

ALONG BONANZA CREEK.

Eliza Archard Conner Tells of Picking Up Gold.

WERE REAL KLONDIKE NUGGETS.

Two Energetic New York Women Stake Out a Claim and Are Rewarded in Finding the Yellow Metal. Over the Trail in Knickerbockers, Bench Claims on Skookum Hill.



HE distance was 16 miles, but at 1 o'clock one afternoon Mrs. S. W. McDonald and I started to walk out over the Bonanza trail to the Forks, where the gold mines are.

We spent two nights at the so-called hotel at the Forks. For beds pegs were stuck into the wall, and poles were nailed across them. Two thicknesses of bed-docking were laid upon the poles. Blankets covered us. That was our bed.

At Dawson I saw a slim young woman who was accustomed at home to lie in bed till noon if she felt disposed. She had never done anything to harden her muscles, yet she walked over Chil-koot pass and carried a load of 25 pounds, she told me, and she looked the rosy and bright eyed picture of health.

For a trip over a Klondike trail knickerbockers are the only wear. Even a short skirt flaps against the knees and becomes a burden. A woman going out of long skirts into knickerbockers and starting for a walk feels as if she could fly like a bird.

Right gayly we entered on our walk over the trail that thousands of feet had marked before us. Light hearted and full of hope the walkers had started. With broken hopes and weary feet, staggering and weak, too many of these gay youths had returned.

We sang and whistled at intervals for the first five miles. We recited poetry. Then the serious business began. Bonanza trail showed herself as she is in summer. Now she grazed a mountain side where a mistletoe would precipitate

In the picture you see a good bench claim and a miner's tent. The long troughs are the sluice boxes for bringing water. The thing in the foreground that looks like an old fashioned washing machine is a rocker. The miner shakes it from side to side while the water pours over it and separates the earth from the gold within it. After the rough stones and gravel have been washed away the rest is put into a shallow steel pan and gently shaken from side to side in the water till all the gross and gravel disappear, leaving tilted together in a little bunch at the bottom the shining yellow grains of gold, each one adding just that much to the miner's wealth. When the miner is not wanting the yellow metal in his gold pan, he uses it for a wash basin; sometimes, alas also, I fear, to mix bread in.

In the background of the picture beside the tent you will see something struck upon four poles and covered with canvas. This is the "couch." It is the miner's cedar, cupboard and storeroom. There he puts his provisions. The posts or poles are some five feet high, and it is necessary to put the food aloft like that to keep the dogs from getting at it. A miner has told me on the honor of a gentleman that he once saw a half starved Eskimo dog steal a tin of canned beans from a tent, open it with his teeth and devour the contents in less time than it took to tell the story.

We spent two nights at the so-called hotel at the Forks. For beds pegs were stuck into the wall, and poles were nailed across them. Two thicknesses of bed-docking were laid upon the poles. Blankets covered us. That was our bed. Sheets, pillowcases, washstands? Oh, no! Cheese-cloth partitions separated us from the men in another room. We could hear them snore. Gracious, how they did snore! One of them sat up in his bunk in the night and smoked. Next morning we all washed neighborly and sociablelike in one wash basin and wiped on the same towel. Who minds a little thing like that in the Klondike?

Not we surely. We regarded it as not a circumstance when next day we tramped among the claims and saw miners digging gold and washing it. A practiced hand washes six pans of gold an hour, and it yields, if it is pay dirt, from 10 to 25 cents a pan. When a man says he finds "colors," anywhere, he means that he gets a few grains of gold in a pan he washes out while prospecting.

Watching the digging on a bench claim, I saw something in the bank of gray earth that looked like a white chip. I dug it out, rubbed it a little, when, lo! it began to gleam yellow. I felt a sort of buck fever creep through my veins. I showed it to the miner. As sure as you are alive, it was a nugget, and I had found it myself. That was one of the proudest moments of my life.

Scarcely less triumphant were we when next day we were lucky enough to find two claims on Gold Hill, above the Forks, that somehow had been overlooked, and we were therefore able to stake them off and possess them.

On the road home we spent a night in a miner's empty cabin. The forlornest, most desolate spot I ever looked on is to me the average miner's cabin. So cheerless, so unkempt, so like the den of a wild beast is it. A man is not much anyhow, poor fellow, unless he has a nice, clean woman to take care of him.

Men up in the arctic mining region appreciate that themselves. I have never seen anywhere else women treated with such courtesy and kindness as they are in the Klondike. Men stand for days to get letters at the postoffice or mining claims recorded at Dawson. Women no past them and are admitted at once and their business attended to.

The trail did not seem quite so rough or the way so long as when we went out. Experienced miners used to walking and "packing," as they call it, make the 16 miles between Dawson and the Forks in four hours with a load upon their backs. We women covered it in five hours, being tenderfoot. We rested two hours at home and felt nearly as well as ever. A gentleman we know, a robust individual weighing 200 pounds, a newcomer like ourselves, undertook the trip a few days after. He got home at 8 o'clock in the evening and went to bed and staid there till noon next day. He was lame several days. You see, there are some things a woman can do as well as a man.

BENCH CLAIM ON SKOOKUM HILL.

you meaning down a precipice. Now she sank you nearly knee deep in a bog. Again she led over rocks that had to be crossed on slippery, shalby saplings or logs. Eight miles out a mishap came. I stepped upon one of the slippery saplings on which we walked across Bonanza creek. It looked like a tempting short cut. To my surprise and disgust, the pole, instead of resting securely upon stones, was merely floating on top of an icy eddy of water three feet deep. I went in. Both my rubber boots were filled with water. My garments were soaked. The men around, our own party and others, ran to me and helped me out. Then they laughed at me. That was nothing, getting a ducking in the ice water. They all do it.

I poured the water out of my boots, wrung it out of my clothing and trudged on. Thereafter every step I made during the remaining eight miles to the Forks was attended with the melancholy "squish, squish, squish" of the water in my boots. Being rubber, they did not dry out in the least. I sang no more that afternoon.

We did not talk much the last quarter of our journey. In grim silence we trudged on step by step, as soldiers do on a difficult march. Our enthusiasm had vanished. We only wanted to get there.

Above the Forks, where El Dorado empties into Bonanza, is Skookum Hill, where bench claims of much richness have been found. A "bench" claim is a mine on a hillside above a creek. A single claim that yields as much as \$2,000 to \$3,000 is considered a rich paying mine.

IN A CROWDED STREET.

I look the city square with thee. The night is long, the pavement's room. Their voices stir and misery throb in their and me.

The street is full of lights and cries. The crowd but brings thee close to me. Lonely hear thy low replies. Lonely see thine eyes.

—Charles G. D. Roberts in Lippincott's.

THE OLD CLOCK.

"All the world loves a lover!" The words were ringing in my ears as I sat on the cushioned seat in the deep square window. The world was all white and beautiful, snow covered the fields and meadows far into the horizon, where the sun was sinking in his crimson glory.

It was twilight, everything was soft and dreamy, and the tick of the old clock seemed to my childish mind to repeat the words I had heard my mother say laughingly to my father after some tender jest of his. "Loves a lover—tick-tock—loves a lover!"

I was in a big old fashioned hall, there were the broad low stairs leading to the rooms above, the tall mahogany clock with its dear old face that was like a friend to me. What a deal it could tell of all that had come and gone since it stood in its dim recess. Tales of the first kiss beneath the mistletoe, of the sweet words whispered on the stairs, of the stories told around the blazing Yule logs, all memories of other days—when grandmother was young like me.

"Tick-tock, loves a lover, tick-tock!" I turned toward the clock; the red glow from the outer world lighted up its face. Surely I was not dreaming! The face seemed to be smiling at me, and the words changed into "little girl—little girl," as if half pitying me because I was left alone.

I heaved a sigh, and before it had well passed my lips the old clock seemed to say: "I've seen many things, and if little girls would keep their ears open they could learn from almost everything about them. We don't say much," with a half point of hand toward the big old bookcase, which gave a groan in answer. "But we watch and learn a great deal more than people give us credit for. I can tell you about your grandmother and how I, by what you would stupidly call an accident, changed her whole life."

It gave me a strange feeling to hear the clock which I had loved and listened to from babyhood speak so plainly to me. Before this I had always known it could tell me so much if I could only understand, and now, quite suddenly, I understood just as if the old clock, with its slow and steady "tick-tock, tick-tock," spoke in my own language.

I was just a little nervous and did not like to answer, but I guess the clock saw the half smile on my face, for it went on after a few moments. "Yes, it is many years ago when your grandmother was young; a sweeter lassie never breathed. I dream sometimes in the night, when I alone of all the house am awake, of seeing her come gliding down the stairs in her light gray dress, with its many yarded skirt, the dainty lace collar fashioned with the big brooch, her hair, with the tresses that would not quite straighten out, drawn down and over the ears, like curtains of gold to set off her flowerlike face.

"She would always heed me. I myself was young then," the old clock sighed. "I told her when to rise so as to surprise the flowers when fresh with dewdrop diamonds—when she must study and read so as to be able to hold her own with the best. These things she did not mind, but she would look at me quite wistfully when I would tick out. 'Tick, tock, 9 o'clock—9 o'clock,' but up the stairs she would disappear and dark would be the house till the little lady appeared in the bright sunshine the next morning.

"One day there was a stir and an excitement—all preparations for your grandmother's first ball. Silks and laces were everywhere, and the flowers that filled the little window yonder heard all her hopes and dreams as she bent above them in her daily care.

"As evening drew on the sleigh bells were heard coming across the country to the door, there was a crowd of servants in the hall, each one peering eagerly over another's shoulder to see the little mistress in her white silk, which rustled as she moved and set off so well her shining eyes.

"Ah, me, that was the beginning of it all, for it was not the same little girl who looked into my face next day, and I listened with all my strength as she whispered fresh hopes and fears to the sympathetic flowers.

"Many gentlemen now came to call, and most frequently an older and a graver one, who said little, but seemed to bide his time. There was a younger one on whom my little mistress seemed to smile, and who whispered all sorts of pretty nothings in her ear; a handsome lad, but somehow I liked not the shifting of his eyes.

"Many is the night I kept my old frame creaking with anxiety. Sometimes I would try to put in a word to the little one as she sat where you are, only she never seemed to hear me. A smile was on her lips and her heart was far away.

"Things went on that way for some time, till one day I heard her father's voice raised in a sterner tone than he had ever used to the little mistress. The heavy library door was opened hastily by her, and as she pushed past me up the stairs I saw how flushed and hot her cheeks were burning.

"Then came a time when she sat and brooded in the window. The young man came no more, and the older man was kinder than ever, but all to no purpose; the young girl did not seem to know that he was near. Afterward she seemed to turn to me for sympathy and I would watch my face so anxiously I did not quite like it, for often it would end in her taking her scarf and shyly slip-

ping out, and it would be near an hour before she would return with a strange light in her eyes I knew so well, and many a time it all ended with a sob or two.

"I know, I know, I to the murmuring of the flowers, and flowers are not so constant, the old woman folks think they are. They rustle and tell each other all they know. One has but to listen and the secret is out, carried far and wide by the birds, their lovers.

"It was a dreary, bitter night, and the little one knelt before the fire with her hands clasped, that trembled so they struck the flames about the writer, so that I could not see a thing in the room.

"Now," she murmured, "if that does not tell of a whole minute I shall take it as a good omen—good!" I heard the words and trembled. Oh, how I was torn in two! The one part of my life had been to tell the truth to every one, and here was my mistress making that a badge for the first time. It was a struggle and somehow habit won. The minutes passed, and I announced it in a choked voice, but she did not seem to know that only a sigh of pleasure and a fear of regret mingled, and with a pathetic gesture she threw her hands in the air, as if throwing all care to the winds and accepting fate. Then she came and stood before me, as she had done so often as a tiny one, and looked up at me.

"At half past 10, old friend, don't fail to tell me. I shall believe me with all my heart. You need not strike very loudly. I shall hear—I shall be sure to hear!" And she had gone slowly up me as I told the minutes out. I am only the servant of time, just to speak the words he tells me, to keep a straight, fair record of how he flows.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock! Light as if I should smother. At 10 I struck the number out. Never before had I known how loud was my voice. We are all of us what we are made. Each one in this world has so much to do, no more, no less. Tick-tock! The very beating of my trouble was making me dim and uncertain.

"I heard the master of the house and his friend and guest—the man I liked, the elder, quiet man—close their doors, and everything was still except my voice. Would that I could crush it out. They say that things like myself can neither feel nor suffer, but the burden of my thought was, Could I save my mistress? The wish was so great that it overpowered everything. It was near the half hour, when suddenly everything seemed to come to a standstill. All power of movement was taken from me. I could go no longer.

"For the first time in my existence I failed to tell the time.

"My little mistress was above, waiting, waiting, but did not dare to stir until the appointed hour.

"I don't know how late it was when I found her standing in the hall, pale as the ghosts that are said to haunt the woods at midnight.

"You have failed me—failed me!" was all she said. And her slender fingers worked at the big bolt that barred the door. It was at length forced back to its rest, and the maiden, all muffled in a heavy cloak, had drawn it and was gone.

"What I tell you now I heard from the whispering flowers. The guest was a learned man who thought a great deal, then gathered the best of these heaven sent gifts and, setting his hand to paper, told them to the world. On that night he had opened the window of his room and was watching the clouds as they chased each other in the old moon's light, and somehow the noise of the hall door closing aroused him. He looked and saw a slender figure hurrying across the lawn.

"In a moment he was out. In the sweet scented garden where the high wall rises against the banks of the river, and where a little boat rocked upon the tide, he found the maiden on the grass with the young lover's head upon her knee. The young man had waited for her to come with the key to unlock the door, which was half hidden by the vines which covered all the wall. Impatiently he had paced to and fro, then tried to climb in order to hasten to his lady's window and give a signal. He had slipped and fallen and in some way turned his foot.

"At a glance the older man took in all the scene, and a touch of pain tightened the firm mouth as he said: 'You heard a cry of distress and came to find the cause. So did I. Let me help you, my child, for this is no place for you.' And the young man was as brave in that moment as the elder and replied: 'It is my fault. I was going home late and tried to shorten my road across the garden.'

"'Trespassing,' said his senior, 'is not the worst of sins. Sir, I will help you, and being very strong he lifted up the young man and made him lean all his weight upon his shoulder, and, half carrying him, drew him from the garden.

"The young man left the village in a few days alone. The boat drifted out toward the ocean, and was lost. The story was never known.

"Folks wondered the next day to find me silent. I had no power to tick for many days, but when I was myself again I saw with joy my little mistress had been awakened from an illusion, and, though for a time she seemed shy and afraid to look the good man in the face, it passed, and the next year, with the coming of the roses, he was her. It was the proudest day of my life when I struck the hour of their wedding.

"No doubt you have guessed, little one, the good man was the grandfather you loved so well."

I sat silent in the window, the shadows had deepened and dusk filled all the hall. Had I dreamed or really heard all my old friend said? I can never tell. Only as I slipped up stairs I smiled at the old clock who had known and saved my grandmum 70 years ago.—Ethel Barrington in Philadelphia Press.

PHILIPPINE REBELS DISCOURAGED.

Many Companies Leave the Service—Japanese Seize Contraband Supplies.

GENERAL ISLAND NEWS.

New York, March 3.—A dispatch to the Herald (San Francisco) says: It is reported here that a steamer with 20,000 rounds of arms and ammunition, which were bound for the Philippines, has been seized by Japanese vessels by the Japanese authorities. Aguinaldo's army is disheartened as the result of the recent actions. Many companies of the insurgents have retired because their officers shank and won't lead their men.

The latest news from Cebu is good. The natives are returning to the town. The coolies are now willing to work at reasonable wages. Under the native government they asked double pay. Vesicicic now loading and business has been resumed.

NATIVES ARR FOR TROOPS.

The influential natives of the islands of Manila and Iloilo request General O'Neil to send troops there. They say that 200 men could easily subdue the rebels. The inhabitants are peaceable. They are disgusted with the exertions of three successive native governors. On the two islands are 80,000 head of cattle, which constitute the food supply of the rebel army of the South.

Road Supervisors to Be Elected.

The following is the bill relating to the election of road supervisors passed by the last legislature:

The several county courts shall, as often as they may deem necessary, but not oftener than once in two years, divide their respective counties, or any part thereof into suitable and convenient road districts, each of which shall be numbered, and cause a brief description of the same to be entered upon the county records. No road district shall be so made as that it shall be partly in one election precinct and partly in another, but each road district shall be so formed as to lie wholly within one election precinct. Provided, that all the territory within any incorporated town or city may be one road district. Each county court, at the January term, 1899, thereof shall so arrange the road districts in its county so as to conform to the provisions of this section, and at the January term of said court every two years thereafter and at no other time make such change in road districts as may be deemed necessary; but no changes, either in road districts or election precincts, shall be made which shall interfere with the relative arrangement thereof as provided in this section.

At the general election in 1900 and every two years thereafter there shall be elected in each election precinct in this state in which there is one or more road districts, a road supervisor for each road district in such election precinct, who shall be a resident of the road district for which he is elected, and shall hold his office for two years or until his successor shall have been elected and qualified. At such election every person entitled to vote for precinct officers in a given precinct shall be entitled to vote for one road supervisor for each road district in such precinct before entering upon the discharge of his duties each road supervisor shall take an oath to faithfully discharge the duties of his office, and when any person shall fail or refuse to accept the office of road supervisor to which he shall have been elected he shall be fined in the sum of twenty-five dollars, which fine shall be appropriated to road purposes in the road district in which such person shall have been elected.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Daily Guard, March 4.

The following cases were disposed of today:

7 Dorris & Stevens vs Wm H. Pool; to recover money. Argued and submitted. Taken under advisement.

9 Wm and Thos Seavey vs H. G. Plymatt and D. J. Gover; motion. Motion to set aside judgment for costs. Allowed.

32 N. J. Martin vs Adam Richey; to recover money. Default.

63 J. M. Horn vs R. D. and T. Brown; to recover money. Dismissed on motion of plaintiff.

Daily Guard, March 4.

Rev T. B. Ford, D. D., the presiding elder of the Eugene district of the M. E. church, left on the north bound local today for Albany, where he will hold the second quarterly meeting for the conference year. He thus takes up the work of the second quarter where he was compelled to stop at the first quarter. It is very gratifying to his friends that he is so far restored to health as to be able to resume his work in the district.

A postoffice has been established at June, Lane county, receiving service from Dexter.

THE GREAT CANAL.

It Will Not Be Commenced Right Off.

\$1,000,000 FOR SURVEYS.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The conference on the river and harbor bill have practically reached an agreement. The Nicaragua canal paragraph will be greatly modified and will appropriate \$1,000,000 for an examination of all routes, under direction of the president. The report of the commission making the examination will be made to congress, and no provision is made for beginning work.

Two items from Oregon which were in dispute and upon which there was a seeming split last night, have been compromised. The Yaquina bay item has been modified so as to have the project examined by a board of engineers. The house yields on the boat railway provision, so far as not to repeal the law for the project, but strikes out the appropriation made by the senate.

COTTAGE GROVE.

Some Statistics Concerning that Live Town.

The Leader.

That our little burg is beginning to put on the airs of a city one can easily judge by the following statistics:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Value. Estimated population between 800 and 1,000. Total assessable property as given upon the tax rolls \$110,630. Flouring mills 2. Planing mills 1. Electric light and power station 1. General merchandise stores 5. General grocery stores 5. Tobacco and confectionery stores 3. Drug stores 2. Hardware stores 4. Meat markets 2. Restaurants and bakeries 2. Hotels 3. Jewelry and repairing 3. Livery and feed stables 2. Harness and saddlery 1. Furniture paints and oils 1. Millinery stores 2. Second hand stores 1. Clothing stores 1. Saloons 3.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Value. Barber shops 3. Blacksmith shops 3. Wagon makers 2. Photograph gallery 1. Newspapers 2. Physicians' offices 3. Attorneys' offices 2. Dentists' offices 2. Assay office 1. Real estate office 1. Telegraph and telephone 3. Boot and shoe shops 2. Tailor shops 1. Dressmaking 1. Total number business houses 71. Chartered lodges 10. Churches 4. Public and society halls 6.

SOCIAL.

Daily Guard, March 4. BUSINESS SOCIAL.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Christian church held its regular business session at the home of Mr and Mrs H. J. Gasmann last evening. The reports of the various committees prove the active work being done in all branches of the society. After the business session the young people spent an hour in social amusements. Miss Beulah Wood and Miss Doretha Dale furnished several selections on the piano, and Miss Faith Lister rendered two vocal solos.

Election Notice.

To the legal voters of School District No 4, Lane county, Oregon. Notice is hereby given that the annual election of this district will be held at the city hall in Eugene, Oregon, on the second Monday, being the 13th day of March, 1899, between the hours of 2 o'clock and 6 o'clock p. m. of that day, for the purpose of electing one director for three years in place of C. S. Frank, term expired, and one director for one year to fill the unexpired term of W. S. Gilbert, resigned, and one clerk for one year in place of Geo F. Crawl, term expired.

C. S. FRANK, GEO F. CRAW, Chairman, Clerk. Vote! Eugene, Or, Feb 28th, 1899.

Rev E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by Osburn & DeLano.