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THE SAINT ELIAS ALPS

THE ALASKA EXPEDITION IN MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

The Thundering of Mighty Avalanches of Water Roaring Down the Glacier Keep the Earth in a Continual Quake —A Gloomy Night in Camp.

[Dr. H. International Press Association.]

IN THE HEART OF THE ST. ELIAS ALPS, Alaska, Aug. 8, 1891.—The Indians started early July 25, after supper, they said, their canoes being ready for the hands. Their marvelous nine was the same old story about mines. Nuggets as large as eggs and walnuts were occasionally found in a great bank. They acted as if they knew they had been "faking," for all were anxious to return at once and they got started back late in the evening. With the exception of Mr. Booker, a most genial companion, we felt thoroughly pleased at getting rid of them. We were soon alone again, and after sorting our material and throwing away all that we could possibly spare, not even excepting things of some value, we saw that we must pack from seventy to eighty pounds apiece. This was our load as we pulled out the morning of the 26th, expecting to make about five miles a day, but to our surprise we had made

this by noon, the trail not being both impassable and impracticable at the same time as usual. We had underestimated the time we had saw past through this range near home and the chances of losing it in this lowering weather was great, even if we could have got through at all, as the Indians said we could not. The flat was rainy throughout. The foreman we loaded a swelling glacial stream that required over half an hour to make across its noisy swift channels, and in the afternoon tide came to the largest of them all, a full mile in width, a half dozen channels, and rapids so deep we often had to stick the same pole to fight our way over together, an undertaking of over an hour's severe labor. Our legs were numbed with cold, so we went into camp, building a big fire. That night we were literally drowned out by the downpouring rain. In the morning we made a fire under a tree, warmed some tea, put on our soaked packs, weighing fifteen to twenty pounds more, and started. The darker brush was "swinging wet" and we were glad to get into the big stream waist-deep to escape its perpetual shower baths. That evening we sent up signal rockets again, for it seemed a little brighter, and I think if an wanting Indian or two had come along about then they could have named their price as packers. The 28, the back was so wet we decided to strike for the river bottom at once, right, preferring its gravel bed and alternate wadings. Its bed was fully two miles wide, and we could see that it probably determined at the head of the mountain pass through which we must pass, and that night we camped where it came out from under an enormous glacier of the great range. The cold wind off this by day was chilling to the bone in our damp condition. The 29 our route lay across this glacier, the pedestrianism being better than the labors on the mountain, while the while he was a little better. It was nearly six miles over this homemade highway, but we made it that day and camped on a stream which we believed and afterwards proved to be a tributary of the Copper. Glaciers were everywhere, and at noon the 30th we lunched at the foot of one of unusual size. While lunched the dog-team scared from a large grizzly bear picking huckleberries on a ridge some 50 yards away. Donell, with the Winchester in hand, started over to intercept him and it somebody's way got in first shot. The great night had been taken, in some way known, way, and the best chance was thereby lost, which all the other chances at the dying bear were equally ineffectual. The stiff scrubby cut back against the big glacier gave a very thick cover regular. It was not very wide, but deep and heavily swift and we were thus all carrying kegs. Right of in that would have been utter destruction to camping. We returned our steps a mile and crossed the main stream instead. All afternoon and night we could hear the thundering of mighty avalanches that shook the ground like an earthquake. The next morning in the very heart of the frozen range of ice a storm. The 31, gave us a morass under foot again and more rain overhead again. We thought we had encountered every conceivable obstruction since we left Alpine climbing during that century, but we were now treated to a combination of smashed slippery boulders, overgrown with twisted thickness brush on the steep mountain slopes that took the first prize. We saw that the river bottom, intending to wade down it on down. We not hardly three-quarters of a mile on a green bar before the morning river had swelled to the knee again, but we were thankful for that, as the great Alps were now blocking into the mountain forever effectually

sight and we were hopeful that in this valley people use to wade, might be attracted to the gloomy precipices looming over us, moving in a mighty canon. Every yard counted so we in a favorable tent a few miles would probably terminate in our being forced back or causing a very agreeable aspect. We contented on a large lake in the center of the river caused by a glacier from the other side damming it up. It was covered with icebergs, most of them being at the upstream end of the lake. I should steady wine up the pass. This day's nine miles was one of the memorable journeys of the trip, a fearful struggle with icy torrents, slippery rocks, mountains, hanging glaciers, willow and alder chaparral, soft mountain tops where deep fissy heights on forty miles and in every one one long to be remembered. The next day was on other hard struggle with Alpine difficulties. We drove a wedge into the land and, but almost gone, an Indian was hard to tell, probably both, with great perpendicular torrents cut annually by the melting of the glaciers. We made the circumstance. From this camp on the prospect about one hundred Lawrence prospectors. Behind the stream from which we had crossed we can said to another, having so to cross it every mile or two or pick mountain goat over the treacherous upon. After emerging from the glacier we gladness great river rapidly spread to nearly a mile in width, but stalled and a jet in its centerpiece. My stay of 7 days, starts at 11 hours on this as the determining day as to whether we shall get out now. Out of the spread we made in half an hour I camped, we saw that the stream concentrated into one impassable channel not into a terrible cliff, on our side 1,000 to 1,500 feet high, almost a quite sheer. As the river where we stood was spread out into a great many channels, we started across for the wood back, reaching it after almost two hours, and then, tired, we compelled to turn back from a number of the worst channels and after crossed to use a pole on the party to help the swift current, we made a whole mowing up some our high memorial mountains for about a mile downstream out right. Their great distance was the more striking from the fact that the upper Copper river tributaries were confined in a great gulchier back and the main stream broke through the rim of mountains near Mt. Wrangel. Glacial rivers were now coming in from both sides, but the glaciers themselves were farther back in the side cliffs, as we descended, whereas we heretofore gratulated ourselves that the glaciers and other difficulties were possibly being left behind forever. The river often forced us from the gravel benches back into the timber where its intricate underbrush and the boulders thrown down from the high cliffs presented the usual obstructions, but as they were on the land they were at least passable at the rate of half a mile an hour with some effort. Early the afternoon, however, we came to the straw-stack that escaped the animal's vacation, and that forced a new review into the history of the N. Y. Legislative Expedition. A great bluff before us overhung the river for some two miles but we thought we could make along its edge with difficulty. It was so steep it took us multitudes to get along it some six eight hours. It was so absolutely necessary to cut an hand before dark, or rest in the trees with the birds, that not over a half dozen paces of a minute. We shall take tales on the trip, now gaspy spots when utterly breathless. In one place the man carrying grumbling over a particular hard chopping where the sharp edges gave way, loose and all, under my heavy weight and I disappeared from sight, my pole catching on a large bush that alone stopped me. My feet fell among cinder and shingle gravel below that, then stirred up started to slide down on a small avalanche, which accompanying, brought to I stopped the big explorer, now mountain into the singing rapids below. Alpined to the second item being lost, so after much struggling I managed to crawl out, having lost the 25 of my pack, which I had to regain at a point I would not have risked for a week, as factory can do any other circumstances. That night's camp looked gloomy the rain has been falling all afternoon and all of the gravel bed beneath other floor thing along the shore until tired, tattered, torn, dirty and dejected and in

THE CROSS ROADS.

some cases bloody, we landed some thin dancing tramps that had passed through before lower the rapids of great around. We had carried three miles from Sugar Loaf Mountain, the only pass through the rugged range of North America and our misery was getting monotonous and our whole action grind not be a change of non grass. We got it.

PROFESSOR SCHWATKA.

Cost'dy New York Leader Alaska Expedition.

Bound to Be In It.

Police Commissioner—What amusement could you give that you would always be on hand when a fight was going on?

O'Donle—Phwan allan country fond of 'em jer fancer.

On His Guard.

Young Bachelorson—Fodder, how much is two and two?

Old Bachelorson—Yet you want to do bus of self?

Carlyle Was a Great Pedestrian.

Carlyle invariably covered several miles before beginning work, and enjoyed riding inside an omnibus, while Victor Hugo preferred the outside.—Agenda.

LUMINOUS HOMES OF THE DEAD.

There Is No Finer Cemetery in the World than Montevideo.

One of the sights of Montevideo which the traveler must not miss is the "Cemetery Central," or principal cemetery, situated a long way from the city's heart, on the south beach, within sound of the surrounding sea. Though its natural beauties are not so great as those of Greenwood, Mount Auburn, Spring Grove and many other cities of the dead in the United States, and though a few tombs each of the latter may equal any of those in point of elegance, yet, taken as a whole, there is nowhere in North America such an aggregate display of wealth in any one burial ground—such treasures interested of dust to dust—at home.

This is by all odds the finest in South America. It has a monumental entrance and a very nearly and elaborate chapel, which alone represents the expenditure of $100,000. The chapel has an ornamental dome, floors and inner walls of purest marble, a beautiful alabaster altar, marble tables, and ornaments of gold and silver, and a basement of equal elegance wherein some of the more illustrious dead have their bodies and monuments are interred.

The cemetery is divided into three sections and surrounded by walls twenty five feet high, being a continuous series of vaults, one above another, each vault having an opening just large enough to let in a coffin. Each of the innumerable little sidewalks front on a marble tablet bearing in letters of black or gold the names of those whose mortal remains were deposited inside. So twenty miles are all of them, save the slight difference in lettering, that if it be true epitaphs would abroad at the waking hour when graveyards yawn, it would be as perplexing for souls to find his own as for the occupants of those endless rows of red brick houses with nearly the same, alike as so many peas in a pod, that characterize certain streets in Philadelphia and New York, to distinguish their own doors when returned late from chance cronies.

To reach the upper vaults, coffins are placed up by means of a portable stepladder and thence conveyed—a cumbrous apparatus, that serious and sills and bumps the unlucky bearer in a shocking manner, while the pallbearers step up the ladder to receive it and throw it into the narrow receptacle. The whole surface of the walls is variegated with fresh flowers and living and wreaths of immortelles and decoratives made of black and white beads and long streamers of ribbons, all of which show to the best advantage against the white marble facing.

But, alas! as everywhere else in Spanish America, the vaults are not owned absolutely by families, but are rented for a term of years or for as long a time as the friends continue to pay a stipulated annual per annum, so that the Eulpiens dead are not sure of a "long home," however much display of wealth may be made at the time of interment. In case the family move away or die without having left provision in their wills ensuring the grave for all time to come, or from failure to pay the rent from any cause, the remains are ejected and dropped into the common pit and the vault rented to other owners.

The ground floor, so to speak, of the vast cemetery is fully occupied with private or family vaults owned, not rented, all of them very costly and elaborate, crowded close together, with narrow, well paved streets between. Such an array of splendid monuments and exquisite works of art, done by the sculptors of Rome and Milan, may perhaps be equaled in some European cemeteries but certainly nowhere else in the western world. The vaults are all built up from the ground, of marble or alabaster, take even shape or in the form of temples, and most of them have plate glass doors back of the gilded gates of open wrought iron, plainly showing the interior. The floors and walls are covered with pictures and other adornments, profusely decorated with flowers in costly vases, and every where are crucifixes and burning candles.—Montevideo Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Napoleon's Sad End.

Almost every schoolboy is familiar with the salient points of Napoleon Bonaparte's splendid career. Yet after dominating and terrorizing Europe he spent his last years almost alone upon an isolated rock in the south Atlantic. He died guarded and surrounded by his most implacable enemies, thousands of miles from wife, child and people. He is one of the saddest examples in modern times of what fate can do with her most favored children when she so chooses.—Yankee Blade.

Size of a Lost Spot.

The largest sun spot ever photographed at the Royal observatory at Greenwich was that which was observed about the 19th of February 1892. This spot was thousand and found to be nearly 100,000 miles in length.—New York Journal.

A Special Deputation.

Johnny—Do you say your prayers every night?

Jimmy—I do whenever I've gotter stay in the kitchen lead.—

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