

He came in from Seattle with a boat and a good outfit and the rapids got them. He got ashore and at once started back for Seattle, one thousand miles for another. The second time a pilot took the boat thru and lost it. Then the owner put a gun to his head and ended it all—as hundreds of others did.

But notwithstanding the terrible obstacles thousands and thousands reached the Klondike fields and went mad with the gold fever. Everywhere along the river the ground was rich with precious metal. Men fought for it, killed for it and died for it. Gold was rich in almost every foot of ground. Great fortunes were made in a few weeks and fabulous prices were paid for claims.

Then Dawson sprang up and became a roaring, crazy hell.

To-day it is dying a natural death.

Only a few men are working claims now—a pitiful few of those who came too late, and who are picking the bones.

After the claims gradually played out, the Guggenheims put dredges in and took untold wealth out of the river. They are yet working, just marking time for the finish.

The only possible thing that can save Dawson from being but a marker for what it once was is a new strike somewhere where she will be the outfitting point. This is the forlorn hope that many cling to.

Two and a half years ago a well equipped outfit went into the unmapped wilds northwest of Dawson. They went with supplies for three years. Nothing has been heard of them since. Some figure they must have made a strike or they would have returned, but old prospectors, the old "sour dough" boys shake their heads and say the expedition is either a failure or the men have perished.

I talked with an old-timer about it one night and he said in his 20 years in British Canada and Alaska he had never know a strike to be hushed.

"When they make a strike they stake, work it for a while, then some of them come in," said he. "I never knew it to fail. They want company, want the rush to come and a camp to follow. Of all the God-forsaken lives white men ever lived that of the prospector is the worst."

There is hardly a building in all Dawson that sets level. When they were built they were plumb and square enough, but they are built on ice, and the succeeding summers have heaved them and twisted them until one would think an earthquake must have jarred the whole city.

Under a mid-summer sun that works a shift of about 20 hours a day, vegetation springs up everywhere and grows wonderfully fast and luxuriant, and one almost doubts the ice box stories told of the Klondike. But dig down three feet and the ground is frozen solid. It has been frozen so for centuries and it never will thaw out until the climate of Alaska changes.

And this frozen ground goes down a hundred feet or more—how much more none know, for none have ever gone beyond it. For centuries the terrible cold of winter has frozen it deeper and deeper until practically the whole of Alaska is an iceberg—a great frozen country. Nature evidently wanted to protect her gold, and she did a very good job.

Almost anywhere along the Yukon from White Horse to Nome, gold can be panned from the river bank. It can be panned from nearly every canyon and the banks of nearly every creek. It can be found in sufficient quantities to make day wages. Gold seems to be almost everywhere in Alaska. But places that could and would be worked to advantage in California or anywhere else are worthless in Alaska, for the reason that the expense and hardships are too great.

One might make wages for three months sluicing on the river, but what is he going to do

to live on the other pine, so while there is gold almost everywhere and claims open for anyone, no one wants them—they are not rich enough for Alaska.

The day of the gold pan, the sluice box, the rocker, and the windlass and bucket has said goodnight. The future mining in Alaska will be by hydraulic, quartz mills and dredging, and the outlook is none too bright for even these big business propositions. With the exception of Juneau, every mining proposition I have so far seen or heard about is running out, and the companies operating them are quitting them. And no new ones are being developed.

It is said prospectors have found what appear to be wonderfully rich quartz in the mountains north of Dawson, but no matter how rich the samples assay, the claims are practically worthless.

An old-time miner told me that in Ogilvie Mountains, northeast of Dawson, he had some of the richest quartz claims that ever laid out of doors. "I have had many assays made; I have plenty more samples or I will take any man to the mine and let him pick his samples," said he. "It is richer than the Treadwell ever was," he continued. "Yet it isn't worth a dollar. I couldn't give anyone my claims if they had to do the assessment work on them. When I made the strike I thought at last I had found my luck. And I can't give it away."

The reason of this is the great expense of putting in the necessary mill equipment to run such a mine. Were it close to the river, the mined men will take a chance, but back there in the mountains, no trails, over the roughest country in Alaska—just think of getting mine machinery into such a place, and then packing in every ounce of everything necessary to operate that mine.

Such a proposition makes capitalists hesitate. No matter how rich the indications are; or how large the mining company, the men simply won't take the chances, for the mine may be spotted, the rich samples may be in pockets, and after the great expense of putting in machinery, it might not make good. The risks are too great, and for this reason no doubt many valuable quartz mines in Alaska will never be developed.

I was in Dawson only two days, but it was long enough—I was glad to leave. There is something about a town that is going back that gives one the Willies. I had gone aboard with my things and returned for a last look around, when a middle-aged man asked me how far down the river I was going. I told him to Nome, and then he asked me if I would do him a great favor. He pointed to a suitcase and a large bag on shore and asked if I would not take them to my stateroom.

"I am going to beat it down to Marshall," he explained. "Going to stow away, but I can't do it with that bunch of dry goods. If you'll put it in your stateroom then I will be all right."

I told him I would think it over, and let him know when I came back. I was willing to help an unfortunate, but I was afraid of some "game." Then, too, I didn't know what kind of inspection the custom officials might give us, so I decided not to take any other baggage or chances. So I went on board with the last minute crowd, and saw nothing more of the man or his baggage.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of John M. Green, late of the Town of Independence, N. Y., deceased to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Administrator, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 19th day of January, 1918.

Dated July 9, 1917.  
CLAYTON C. GREEN,  
Administrator.

A real estate opportunity that is advertised will always be advertised—and if it's not advertised, it's not much of an opportunity.

## Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton B. Williams

These horror-laden days in the earth are something like a Judgment Day. Mighty principles like trumpeters of the Most Highest stand in city and hamlet, in palace and shack and by relation thereto men and women are being separated and distinguished.

A recent writer has said truly, that Democracy is a social fact only as each individual is a democrat in his own life.

To be visioned by the exultant glory of being one's own Man—

To be inspired by the glory of being the Other Man's Man—

To be expressing in a code of constructive friendliness in place and task the free man's service—

These made a democrat.

The true ideals of democratic relation is phrased by Herbert Spencer who says that no one is free until all are free, no one is righteous until all are righteous, no one is just until all are just.

This is very true. The human family is a family, and no one may exalt himself until every shadow and burden and distress and lack and failure is removed from his brethren.

Consequently the most righteous, the most just, the most honorable, the most cultured in the social family, are distinguished by altruism in most serviceable form.

It is a mark of quality to serve. Talk with the One who came to minister and hear what he says.

Ask Him what distinguishes His friends in 1917.

We're finding out that democracy is something more than singing, glory, glory, hallelujah.

But is something that finds open doors to principles of justice, humanity and neighborly— and finds the householder and his soul going down the old red track which has been a man's road since the world began.

When God's on the Trail a

man thinks little of his sweet, smooth skin.

If we behold millions willing to die for false ideas of government what sign shall be smitten on the foreheads of those unwilling to do and die for true human ideals of human relations?

In to-day's Judgment Day the flame of Principle is raging around peoples characters—and wood, hay, stubble are being shown up.

The character-test is God's test.

In the serving-group the test shows the parasite—

In the community-group the unsocial—

In the altruistic-group the self-centered—

In the moral-group the malicious, the hater—

In the cultural-group the uncivil, the discourteous—

In the fair-play group the cheat, the clabber—

In the kingdom-of-heaven-group the materialist, the oppressor.

And every one by his own action labels and locates himself.

God will need no Judgment Day. He will need only to read that which is written in character.

The couriers of God are on the street.

And Men of exalted hearts Follow.

#### RHEUMATISM ARRESTED

Many people suffer the tortures of lame muscles and stiffened joints because of impurities in the blood, and each succeeding attack seems more acute until rheumatism has invaded the whole system.

To arrest rheumatism it is quite as important to improve your general health as to purify your blood, and the cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion is nature's great blood-maker, while its medicinal nourishment strengthens the organs to expel the impurities and uphold your strength.

Scott's Emulsion is helping thousands every day who could not find other relief. Refuse the alcoholic substitutes.

To Watch the Want Ads is to know when to buy lots.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Nor-Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 2nd day of February, 1918.

Dated July 20th, 1917.  
HAROLD S. BRAINARD,  
EDITH M. BRAINARD,  
Administrators.

Your Want Ad should sell the used article to someone who will find it as useful as tho it were new.

Work with the Muscles and not with the Nerves. Develop more Horse Power.

Physical Comfort If You Use

MERCHANTS ESTD 1870

GARGLING OIL

For Stiff Neck Sore Muscles, Rupture Pain.

Recognized all over the World as the Best, and honored by its use in Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y. Firemen's Home, Hudson, N. Y. Masonic Home, Utica, N. Y. I.O.O.F. Home, Lockport, N. Y.

And other great institutions, including many Nurses, whom we have grateful Testimonials from. Praising the wonderful healing qualities of this grand old Remedy for Man and Beast

25c Bottle.

The Want Ads are the best introducers of property who have it to sell. The "Want Ads" by these introducers, as is logical in the acquaintance that they prove as profitable to you as to the other.

Will-o-Wisp Hair Cream

Develops strong nets of hair, specially styled. Lustrous, radiant little emulsion will because "Will-o-Wisp" carries them.

New and Different

Perfect match for all hair: Cup or Fringe; Hair and Wig. Send for sample nearest dealer if you write care does not carry them.

Hartmann Bros., Dept. 19, 221 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

White Tar Astringent

For Their Clothes

The families of men in the can keep their clothes clean, unwrinkled and as good as new.

White Tar Astringent Economical; handy to use. Hooks and Rings made.

Size	Price per Bottle
4oz	1.00
8oz	1.50
12oz	2.00
16oz	2.50
20oz	3.00
24oz	3.50
32oz	4.00

At your regular store or write for it.

The White Tar Co. Dept. 23, 103 John St., N. Y. City

Your Want Ad should sell your property salable—will, if it should be salable.

## Know in Time

Many a man who neglected to find out what kind of "gasoline" went into his tank at the filling station finds out to his sorrow afterwards.

There is so much difference between SOCONY and "just gasoline" that it pays to be particular.

Knowing in time saves power loss and motor trouble.

Say "So-CO-ny" and you are absolutely certain to get pure, powerful fuel—every drop the same anywhere you buy it.

Buy under the SOCONY Sign. It will insure you a more efficient motor.

Standard Oil Co. of New York

**WE SELL SOCONY MOTOR GASOLINE**

The Sign of a Reliable Dealer and the World's Best Gasoline

DEALERS WHO SELL SOCONY MOTOR GASOLINE

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G. Fredricks  
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Rooms by day or week. Newly  
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