's elite society.

It was only after the repeated solicitations of friends and acquaintances that The Misses Bell were induced to make known the secret they had for years held so sacred.

THE MISSES BELL'S COMPLEXION TONIC

is entirely different and far superior to anything ever before offered in that it has an immediate effect in clearing and brightening the skin. It is not a cosmetic in any sense of the word, as it does not cover up the blemishes as powders and pastes do, but is a colorless liquid that, when applied to the skin, does not show, but its effect is marvelous, as it cleanses the pores of the skin of all poisonous and foreign fillings and dissolves entirely freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, excessive oiliness or redness in the skin. Its use is so simple that a child can follow directions and get the best result.

The Misses Bell have placed the price of their wonderful Complexion Tonic at \$1.00 per bottle, which is sufficient to clear the ordinary skin. The Misses Bell expect to sell thousands of bottles from this announcement, and in order to satisfy the most skeptical that their Complexion Tonic is exactly as they represent it and that they have absolute confidence in its wonderful merit, they will send it to you safely packed in plain wrapper, free from observation of the curious, so that

One Bottle Costs You Nothing

if the effect is not exactly as claimed, so that you take no risk in sending for this wonderful complexion purifier. The price, \$1.00, places it within the reach of all. It will absolutely clear a poor complexion and beautify a good one. It is indeed a boon to women, and this generous offer should be accepted by all.

Ladies can address The Misses Bell on all matters of complexion and hygiene in the strictest confidence, and satisfactory advice will be given promptly without charge. An interesting pamphlet will be sent upon receipt of stamp. Address all communications and send all orders to THE MISSES BELL, or The Bell Toilet Co., 78 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

"THOUGHTLESS FOLKS HAVE THE HARDEST WORK, BUT QUICK WITTED PEOPLE USE

SAPOLIO

WINE OF CARDUI

LOOK OUT FOR THE SIGNALS.

There are some danger signals that demand the attention of women. Deviation from the regular menstrual habit; monthly pains in the head, back, sides or abdomen; flooding; bearing down pains; constant tired, languid feeling, or a leucorrhoeal discharge, or vaginal inflammation, are warnings nature gives to women. Disease usually starts with some one of these symptoms. They show something to be wrong with that delicate feminine organism. It can be corrected easily at the start, but if neglected—put off a few weeks or months—endless suffering will result. Most women know that the best way to stop such troubles is to get Wine of Cardui, that wonderful cure for female diseases, which has attracted so much attention. Wine of Cardui goes to the root of all this trouble, in the afflicted organs themselves. It makes those organs healthy, and gives them needed tone and strength. It is surprising how quickly and thoroughly it does this important work. The treatment is very simple, and is used in the privacy of your own home.

Ask your druggist for

Wine of Cardui

For advice in cases requiring special directions, send a card to: Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Ask your druggist for

Wine of Cardui

TOMPKINSVILLE, Ky., Oct. 31st.

I suffered for ten years with inflammation and falling of the womb, and at the monthly period the pain was very severe. When I sent to you for the medicine last spring, I could not stand on my feet more than three minutes at a time. I used four bottles of the Wine of Cardui and some Black-Draught, and have gained fifteen pounds, and feel better than I have in twenty years.

MRS. M. L. ADAMS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 16th.

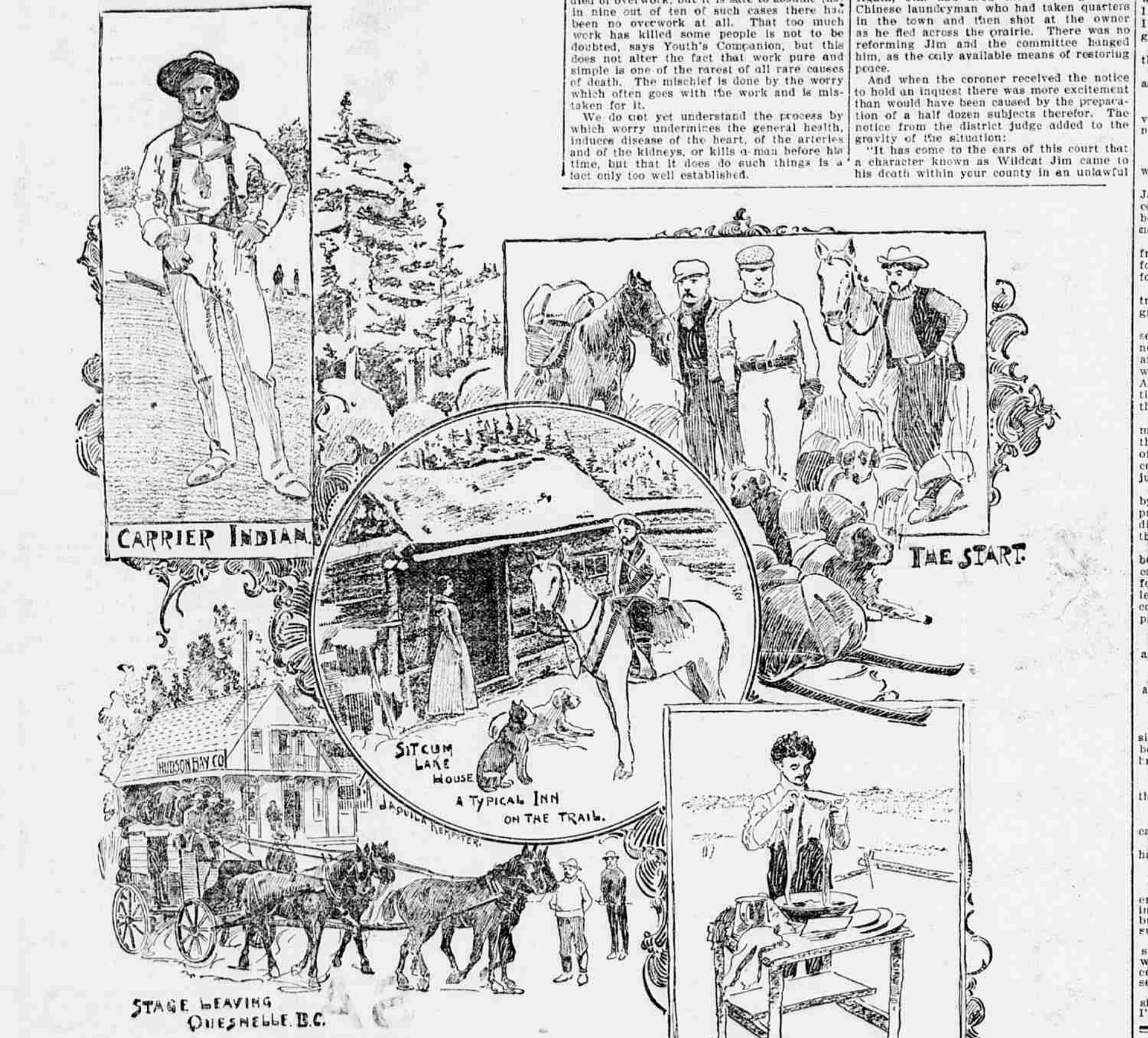
My wife, by your advice, has used five bottles of McEree's Wine of Cardui. I can say it has cured her leucorrhoea, and there is now no mucous discharge of any kind. She has recommended it to several of her afflicted friends, and they have used it with equally favorable results.

J. E. HASCHKE.

WINE OF CARDUI

WINE OF CARDUI

WINE OF CARDUI



Spokane. When he left he was a smooth-faced, curly-headed boy, but when he returned with heavy beard and matted hair—for a both had been impossible—he was not recognized by his friends, and was forced to be his own landman, and among the snapshots souvenirs of his adventuresome journey is one that shows him at work under difficulties at an improvised wash tub in the wilderness.

AN OLD TRAIL.

The trail over which these boys traveled to by no means a new one, for there is, perhaps, no better known, or more thoroughly traveled trail, in all the British Columbia than this one. But the people at large are but little acquainted with the history of this country, which was making a great fortune for the Hudson Bay company when even the topography of the land beyond the Mississippi was unknown to our own country. It will be recalled by all who have read anything of the history of the Pacific coast, that in the early days of the century, with a field covering all British Columbia and Washington, Oregon, Idaho and part of Montana in the United States, there were two great rival fur companies, the Hudson Bay and the American. Nearly every schoolboy has read the delightful story of "Astoria," by Washington Irving, and there learned much of these companies. The American was finally driven from the field, and the Hudson Bay company, having acquired the territory embraced in the present states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, the Hudson Bay company was pushed further north, about 1828, established its governor's headquarters at Fort Stuart, the center of a string of forts from Fort Colville, in the present state of Washington, to the bleak and inhospitable shores of the Arctic. Fort Stuart, a mere trading post, on the present overland route to the Yukon, is about half way between Spokane and the Klondike. One can scarcely imagine that if this, as early as 1828, had not been the center of the trade of the Hudson Bay company, there would not be a good road to it. The trail at that time was called the common "blazed trail," something rather difficult for one to follow unaccustomed to the ways of the woods; but in time they were worn down to what would be called by the tenderfoot a "path."

FRASER RIVER STRIKE.

The flood of miners who flocked across the plains, or around the Horn, following the discovery of gold in California, 1849, did not all find the precious metal, and they began to push their way north. British Columbia saw she was not getting as great a benefit from the new emigrants as she should. Some one came down to Victoria with news of a great placer strike on the Fraser river. It was the time for Victoria to make her "strike" and an excitement was started. One who has never been in the mining camps of the west can scarcely understand what is meant by a stampedo to

been completed by the government to Teatin lake. This, then, is the trail over which Campbell and Miller journeyed. Leaving Miller to push on over Dease lake, with but one Indian as a companion, and locate the "hoped-to-be-great" ledge, Campbell, tying behind his saddle his roll of blankets and a small amount of condensed food, turned his horse's head eastward again to make the return trip to Spokane. Eight hundred miles across a country with snow from two to ten feet deep, and inhabited only by a few Indians, is not a pleasant prospect at any time of the year, much less in midwinter, with heavy snowstorms daily brewing, but this venturesome youth promised when he left Spokane to return before the new year, and he meant to keep his word, for his safe return meant the first information of a good overland road, not dangerous at any time of the year, but much less so in the summer.

The thousands who, this year, will seek their fortunes in the golden north, and who take this much easier and cheaper route, will leave Spokane along in the spring, as soon as the grass is high enough to afford grazing for the horses. The road from Spokane to Ashcroft, a distance of about 400 miles, can be traveled nearly the full distance with wagons. It passes through the celebrated mining camps of Eureka, McKinley, Midway. Boundary and others in the rich Kootenai district.

WAGON ROADS LINED WITH INNS.

"From Ashcroft to Quesselle there is a good wagon road the full distance of 220 miles," says Mr. Campbell. The country between these points is well timbered, and there are hotels and ranches the entire distance, from one to thirteen miles apart. The charges were \$1 for supper, bed and breakfast, and three bits (40 cents) for each horse, which included feeding with grain. In spring and summer there is grazing for the entire distance. In summer the freighters camp out and graze their horses carrying but little grain. A couple of small grades are encountered to Soda Creek, a town of about 200 people on Fraser river, but from there to Quesselle the road is level. Quesselle has a population of about 200 people, being quite a prominent Hudson bay post. At Quesselle you cross the Fraser, and about leaving the wagon road for the Telegraph trail. It is about 220 miles to Hazelton. There are no settlements along this trail, but there is good grazing for the horses. There are many meadows and the hillsides are covered with peavine, bluejoint and wormwood. Horses are exceedingly fond of the latter, and will graze fat on it, leaving timothy eat it. The country is pretty well timbered, chiefly birch, cottonwood and fir, but with many open places. There is an abundance of water and firewood the entire distance. It is an ideal outing country, and there will be feed in the summer for 10,000 horses."

It is true that worry often leads a person to practices which are themselves injurious, such as overindulgence in alcohol or tobacco, or perhaps the use of opium or cocaine or chloral, and disease and death are often attributable to the action of these poisons rather than to the effects of work or worry. But these will not explain the disaster in all cases. It may be objected despairingly that, if worry is slow suicide, then almost none of us can escape. Very few men can be found who have no unfulfilled desires which they are striving to gratify, or who are wholly secure of the future that they may give literal heed to the biblical command to take no thought for the morrow.

But this forethought is not worry—at least it need not be worry—it is merely inordinate, prudent care for the future, or even slight anxiety. Harming anxiety, impetuous expectation, disproportionate fear of the unknown; this is worry, and this is what causes the heart to struggle, the kidneys to contract, the arteries to weaken and the mind to fall.

Homelessness and Insanity.

The Marquette Mining Journal is responsible for the statement that a fair estimate of the proportion of insane in Houghton county, Michigan, furnished by the Flinn is that there is more insanity in this bleak northern county of Michigan in proportion to its inhabitants than there is in Wayne county, in a walled Detroit. According to a prominent Flinn, the disease among his fellow countrymen is due chiefly to homelessness. There are many middle-aged people who were well-to-do and who left comfortable homes in their own country for the sake of wages are better homes of the country. Their occupation principally was farming, and they were not prepared for the hard work required of them in the mining districts. Their pride will not let them send home for aid and they soon grow dependent.

LAUNDRIES ARE SCARCE. Also SOAP.

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