



(Longfellow up to date.)

HE shades of night were falling fast
As through his native village passed
A man with saddened eye, and dim,
With this sign fastened onto him:
"KLONDIKE."

His eye, like phosphorescent spark,
Glowed like a cat's eye in the dark;
His cheek aflame with inward fire,
As muttered he his one desire:
"KLONDIKE."

All fleeced and woolly was his coat.
From off a sheep or billygoat;
A coonskin cap was on his head—
He hurried on and only said:
"KLONDIKE."

A spade to dig the golden sand
He carried in his strong right hand;
His left a ten-quart pail did hold,
In which to bring his dust of gold
From KLONDIKE.

Beside him trotted as he went
A humble dog with sorrow bent;
Foreseeing fate from selfish man,
In omens of the frying pan,
In KLONDIKE.

"The Chilkoot pass," the old man said,
"Is over yonder—up ahead."
The solemn miner, somewhat vexed,
Said "Let 'er pass; I make it next,
For KLONDIKE."

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."
"Go to!" he cried; "thy love will trust
The fellow who brings back the dust
From KLONDIKE."

"Beware the price of garden truck;
Beware the nimble, gay Canuck!"
This was the farmer's last good-night;
"And take the first road to the right
For KLONDIKE."

A man was found to neck in snow,
And hauled out by an Esquimaux,
All solid, rigid, stiff, and dead,
His idea frozen in his head—
KLONDIKE.

On Yukon's bank at break of day,
Lifeless but well preserved he lay,
While o'er his head in solid ice
They carved this simple, plain device:
"KLONDIKE."

Joseph Bert Smiley.