

# MOORE & HENRY GEORGE



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### SUMMERING ON THE YUKON

Swift Steel Steamers, Each with Three Captains on Board.

### STORY OF MAUD, THE WALKING BOSS

Quaint Little Tramway at the Head of Miles Canyon—Round Around the Rapid—Riskless Benches on the Lake.

(Copyright, 1899, by Cy Worman.) Bennett-on-the-Lake is the one absolutely cheerless station, the one inhospitable port, the one dreary, desolate, unsheltered, unshaded shore on the long trail from Chicago to the Klondike.

The winds blow at Bennett without ceasing. In winter they wait up through the narrow neck of the lake, cry across the snow and sob and moan in the icy eaves of the iron freight houses.

The only cheerful spot here is the picturesque club house, standing high up on the shore, overlooking the beautiful lake. It is not that the scenery is all right.

Now we round a bend and enter a broad, comparatively quiet stretch of water, at the end of which we see a couple of river boats, like our own.

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

Now, if the engines should become disabled, we would be sucked into the mill-race, slammed through Miles canyon, and, if anything were left of the boat, pounded to pieces on the hidden rocks in the rapids of White Horse.

Here we break bulk. The quaintest little railroad runs from here past Miles canyon and White Horse rapids to White Horse station—five miles.

Passengers from the Victorian, outward bound, are tramping in over the trail, going aboard the Bailey and the Sifton.

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We hurried through our breakfast as we were to be out at the canyon. We have slept through beautiful Lake Marsh, and are now in the kinks and curves of the Yukon, swift and deep. The current here runs three to four miles an hour, the boat makes fifteen, so we are sliding along between the sizzly shaded hills just fast enough to make it interesting.

no mountains near; neither is there valley or bottom lands. Just the rolling hills that seem to part to let the cool, green river slip through. Sometimes the hills are barren save for the short grass, sometimes covered with a thick growth of low spruce. Here and there fires have destroyed the forests, and there is a field of flowers. Whenever the forest fire sweeps the hills the beautiful fireweed grows and blooms. And thus nature hastens to hide her scars.

No Flotsam on the Stream. The river is unlike any other river I have ever seen. There is nothing floating on the face of it, no drift along the shore. It impresses one as being brand new. It is easy to fancy that the channel was empty yesterday; that the water has just been turned in. This is because the river is "high" now, but there are none of the indications of a flood.

A Look at Miles Canyon. While waiting for the wagons to return from White Horse I walked down to have a look at the famous Miles canyon. At first glance I was disappointed. After standing on the walls and looking down into the Royal Gorge, after seeing the canyon of the Colorado, this is tame. But wait until a scow comes around the bend. There is only one man, the expert, who takes boats through here and over White Horse, a mile or so below, for \$20, \$30 or \$50, according to the value of the cargo and the owner's ability to pay.

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Mr. Fatta—Where did you learn to rub in this manner? Attend—In India. Mr. Fatta—Ah, I see—India rubber.

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