

the dogs howled and on we went. Mary was quite a town in the way of buildings, and they were all of new logs. It was a new mining town, four or five years old, but the claims were fast being worked out, the people were getting out and the town was struck with rust.

At the junction of the Koyukuk several passengers came aboard from the Bestles country, the most northerly mining district in Alaska. This is yet a producing district, and a real wild one—a locality where they tow up two loads of booze to one of grub, and of which I will have more to write in further articles.

Holy Cross is a mission, the oldest in Alaska, and has been there for nearly 50 years. The Catholicism has a grant of the land, I was told, and they will not permit saloons, gambling-houses or outsiders to locate, in fact it was necessary to anchor an abandoned steamer to the shore to be used for hotel purposes. I was told the mission had done a wonderful work for the good of the natives.

Miles below Holy Cross there was a Russian mission, at which the boat did not stop. Evidently they had plenty of grub for the winter and didn't receive any mail. The boat ran close to the bank and we had a splendid view of the big Greek church, a magnificent structure in this remote place. And it looked so out of place in these surroundings. Around it was scattered the Indian village, but we did not see a sign of life in the place. Doubtless all the inhabitants were out rustling preparations for the long winter, which would soon set in.

Sitting on the deck one afternoon afar off on the land ahead I saw a cluster of white dots. I was curious to know what they were, and I was soon enlightened. It was a new strike—Willow Creek—and a few miles further down was Marshall, its supply town. The white dots were tents.

Gold was struck in Willow Creek about two years ago; the usual stampede followed; and the whole hillside was staked. As the boat neared the camp I could see that it was located at the bottom of a little depression on the hillside, where evidently a small stream ran. On either side of the strike were exactly similar draws, where small streams had worn down channels and where they all came together at this bottom and emptied into the Yukon. But it was only on the middle stream that the pay streak was found. The other streams were exact counterparts, and all conditions were the same, yet only the middle one had the yellow stuff.

And such is mining in Alaska. There is no explaining it. Mining experience does not count. A "Choccheko" stands a better chance than a "sour dough," for he will stake anywhere, and often strike it, while the experienced miner will try to figure it out, and miss it. Of all the gold countries of the world Alaska is said to be the most uncertain—the biggest gamble. A "sure thing" won't show a color and a 50 to 1 shot will come thru a winner.

I had been wondering where the upper river Indian would have off and the Eskimo commence. I found it was at Marshall, and it was most curious. Not a sign of an Eskimo in any of the towns we had passed, and in Marshall they were nearly all of that race, breed, tribe, or whatever they are. And the curious observation was that the Indians and Eskimos are almost as distinct as the Indian and white man.

It was a strange sight to me—this sudden change. The Indian had suddenly disappeared and in their places were the short, fat and squat Eskimos, looking wonderfully strange to a new comer in their parkas and muck boots. Men and women dress alike, and a little distance away you cannot tell a squaw from a man.

The men have large, round noses like a tree trunk, and short legs. The women are short and fat. All have the same face cast—broad, bluish-tinted stupidity. All wear the parkas and mukluks winter and summer, but the most of them wear the

hoods of the parkas thrown back in summer.

You have all seen pictures of the Eskimos with their one piece dress and fur lined hoods. These pictures are true to life. A following article will more fully describe these interesting people.

The strike on Willow Creek was made by some "sour dough" prospectors, a rush followed and the river supply towns sprang up in a day. There are two stores, two saloons and the usual bunch of log cabins. After the pay streak had been narrowed down to the one creek, the men began to go out, and I was told 300 miners have left the camp within the last six months. Yet I was told that the clean-up that day from one of the claims was \$40,000.

I was first on shore at Marshall and as I watched the passengers come off, waiting for my roommate, I saw the man who asked me to carry his baggage in my stateroom from Dawson. He had stowed away somewhere in the bottom of the boat for eight days and nights. How he got food and water I do not know, but probably with a bribe to the storage hash hoister.

While we were tied up to take on oil, from a tank high on the river's bank, two Eskimos came alongside in their kyaks—boats made of walrus skins. One of them gave an exhibition of boat handling and harpoon throwing. The boats are very light, round bottomed, and there is a hole in the center just large enough to let one's body in. They tip as easily as an egg shell, and it takes long practice and many duckings before a white man can learn to balance in them. One peculiarity is that they use a one-end paddle instead of the long double-end usually used in canoes, and they keep changing it from one side to the other.

On the boat was a party of four tourists who did not mix with the rest of the passengers—two men, a boy and a young lady. The boy had every indication of being a "mamma's pet." He had his breakfast brought to his room and spent a lot of time polishing his nails. The passengers soon dubbed him "Ceel." He was a journalist student, so it was said.

As we watched the native do his canoe stunts and expressed our admiration of his dexterity, the boy remarked that it was no great trick to ride a kyak.

One of the passengers asked him if he had ever ridden one and he replied no, then he advised him that he was hardly competent to express an opinion. "I'll bet you a dollar I can ride that kyak the length of two barges and back and not capsize." "You're on," the tourist said and both gave a dollar to a lady passenger to hold.

Then the fun commenced. The boy went to his stateroom and stripped down to his undershirt and trousers, and every passenger on board, went below and

forward to the head barge, from where he was to make his start.

The captain got a life preserver which an Eskimo in the other kyak took and prepared to follow the boy and pick him up when his boat went over.

The lad was plainly nervous, but he was game. For a long time after he had got into the boat he held onto the barge, apparently afraid to let go. The passengers hooted him. But he took his time, waited until he had got over his nervousness and then carefully let go. For a full minute he sat perfectly still, then slowly picked up the paddle and put it in the water. With the first motion of his body the light canoe began to rock, but the boy seemed to fully realize that if he made any motion to grab the sides he was a goner, so he kept his head, kept his balance and let it rock.

In a few minutes he was carefully paddling, only on one side. Then he slowly changed over to the other side. Each minute he gained confidence, and then he began to crack jokes at the passengers, all the while keeping his eye on his work.

"See me make that turn?" he called out, as he got to the end of the barge and made the turn. "Going to challenge the Indian to a race—soon as I win my dollar." He made the prescribed course in safety, then made it the second time, so the man who had bet with him could have no squeal and the second time he told the Eskimo not to follow him. It certainly was an exhibition of nerve.

When he climbed onto the barge I remarked to him that he took a long chance for a dollar. "It wasn't the dollar," he replied. "The fellow called my bluff and I had to make good." He afterwards told me he had ridden the Indian birch bark canoes, and he knew about what he was up against.

After that we didn't call him the pet. The show was over, the oil was stored, and we fell back to speculating on whether or not we would catch the Umatilla. We were making very slow progress with our family group of boats, and the prospects were cloudy.

I awoke in the night. The boat was still. I opened the door and looked out. A dense fog had settled over the river and we were tied fast to the shore trees. No boat would dare move a rod after a fog comes. It is impossible to see a rod ahead, and without the shore signs a pilot would soon have his boat tied up fast for days—until another steamer comes up or down and pulls him off.

And the chances of making the Umatilla looked more slim each hour.

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ALLEGANY COUNTY

Florence Voorhies, late and an Administratrix of the Estate of Mary Cannon deceased,

VS. William Hammell and Hammell, his wife; Josephine, Margaret Bean; Herman; James Cannon, of Mary Cannon deceased, testamentary trustee of the will of Mary Cannon, and James Hammell and Mary, his wife, (Mary's maiden name), the Christian name being unknown; and every person not named herein and each of them, as administrator, assignee, grantee, wife, widow or wife of said James Hammell, he be dead; J. M. Brundage, Executor of the last will of C. Brundage, deceased, State Bank.

TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANTS:

You are hereby summoned to answer the supplemental complaint in this action, to serve a copy of your answer to the plaintiff's attorney twenty days after the date of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear at judgment will be taken against you by default for the amount claimed in the complaint. Dated Sept. 29, 1917.

CHAS. M. LARSON
Plaintiff's Attorney
Office and P. O. Address
Andover, N. Y.

To James Hammell and Hammell, his wife, (Mary Cannon's maiden name), the Christian name being unknown; and every person named herein and each of them, as administrator, assignee, grantee, wife, widow or wife of James Hammell, he be dead.

The foregoing supplemental summons is served upon publication pursuant to the order of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, dated Nov. 1917 and filed on the 1st of Nov., 1917 with the clerk of the office of the clerk of the County of Allegany in the Village of Belmont, in said County of Allegany and State of New York.

The object of this action is to make partition according to respective rights of the parties and if it appear that cannot be made without prejudice to the owners, a sale of the following property—

FIRST—ALL THAT OR PARCEL OF LAND in the Town of Andover, County of Allegany and State of New York, known and distinguished as a portion of lot No. 80 in the map of the Village of Belmont, in said County of Allegany and State of New York, in the Seventh Township in said County of Allegany and bounded as follows: Beginning in the north of the highway leading from the Village of Andover north to the Town of Alfred, northeasterly corner of lot formerly owned by Preston; thence along the line northerly 4 chains links; thence west seven and one-third links south and parallel with described line 4 chains links to the center of thence east along center way one chain to the beginning.

SECOND—Fifty-five acres of land owned by the Patrick Hammell Estate on great lot No. 67, Andover, County of Allegany, State of New York, bounded as follows: north, south and east by specific north, south and west by a line parallel therewith east line and westerly therefrom as shown on map of said land, existing rights of way, right over the same, and the rights of way now owned by William Hammell.

Dated Nov. 1, 1917.

CHARLES M. LARSON
Plaintiff's Attorney
Office and P. O. Address
Andover, N. Y.

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