THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS

Mr. Charles H. Metcalf, writing from Dawson City on the Klondyke river, under recent date, says:

"Here I find myself at last in the midst of the greatest and most wonderful mining camp the world has ever seen. Gold is so plenty that it has to be carried about in cotton bags, and four or five men are required to pack and protect the products of many of the claims. I have seen the result of one day's washing on a claim in Eldorado creek, and the figure was $18,000 for twelve hours' work of four men. This claim was sold less than six months ago for $300, and will produce more than $1,000,000 before the end of the year. The excitement is now so great that no one will sell at any price, so there is no chance for newcomers in this immediate vicinity. The country is full of prospectors, and every stream within a hundred miles is located and claimed from one end to the other. On the big creeks where the gold is found, namely Bonanza and Eldorado, there are many men who tried in every way to sell their claims for a few hundred dollars last winter but could find no takers. These men are in possession of great wealth, which is even yet beyond their capacity to realize. I could not even attempt to picture this camp or city to you. Thousands of men, and women, too, for that matter, are here living in tents, or log sheds, or houses of boards with cloth roofs, each habitation taking a position to suit itself with no regard for its neighbor or any form of regularity. The sawmill is running night and day, and men are rushing about at all times of day and night and buildings of all kinds are going up. Such is the power of gold that before cold weather comes in September this wilderness will be a city in fact of many thousand people. I shall go out to Bonanza creek in a day or two and look the ground over there. I doubt, however, if anything can be done while everybody is in this present state of excitement. Circle City is a city no longer; with one or two exceptions all the stores and shops are closed and the entire population has transferred itself to this new Eldorado, each and all full of hope in the great golden handicap. Prospectors are rushing all over the country looking for gold, but nothing of any consequence has been found outside of the two big creeeks I spoke of. A few men will be made rich here, but everybody is spending money in the most lavish manner, and I am getting good prices for the goods I have to sell. You remember the two dogskin robes that cost me $4.50 each, and which I wanted so much to bring a quantity of? Well, I sold them both yesterday at $40 each, and could sell a hundred more if I had them; and this is a fair sample of prices. We had no trouble on the river this year, but I do not relish making another trip if I could help it. I don't mind the intensely hard work so much, but I find the worry and anxiety about getting the goods safely over the lakes and river very trying, and people tell me I am looking thin. I hear indirectly that Booth (a young man Mr. Metcalf took with him) is doing very well on my claim, No. 3, on Mastodon creek. The weather is very hot and will result in much sickness and suffering in this damp marsh. Dr. Le Blanc has begun business already, and will do exceedingly well I feel sure. He will locate here for the winter. While this town is a wonder at present and growing fast, I think its life will be short.

At Dyea, one hundred miles from Juneau, the actual journey begins and this is the most difficult and discouraging part of the many miles to be traversed. The most favorable time for going into the interior is before the snow melts from the mountains, which does not occur till the middle of April, for the abrupt passages and what is known as the "summit" are better accomplished by hauling supplies on sleds, while the pass is covered with snow. After leaving Dyea goods must be hauled six miles over the Dyea Flats. From this point the route lies through what is known as the canyon where the trail leads up the steep and rugged sides of the mountains along a timbered shelf overlooking the canyon until Sheep Camp is reached, a distance of twelve miles. Here a rest is taken to await favorable weather, which at best is something terrible with the thermometer as low as 60 to 80 degrees below zero. This stop is to prepare one for the summit which is eight miles further up and 3,500 feet high and the most difficult and tedious part of the journey. The trail leads up a narrow and precipitous defile to Stone House, another well-known resting place, with a purely imaginative name. This place is at the beginning of the more abrupt climb and is three miles from the summit. In fact, it is nothing more nor less than a ledge. An extract from one of Mr. Metcalf's letters describing his first trip over the summit is interesting.

"I had ten men working at the summit hauling up goods with a windlass, which we made, and about 4,000 feet of rope which I brought for the purpose. The work had been delayed quite a time by storms, which are very frequent on the mountains, but on Sunday night last I concluded that the work was far enough along so that we might break camp the next morning and come to Lake Lindeman. I had taken the precaution to send over a small tent the day before in the event of trouble in getting down on the other side, but did not expect any. I had not been over here up to that time but the trail was being used constantly and was hard and well marked. Well, Monday morning came and with it a clear sky and no wind. I was up at 3:30 and while Booth was getting breakfast I had one load of our camp outfit and my dog team ready to start. Breakfast consisted of fried bacon, cold bread, coffee and beans. Soon after 4 o'clock I started for the summit, three miles away, up the steep mountain side. I was early at the foot of the summit or last great rise, which is so steep that everything must go up on men's backs or by windlass. The angle is so great that one might think the mountain was leaning over and would fall that way. Of course everything is covered with many feet of snow. No men were working yet, so I left my load to be taken up when the windlass started and returned to camp. The round trip had taken four hours. Booth had been taking down the big tent and getting the last things ready while I was away. Breaking a camp takes some time so that 10 o'clock found us but just ready to start. The sun was quite warm and the snow soft when we started but I could see that there were light clouds on the mountain and some indication of wind. As we went up the wind began to blow a little from the south or at our backs. As we came nearer the summit we began to meet the Indian packers coming down, having quit work above as the wind was getting so strong. There are two benches or narrow flat places up the side and our windlass was placed on the first one about 1,000 feet from the foot. We arrived at the foot a little before 1 o'clock to find that the first load which contained our beds, had gone up, but before this time the wind had gained such velocity above that our men had all quit work and left. We could not turn back now so concluded to follow our beds. After making everything fast I unhitched the dogs and calling them along we started to climb to the top. This is no small task, I can tell you, and when we arrived at the first bench it was after 2 o'clock. Here the wind was blowing very hard and cold and the small particles of ice that came with it cut my face and hands so that I could not face it or take off my mittens. Here we found our beds and I also managed to find a can of frozen corn beef which tasted very good while we sat for a short time behind a pile of goods to rest. We packed our beds from this bench to the next. The wind had now become so strong that it would almost carry me up the side. I believe it would have been next to impossible to go down again even.

"At the second bench I had hard work to keep my feet at all but managed to bind our beds on a sleigh, get the dogs in and start for the last climb. I never again expect to see such a storm as was raging at the top! Snow was now coming with the icy wind and drifts were forming in all the protected places. The noise of the storm was so great that no other sound could be heard. The war of contending elements was magnificent but I felt quite too insignificant long to be a witness and was glad to get away as soon as possible. The decent on this side is very steep but not so long. After letting the sleds go down we just sat down in the soft snow and slid or dropped to the level below, which is quite a large body of water called 'Crater Lake,' supposed to be the site of an old volcano. It lies far above the timber line and is always frozen. Just at the foot there was very little wind and we stopped for a short time to rest before starting out on the long run of nine miles through the snow and wind storm to this camp.

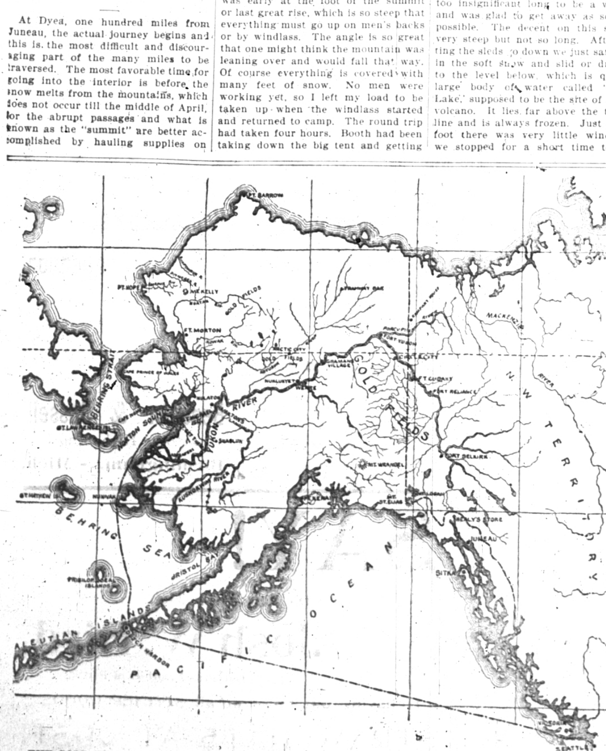
"Before the first few miles were passed the drifting snow had so covered the trail that the dogs could not follow it and I had to go ahead and keep the road while Booth looked after the team. To find and keep a blind trail we use a long sharp stick and by constant punching we can tell the hard trail from the soft snow at the side. I broke trail that day most of the time on the run for nearly seven miles, through a snow storm so thick that nothing could be seen and the wind howling at our backs like a pack of hungry wolves. At the top of the canyon the wind was less severe but the snow was drifting and the gathering darkness made our trip down the gorge rather uncanny.

"We arrived safe and well only to find that our tent was not yet up. Two hours more, at 10 oclock, our regular meal of bacon, beans and bread found a very hearty reception, after which I went to bed very tired, of course, after nineteen hours of constant exertion but comfortable in the feeling of good health and strength which successful combat with these grand and rugged mountains must give to any one, and not sorry to have seen this strange land and its elements while at play in one of their wildest moods.

A trip to the interior abounds in many such hardships and adventures. The safest way to get there is to cross Lake Lindeman in February or March, while it is frozen, and stop at Lake Bennett to build boats and wait for the ice to break up. The journey is then continued by drifting down a series of lakes and down the Yukon river. Before the traveler can realize it he is at the much talked of and treacherous "White Horse Rapids" going through which many men have lost their lives. As soon as the warm weather begins gnats, poisonous flies and mosquitoes make life a burden. The stories told of the numbers and voraciousness of the native mosquitoes are almost incredible. Lieut. Schwatka states in his report of a voyage down the Yukon that he has seen mosquitoes in such numbers as to cloud the sun and obstruct the vision. Dogs and game have been killed by the bites of mosquitoes; even the huge black bear is not exempt from the pest as the continual bites produce inflammation of the eyes, causing blindness. Judging from reports an asbestos mosquito net should be in the outfit of every miner. Mining operations cannot begin until the ice melts, from June 1st to the 15th. About the middle of September the sun drops so low that ice soon forms and active operations must be discontinued until the following season. The season is short, yet from June 15 until Aug. 1 the sun shines twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, and during the remaining two hours work can be done. Accordingly when a rich claim is found two or three sets of men are employed and work goes on continually.

The Yukon country is no place for a man without money. Every man who goes there must expect to work and work hard. No credit is given on a man's face. That day is gone. Mr. Mitchell says that before men make a rush from Michigan to the Klondyke gold fields, it would be well to remember that while miners make from $15 to $20 a day, it is at the most for only about sixty days, and provisions are about 50 cents an ounce; that there are 2,000 men existing in about 150 log huts, and thousands more were expected during the spring and summer and that the mails are most infrequent and uncertain. Gold is there in abundance to be sure, but the difficulty in getting it is exceedingly great. Mr. Metcalf cannot emphasize too strongly the difficulties and dangers and hardships of a trip to the interior and would warn everybody to keep away unless provided with several hundred dollars and clothing and provisions to last for at least one year.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES ATTENDING GOLD EXCITEMENT IN THE KLONDIKE DISTRICT.



THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA—THE DIRECT STEAMER ROUTE FROM SEATTLE TO CIRCLE CITY.
(The Klondike district, which is in British Columbia, lies to the eastward of Fort Cudahy and Fort Reliance. The nearest approach by steamer is Circle City, from which point the journey is made overland.)

OUR SMALLER COLLEGES.

In Many Respects They Are Doing Better Work Than the Larger Ones.

"There are a few striking facts about the small American college," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One striking fact is that 60 per cent of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own states. It is a fact, also, that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the smaller colleges, and have been adopted later by the larger ones. Because a college happens to be unknown two hundred miles from the place of its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute. The fact can not be disputed that the most direct teaching, and necessarily the teaching most productive of good results, is being done in the smaller American colleges. The names of these colleges may not be familiar to the majority of people, but that makes them none the less worthy places of learning. The larger colleges are unquestionably good. But there are smaller colleges just as good, and, in some respects, better. Some of the finest educators we have are attached to the faculties of the smaller institutions of learning. Young girls or young men who are being educated at one of the smaller colleges need never feel that the fact of the college being a small one places them at a disadvantage in comparison with the friend or companion who has been sent to a larger and better known college. It is not the college; it is the student."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Sportsman and the Tame Game—A Celebration in Boomtown—A Proposal—Qualified for the Place—Sad Tale of Leetle Peet.

Sad Tale of Leetle Peet.

CORBEAU eez ze fine man once,
An' keep ze gen'ral store;
He sell for beest mos' ev'rytheeng,
An' for ze white man more.

One day he ope's for miner men
One box of dynameet;
An' zis ees wot make one sad tale
For Riley leetle Peet.

Ze pants weetch Riley wear before,
He geeve to Peet aftair;
An' when Peet poot hees hand behine
He feel ze pockett zare.

Zat pockett eet was large an' beeg;
An Peet have one treeck bad;
He like to fill eet up wiz theengs
Weetch once some one else had.

An' when he come to J. Corbeau
To buy some cheeken-wheat,
Ze firs' theeng zat hees ee light on
Ees Corbeau's dynameet.

Behole! he knows not wot eet ees,
But habit, she ees strong;
He poots some een zat pocket beeg—
By gar! ees not zat wrong?

Wiz something else he try ze same,
But zis time he ees late;
J. Corbeau turn an' see it done,
An' zat wot seal hees fate!

Hees eye ees green, hees cheek ees red,
Hees hand she grab a cane;
An' while Peet run out by ze door,
He ketch heem by ze lane!

He moist hees hand! he raise hees cane!
He turn up leetle Peet!
He heet heem once wair Peet seet down,
An' strike ze dynameet! ! !

Ze coroneur, she come bimeby,
An' when she view ze street,
She could not tell weetch was Corbeau,
An' weetch was leetle Peet.

—Done in French Canadian.

Everything Moving.

Mr. Yorker (as the powder mill blows up)—Good heavens! What's that?

Real Estate Agent—That's the town booming. Let me sell you a lot.—Up-to-Date.

A Proposal.

"I have a proposition to make."

Ah, how these words thrilled the dear little maiden!

For months she had waited for them expectantly, and now, as they fell in sweet cadence upon her ear, her little heart fluttered, and with accents crowded full of suppressed joy, she softly said:

"What is it, George?"

"I know," he answered, "that we are happy as we are, but still I have been thinking of a change which I feel would bring to me a delightful sense of relief after my anxious and painful waiting; and so, dear one, what I would ask is this——"

He paused.

The maiden bent her listening ear to catch his trembling words, and after a moment of breathless silence, the question came:

"Darling, had you just as soon sit for a while upon the other knee?"—B. W. T.

Not a Wise Proposition.

Prosperous Manufacturer—I think it would be well for us to do something for our employes to prove to them that we appreciate their services. How would it do to give them a wine supper?

Associate—I'm afraid it wouldn't do at all.

Prosperous Manufacturer—Why not?

Associate—We would have our hands full.

Not Up on the Game.

Reuben—Gosh! Cynthy, thar's swift retribution for ye—a man dies jist after committin' thievery!

Cynthia—What does it say, Reub?

Reuben (reading account of ball game)—Murphy was struck on the head by the pitcher, went to first, stole a base, but died while napping.

Qualified for the Place.

Kitty—Miss Antique has searched in vain for employment.

Jack—I would think she could secure a place in a second-hand book store.

Kitty—Why?

Jack—She's a back number.

Tame Game.

Gunner—I was hunting yesterday and bagged seventeen duck.

Bunner—Were they wild?

Gunner—No; but the farmer who owned them was.—Up-to-Date.

Easily Accounted For.

Proprietor (of department store)—You are seldom idle, yet I can't understand why your sales amount to so little.

Clerk—You forget, sir, that I am selling goods for ladies' bathing suits.

Weighing the Chances.

He—"Would you be mad if anybody should see me kiss you?"

She—"Is anybody looking?"

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THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

A RARE CHANCE.

Here is a chance for some wily speculator who wants to make some easy money. Twelve acres of fine land bounded on three sides by streets, square as a checker-board, not an inch of waste land in sight, ½ acre of young orchard. Parties want to sell and will close out reasonable. Barn on land. Now then with the boom for Birmingham just in sight, why not lay hold of this piece of land and make a big sum? For particulars call on A. Whitehead, Exchange Bank.

WHO WANTS A BARGAIN?

We have had placed in our hands for sale the home of Mrs. Jno. G. Wilson on Saginaw street in this village. This place is a most desirable one for anyone who wishes to keep a restaurant or a hotel in a small way. The location is advantageous—none better in the village—three-fourths of an acre of land and a house in pretty good shape. The house has a large dining-room, kitchen, woodshed and bedroom down stairs, two bedrooms up stairs with a large clothes press. A small barn and plenty of small fruits. Price $800 and time given on part if required. Apply to Whitehead & Mitchell. tf

REAL ESTATE COLUMN.

The Following Choice Parcels of Land Are for Sale in the Real Estate Department of the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich., Where All Inquiries Will Be Cheerfully Answered.

LOT 1.

Four and one-third acres of land in the southeast corner of the village of Birmingham, with a frontage on Woodward avenue, of 330 feet. Good house, small barn, grapes, peaches, etc., all ready to make some one a comfortable home with a chance to make money out of the very best acreage in the village. Electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac along the entire Woodward avenue front. You cannot help making money whether you hold it or plat it. Price very low and terms easy.

LOT 2.

Farm of 78 acres straight west of Birmingham. All plow land and none better, being a rich, gravelly loam. Good barn 30x40 but an inferior house. Fine orchard. Price $55 per acre. Terms $2,000 cash and balance on easy terms and long time. There is no better bargain in farms in this section. Land every way inferior having been sold in the immediate neighborhood in the past two years for nearly double this price.

LOT 7.

A farm of one hundred acres within a mile and a half of the new Electric Railway, sixty acres cleared and twenty in timber. Two barns and house in good repair. Insured for $1,250. Four acres of orchard all grafted trees. Two fine springs furnishing an abundance of excellent water. Soil, a rich clay loam, price, $100, per acre. Land in the immediate neighborhood has been sold for nearly double the price asked for this place. The place is owned by Volney Goodwin, of Birmingham.

LOT 8.

We have had placed in our hands for sale one of the beautiful homes our pretty village is noted for. This place is handsomely located, shaded to perfection with large maple trees, has ten large living rooms, all bedrooms with closets, good well and cistern. Cellar under whole house. Two-story house, wood-shed and all necessary outbuildings. Three lots 40x103 go with the place. Call on Whitehead & Mitchell for particulars.

LOT 9.

A farm of 66 acres within one and one-half miles of the village of Birmingham, in the township of Bloomfield. Fifty-six acres cleared, three acres excellent orchard and the balance in timber. Good house, barn and all necessary outbuildings in good repair. Never-failing stream of good water running through the length of farm. One of the finest farms for grazing and stock raising that could be desired. Owned by J. McCracken. Price $5,000. Terms easy.

LOT 10.

The farm known as the "Bayley Farm" in the township of Troy. It was awarded the first premium of many contestants for the best farm in the county of Oakland and there are none better to-day. The owner really wishes to sell and realizing that fancy prices are discouraged by us, has finally consented to put the farm in our hands for sale and has put the price down to $75 per acre. Finest flowing well in the country furnishes an abundance of the best water the year round. One hundred and twenty-seven acres of rich, loamy soil, 20 acres timber, beech and maple, 4 acres orchard fine, grafted fruit. Seven buildings, insured for $2,800. Terms, half cash, balance on easy terms, or will exchange partially for Detroit property. You can't help but be suited with this place. Come and see it.

LOT 12.

The Franklin Mills, situated at the village of Franklin, Oakland county, in one of the best farming countries in the state. The property includes house and lot and other buildings. Water power with old fashioned stone run for flour. Was formerly held at $10,000 but owing to the poor health of the present owner it will be closed out for cash at the remarkably low figure of $3,500, or will exchange for a small farm. At one time this mill had the largest patronage in the county and a hustling young man could soon bring it back to its former prestige and make it a remarkably good investment. It is worth looking up a little and we will gladly answer all inquiries.

LOT 13.

Twenty acres of land adjacent to the little village of Big Beaver and about six miles from the village of Birmingham, with good barn 24x30. One acre of good orchard and everything ready for a man who would like a small farm to keep a cow, horse, a few chickens, etc. Price $50 per acae. Terms cash.

LOT 14.

Here's a chance for some one to make a little fortune in Birmingham acreage—and that's what they are all looking after just now, too. Sixteen acres bounded on the south by Harmon street, where the new electric railroad power plant is about to be erected, and on the west by Cemetery avenue with a 60 foot street running north to intersect with Saginaw avenue. Some of the finest residences in Birmingham are in the immediate vicinity. The price now is $5,000 but we will not promise to sell at that figure 60 days from this date, (Jan. 15, 1896). This is, without a possible exception, the finest acreage in the village. A good tile drain extends throughout the tract and there is nothing in the way of platting the entire lot—not a foot of waste land on it. Come and see it and bother us all you can about it—that's what we are here for.

LOT 15.

What better farming country could be found than the immediate vicinity of Birmingham? Where could you find a finer location for a good roller process mill? Well, here it is, right here ready and doing a good business, and for sale at a price which is lower than it was sold for before the roller process was put in at a cost of many hundred dollars. The lowest cash price is $8,500 and half cash will buy it. Or you can buy an undivided half interest free and clear for $4,000. The new and improved roller process consists of nine sets of rollers of the Geo. D. Smith pattern. The real estate consists of four and one-half acres and abundant water power, and the entire outfit will be sold as above, or will be exchanged for city property or a good farm. The property is the Birmingham Mills and is owned at present by Jones & Fredericks. We will be pleased to show you over the property at any time.

LOT 17.

The "Wooster Farm," 165 acres more or less, within one mile of Birmingham, Mich., the River Rouge runs through this highly desirable farm, giving its owner the very finest, most coveted grazing lands in the great state of Michigan. The best land for potatoes and grain raising in any section of the country. Well wooded, good large farm house, barns in sufficient number, good well, cistern and cellar. No better farm could ever be wished for, for a dairy farm or stock raising. We predict for this property a speedy sale at the price offered and will be greatly pleased at any time to visit the premises and show it thoroughly to anyone looking for a location.

TAKE NOTICE.

All the land advertised herein is in our hands and controlled by us exclusively. The commission comes from the seller, invariably, and it is not possible in any case to purchase from the owner any cheaper than you can from us. All the necessary papers will be made free of cost to the parties interested and abstracts examined for customers, by a competent person, free of charge. For any information in regard to the above mentioned property address THE EXCHANGE BANK, BIRMINGHAM, and your inquiries will be answered with courtesy and dispatch.

Very respectfully,
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4-Ton (8x14) $60.
Beam Box and Brass Beam with each Scale. 800 other varieties. Also, Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Corn Shellers, Feed Mills, Copy Presses, Money Drawers, Clothes Wringers and all Hardware Specialties.
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Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cts. Sold by Druggists.

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