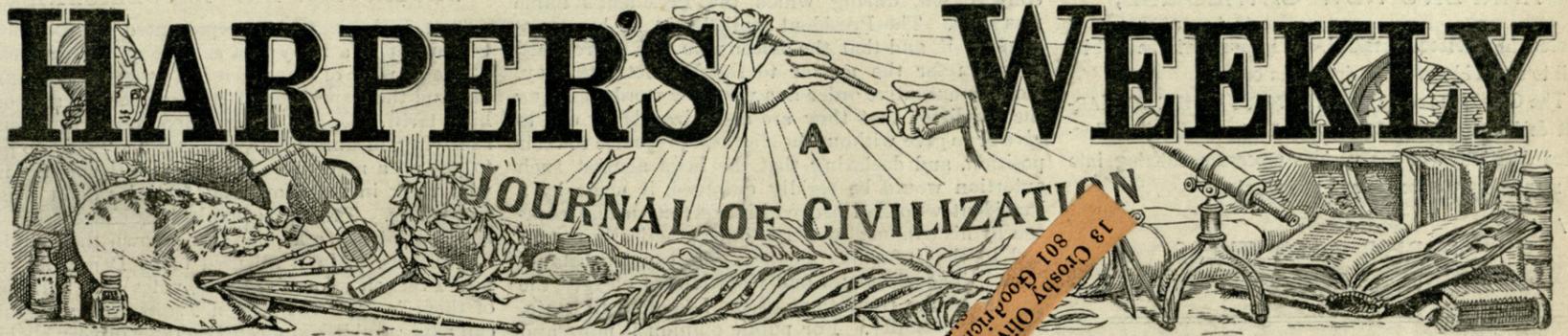


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"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." VI.—ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION.  
By Richard Harding Davis, with Illustrations by Remington. In this Number.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

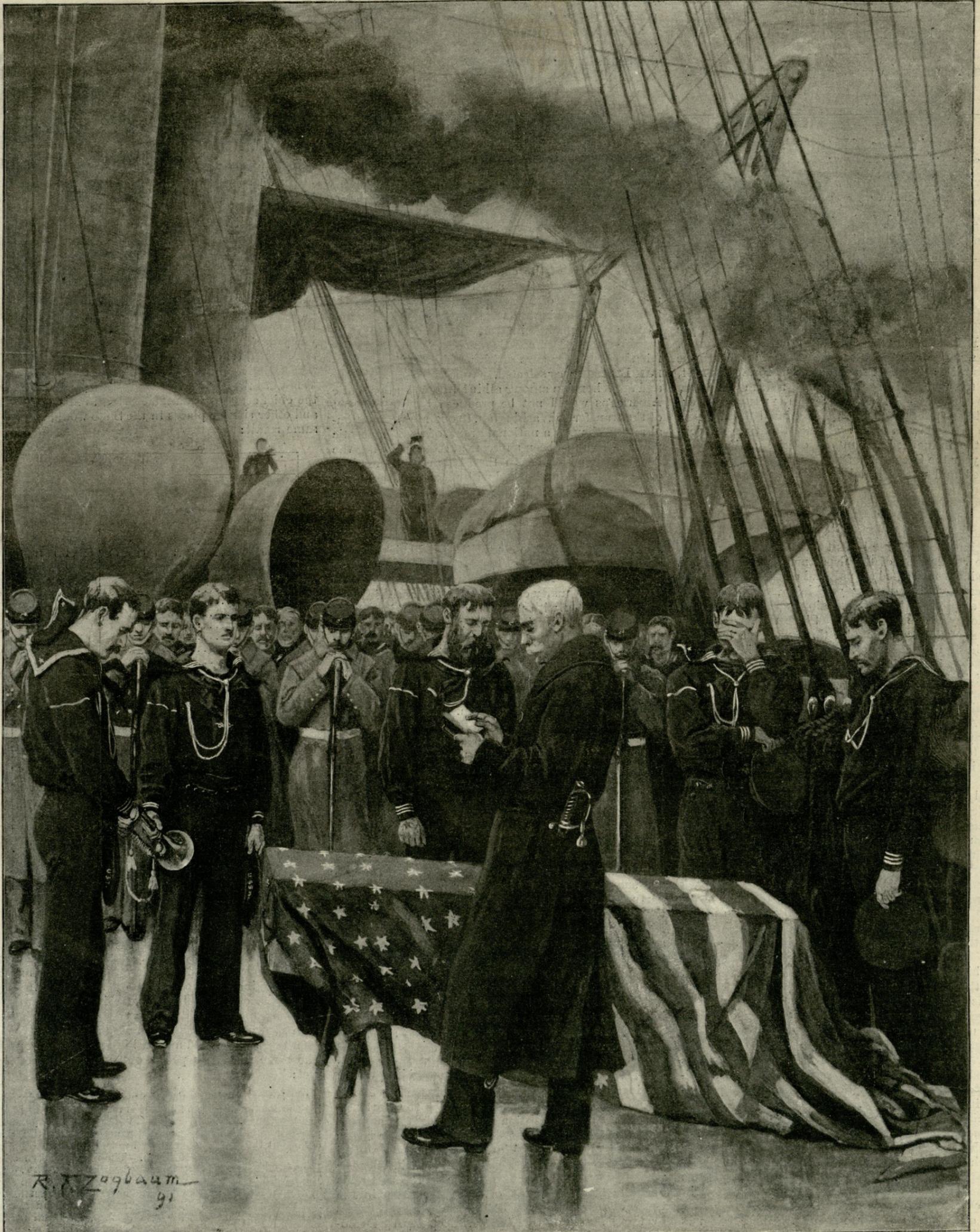
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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



"ALL HANDS BURY THE DEAD!"—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

# ALASKA'S MINING REGIONS.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.—ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. EDWARDS.



LOWLY, in the face of every obstacle, the independent prospectors and pioneers have discovered and opened mining regions in Alaska, and added some five millions, in gold to the wealth of the world. Towns have opened up, cabins and tents dot the shores of southeastern Alaska, and civilization has been carried to the furthest wilderness. Chasing the bubble of each new mining boom northward along the Pacific coast, the prospector has crossed the great divide, washed the pale arctic gold from Yukon gulches, and reached the furthest limit of mining enterprise.

So different were the conditions in Alaska that the first miners found little resemblance to their experiences in other Territories. Separated from the rest of the United States by British Columbia, whose mountainous and densely forested coast region is still impassable to foot travel, the prospector was dependent upon expensive steamer communication. Once arrived there, every condition was reversed. The canoe became his pack-mule, and waterways were his only trails. The tides rose and fell twelve and eighteen feet in the fiords he searched, and an annual rainfall of seven and eight feet effectually laid the dust. The hundreds who flocked to the Juneau region in 1880 found that there was no military post in the Territory, no shadow of civil government, no civil officers save collector and postmaster, and no land laws that permitted him to take up a claim or a homestead. There were no Indian agents nor Indian reservations, save as the whole Territory was and is still Indian country by the absolute prohibition of intoxicating liquors within its limits. It was a land of negations, of paradoxes and puzzles.

Alaska is the self-made Territory in every sense. Its pioneers worked as long and earnestly for the yoke of civil law as any oppressed people ever fought for liberty and release from odious government. It was seventeen years after the purchase from Russia before Congress granted Alaska even the present skeleton form of civil government, much less "the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States," or "maintained and protected" them "in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion." Then it was the miner's pick

which opened the doors of Congress, and Senator Harrison, championing their cause, framed the bill which, in mangled form, finally gave the people the fraction of what the treaty with Russia had long ago promised. All the more credit is hence due these citizens of the Territory, which has paid for itself three times since the United States purchased it, the seal islands alone having put back the original \$7,200,000 into the Treasury, and the fish, land, furs, minerals, and other resources doubling the sum in the value of what they have provided for the world's consumption.

Alaska's wealth of timber is untouched, as until 1891 timber laws devised for the arid, treeless plains have been vigorously enforced. Only mineral lands being then subject to entry, he who cut firewood or sawed lumber was a timber thief, and was prosecuted—all in a country where the forests are boundless, almost impenetrable, and the chief obstacle to exploration and settlement. Salmon canneries, surrounded by unbroken leagues of woodland, sent twelve hundred miles below to Puget Sound saw-mills for the pine boxes in which to pack their tins for shipment. And these people, enjoying a far milder climate than Scotland's or Norway's, surrounded by almost tropical vegetation, must send the same distance for their marketing, as no one could take up agricultural land, or, much less, afford the cost of clearing and draining it. Over these obstacles the pioneers have partially triumphed, and in March, 1891, President Harrison had satisfaction in signing the bill which allows these citizens to secure public lands for town-site purposes at the rate of one dollar a quarter of an acre, with the costs of survey added; and land for trading and manufacturing purposes at two dollars and a half an acre. Settlers and miners may cut timber, for use on their own claims or lands, from any public lands not reserved or appropriated. Under these conditions, the pioneer may now have a home.

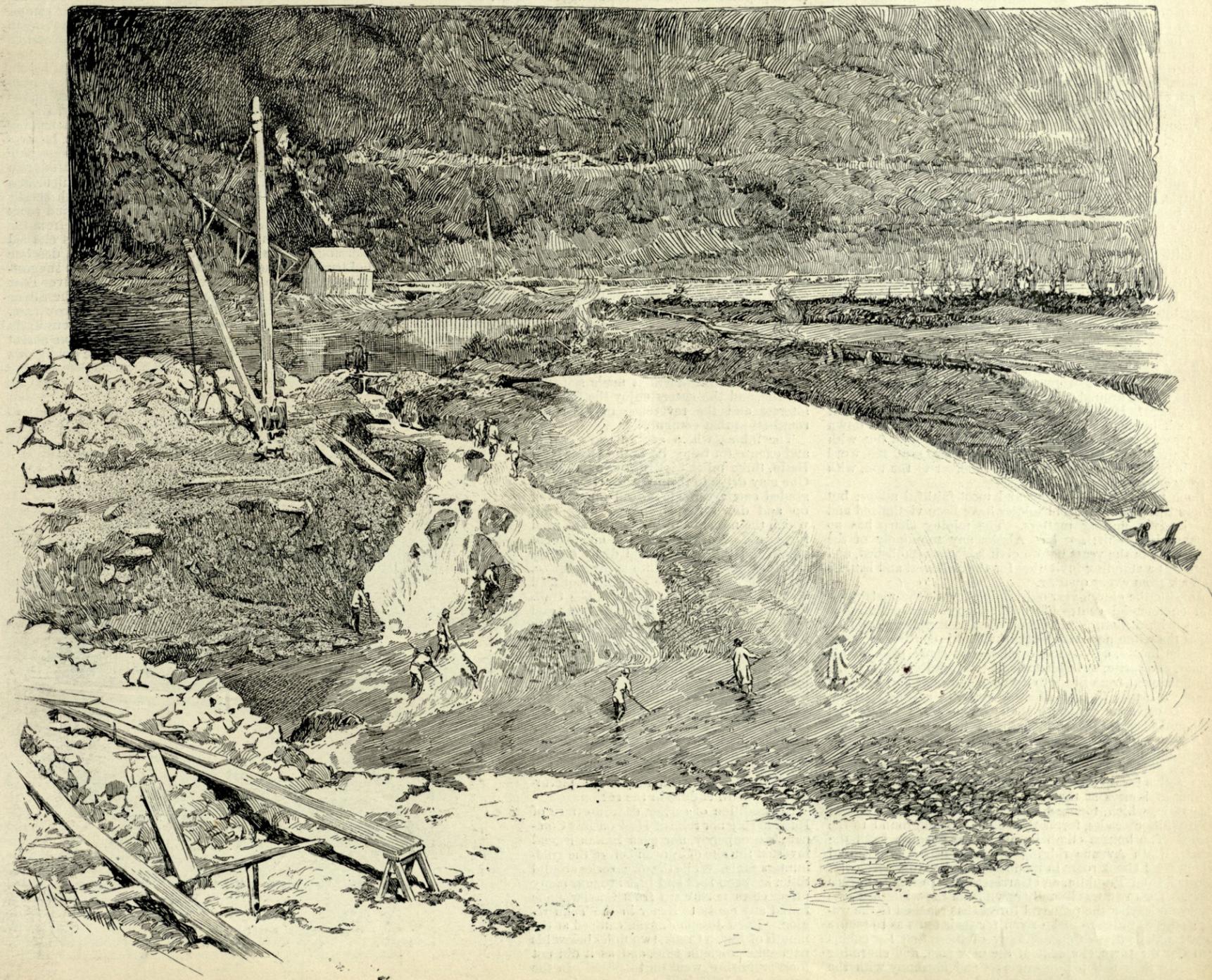
The working-man need not complain in Alaska. Three dollars a day, with board and lodging provided by his employers, are miner's wages. Indian workmen in the mines receive two dollars a day, and "find" themselves. The cost of provisions adds a dollar a day for each white employé to the expenses of the mining company, and with these items in the operating expenses, any fractions of dividends sufficiently prove the richness of the mines. Hydraulic mining begins in May and lasts until October; and unless they are situated in snow-choked cañons, difficult of access, the quartz-mills can run all the year round. The great Treadwell mill on Douglas Island thunders night and day, winter and summer, grinding out in the twelve months ending with last May \$769,765 80—sufficient answer to all that has been



AN ALASKAN MINER.

said against Alaska's being or becoming a great mining country.

Under fur-traders' rule, gold was never really discovered in Russian America. There is a tradition that soon after Baranoff's settlement at Sitka, in the earliest years of this century, a hunter brought him a piece of gold from a neighboring creek bed, and the promise of the knout dissuaded the finder from further prospecting, and had a sufficient effect



JUNEAU—SILVER BOW BASIN—THE MONITOR AT PLAY.



A DESERTED CABIN.

for the next sixty years. It was in 1871-2 that the soldiers Doyle and Haley discovered the ledges around Silver Bay, that most beautiful fiord cleaving the high mountains south of Sitka. The fortunes of the Silver Bay mines have waxed and waned, periods of activity succeeding periods of idleness and abandonment; and while the mountains are seeded with rich ore, no one at present seems anxious to take it out. Abandoned mills, wharves, and buildings are going to ruin, trails and wagon roads are overgrown, and actual mining is not being carried on anywhere in the Sitkan district; only development and assessment work and the further prospecting of rich claims continue. Every self-respecting citizen in Sitka has his mine; each one believes there are millions in his ledge; each claim is for sale; every prospect pleases all along the lovely fiord; and if the claim-owners could own the landscapes and echoes as well as the base material quartz, there would be billions in it. Tons of the richest ore have been taken out, engineers and assayers have proved all prophecies as to its existence and qualities, but unfortunate management, limited means, and wars among stockholders have prevented a real success crowning any effort. But all Round Mountain and the Mountain of the Holy Cross and further peaks may yet shake with blasts and mills.

Doyle, the discoverer, is dead, but Nicholas Haley lives, a hale, robust, energetic son of Mars, who beat his gun into a miner's pick, and firing the first blast ever put in an Alaska quartz vein, has never abandoned his claims, nor lost his faith in ribbon rock. Rudyard Kipling should have known him, and Mulvaney and Ortheris too. More diverting than his tales of the service, or of the times when the Sitka Indians "danced and deviled," and threatened to massacre the unprotected community, are his experiences with mining experts, organizers, and floaters of mining enterprises:

"I went down to San Francisco, an' I met this minin' expert, an' he says he knowed it all. He was graduated from that big college in Europe, an' he could fulfil any position. An' he'd been around *all* the mines. But what had he been doing there? He'd been washing the blankets, *he* had. But we took him, an' a dance he led us. Why, I sent down some sacks of ore that rich I could cut the gold out with my knife. An' they assayed it, an' they sent me word that it ran seven dollars an' a half in silver to the ton, with a trace of gold!"

Such the trials of the first and most faithful miner; but others than the honest old soldier have been victimized and mystified in mining matters. The mining sharp has no geographical limit; nor has Alaska any monopoly of the class, even in the years before civil law was established, and there was a standing invitation for the dishonest and lawless to flock from every quarter.

Juneau, the eleven-year-old mining town—the metropolis and commercial centre of the Territory—is a picturesque town, with a picturesque history. The stripling has four times the white population of Sitka, and is continually startling the mossy, easy-going capital with some piece of audacity, enterprise, or insolence. It even aspired to have the capital moved from Sitka to Juneau, and once succeeded in having a clause to that effect attached to a Congressional bill. It calls the eminence at the left of the town Capitol Hill, and assures the visitor that there the future Legislature of Alaska will convene, and it sends a so-called Delegate to Washington each year.

From the Taku open, one may see the town in fifteen-mile perspective far up the straight reach of Gastineaux Channel, a blur of houses at the foot of the straight wall of Bald Mountain, which, touched with snow-banks and ribboned with white cascades, forms the splendid background to the scene. The houses climb by numbered avenues from the beach, Ninth Avenue ridging the crest of the hill, behind which Gold Creek roars in its unsuspected cañon. Lincoln, Seward, Gold, Franklin, and Harris streets cross these terrace rows. The town was literally hewn from the wilderness, the pioneers clearing the primeval forest that reached to the water's edge as much to make room for their tents as to secure logs for their first cabins. Many of these first log cabins still dot the town, eloquent of the near past, and charming one with their real picturesqueness and harmony with the wild-wood and mountain background.

Juneau puts its worst foot forward, and its beach or water-front street gives a bad impression. The eighteen feet rise and fall of tide make it a street or a canal, and bridges cross to the buildings on the tide-water lots. Some one who counted found twenty-two saloons for the fifteen hundred inhabitants, and before many of the water-front saloons the ground is covered with playing-cards, the energetic miner usually throwing the whole pack out of the door when luck fails. Seward is the main street. On it face the opera-house, the Post-office, the largest trading stores, the most popular saloons, and the Indians make one corner untidy but picturesque with their daily market. Company A, of the Alaska militia, marches through it in blue and white uniforms, and there is a brass band and a volunteer fire brigade to make its life more interesting. The clang of the fire-bell is more than ordinarily exciting in Juneau, where, with only squatters' rights to the town lots, no insurance companies will take risks on the buildings covering them. With no municipal organization, no taxes, and no license system, Juneau has had no funds for public improvements, and its few sidewalks are all the more credit to their builders.

There was an Indian mission school and church before there were schools or churches for the whites; and the Indian's frame church, with steeple and colored windows, is much smarter, but not nearly as picturesque and appealing as the log-cabin church where the white Presbyterians worship. Mr. and Mrs. Willard and their predecessors have found a world of work at the Juneau mission, and have been gratified by their success among the native people. The Catholics have devoted their care to the souls, bodies, and minds of the whites, and for six years have maintained a church, school, and hospital. The good Father Althoff helped clear the land and erect the buildings, and four Sisters of the Order of St. Ann manage the school and hospital. They have no endowment, no government aid or provision for free beds, but by a system of monthly payments, or hospital insurance, kept up by the employes of the larger mines, the establishment is made self-supporting, and the sisters enjoy the friendly interest and the reverence of even the roughest in that community.

The mines, which are Juneau's reason and excuse for being, lie in the Silver Bow Basin, three miles back in the mountains. One may drive to them now over an easily graded carriage road, instead of climbing up and down the steep and miry trail which the miners and Indian packers used for years. All the way are magnificent views, and the horses tread dizzy shelves and turn acute angles into seeming space, until one longs for the safe old foot trail and a little peace of nerves. The trail, long abandoned, is half overgrown, and fallen trees block it in many places. Only last summer an ancient, who was sentimentally climbing the trail for old time's sake, was startled from his reminiscences by meeting a bear and her cub right on the divide, where another minute would have brought all three in full view and hearing of the town. The ninety-six-pound Indian boy, packing a hundred-and-twenty-five-pound load on his back, has given way to the prosaic freight train, but much local color, wild flavor, and picturesqueness still endure in the region.

No tradition of earlier days, no trace of Russian rule nor relic of Hudson Bay Company's occupancy, nor even Indian legend invested the site of Juneau before the gold-hunters came. While the discoveries around Sitka between 1872 and 1879 brought many prospectors northward from Cassiar, none found any cause to linger in the Taku region. Even Joseph Juneau camped at the mouth of Sheep Creek, two miles below his namesake town, in 1878, and, as it did not look promising, went on to Sitka. In the summer of 1880, Indians reported the ex-

istence of gold in the largest creek emptying into the channel between Taku Inlet and Auk Glacier. Mr. N. A. Fuller, a Sitka merchant, "grub staked" Joseph Juneau and Richard Harris, and they beached their canoe at the mouth of Gold Creek on the 1st of October.

"It was right here," said Joseph Juneau to me one day last summer, standing by the creek-side below the cemetery bridge. "I walk along, and I see a piece of quartz like this," and he knelt to pick up a stone from the bank of the roaring muddy red stream. "It was all pretty clean water then. And I walk along, and I find more and more pieces. In the same day we come to the Basin—all thick trees there too—and we climb the wall, and the first piece of rock I break off shine all full of gold. You know Campbell claim? Well, there, the 'Fuller the First' mine."

Returning to the beach, these two American citizens—although one is a French Canadian and the other Irish by birth—held a meeting. Joseph Juneau was called to the chair, the Harris Mining District of Alaska was organized, and Richard Harris elected Recorder by acclamation. Only the wondering Indian canoe-man, the everlasting hills, the trees, and the clear torrent were witnesses to this serious affair. Harris's original entry in the book of records stands unique, the Magna Charta of this mining kingdom, and its reading was always called for at miners' meetings in early days, and always followed with applause.

Juneau and Harris may both be met any day in the town they have seen spring from the wilderness. With all the wealth they uncovered, Juneau still leads a prospector's life of hope and hardship, and Harris is watchman at an abandoned mine across the channel. The latter, however, was the shrewder and keener man of business, and has really a home and something for his latter days. More picturesque and interesting, though, is the roving, happy-go-lucky spend-thrift Jo Juneau, a wiry, well-built man of medium height, with a singularly fine and expressive face, iron-gray hair and mustache. His French blood gives him his ease, his animation and grace of manner, and he tells of this and other prospecting tours most dramatically. "Next week I go two hundred miles down the coast prospecting. I know a very good place," and the vision of wealth dances before him again; as it has ever since he left Montreal, and beginning to prospect at Downieville in 1852, panned his way to Idaho and Montana, to Caribou and Cassiar. "The Juneau statue in Milwaukee is my uncle," he says. And perhaps another century will see another Juneau statue, in image of the nephew who helped open a still further Northwest.

When the two prospectors returned to Sitka with their sacks of ore and bottles of dust, there was great excitement and a stampede of hibernating miners. The Auk Indians moved down from their village, twelve miles above, and the Taku Indians came from theirs, ten miles below, and canoe-loads of white miners kept adding themselves to the company. All the renegades and adventurers came, for in Alaska there was no law. Juneau was a live camp all of those first years, and claim-jumping went like a game of leap-frog. When it became too lively a camp, there arose the vigilantes, and the better citizens took things in hand, disciplining the riotous with a month or two of bread and water, confiscating the stock of traders who sold liquor to Indians, and clearing the camp of several terrors who had fled from other camps. The records of the vigilantes were recently found in an unused desk in Juneau, and in this brief, dry, businesslike note-book I read an epitome of all the wild life of the young mining camp—of how Boxer was hanged on the open beach, and how Cut-nosed Jim shot the guard, and then shot himself; and there were a dozen of Bret Harte's tales in the rough in this hasty diary of a now famous mine-owner.

Those early settlers of Juneau had a genius in naming places, and no deceased foreigner, far-away official, benevolent relative, or accommodating creditor enjoys geographic immortality. Everything explains itself. Bald Mountain is bald; Gold Creek, Quartz Gulch, Specimen Gulch, and Granite Cañon are eloquent, and Snow-slide Gulch speaks for itself in its long snow-bank the year round, and roars mightily in winter and spring with the avalanches from the higher summits. In Dix Basin, Dix and his boys cleaned up thousands before they left that green hollow a desolate bowl of bare rock and boulders. Silver Bow Basin suggested its name by its resemblance to valleys in the Silver Bow County of Montana, and high on its wall hangs the Silver Quiver—a vast cataract of foam, not unlike an arrow-case. Granite, Salmon, Fish, Sheep, and Goat creeks were aptly christened, and only Charlotte Basin speaks for some absent wife or sweetheart. In Charlotte Basin the pure gold glows



on every bank in such beds of yellow violets as amaze one, even after the miles of bluebell and columbine decked roadside, and the dense thickets of tropical-looking devil's-club.

After Juneau had endured four years of uncertain and discouraging existence, Alaska was declared a sort of a Territory—something between a colony, a province, and a satrapy. It had a Governor, a judge, an attorney, marshal, and clerk, and three commissioners. It was not a land district, but it had mineral laws. It was still an Indian reservation, without an agent, and a political division of the United States, without Delegate or voice at Washington; but despite it all, Juneau had a boom.

It cannot be known exactly how much placer gold has been taken from the bed of Gold Creek and the basins, and the half-million estimated for the first three years is certainly too little. Property was too insecure then for any one to boast of his claim, express charges were high, and the wisest and luckiest miners hoarded their findings until the end of each season, and carried them below themselves. Many of those men made small fortunes that they have held and multiplied. One such genius, who still stays by the old camp, carried a ninety-six-pound lump of gold out of the Basin one fall, and each year he buried his treasure, not confiding in banks, safes, or human beings. "Trust no man with your gold," he says still, and the time when he did trust some one else to take his bar to the mint to be coined furnished a case in court full of laughable testimony, but no redress.

When the Basin placers were exhausted, washed to bed-rock or to the lowest level from which they could carry the water away, the independent miners deserted their cabins and moved on. Many old placers were relocated as quartz claims, and this, with the original legacies of litigation, gives the lawyers best knowledge of the bullion product of the Basin. Only last summer such a case came before the court, and puzzled the wisdom of the twelve impanelled Solomons. The jury decided that the claim had not been properly staked in the beginning, and that no one owned it. The court-room was emptied in a second, and there was a stampede to stake the claim. Over the old trail, up the wagon road, up Snowslide Gulch, and down by the short-cut, on horse, foot, and wheel, the treasure-seekers sped. But they had all counted without the telephone, which helloed to the man who was guarding what he believed to be his own. He was holding down his stakes and pleased to see them all when the claim-jumpers began climbing up and dropping down over the rocks to him, and a considerable company of winded racers sat down and talked over old times, when the camp was a rustler, and claim-jumping daily exercise.

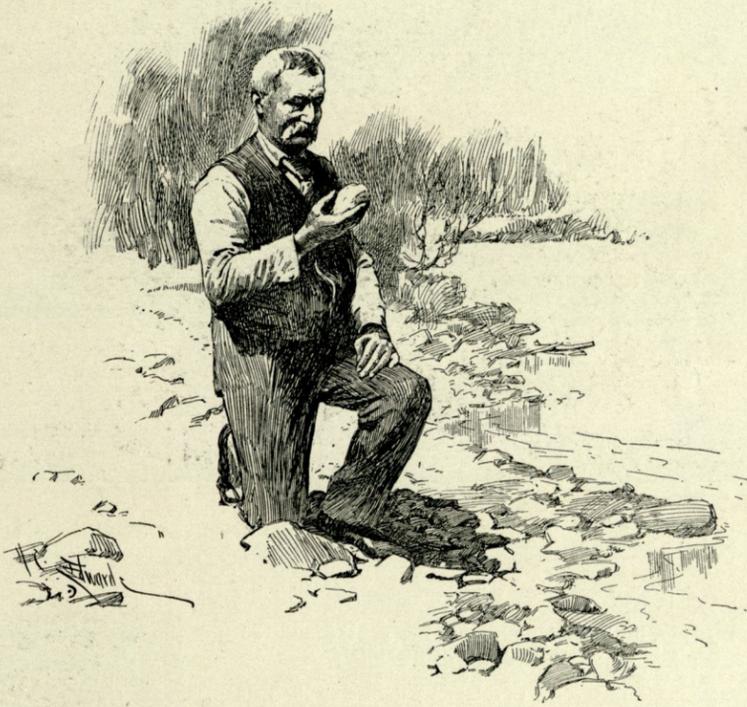
But the Montana boys, the Tombstone boys, the whole Caribou and Cassiar crowd, are scattered and gone. The independent miner, with his pick and pan, seeks the Yukon, Lituya Bay, or further to westward, and some fifty placer claims, quite the whole level floor of the Basin, have been acquired by a Boston company. This Silver Bow Basin Mining Company has driven a tunnel over three thousand feet in length from the lower valley, and made an upraise into the Basin floor. A flume, running far up in Granite Cañon, feeds two hydraulic giants, and the hard, solid white columns of water are rapidly tearing out and devouring the heart of the Silver Bow. In one season a frightful chasm was opened in the level floor, and deep in this pit, filled with spray and rainbows, flocks of canary-coated men waded in hip boots, and with long rakes kept the beds of muddy torrents cleared. Files of red-shirted and blue-overalled men moved in antlike files, trundling barrows of stones to be piled in heaps like masonry, and these touches of color alone redeemed the desolation of bed-rock. There are no Alaska farmers to protest against the debris and slickens, and driven to such remote corners, the old hydraulic miners fairly gloat over the destructive play of the giants.

A signal to the men in the pit, and every one starts at a run, the greenest tenderfoot scrambling over boulders and through the bushes to the shaft-house after them. Then the echoing Basin walls seem rent by the cannonade of blasts, and a hail of dirt and fragments rattles on the roof, and the superintendent twists his massive watch chain and says, "Only some more of them—boulders that was in the way." Ninety feet in the tunnel below, the muddy water from the pit races away through blackness to the sunlight of the lower valley, dropping its golden particles in the floor of the boxes as it goes. After less than a first month's work, the superintendent cleaned up a few feet of his boxes, and twirling a little kettle of amalgam as if it were a feather, bade one lift the weight of nine thousand gold dollars. There was jubilee in town when the news spread, and the success of this latest mining venture has given great courage and impetus to other concerns. After two dull years, the small significant cloud of a coming boom hangs over Juneau.

At the upper end of the Basin the mill of the Eastern Alaska Company crunches rich ore that slides down to it from the mountain-top in buckets working automatically on a wire tramway. The spidery wire and the black beads of buckets can only be seen against a background of snow, and miners tobogganing down on their shovels are lesser specks, so far away and aloft. The famous Fuller the First mine, Archie Campbell's claim, where Jo Juneau broke off his first quartz specimen, is disclosing more wealth yearly, and a small mill devours ten tons of ore daily. In the intimate association of this small community, the largest properties are seldom called by their chartered names. Nowells is the equivalent for the Silver Bow Basin Company's works, and Sanders describes the Eastern Alaska. Half-way between the Basin and town, "Coulter's" describes the Taku Union mill and that group of mines, which feed it rich ore by wire tramways running from drifts high on the cañon's sheer walls. The little Webster mill dates from early days, and its stamps are pounding ore shot down a timbered shoot from the opposite cañon wall. Below these mills lies another rich gravel basin—the Last Chance—which is to be worked in the same way as the Silver Bow Basin, and by another year monitors will be washing out its hidden dust and nuggets into a long tunnel.

Opposite Juneau, on the Douglas Island shore, is Douglas City, with its four hundred inhabitants, and further down is

the Treadwell mine, the most famous one in the Territory. Discovered by miners who came too late to get chances on the Juneau side, and taken as security for a loan of one hundred and fifty dollars, the original Bean and Matthews claim fell to the unwilling hands of John Treadwell, a San Francisco builder, who had built the city houses of several California mining kings. French Pete, or M. Pierre Joseph Ernsara, had a claim across the tiny creek that cut the ore deposit, and Mr. Treadwell bought it for three hundred dollars. Messrs. Fry, Freeborn, and Hill, of San Francisco, and



JOSEPH JUNEAU.

The Discoverer of the Gold Creek and Basin Mines.

Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, became equal partners with Mr. Treadwell, and as soon as civil government gave them a title, work began in earnest. The sum of \$800,000 has been spent upon the works, \$100,000 going to build a ditch eighteen miles long, and \$300,000 in experimenting with different processes of chlorination before a satisfactory one was found. A mill of two hundred and forty stamps grinds six hundred tons of ore daily. The mine is a deposit of soft low-grade ore, four hundred feet between its foot and hanging wall, two thousand feet in length, and of unknown depth. Averaging from three to seven dollars a ton in value, it can be milled for a dollar and a quarter a ton. Quarried in open pits, it drops through ore shoots to cars in the tunnel, and gravity carries it through every process. Two vast pits yawn in the hill-side, which is covered with buildings and tracks; cannonades of blasts rend the air; the roar of machinery never stops; electric lights make continuous day; and out of it has come \$3,109,164 77 in gold bars. Much more should be credited to the mine, because by the earlier chlorination processes much gold was lost, and thousands went up the chimney and trailed away in the long streamer of heavy, sulphurous smoke that has killed the trees for miles around.

More extraordinary than its size, scale, and success is the way the owners of this mine attend to their own affair of grinding quartz, and the largest corporation in the Territory refrains from controlling or taking part in Territorial affairs. Non-partisan, it asks to be let alone, remembering the anti-Chinese riots of 1886, when the Juneau mob blew up Chinese cabins with dynamite, and then visited the Treadwell, where eighty Chinese miners were employed.

"Do you want work?" asked Mr. Treadwell. "Do you think these Chinamen are taking work from you? I will employ you, or pay you for all the logs you bring to the saw-mill."

"The Chinese must go," answered the mob, and the Chinamen were roughly driven on board two little schooners, and set adrift.

The Governor was sent for. He ordered arrests, but the arrester of law-breakers was a sympathizer with the mob. He was asked to resign, and Governor Swineford called upon the man-of-war to bring the Chinese miners

back, and protect the Treadwell with its guns. Naval aid was withheld, the mob ruled, and no redress, no indemnity, was ever made the deported miners by our government. With the grace of a Christian nation, the United States upbraids the Chinese government for not punishing its lesser officials for failing to arrest and punish ringleaders of Chinese mobs, and sends gunboats to China to see that American lives and property are safe along the Yang-tse River.

Between the Treadwell and the once boomed but now slumbering Douglas City is the Bear's Nest mine of such unhappy history. A huge unpainted mill that most resembles an exaggerated country meeting-house stands closed and silent, and a tunnel vast enough for a railway train opens blackly from the beach. Adjoining the Treadwell, it was believed to be a continuation of the same inexhaustible deposit, and it was the most coveted claim on the island. Expert engineers pronounced enthusiastically upon it, and the English company paid nearly three-fourths of their \$1,125,000 in cash, the largest single mining deal ever made. Before the mill was finished, the stockholders were at war. The German investors sent experts, who declared the very opposite of the English experts. Work was stopped, fixtures and machinery sold. It is all a mystery, despite a score of equally absurd, romantic, and minutely detailed accounts of how it happened. One may listen to all these fairy tales of the Bear's Nest and wait. When stockholders war, an outsider may distrust every rumor, and there are many who wager that the mill will be thundering with its sixscore stamps within a few years. The alien land and contract labor laws threw many difficulties and annoyances in the way of the foreign stockholders, but despite that, and undismayed by their Bear's Nest experiences, the same German investors have prospected farther, and spent many thousands in the purchase and development of other Alaska mines, managing their affairs through American citizens acting as trustees for them.

A few miles above the Bear's Nest there is another closed and silent mill, thousands of Boston dollars having gone into the Alaska Union before it was decided that the mine would not pay for working.

No geological survey nor any systematic exploration of the region by government scientists has ever been attempted, so that only expert opinions upon single claims have been given. The most experienced mining superintendents confess themselves puzzled in a country geologically unlike any other ever mined in. "The country rock, the general formation, is slate, which with granite holds the quartz veins. But the veins are broken, confused, and thrown in every way. And think of a mining country where there are no walls to veins!" said one such. Dr. George Dawson, of the Dominion Geological Survey of Canada, visited the Treadwell for his own geological satisfaction. "It presents none of the characters of an ordinary lode or vein," he wrote in the *American Geologist*, "being without any parallel or arrangement of its constituents, and showing no such coarse, crystalline structure as a lode of larger dimensions might be expected to exhibit." The humble prospector says the great mine is a mere pocket, a bulge, or a blow-out on the side of the mountain, and that all the little stringers and delusive outcroppings are mere roots of the great trunk, the fingers of the hand of which the Treadwell is the palm. "There ain't no true fissure veins in this country," nine out of ten miners will tell you.

"God has made this country in his wrath and in his vengeance," said one pessimist engineer. "He had plenty of snow and rocks, but no gold—no gold." Yet dust and nuggets, bars and concentrates, go below by every steamer, and all up and down the shores are promising camps.

Sheep Creek leaps to the channel two miles below Juneau, and its cañon is the most precipitous and picturesque of all in the neighborhood. A wagon road follows dizzy ledges of rock or rests on mighty pegs, for which holes were drilled in the face of perpendicular walls. The view ranges out from these shelves over giant spruce and cedar tops to the channel, or down, down the narrow, mossy abyss to cascades and pools of foam overarched with spray and rainbows. But at the top of the two miles of roadway is a round rock-walled basin, a high mountain meadow carpeted with acres of bluebells, violets, buttercups, and lilies, and set with groves of spruce and clumps of alder. A glacier shows greenly in one vast snow-field, and cascades vein the sides of the precipitous walls. A mere marmot hole high on the northern wall is the tunnel of the Silver Queen mine, and the rich rock thunders down a wooden ore shoot to the basin's level.

At the narrow entrance or lip of the basin the creek dashes through an ingenious mill before it begins its leap down the cañon. This pioneer silver mine is the pride of the region. The ore averages forty dollars to the ton, and the ten-stamp mill grinds thirty tons every twenty-four hours. Beautiful specimens of ruby silver, as richly red and rainbow tinted as a humming-bird's throat, that average seventy-five per cent.

silver, and wonderful specimens of native silver and wire silver, come from that same black bore in the basin wall. The owners of the undeveloped Sheridan, Mamie, Ascension, Golconda, and Glacier mines claim just as rich ore, believe in free coinage, of course, and know that this one basin will soon make a branch mint or assay office and a large smeltery necessary.

On Lemon and Montana creeks, above Juneau, gravel-beds are held by companies who propose working them on a large scale another season. In every direction are mines and rumors of mines of greater richness than any now worked. Like the old-fashioned pumps that had to be started with a dipperful of water, they only need to have coin poured in without stint to insure an endless outflow of gold bars. Every one carries a specimen in his pocket, and even the small boy goes prospecting, and wears a gold wire ring.

There are staked claims, miners' notices, and burrowings in gravel and rock all along shore south of Juneau. A vein of silver crops out on Grindstone Creek, in Taku Inlet, and veins of gold in Port Snettisham. Rich quartz has been found near the old placer grounds in Sum Dum Bay, where four tide-water glaciers pour their grist into the sea, and a small quartz-mill will soon begin its feeble grinding beside one of these primeval mills of the gods.

The first placer mining in Alaska was done at Shucks, on the mainland shore, seventy miles below Juneau. In 1876 there was a camp of thirty miners at the end of the long arm reaching in from Stephens Pas-

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TOMMY: "THE PROSPECT IS GOOD."

stand as the type; for these, taken together with some of the landscapes proper, prove that, while mastering other problems, American painters have mastered the most modern and perhaps the most difficult of all. This is the full and truthful expression of strong effects of out-door light. The frequency with which this problem has been attacked is what gives the galleries this year a very bright, gay, fresh, inspiring aspect, contrasting strongly with the aspect of the society's earlier exhibitions. No difficulties of strong or subtle light and vivid color now daunt our young painters, no complicated combinations of figures and foliage in a brilliant or a tender illumination. And they win success in many different ways. Those methods of decomposing colors, of rendering one tint to the eye by the association upon the canvas of small touches of many tints, which are called impressionistic methods, have found so many adherents that we may say an American impressionistic school now exists. But while we can greatly admire such results as Mr. Robinson's, there are others where out-door facts have been as admirably painted in a different fashion. It is evident that the society itself recognizes this, for although it awarded the Shaw prize to Mr. Robinson's "In the Sun," it gave the Webb prize to a landscape by Mr. Donoho, in which no trace of impressionistic influence shows.

Thus this exhibition proves we are keeping up with the best schools of Europe in technical directions; yet, far from losing our individuality, we are growing more and more American as our powers of self-expression enlarge. And there is no longer any branch of painting in which American painters lag behind their fellows in other branches.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

## MOTHER O'ROURKE.

BY LUCY DERBY.

ALL the summer night and still into the morning Mother O'Rourke and Dennis sat on the door-stone of their little cottage close to the gently flowing river—the beautiful Shannon. Within the hut there was no sound but the regular breathing of their grandson, Jerry, and the occasional rattle as of castanets as Tim, the goat, changed his position, and his four hard legs struck the ground as he turned about. The rose-bush by the door had been planted by Dennis the evening he was married, and now its multitude of blossoms had soothed them with soft fragrance through this troubled night.

There was more sentiment than ability for persistent work in Dennis's character, and Nancy always felt he was safer by her side, but here he was again telling her of great plans and prospects and hopes for the future, and again she heard him say, "I will make a little queen of ye, for sure you're as sweet and fresh, my darlin', as my rose of Shannon by the river there"; and so she was, although her roses were a little faded and the ruffles of her white cap were very limp. All night the low murmuring of their voices had mingled with the lap and flow of the river, shy rabbits had stolen out to listen, and the dew had fallen gently upon them all, but Nancy knew only of the trouble in her heart and of Dennis's love; and her round Irish face had tried to smile as he told her how rich he should grow in America, and what a great ship he would send back for her and Jerry.

With the morning came new courage and hope, and that love in which self is lost seized upon Nancy's heart, and a great faith in all Dennis might be asserted itself. Her Dennis had never had the right start; he was growing old without showing what he could do. Killaloe was a small place, and why should he not try to seek his fortune in a larger world? Surely such a gentleman as he looked on Sundays, with a posy in his coat and his hat a bit on one side, would be trusted anywhere for his intelligent and pretty looks.

A few weeks before she had consented to his going to Cork to offer his faithful services to any master ready to employ a man whose willingness was his only capital.

Lacking the inspiration of Nancy's presence, he was never at his best, and his Sunday spirit forsook him; he wore no bit of shamrock in his coat, his hat fell back on his head, and he wandered hopeless and alone through the city streets asking for work, but finding none. After days of discouragement he found some solace in listening to some of the speeches of men whose names had become dear to him as friends of Ireland. He followed the crowds into the halls determined to know where the ship of state was sailing. Enthusiasm is more contagious than a fever, and as he listened he felt himself no longer alone, no longer seeking work in Cork, no longer discouraged, but one of a party, and with a strong and hopeful cause for which these men said they were ready to throw down their lives. The Irish speaker is always eloquent, the Irish audience is always quick and alert with sympathy, and lavish with applause; it was not long before Dennis was shouting with the others. And in the midst of one of these meetings he made a mighty resolve: he had made them before, but no satisfactory results had come, no triumphs to rejoice Nancy's heart. Among the many Irish speeches, one had been made by an American. With glowing words he had portrayed the freedom of his own land, and bade them trust God's aid in all honest and noble effort for their fellow-men. As the picture was rapidly made of what America had achieved in a century of freedom, and what they might hope some time to see in their fair Erin, the whole audience rose to its feet, and for five long minutes cheered and shouted, and drowned all efforts to quiet them. Dennis thought a century hence was all very well, but in the mean time he would just like to go to America for his own sake.

Back he came to Killaloe from Cork, and with Nancy's consent, reluctantly given, he proceeded to comfort and cheer her with wonderful hopes for the future and with vows of his undying love. Jerry should become a great man, and she should be a lady, with a farm and cows and pigs, and with Tim too. The night by the river came to an end, and the life and light and sound of a new day had come, and Nancy was ready to do her part. Dennis was impatient of any delay; he must be off at once; and so she packed his bundle and cooked his breakfast and walked with him the half-mile to Killaloe, and then came the parting. It must not be hard for Dennis. She would help him now, not hinder him, so tying the black ribbon strings of her cap very tight, before giving a long parting hug, she turned quickly about, and without one look after him, walked quickly home, and sat on the door-stone again and watched the flowing river.

Two years had gone by and a third was drawing to a close, and no word had come from Dennis, and no news of the great ship for which Jerry had night and morning gazed anxiously up and down the river. All this time they were ready to close the little cottage at once, leaving the patch of potatoes and the goat to the neighbors. Jerry had

gathered herbs and little bunches of wild flowers, which he had sold to the people who drove in fine carriages along the river-bank. These small earnings he kept in a tin box well hidden in the ground, and he formed great plans for spending them in America. Nancy often told him that if Dennis did not send for them soon, she should start in search of him, and then every cent they had saved must be used for their travels. Where *was* Dennis? She knew he had not died; that she would have felt by some subtle sense of her own. But was he ill? Was he suffering? She *must* know.

It was true he could not write, but if any good luck had come to him he would have let her share it, and in the absence of good news she gradually became certain of some sort of misfortune having overtaken her "old man."

The rose-bush was blossoming again for the third summer since Dennis left them. Again the little Irish woman had passed the night sitting on the stone outside the door. There had been no murmuring of voices this time, the river had had it all its own way with its gentle sounds. Again a bright morning succeeded a fragrant night. The sun had robbed the thistles of their crowns of dew, and still Nancy O'Rourke sat in a sort of trance gazing at the river, and with her hands clasped about her knees as she swayed back and forth.

Suddenly she relaxed the locked fingers, rose slowly to her feet, and exclaimed: "Yis, darlin'. Yis, Dennis darlin', I'm a-coming to ye;" with determination in each muscle she stepped briskly within the door, and going directly to Jerry, she shook him hard, saying, "Wake up, laddy; we are going to America—to America."

Jerry's eyes opened with a quick flash of joy as he sprang to his feet, and dashing through the door, was in a moment at the river's edge, looking up and down for the steamer.

No great ship had come, but something stronger to do battle with adverse seas—Nancy's self-reliance had been born. The stout little figure was soon bustling about setting her house in order—brushing and scrubbing and sanding the little place, washing and pressing her clothing and Jerry's, and folding them neatly into two compact bundles, to be tied up in large squares of plaid cotton, and hung on the end of Jerry's stick. Two fresh caps had to be made and starched—the old ones would never do to meet Dennis.

Two days were passed in preparation; and when all was done, and Jerry had hugged Tim a dozen times, and Mother O'Rourke had kissed the neighbors good-by, they started forth for the town of Limerick with brave and determined spirits. Nancy clasped her spinning-wheel in her plump arms, and Jerry, looking very manly for thirteen, carried the two heavy bundles of clothing, hung on the end of a crooked stick, which rested upon his shoulder, whistling as he trudged along.

It was a long walk to Limerick, and when there, money had to be earned by hard work and unsparing endeavor before they could set forth to find Dennis. Over a year of toil followed, and as the summer was drawing to a close, Jerry's tin box had grown heavy with shillings and Nancy had saved enough for the voyage, and they determined to delay no longer. At last there was enough to carry them to Boston, where Jerry's bit of spelling would help them to get along and to find the old man.

Their amazement and delight in the railway carriage which took them to Queenstown was some compensation to the other passengers, who had not especially welcomed this odd pair with their big bundles. They were timid travellers; all was new and untried, and the swift ride at first alarmed and bewildered them; but soon Mother O'Rourke's face was pressed hard against the window, and all the way from Limerick to Cork, and from Cork on to Queenstown, Jerry knelt by her side in close sympathy, with his eyes just above the sash, striving to see all the wonders they were passing.

When they found the great steamer at Queenstown, they did not dream it was a boat, but supposed it some wonderful fortress or palace which they must not approach; and they were turning away, fearing they had been misdirected, when one of the officers chanced to see their distress and reassured them, pointing out the entrance for the steerage passengers.

The voyage was more wonderful than the journey, and Jerry longed to live forever on a ship and grow to be a sailor, if only for the yarns he might spin. They were very good to him, for he made himself useful, and so gained favor and privileges which made him very proud. But Nancy rejoiced with each day that passed that the great ship was bringing her nearer and nearer to Dennis. And so we find them one Sunday morning, late in August, stepping on land, and that land "America—with Dennis near," as Nancy had said, as she first saw the dim outline.

Where they were to go first, or what they were to do, had not occurred to them. They had arrived, and now they would surely find Dennis before night somewhere. The church bells were ringing, and it was a warm sunny summer morning, and the streets were filled with the usual Sunday groups of well-clad church-going people. Many paused to look at these newly landed travellers. Nancy, with a frame of fresh white ruffles around her kindly old face, and clasping her spinning-wheel in her arms, had an eager, scrutinizing expression as she gazed into every face, while Jerry, at her side, had the same expectancy in his face. It is no unusual sight to see, in the neighborhood of these steamer wharves, the immigrants carrying all their worldly goods on their own shoulders, but in the case of these two there was a purpose written on their faces which could not be passed unnoticed.

The bells sounded their call to church, and instantly they followed the sound, with their hearts beating strong with hope. In Killaloe, Dennis had always walked with them to church, and that was Nancy's proud day, and now she felt very sure she should find him on the church steps with a posy in his coat, as she so loved to see it. Where else should he be on Sunday morning? To church he had always gone, and he could not be too busy now, although she knew America was a swift place. There it stood, with the gold cross shining in the sun, and she felt a sense of safety as she approached the building, where she hoped to find a quick reward for all her courage and hard work. Just within the iron fence, at the foot of the broad stone steps, they carefully deposited the bundles and the spinning-wheel, and then, feeling tired, and finding that they were early, they ascended the steps and seated themselves just in the middle of the top broad landing, and waited.

Nancy rested her elbows on her knees and her chin upon her hands, and keenly watched each man who entered the iron gates. As she heard the approaching steps she was sure each one would be Dennis; he had always been early, and it was getting late now, but groups of men, women, and children around, and still no Dennis. Suddenly the sweet voices of the choir boys brought her to her feet, and gave her such a sense of peace after her long wanderings and loneliness that, with tears falling fast, she pulled Jerry

quickly to the door, saying: "Daddy's in there, Jerry. It's mother and Jerry that's late, sure it is;" and so they entered.

It was a large and generous home. No customs were new; they heard familiar sounds, and were greeted by dear and precious sights. So these faithful souls worshipped with all the rest, and waited for Dennis.

As the great congregation rose to come out, Nancy, refreshed and hopeful, slipped from her seat, and whispering hurried directions to Jerry to do as she did, stationed herself at the end of one aisle while he took his station at the other, both determined that no male member of the congregation should get away on Dennis's feet from that Sunday service.

That peering bright smiling face at the door watching for her loved old man caused many a pleasant thought as one after another caught sight of it. Jerry attracted no notice, but he did his duty patiently, though without success. As the congregation dispersed, and Nancy could see the few remaining members, her heart faltered. Dennis was not among these groups coming slowly down the aisles, and then a mighty fear seized her.

"Whist, Jerry, it's sick he is!" she whispered across to the little boy. And then taking courage, she made her way quickly to an usher, and taking a very firm and almost painful hold upon his arm, she turned her face up very close to his, and whispered: "Do ye know Dennis O'Rourke? Oh, my Dennis! Do ye know him?"

"And is it Dennis O'Rourke who broke his leg along about a week ago, ye mind?"

"Oh, and it is, darlint, it is the very same. Oh, my poor Dennis, and sick I knew he was, and him not to be at church! And is it bad he is, and where is he gone, and how can he live without his Nancy?"

Her distressed face and look of perplexity touched the young man who said, "We took him very kindly to the hospital, and there he is living like a prince indeed."

But she turned almost angrily upon him, saying: "Sure it's a sorry day! What do ye mind he can be with his leg broke, and him such a smart walker?"

Many careful and clear directions were given, telling them how to make their way to the big white building, with beautiful gardens and great trees and lawns about it, where Dennis was living so grandly, and taking up their burdens, they trudged on with sad hearts, sure now to find him at last. To cross a ferry and thread puzzling and crowded streets took time, and many wrong turns were taken, and many times they waited on perplexing corners, and ventured to stop some passer-by, who looked at their distressed faces, and involuntarily lessened his speed for new directions. At last, after much wandering, they reached the hospital, where a grievous disappointment met them.

Dennis O'Rourke was there, and had been there a week, but Sunday was not a day for visitors, and exceptions must not be made, and they must wait for twenty-four hours before they could be taken to his bedside. Many were Nancy's questions about his fall and sufferings, but when she learned that his leg had been so shattered that surgeons had removed it, all her courage forsook her, and she broke down for the first time, and cried and sobbed so noisily that Jerry coaxed her not to forget she was disturbing the sick people, and keeping the gentlemen standing to talk with her. The little boy needed all his own courage to lead her away from the door, for he had nowhere to take her, and they were tired, and had eaten nothing since very early that morning before leaving the steamer. All looked dark and hopeless now. Dennis maimed, unable to leave the hospital and to come to them for weeks; no home, and only enough money to last them two or three weeks; and what were they to do when it was gone? Still, in all the gloom, Nancy had the constant consciousness that to-morrow she and Dennis were to meet again, were to make new plans, and notwithstanding all his failures, he would tell her what they were to do and what he had been doing for them. She could still turn to him as of old, and she and Jerry could work, and they would all be happy again.

A kind woman, seeing them hesitate at the outer door of the hospital, waited and asked if she could help them, and Nancy became breathless with rapid utterance of the whole sad story. Their problems were some of them easy to solve, and they were shown a small lodging-house, and near by a dining-room where a cheap dinner could be had, and though Nancy could not eat, Jerry let very little time pass by before he was at the table and vigorously at work.

The next morning Jerry heard his window pushed noisily open, and almost before it was daylight Nancy was leaning far out, and looking at the corner of the great building where they had been the day before. Only a few hours more to wait. Already the birds were singing in the great trees, and the first stir and sounds about the building were beginning. Milk-cans were rattling, and a wagon stopping here and there to leave its daily portion of milk or bread. As the daylight asserted itself fully, Nancy roused Jerry, telling him to make haste and be ready. They felt as if they could spare but little time for breakfast, for they must get nearer the hospital in order to be sure to be in time. They took up their station outside the lodge; but finding they were a little in the way, as many were passing in and out, they spent their time in pacing up and down, not daring to go more than a few rods beyond the door. It was a fine warm sunny morning, and the flowers were blossoming within the railing, and they saw many patients out under the trees, and peered between the rails, hoping to discover Dennis. Dinner was not to be thought of; but growing very weary, they ventured to cross the street and rest on the door-step of a school-house just opposite the lodge. At one o'clock they ventured timidly to the door, and were shown into a waiting-room, where they must sit for an hour, Jerry turning his hat round and round, while Nancy fastened her eyes so keenly on the door that it seemed as if they must leave a sort of photographic impression there. Gradually the room filled with other friends of other sufferers, though Nancy felt that the building might well exist just for Dennis's sake alone. The last five minutes seemed longer than the night; but the hour came at last. The young man who led them through the corridor hastened his own step to keep pace with their hurried trot. At last they heard him say, "This is the ward, and Dennis O'Rourke is in the third bed on the left," and he turned away from the door. Nancy, with her big white ruffles around her face, wore a wonderful expression of pain and love and joy. She paused one instant, puzzled as to which was left; but she would not wait to determine, and at a venture turned to the right. "One, two, three," she counted aloud; and with a dash she was beside the third bed, to find it unoccupied. A terrible fear shot through her heart for a moment; but Jerry, tugging at her gown, said:

"Ye are all wrong, granny. The gentleman said the left."

Then, with renewed hope and extended arms, she turned quickly, and found herself leaning over a strange form, as unlike her Dennis as a lad of fifteen could be unlike a gnarled, weather-beaten man of sixty. Again Jerry pulled her away,

and as she cried out, "Oh, where is my old man? Where is my Dennis?" a nurse greeted her, gently offering to help her.

"What is your Dennis's last name, and perhaps I can find him for you?" she said, sorry for the helpless old woman, and anxious to keep her well-ordered ward quiet and undisturbed.

"Dennis O'Rourke; and he's lost his leg, ma'am, he has. And I know he's dead and gone from that other bed entirely."

It was the nurse's turn to be puzzled as she answered: "You are looking for your old man, you say, and yet I think you mean your son; and here he is, and you must be calm and glad, for he is doing well, and will be out again before many weeks. Will you not, Dennis O'Rourke?"

Nancy's face was a hopeless blank, and Jerry's was no better. There she stood, rooted to the spot, silent and pale. Then she uttered, slowly: "Why are ye deceiving me if it's dead he is. Sure I'll have to bear it some day, and I'll never be younger to meet it."

"But I am not deceiving you, my good soul. This is Dennis O'Rourke, and the only one who has been here; and no one is dead, dear, and there is some mistake."

"Mistake, is it? Why, my Dennis's leg was broke off, and they brought him here. They told me so. And he is not a mean little lad like this; he's a man, every inch of him, is my old Dennis, with a proud spirit about him."

Not until Nancy had gone to each bed in the whole surgical ward was she willing to go down stairs; and even then she came back, and took another look at the Dennis O'Rourke in the third bed, over whose head Jerry had spelled out the name they were seeking. She shook her finger at him, saying, "How dare ye break your leg, and call yourself Dennis O'Rourke, and get taken in here as if you was worth it, ye little cheat?"

The sufferer was too indifferent to small matters to care much about Nancy's words, but he felt there was a little injustice somewhere. When they reached the office, Nancy was full of bitter indignation that she had been deceived, and then that they were unable to tell her where they had put him, having been so careless about confusing the names. "He is somewhere inside the palace there, and ye can't keep me from him long," she cried.

For several days she and Jerry returned and claimed the right to find him. Gentle at first, but finally stern, were the refusals to let them enter; useless were all explanations. There was some great mistake, and when Nancy at last realized that he was not there, she still clung to the conviction of the broken leg. She and Jerry visited all the hospitals of the city, finding their way as helpless children find theirs by the sympathy aroused by their troubled faces. No other living Dennis O'Rourke was waiting to disappoint them, and the weeks began to count up behind them, and their money was nearly spent.

Then crept over Nancy a cloud of sorrow; slowly it drew near and settled down upon her. Dennis must be dead; she did not feel it, but she believed it. Each Sunday they had found their own church, sometimes in one part of the city, and sometimes in another; but although they were always early, generally the first at the doors after the service was over, still he never appeared, and all their watching was in vain. Then they visited the graveyards, one by one, asking questions as they entered, but exploring for themselves, as they had very little confidence any longer in any answers. Once they had the same experience among the dead that they had had among the wounded, and there was almost joy upon Nancy's face at the success of her search; but when they reached the grave of which they were told, she at once saw that she never could have been so proud of him if he had required no larger grave, and Jerry read that the little Dennis O'Rourke buried there had spent but three summers in this weary world.

On a hot September afternoon they were returning from their daily search earlier than usual, as a black cloud threatened rain, and they had hurried back to the city. The sun flashed out between the clouds with the lurid light which sometimes precedes the final gathering of the storm. As they hurried home, Nancy saw a woman seated in a doorway with crimson dulse and Irish-moss for sale, who attracted her attention. A quick vision of her old home and the coast where she had lived as a child flashed before her, and she begged just to put her hand in the basket and feel it. As she passed the moss through her fingers a distant sound of music attracted Jerry's attention, and he begged her to wait, and let him see what was coming. They stood at the crowded corner, where a policeman was stationed on the crossing to make it possible for women and children to venture from one side of the street to the other, and looking to the south saw a great golden chariot approaching.

Six white horses gaily decked with ribbons, and drawing something which many thought might be a throne, slowly drew near. They had heard stories of London, and of kings and queens, and now they were going to see for themselves these great sights in America. Up on the very top, high among the windows of the shops, were seated musicians, who were playing in honor, Jerry thought, of five or six great personages who sat there bright in blue velvet and gold lace. These gentlemen were scattering something—it might be money—which was floating down upon the groups on the sidewalks, and boys were scrambling and reaching for it. Jerry's ears were full of the music, his eyes and hands were ready for the yellow papers floating over his head, when suddenly he heard a piercing shriek from Nancy at his side, and the words "It's my Dennis, and he's a king!" were all she uttered as he saw her dash headlong into the street, and plunge straight for the back of the chariot, fiercely making her way through the crowd, with her arms thrusting aside all who were in her path. On went the stout figure, plunging ahead until she touched the golden coach. Then, with white cap and ruffles blowing back on her head, somehow, anyhow, she gained a footing on some gilt projecting corner, then another step, and her hands seized golden roses and columns, and up she climbed, swinging and clinging as she made her way, followed by shouts and laughter from those below. Once or twice it seemed she must lose her footing, but love and pride led her on.

There was a round of applause as the last step was taken, and over she went to the space where the orchestra was still playing. But once there, she did not stop. No ordinary force could have held back that love. On she went, regardless of music or musicians, until she reached the driver in his high and dignified seat, and there at his side was Dennis, with his hands full of yellow advertisements, his coat splendid with gold lace, and a three-cornered hat on his head. Two plump arms were thrown about him, a frilled cap was pressed against his unyielding hat, and a round Irish face, red with a mighty effort, but tender and radiant with love and joy, was close to his.

"Dennis, darlin', I've found you again!" And then a loud cry of "Jerry! Jerry! both his legs is with him. Jerry—"

## ALASKA'S MINING REGIONS.

(Continued from page 467.)

sage, and for several years the basin above the falls yielded rich returns. The abandoned cabins, the flumes and tunnels, and even the faded paper of their old notices are to be found now, when a company has just begun hydraulic mining on a considerable scale. Their tunnel from the beach runs in five hundred feet, with an uplift through seventy feet of rich gravel. A huge black pipe line runs straight up the mountain-side to meet the flume and ditch from a further basin, and the monitor is fast washing the basin empty of its treasure.

Shucks is the most fortunate place in its surroundings, and all the way from the strange little plum-pudding of an island at the entrance of the arm there is an eight-mile panorama of peculiarly Alaskan beauty. All the trees are decked with pale green mosses, eagles sweep overhead, and salmon leap in those exquisite waters. A double waterfall plunges from the basin to the beach, and the view every way is enchanting. To follow the pipe line and ditches up, up through the forest to the second basin shows one the heart of the wild-wood. Dwarf laurel and acres of violets carpet little open meadows, and over the cedar-tops the water and the walls of the lovely fiord are in sight far below.

In the upper basin one day we watched the surveyors' rites and incantations from which they were to make the map, and we watched the inimitable Tommy panning gold and making German pancakes with equal dexterity. "I like him for that honest Prussian face," said his master, and the cheery little Westphalian won us all in the same way, for that sage, cherubic countenance smiling over his prospect pan would cheer the gloomiest claim-owner.

Shucks is generally accepted as the site of the Lost Rocker, a favorite miners' legend that corresponds to the Lost Cabin and Lost Vein of other mining regions. Every mining district must have its Lost something, and on the curtain of the Juneau Opera-house there are painted the ambuscaded Indians shooting the two miners who were shovelling almost pure gold into the rocker. One miner died on the spot, and the other crawled and paddled away to a settlement, and died just in the middle of the sentence telling where he left the rocker. For twenty years miners have been hunting the phantom rocker, and even Joseph Juneau admits that he had heard of it before he paddled his canoe up the coast. It is a tradition dear to the Alaskan heart now, and dramatized and presented by local talent at the Juneau Opera-house *The Lost Rocker* always draws.

With a good hotel, Juneau would offer much to summer idlers and pleasure-seekers. The life of this sea-shore mining camp is full of strange, picturesque, and exciting incident. Something is always coming or going on the water, crowds of booted men hold the streets, and all the twenty-four hours are vocal in midsummer. The night shift at the mines necessitates a night shift at the places where the miners spend their money, and the mysterious white midnight light stimulates gayety. The shuffle of heavy feet, shouting voices, and scraping fiddles tell where the dance is on. Neither the cemetery of neglected graves on the hill-side nor the new one across the creek ever yawns, and even the thrushes along the old trail sing their "Te Deum! Te Deum! Te Deum!" in ascending trills of marvellous sweetness all night long.

Miners are coming and going on the Basin road, and "the boys" are always enjoying their pranks and rough horse-play. Once an enterprising merchant painted on every bowlder by the road-side the imperative order, "Go to Blank's." The same night stout knuckles pounded on his door.

"Here we are," cried the boys.

"What do you want?"

"Here we are. We've come."

"What do you want?"

"Well, we seen it all along the road, 'Go to Blank's,' and we concluded we'd go. Now what do you want of us? We're here."

He directed them elsewhere—really ordering an entire change of climate—and window-slammings, door-pounding, and an angry interchange of sentiments followed. After several such rude awakenings, the advertiser took two paint-pots up the cañon, and altered the invitation to his counters.

Much as Sitka begrudges Juneau its prominence, the capital has to see many important lawsuits go to Bald Mountain's base for trial, because Sitka's citizens are too few to furnish many juries. The spring and fall terms of the district court are gala seasons. The judge, clerk, attorney, and marshal come from Sitka, the curtain is dropped upon the Opera-house stage, and the scene is set in the level orchestra for the judicial drama. The crier makes his "Oyez! oyez!" and "Come into court, Mr. Delaney!" heard all over town, and every one strolls in to see the new plays of the season, even Indians hanging their heads over the gallery rail in numbers. Every mining claim in the region has appeared in court one or many times, and every phase of frontier life, every situation of mining camps, and all the romance, comedy, and tragedy of a miner's life are presented. The quarrels of "pardners," the suits of the men who thawed out drill holes with red-hot crowbars and didn't know they were loaded, murders, and even probate cases furnish interesting dramas. The divorce mill grinds rarely, as many formalities can be dispensed with in the unconventional life of such a far-away place.

Each witness is a strange type, and has more individuality than the other; and at times attorneys, talesmen, and witnesses seem to be all made up for and playing character parts. Justice is dealt out impartially to corporations, millionaires, and the well-to-do, but the poor miner and prospector always has the sentiments and sympathy of the blind goddess and the twelve jurymen.

"Oh, well," said one foreman to his eleven, "I don't suppose Brown has much right to this three hundred dollars, but he's poor, and needs it. Old Smith's rich, and can stand it, so let's give Brown the money."

And no cloud of witnesses can convince a jury that any one has stolen timber from the public domain; nor would a grand jury indict, a witness testify against, nor a petit jury convict any one of selling or smuggling intoxicating liquors. Justice can be deaf and dumb as well as blind when there is no other resource against laws which nineteen-twentieths of the citizens oppose.

In one case an Indian woman, summoned as a witness, was first asked if she knew of God and understood the nature of an oath.

"Yes; if I should tell a lie, it would disgrace my people and make God angry." And then, as a simple self-evident statement, "I am a woman; I cannot lie—like a man."

Best of witnesses was a little Indian girl, who alone had seen a murder committed. She answered direct questions very quietly, but when told to tell all she knew about it,

roused the audience with her dramatic tale, her gestures, and pantomime. "Gun go bang!" And down dropped the infant phenomenon, a very Bernhardt among her stolid Thlinket people.

Another day a sunburnt, horny-handed miner came forward, with the muffled tread of gum boots, and being sworn, burst forth: "Now, it all began down at Slim Jim's, your honor. Smith he opened a flyer, and Jones he flashed a card at me, and—"

"Stop! stop!" thundered the judge at the voluble witness. "Silence!" to the roaring courtroom. And then, of the District Attorney, he asked, "Can you explain or interpret what the witness is saying?"

"No, your honor;" and again the Opera house came down.

Slim Jim's is the real heart of the town, the club, market-house, and exchange, the popular resort of the thirsty, and of those who tempt fortune with dust, dollars, or chips. "Jim plays on the square," said one biographer of this popular citizen. It was at the time of the baccarat trial, and I besought an envoy to go and ask the opinion of this Juneau expert on the play of the Prince, Sir William, and the Wilsons.

"A fellow tried that here *once*; he's right up there on the hill now," said my envoy, nodding his head toward the cemetery.

Out-door life is all too interesting in such summer seasons as Juneau has enjoyed for three years—weeks and weeks of clear sunny days, when the wind dies down and the channel slumbers in a warmth and radiance that mellow the very soul. Except for the fortnightly mail-steamer, there is no way to travel further than the Treadwell wharf except by canoe or chartered steam-launch. One may cross to the island by the steam-ferry, but more enjoyable is a sail with any of the local skippers, who run in rivalry with the little propper. These boatmen blow tin fish-horns, and shout: "All aboard! All aboard for Douglas City!" and they entertain one greatly while zigzagging about with the light summer breeze. "Yes, the winters are dull in Juneau," said one. "So me and my wife we just went to Europe last winter." And he told us of Copenhagen's gayeties, the grand opera, the Queen's gown, and the bric-à-brac in the Rosenberg. After that gay winter he returned, bought a new boat at Seattle, and contentedly puffs his pipe, and collects his two bits from each passenger he sails across the channel. For variety, he sails his boat down to the Taku open, gathers in the little icebergs that float out from the glacier, and soon sells his cargo in the town of such phenomenal thirst.

And there is Dick Willoughby, the patriarch of pioneers, who has lived and prospected all over the Territory, and who has a divining-rod's power in finding mines, to judge from the number he has found, sold, or kept. It was he who photographed the mirage of the silent city floating in air above Muir Glacier, and made such a fine thing of selling prints from the negative. Last, he has found a pterodactyl's wing and collar-bone, and the eight-hundred-pound trophy awaits a purchaser. The owner is seldom in Juneau in summer-time; but half the town know the fork of his roof-tree in which he hides the key, and will do the honors, hoping that some stranger will be fond enough of pterodactyls to pay five hundred dollars for the relics. Wonders are so common in Juneau that these fossils have not broken up its society, as it did "upon the Stanislaw."

But if types and characters abound in town, and the local color is high and strong, there is all the wealth of native life and picturesqueness too. Juneau is ruinous for the amateur photographer, who can reel off spools of film on the beach any sunny day. Canoes are being loaded or unloaded, or covered with blankets to protect them when drawn high on shore. Families and friends sit on the sands to gossip, eat, and trade. Aged relics crawl out to sun themselves, and children frolic and play. One boatman splits his salmon and hangs them to dry, and another has a frame hanging full of drying seals. A worthy couple bring the tub out, and lathering their pet dog, give him such a sudsing and sousing as they never gave themselves. Off the wharf at Juneau and off the floats at Douglas Island Indians are always fishing—a restful occupation for this large leisure class, in a land where ten-o'clock sunsets make it seem always afternoon. And then, on steamer days, the natives flock to the wharf and the beach with baskets, bracelets, spoons, and carvings for sale, the Indians being more alive to the profits of tourist trade than the whites. The Indians were not so very simple in trade when tourists began coming to Alaska, but the present absurd value put upon their work is all the work of tourists. Seven and eight years ago they trailed the amateur photographer for hours, and foregrounded themselves every time he levelled his camera. "Quatah!" cries the Indian woman now, hiding her soot-smearred face at sight of a black box; and if not paid, the family seem ready to tear the camera fiend to pieces.

One day an old Indian wandered to the Fashion Bazar, chose a piece of greenish-yellow satin, and producing a shoe, said that he wanted a dress made to fit the woman who wore that shoe. A scientist might have furnished plumage for a bird from that much of a clew, but the little dressmaker was helpless with only a shoe for a waist pattern. "Make it heap big for me," was the puzzled shopper's last resource, and after trying it on, he rolled it up, put it in a new basket, and paddled back to his Chilkat home.

Another day the great medicine-man of the Taku tribe beached his long canoe, and strolled up town in gayly striped blanket, with sacred unkempt locks falling below his shoulders. His two pretty young wives walked with him, twins in looks and twins in their yellow headkerchiefs, and dark blue blankets patterned and bordered with dozens and grosses of small white buttons. His old wife hobbled behind them, a withered little woman of eighty years, gray-haired, nearly blind, but wearing the soft and gentle expression of old age on her poor patient face. A few hours later I found her sitting statuesque at the back of the trader's store, while her liege was spending many dollars over the trinket counter with the younger wives. This unspeakable Turk had come to confer with the Indian policeman at Juneau, his rival for the hand of the Eagle Princess, the reigning beauty of the Taku tribe. The aged wife had interrupted the conference by attacking the Eagle beauty with a knife, and the match was off. But the two women sat in tableau not ten feet apart, the old woman leaning on a bent staff in an attitude of desperate calm and tragic repose, the face placid, patient, inscrutable, and the Eagle beauty sat undisturbed near this slumbering old volcano. The damask bloom in her pale yellow cheek, her fine straight nose and splendid eyes, were no less remarkable than her self-possession, her dignity and repose of manner, that she had not lost even during the incident of the morning.

All down the shore of Douglas Island the land is staked with mineral claims, and on the north end of Admiralty Island the Fuhter Bay, or Tellurium, group of mines have one mill at work on ore of rich promise. Eighty miles

above Juneau are the Berners Bay mines, Tucknook and Seward City being the chief camps. After seasons of hope and prophecy, Seward City's fortunes are in a decline, the very rich ledges being so high and far away from the beach that there is too great risk to work them. Eighty feet of snow in January and eighteen feet in May are too much, and tramways and ore shoots are only straws in the path of avalanches.

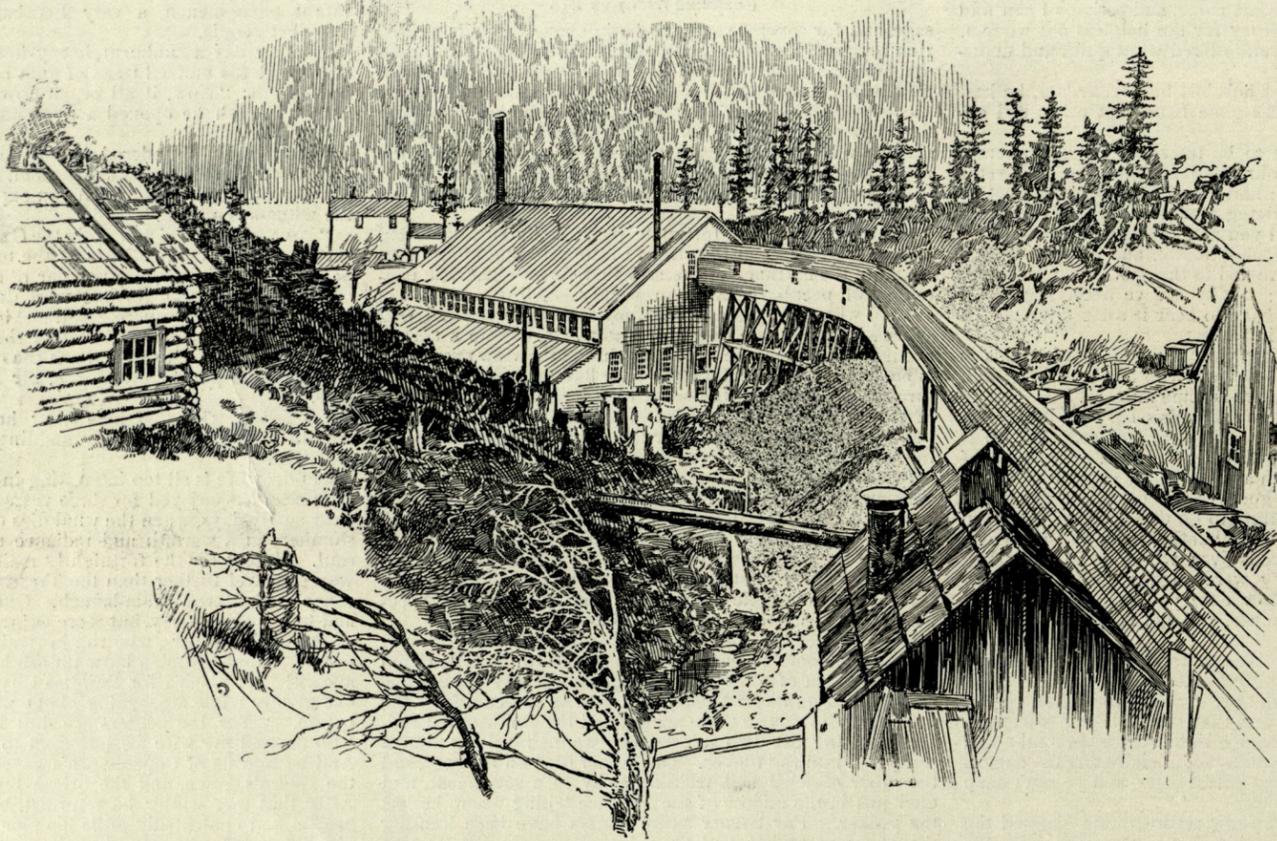
The prospector has searched all the shore line of Alaska, and found indications of gold everywhere and many veins of silver, but remoteness from capitalists and supplies must long delay the opening of these further regions. It is only in the neighborhood of Juneau that any real mining is being done. Coal seams have been found in the archipelago, in Cook's Inlet, and on the arctic coast, but all is promise in these mines as well, until the coal laws are extended to the Territory.

To the placers along the head waters of the Yukon, prospectors have been regularly going since 1879. The Chilkoot and Chilkat Indians living at the head of Lynn Canal turned back a large and well-equipped party of pioneers in 1877, but in 1879 miners succeeded in crossing the divide and finding the golden gulches. As this Bean party went in, they met the famous Slim Jim coming

sand miles to the sea. Mining camps are thickest in the region where the 141st meridian, the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, crosses the Yukon. The placers yield well, and the one hundred and fifty men on Forty Mile Creek claim to get from forty to sixty thousand dollars in each year's short mining season of four months. There is a regular tariff exacted by the Indians for packing goods across the divide, and traders' stores and rest-houses occur at intervals along the great waterway. For the independent miner, fond of adventure and the wilderness, the upper Yukon will long be a resort, but the stock company, the quartz-mill, and chlorination-works may never penetrate it. The Schiefflin Brothers spent forty thousand dollars of their Tombstone fortunes in a thorough prospecting of the lower Yukon in 1882, and after examining the first thousand miles of the river-banks with their own steamer, launches, and canvas boats, decided that the long idle winters and the remoteness from supplies would not make any large venture profitable. The fact that the boundary line between Alaska and

British Columbia is not determined anywhere has given rise to trouble along the Yukon, as it did twenty years ago along the Stikine. The Ogilvie survey for the Canadian government in 1887 put Forty Mile Creek in British territory, and the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey party of 1890 to 1891 put all but the mouth of the creek in Alaska. When British officials visited the Yukon camps to prevent miners without licenses from working the placers, the men refused to pay their ten dollars apiece, and were so resolute about their placers being in a free country that the officials retreated, and the miners enjoy the benefit of the uncertainty until the two governments formally agree upon the precise line. Certain high-booted men, tilting back in their chairs before Juneau saloons, still regale their listeners with tales of how "our boys stood off the British posse."

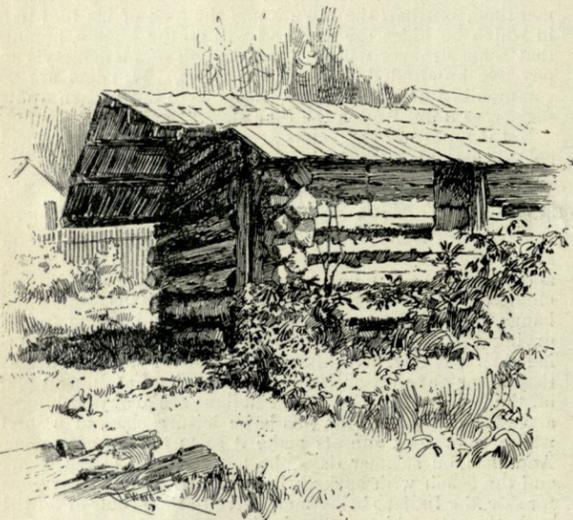
Further south, the boundary line is of



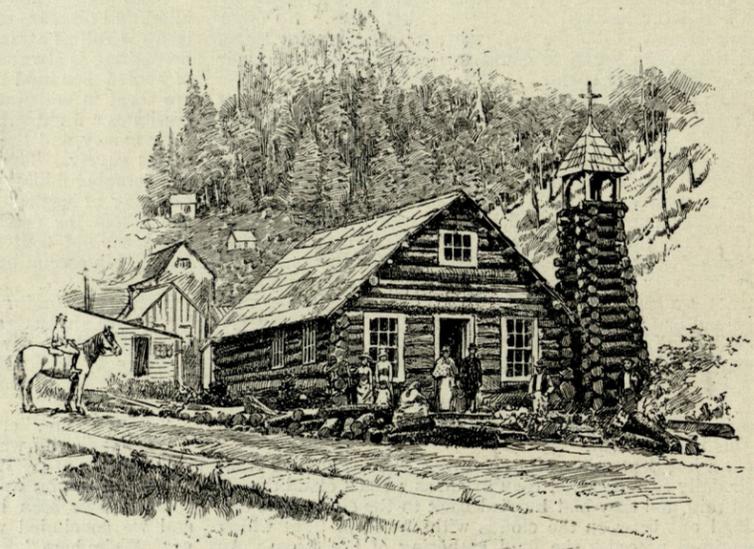
THE FIRST MILL.

THE TREADWELL MILL.

THE TREADWELL MINE, DOUGLAS ISLAND.



JUNEAU LOG CABIN.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT JUNEAU.

out, and this first and favorite citizen of Juneau is the hero of enough Yukon adventures to crowd the memory that tries to hold them all.

"What did you do when you came to the cañon that first time?" asked one returned miner after narrating his own hair-breadth escape.

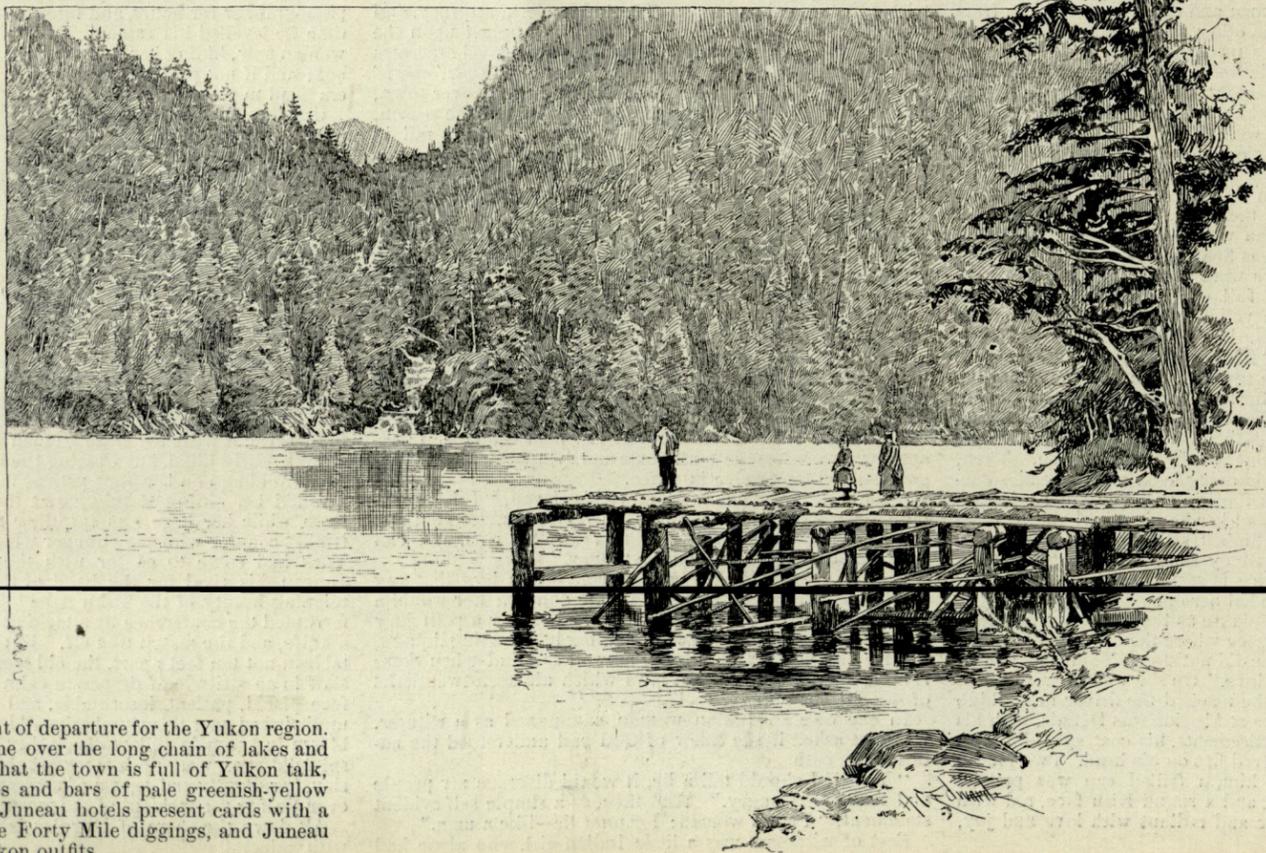
"I just shut my eyes and went ahead," said Slim Jim; and this favorite of fickle fortune has done that on principle throughout his career. Another year he fell ill of fever in the Yukon country, and an Indian woman packed him on her back, dragged him on a board, paddled him up the lakes and streams, and returned him to Juneau with his gold-belt intact.

Juneau is the real point of departure for the Yukon region. Every old-timer has gone over the long chain of lakes and rivers at least once, so that the town is full of Yukon talk, and one may see ounces and bars of pale greenish-yellow Yukon gold any day. Juneau hotels present cards with a table of distances to the Forty Mile diggings, and Juneau merchants advertise Yukon outfits.

Gold has been found on all the head waters of the great river, which rises in British America, and flows three thou-

greater importance, as all the way from Mount St. Elias down to famous 54° 40', the British claim the greater part of the thirty-mile strip of the mainland, the Russian right to which was never questioned. They claim, in fact, all of Glacier Bay, Lynn Canal, and Taku Inlet; the great piece of mainland known as Cleveland Peninsula, all of Revillagigedo Island, and the smaller islands south and east of it. In places the boundary line, as they draw it, is within one and five miles of the coast, and near Juneau the imaginary line comes nearest to the water's edge.

If the maps have reported him correctly, Sir John Robson, Premier of British Columbia, suggests that the United States yield the narrow strip of coast between the fifty-sixth parallel and Mount St. Elias—otherwise, all of the mainland shore on which stands Juneau and so many mining camps.



WATERFALL AT THE END OF SILVER BAY, SITKA.