PEARY'S TALE OF HIS TRIP OVER THE ICE.

The Daring Lieutenant Tells the Details of a Perilous Adventure

TO THE READERS OF THE DISPATCH.

Days of Toilsome Trudging and Nights of Wakeful Vigils in a Determined Attempt

TO AID MAP MAKERS OF FUTURE GEOGRAPHIES.

Lough Work for Light Pays, at the End of Which a Fresh Start Had to Be Made by the Voyagers.

Sixty-Four Hours of Sleeplessness During a Terrible Storm-A Genuine Case of Dog Eat Dog-Excellent Caution That Renaid Itself-The Luxury of a Snow Bath-Fall Into a Trap That

has written for THE DISPATCH the following account of his expedition to Greenland. On the last day of April, 1892, in magnificent, bracing weather, the cliffs at the head of McCormick Bay clear cut as cameos through the frosty air, Dr. Cook, Gibson, Astrup, Kicahpadu, Tahwabnah, Kookoo and two Eskimo boys, opportune arrivals of the night before, left Radeliffe, our winter camp, with two sledges and eight dogs dragging the last of the inland ice supplies. Now, three days later, the time had come for me to start.

This was the moment toward which the studies of six years had tended, the mark to which every movement of the preceding year had been directed and made subservient. The countless little things which always crowd last moments of preparation were completed, and my house was put in

It was 8 o'clock in the evening when I sent Matt out to tell my huskies, Kioahpadu and Tahwahnah, to help him get the big dog sledge down over the ice foot and harness the dogs.

The Start Made in the Evening.

The start was made in the evening, for during the next three months the usual order of things was to be reversed, and we were to travel by night and sleep by day. My team of 12 great bear dogs, which had around Inglefield Gulf, were full of life and fire, and I saw by the way they jerked Matt and the huskies down over the ice foot in their dash for the sledge, and the relish with which they pitched into each other when the different factions met, that Matt, skillful as he had become in the use of the whip, would have trouble in getting them lown to work for the first mile or two. So I told him to go on and I would overtake

A hearty handshake and goodby to Verhoeff, who wished me the fullest realizations of all my hopes, and I turned to say goodby to my faithful natives, but not one in the settlement was to be seen. Having finished helping Matt harness the dogs they had vanished into their huts.

Anger That Could Not Be Dared.

The Kapetausoak was going away, never to return. Powerful as he was the spirits of the Sermiksoak, or Great Ice, were more powerful, and no mortal might dare their anger and be seen again by human eyes. They would not say goodby. Mrs. Peary was to accompany me to Mill

Point, and we followed the sledge tracks in silence for some distance. At first the sound of Matt's voice, the crack of his whip, and the howls of the dogs came clearly through the freezing air. Then a point of through the freezing air. Then a point of the shore came between and silenced them. Radeliffe dusappeared behind a hill, and the sun had already dropped behind the northern shore of the bay. We might have been the sole occupants of the earth. I knew how the brave woman by my side was struggling with her fears for me, though hers was to be the harder lot, and I did my best to cheer her. I knew by her final goodby that I had but partly succeeded. A turn in the shore hid the fur-clad figure, with beautiful Jack crouched by its side, from sight, and I lengthened the stride of my snowshoes to overtake the sledge.

Berambling Over the Ice Float.

Scrambling Over the Ice Float.

Four hours later my team was scrambling over the ice float at the head of the bay. The place where we reached the shore was close to the site of our Tuktoo camp year, and our route to the interior led from here up a steep bluff, some 1,200 feet in height, and then over a succession of terraces to the edge of the great ice cap, four

races to the edge of the great ice cap, four miles distant.

A few moments later my inland ice sledge, which had come up, was lashed on the big dog sledge which was on my back, with Matt following at my heels with a couple of 25-pound tins, we began climbing the bluff. Sharp rocks, with the spaces between them filled with snow, made traveling laborious and slow, and it was about 3 o'clock in the morning when I rose over the o'clock in the morning when I rose over the edge of the bluff and stumbled upon my boys asleep in the snow, with their dogs picketed near. I did not intend to disturb picketed near. I did not intend to disturb them, but as I put down my sledge and turned to descend Dr. Cook awoke with a start and very soon all were awake. I found all of the supplies had been backed to the gorge, half a mile above the camp, and everything was in readiness to start with

year, when I climbed the ice cap, I had been met by furious storms, but eventually everything had turned out well, and so I accepted this as a good omen. Twice again we climbed the bluff, the dogs falling to me on one trip and my big dog sledge on the next, the boys bringing up the remainder of the load. Carrying everything to the gorge, the sledges were loaded there, and we began the transportation from the gorge to Cache camp, at the edge of the loa, three miles from camp and 2,525 feet above sea level.

A Hard Job for Two Days. Several steep slopes in the gorge and on the plateau above required all the dogs and our best efforts on each of the larger sledges. Two days were consumed in bringing up to the Cache camp, where Matt and Gibson had built a snow igloo, and where we cooked our meals in a fireplace among the rocks of the Nunatak, close by.

During all this time there were signs of coming atmospheric disturbances of more

During all this time there were signs of coming atmospheric disturbances of more than usual intensity. A precipitation of fine frost crystals intermitted with transient snow squalls; exquisite cloud effects formed and vanished in and over McCormick Bay, while over the inland ice wicked-looking white oumuif grew against a dark, lead-colored sky. The night temperatures at this time were I degree and 3 degrees below zero. At Cache camp our supplies and equipment were sorted and distributed to the different aledges, and here began our serious trouble with our wild wolves, called by courtesy dogs. Restless under their new masters, and fighting constantly among themselves, these brutes gave us not a moment's peace. Hardly an hour passed when not at work that one or two did not manage to break their harness or eat off their traces, free themselves, and sometimes four or five would be loose at once. To capture and resecure one of them was always a work of time and of more or less ingenuity, and frequently resulted in a general muster for repairs at the driver's hands.

Attempt to Make the Next Stage.

Attempt to Make the Next Stage. On the 8th I attempted to make the next stage from Cache camp up the lower slopes of ice, but a strong wind, blowing down from the interior and driving the loose snow in the face of my doga, discouraged them so completely that we could do nothing with them, and so we were obliged to await the pleasure of the weather. Finally we got under way and succeeded in advancing a short stage round the north side of the first big hummock.

Took Two Days for the Traveler to Dislodge Himself—Warm Weather in the Arctic Region That Seemed Like July.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH, I NEW YORE, Oct. 24.—Lieutenant Peary has written for THE DISPATCH the following account of his expedition to Greenland. On the last day of April, 1892, in magof them were loose and running at will about the sledges and provisions. The rest of the dogs were half buried in a huge drift which hade formed about them, and as I got nearer I saw that three out of the 20 were victims of the dread piblukto, or dog disease, and were already nearly dead.

Hard Battling Against the Wind.

As the wind was still blowing with such force that it was impossible to do anything, Gibson and myself crouched in the lee of the igloo, and while waiting for the storm to cease learned from Dr. Cook that they had been unable to get out of their shelter, and, in fact, had had all they could do to save it from destruction by the resistless sandblast of the driving snow; that several tins of provisions, set in motion by the dogs, had been swept down the steep slope into the gincier below, and that the dogs had eaten or destroyed everything left that they could get at. Fortunately, the latter item was not large, as all of my stores were Hard Battling Against the Wind. tem was not large, as all of my stores were in substantial tina.

in substantial tins.

So the work went on, much to my discouragement, with double banking and utter disregard of hours of rest, until the 15th. I had been led to believe, as the result of the reconnoisance made the previous fall, that after the first slope had been surmounted, a nearly level route could be found. It seems that the deceptive light of the autumn days had misled Astrup and Gibson, and I found that I must draw my sledges and their loads up one snow slope and down another for a distance of about 15 miles before reaching the easy, gradual slope of the true inland ice. At last, howslope of the true inland ice. At last, how-ever, on the 14th, having rattled merrily down the northern slope of Dome Mountain, I found myself looking up at that long, easy, white slope which I knew so well, and in regard to which there could be no migtake, and the next day our march upon the true inland ice may be said to have

Men Taking the Place of the Dogs.

At this time I had but 16 dogs out of my 20, another one having succumbed to the dog disease. As a result, we all of us settled into the traces and did our share of hauling. Two short marches of five and seven miles brought us to an elevation of 5,000 feet, and early in the third march, the highest summits of the Whale Sound land disappeared, and I found, to my surprise, that we were descending, having already passed over the divide between Whale Sound and Kane Basin, and being already on the descent toward the basin of the Humboldt glacier. The blue-black sky with angry, lead-colored clouds massing beneath it, the ghastly whiteness of the ice Men Taking the Place of the Dogs.

with angry, lead-colored clouds massing be-neath it, the ghastly whiteness of the ice blink, and the raw, cutting southeast wind, could not be misunderstood, and before our igloo was complete everything was blotted out by the driving snow.

Poor Gibson! I pitied him that night, for it was his turn to do the costume act, as we called it; in other words, it was his turn to sleep fully dressed and outside, so that he could attend instantly to a loose dog before he had done any damage. Our dogs were always bad enough in wind and storm, but this time, as the storm continued they seemed as if possessed of devils, howling, fighting and tearing themselves loose from the stakes to which they were fastened, and when finally Gibson, weary with his efforts at recapturing them, fell asleep for a few moments, leaning against the entrance of the igloo, one of them ate the bottom of his sleeping bag, while another bolted about six pounds, nearly half my entire stock, of eranberry jam. but this time, as the storm continued they

A Storm Forty-Eight Hours Long. Forty-eight hours of incessant wind and snow, and then the storm passed over into Kane basin and left us in peace. As we crawled out of our igloo into the brilliant sunshine that Sunday morning, and looked over the unbroken expanse of snow stretching to the horizon in every direction. ing to the horizon in every direction, carved and scoured by the wind into marble carved and scoured by the wind into marble waves, there was no one of the party who could hardly realize that the church bells were ringing through the scented atmosphere of green fields and forests in thousands of far distant towns and villages.

Our sledges were invisible, completely buried in the drifts which in all storms on buried in the drifts which in all storms on the inland ice grow around and over every obstruction. But once under way we found that the storm had in one sense been our friend, and had proved a glorious road-maker for us. Sledges and dogs slipped merrily over the firm sastrugi, and with very little exertion we made another 20-mile march. This time we slept behind our sledges, and another 20-mile march the following day brought us to the camp in which I had determined the supporting party should leave us. We were now 130 miles from the shore of McCormick Bay.

A Dangerous Detail Made Out.

A Dangerous Detail Made Out.

The Inland Ice on its Way.

Returning to the ice boat Matt and I brought up another load, and then leaving Matt to get a little sleep with the other boys, I went down to my dogs and turned in as I was, in my furs, in the remains of a snow hut near the bay. When I avoke a few hours later the boys were at the door of the igloo, and I found on looking up the valley that my old friend, the inland ice, was evidently preparing its usual reception for me, the leaden gray clouds rapidly floating above it, giving every indication of an approaching storm.

A Dangerous Detail Made Out.

I said to my men it would seem a dangerous or to the wind want of the sunknown regions dependent only upon their own resources and south steep icy slopes, but fortunately free of crevices, rose above us. It was evident there was but one thing to do, viz: To climb those cliffs to the southeast, beating to windward, as it were, out of the reefs and which had one of the lee shore, on which we found ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It took two entire days of the hardest and ourselves.

It was not patched to the view from the trap out of the entire journey to extricate ourselves from the trap of the two days we had lost 15 miles of our hard earned northing. Steep blue alopes, the land. Oar heat want of the lead of the land loomed up c

there and remain in that capacity until my return from the inland ice.

The snow was so bad after making but a The snow was so bad after making but a few miles from Camp Separation that the siedge sank in it nearly to the crossbars, and this, together with the upgrade from the Humboldt basin, made the hauling so heavy that after a few hours my dogs refused absolutely to work any more, and I was obliged to go into camp. At this camp we commenced our regular sledge ration, with a daily allowance of butter and Liebig artract.

A Case of Dog Eat Dog.

At this camp, also, one of my dogs, down with the dog disease, was killed and fed to the others, disproving conclusively the old saying that "dog will not eat dog."

The following day the continuance of the upgrade and the increasing depth of the snow compelled us to resort to double-basking, and the end of the day found us but three miles ahead of our last camp. Ourselves tired, and our dogs out of sorts, Astrup and myself ate our dinner in silence, and were glad to lose ourselves in sleep. The morning found us refreshed and with a new stock of courage, but still I felt that if by hard work and no end of trouble I could gain ten miles I should be satisfied.

To my agreeable surprise the next camp

gain ten miles I should be satisfied.

To my agreeable surprise the next camp found us 15 miles further on our way, and this without a mishap or hitch throughout the march. We were now evidently at the top of the grade, and could soon expect a slight descent on the northern side of the divide, toward the basin of the Petermann

Fjord.

The next day proved the truth of these conclusions. The snow surface became harder and harder, the aneroid and the sledges both indicated a gradual descent, and after six hours marching we came upon a firm, marble-like surface, showing evidence of most violent wind forces, and scored and carved until it looked like a great bed of white lava.

Land Sighted to the Northwest.

Iand Sighted to the Northwest.

Two hours later land was sighted to the northwest, and after another two hours I called a halt, with a record of 20 miles for the day. On the last day of May we had advanced but five miles, when, as we rose on to the creat of a long hummock, the head of Petermann, with its guarding mountains and the great basin of the glacier discharging into it, flashed into sight below us. Here we were on the ice bluffs forming the limit of the great glacier basin, just as we had been at Humboldt.

I found it necessary to deflect some ten miles to the eastward, to avoid the inequalities of the glacier basin and the great crevices whien out the ice bluffs encircling it. It had been my good fortune to look down from the serene heights of the inland ice into the feeder basin of three of the greatest glaciers in the world—Jacobshavn, Tossukatak and Great Kariak. It was with strange feelings of uncertainty that I looked upon this view. I could hardly divest myself of the feeling that the ragged, shining ice field dropping away from my feet to the glistening lee caps stretching up into Washington Land and the dark mountains guarding the distant shores might vanish, and leave me with only the unbroken ice horizon of previous days.

A Day or Two of Beautiful Weather.

A Day or Two of Beautiful Weather. A Day or Two of Beautiful Weather.

The weather being so clear, and our location so iavorable for observation, I made no attempt to advance further, but I camped at once and began observations for determining positions and the bearing of the land. In this camp we remained 36 hours, with a continuance of the most perfect weather, warm, clear, and, what was most unusual, calm. For two or three hours at midday my thermometer in the sun registered 77, and advantage was taken of this to thoroughlydry and air all our clothing, and for myself to enjoy the luxury of a snow bath.

bath.

Leaving Camp Petermann and the circling bluffs of the great Petermann glacier basin I kept away due east, parallel with a series of gigantic crevasses, most of which were covered with anow, though in places drifts of anow had fallen in, exposing the blueblack depth of the chasm. I tried repeatedly to get an idea from the walls of these clefts in the ice of the gradual change from surface snow to neve and thence to true homogenous ice, but my efforts were thwarted by incrustations of fine anow upon the sides of the crevasse and a luxuriant growth of exquisite frost crystals and even icicles. The ten miles to the eastward enabled us to flank all the crevasses, and again I took up my course northvalues, and again I took up my course north-east, hoping to clear the basin of Sherard Osborn as fortunately as I had weathered Humboldt and Petermann.

At the Summit of the Divide.

From Camp Petermann mountains were in sight for 40 miles. Then the aneroid began to show a gradual rise, the snow bebegan to show a gradual rise, the snow be-came softer and deeper, and I knew that we were beginning the ascent of the divide between the Petermann and Sherard Os-borne basins. Still we were able to make fairly good progress, and half a march and three full ones brought us to the summit of

the divide.

From the divide summit, as in every previous instance, we found the traveling very good, and with the wind behind us were able to make 1934 and 21 miles respectively in two successive marches, camping in view of Sherard Osborne Fjord, as I at first supposed, on June & I had not expected to sight land again so soon, and if the maps were correct it should have taken about two marches more to have brought me within sight of Sherard Osborne, but I assumed that naturally the delineation of the inner portion of Sherard Osborne might be considerably out of latitude, and that what I saw before me must be Sherard Osborne. Future developments showed me that I was wrong, and that St. George's Fjord penetrated farther inland than had been supposed, and that this was what lay before me.

A Rapid Descent, After All.

The latter part of the march of June 8 The latter part of the march of June 8 had been through threatening weather, the sky overcast, the distant land dark and indistinct, and the peculiar light over the inland ice, which made it impossible to distinguish its relief. I knew, however, not only from my aneroid, but from the way the sledges traveled, that we were descendthe sledges traveled, that we were descend-ing quite rapidly, and this, with the occur-rence of several patches of bare blue ice, caused me to hesitate and finally call a halt on the completion of the 21st mile, though we could easily have accomplished four or five miles more.

The experiences of the next two weeks showed the wisdom of my cautiousness, and that it would have been much better if I had had a premenition of trouble still earlier in the day. We had hardly made camp and finished our dinner when the gathering storm broke upon us, and once more we had to endure imprisonment. Astrup under the tarpaulin in lieu of the sledges, myself in the little excavation half covered with a sail, which we called our kitchen. For two days the wind howled above us down the slope toward the distant land, and the blinding drifts of snow whirled past our little shelter.

On the Edge of the Glacier Basin.

When the storm ceased and we crawled out of the drifts in which both ourselves and our sledges were buried, I saw at a glance that we were right on the southern edge of the central trough of the glacier basin. The descent to this consisted almost entirely of blue ice, swept clean by the furious wind, and so , steep that our sledges would have been unmanageable. The opposite side rose in crevassed and steep-sided ice waves, unscalable for our heavily loaded sledges.

As far as the glass could reach, across the

loaded sledges.

As far as the glass could reach, across the glacier basin to the northeast, the crevices and patches of blue ice continued southeast, and south steep icy slopes, but fortunately free of crevices, rose above us. It was evident there was but one thing to do, viz: To climb those cliffs to the southeast, beating to windward, as it were, out of the reefs and off the lee shore, on which we found ourselves.

utmost care to prevent all from being swept into the glacier below.

At last, however, we regained the un-broken snow-clad heights of the inland, and broken snow-clad heights of the inland, and never did I appreciate more fully the old German song, "Auf dem Hohen ist Freiheit." Once more we could set our course and keep it. In this work Nalegaksoak, my best dog and king of the team, received a sprain which resulted in my losing him four days later. Here, too, I lost my spy glass in a crevasse, and narrowly escaped the loss of Lion and Pau, two of my best dogs. In another crevasse both fell till their traces stopped them, and then hung suspended until hoisted out.

Once back on the upper level of the inland, 6,000 feet above the sea, and with clear weather to help ms, I could make out the orography of the surface, and could see the depression of the glacier basin still sweeping away to the eastward. Bearing

sweeping away to the eastward. Bearing away to the eastward until I could round away to the eastward until could round this depression, I again started northeast. I was soon brought up, however, by another group of crevasses, 50 to 100 feet in width, extending across my course, and, as luck would have it, just as I reached these a dense fog swept up the glacier basin from the coast, shrouding the crevasses and ourselves in a light which made it dangerous to advance in any direction. to advance in any direction.

Out of the Trap at Last.

Big Crevasses Had to Be Flanked. The only thing to do was to wait until this cleared away, which was not until 18 hours later. Then a half hour's reconnoissance enabled me to fishk the crevasses and proceed on my course again. By this time Astrup and myself had named the glacier basin which had caused us so much trouble, the bottomless pit, and had grown to hate the sight of the land.

I made up my mind now in order to

I made up my mind now, in order to avoid further delay and annoyance from those great glacier basins, to strike still further into the interior, so as to avoid them completely. In attempting to carry out this plan, however, I found the snow increasing in death so venidly and the snow out this plan, however, I found the snow increasing in depth so rapidly and the surface of the inland ice rising at such a steep grade as I advanced into the interior, that I began to waver in my decision, and finally gave up in favor of a more northerly course. We had hardly made four miles in this direction, when once more the big sledge, strained and weakened by the rough work of the last eight days, broke down again, and we lost an estire day in repairing and relashing it and restoring its load.

All the Dogs at One Sledge.

The first drop in temperature was eagerly seized upon to advance again, and with Astrup and myself assisting, and with all the dogs at one sledge, we succeeded with double banking in advancing 6½ miles. The following day the going was much better, but hardly had we got well straightened out before the land, this time in reality the shores of Sherard Osborne, rose into view shead of us, and once more I found myself compelled to deflect first to the northeast and then to the east.

Night found us 16½ miles to our credit, and another great glacier basin yet to be weathered. An idea of the next day can perhaps be best obtained from an extract from my journal: All the Dogs at One Sledge.

from my journal:

pernaps be best obtained from an extract from my journal:

Another discouraging day within sight of the baleful shores of this Arctic Sahara, but we are on the height once for good. I hope, and I also trust free from further obstacles; if there is any truth in the superstition of the evil eye, the coasts of this inland ice surely have evil eyes. Just as long as the black cliffs peer up at us over the round of the ice cap, just so long are we beset with crevasses, slippery ice, hummocks, howling wind storms, furious drifts and fogs. The dogs seem possessed with deviis, the sledge and odometer broken, some item or other of our equipment is sure to be lost, and everything seems to go wrong. Once out of its sight we find summer weather, light winds, little drift—in a word, peace and comfort. The intolerable drift last night gave us no chance to sleep comfortably, as it beat under and through every minute aperture of the tarpaulin, and melted as it fell on our faces and clothing. One of my best dogs, Castor, was dead lame in one leg and unable to pull, and the traces were fearfully tangled and frozen into the drift at the hitching post.

Only Eight Miles of Headway.

Only Eight Miles of Headway. We had advanced but eight miles when we found ourselves hemmed in by a series of huge concentric crevices. The remainder of the day was spent is reconnoitering for safe snow bridges by which they could be crossed. This could be done only in a crossed. This could be done only in a southeasterly direction, and night found us further south than we were in the morning. Once two of my dogs were down in a crevasse, and once the little sledge, with all our biscuits and 100 pounds of pemmican, broke through, and but for a projecting ledge of ice on the edge of the crevasse, which temporarily supported it till Astrup and myself could pull it out of danger, we should have lost all.

should have lost all. At night, a feeling of relief at being again out of the woods, as it were, sent me, if such a thing were possible, to even sounder sleep than usual, and 5½ hours of refreshing slumber put a hungry brain and bedy in better time and response to the sum of the state o body in better trim, and gave everything a very different espect.

During this march we covered 1814 miles During this march we covered 18½ miles over a snow surface, which every now and then, as we marched along, settled slightly beneath our weight, with a sound reminding me of the swash of the ground-swell at Seabright or Long Branch, of oa long white Carribbean beaches backed by palms and wavering under a vertical sun.

♠ Mild Attack of the Blues Confessed.

The next day, although we covered 18 miles, both Astrup and myself had a mild attack of the blues, partly because we were obliged to buckle down and help the dogs all day, but principally, I think, because, with the utmost exertion, it seemed impos-sible for us to raise the day's record to 20 miles again. The next day, however, we once more got in the swim and closed our record that night with 2014 miles, land being visible to the northwest, north and

north-northeast all day.

The moral effect of our better going and our better speed was very perceptible, both on ourselves and our dogs. At times the latter would of themselves break into a trot, and we had been marching but a short time when I heard Astrup singing merrily as he kept along beside the sledge. During this march the sun seemed unusually warm, and toward morning even sultry, compelling us to throw off all our outer garments. The following day was but a repetition of the last, and we skipped merrily along on the last, and we skipped merrily along the last, and we skipped merrily along the last and last along the last and last along the our way at a constant elevation of about 6,000 feet, the mountains visible to the northwest nearly all the time.

All Again in the Best of Spirits. At the close of this march we turned in in the best of spirits. We had again made our 20 miles, and there was every indication that we had now surmounted all obstacles and would have plain sailing for the rest of our journey. The temperature had become so high that at this camp I seized the oppor-tunity to take another refreshing snow bath and discard my dogskin and deerskin suit for my reserve of sealskin. The record of June 26 is best told by my

journal:

Slept in the kitchen last night with no covering. This morning, as we started, heavy, white clouds covered the entire sky, except a narrow ribbon of blue south and southwest. My course was northeast true, but land appearing to the northwest north and northeast soon after starting, I changed course an hour later to east true. The loom of the land extended all the way round to the east, but iortunately for my spirits, a high ice cap is visible north over the comparatively flat, round top, ice-capped land. The entrance to a flord with precipitous black shores lies north northwest true from us. As we advanced to the east the clouds increased in density, and light, driving snow came up from the southwest, shrouding the ice with that shadowless light which makes even the snow beneath one's feet invisible. I kept on, however, still keeping my course to the wind, until the very perceptible descent warned me, from past experiences, to halt and wait for clearer weather. This I did after a march of ten miles.

A Fortunate Stop Made.

surrounding land.

Assuming the fjord aboad of me to be Victoria Inlet, and thinking I could round it, as I had already rounded Petermann, St. George's and Sherard Osborne fjoris, I kept away to the southeast, parallel with the edge of the island ice and the shore. But always as we advanced the mountains of the shore grew into view before me, keeping me constantly to the southeast till the Ist of July. On that day a wide opening, bounded on either side by high vertical cliffs, showed up in the northeast over the summits immediately adjacent to the inland ice.

Beautiful Land in the Distance

Beautiful Land in the Distance.

Changing my course to the northeast true, my elevation at the time being some 5,000 feet above sea level, sledges and dogs sped merrily down the constantly-increasing gradient of the ice cap, straight for the red-brown mountains of the strange land. The land, though yet some miles away, seemed as if at our very feet, and as if we might easily throw a stone upon it. We could plainly see the green rivers and lakes along the margin of the ice, and the murmur of roaring cataracts came softly to our ears. I selected the highest convex of a crescent moraine which climbed well up into the locap as my landing point, and after wading innumerable streams and floundering through a mile of slush, which covered the lower portion of the landward slope of the ice, we clambered upon the confused rocks of the moraine and draggeed the sledge up high and dry. Stopping only long enough to open a can of penmicean and change my skin for snowshoes, I left Astrup to look after the dogs and turn in and hastened on down to the land for the purpose of climbing a summit some five miles from the edge of the ice, which apparently commanded a full view of the great break in the coast ribbon. A mile or more of slush, a 200-foot slide down the nearly 45-degree slope of the extreme edge of the ice, and my feet were on the sharp, chaoa-strewn rocks which cover the iceward borders of this land of rock.

As Oppressive Warmth as in July.

As Oppressive Warmth as in July. The flerce July sun, though but a little past the northern meridian, beat down upon me with oppressive warmth. Before me the warm, red-brown landscape wavered and trembled in the yellow light; behind and trembled in the yellow light; behind me towered the blinding, white slope of the ice. Beneath my feet the stones were bare even of lichens, and had a dry, gray look, as if they were the bones of a dead world. And yet I felt that with so much of warmth and richness of coloring there must be life, and, sure enough, hardly had I gone a hundred yards from the edge of the ice when a beautiful little black-and-white songster fluttered up from behind a rock, hovered singing almost within reach above my head, and then settled upon a bleak stone but a few feet distant to finish his merry song. As I went on numbers of these snow buntings flitted about me, and hardly had I gone a mile before my heart beat quicker at the sight of traces of musk oxen. As I got farther away from the ice, and in the lee of farther away from the ice, and in the lee of the gigantic moraines and tumuli of glacial debris, flowers began to appear, purple and white and yellow, among them my everpresent brilliant yellow friend, the arctic poppy. рорру.

Still traveling along toward the mountain, with eyes constantly alert for musk oxen, I received a shock like that of Crusoe when he spied the footprints on the beach. In a little level space, sheltered on all sides was a large angular boulder of trap, with one a large angular boulder of trap, with one vertical face, and before this face were a number of irregularly arranged stones in a rank growth of vivid green grass. Throughout all the inhabited shores of Greenland a patch of luxuriant grass is always the sign of a sometime igloo, and it was with peculiar feelings that I hastened to the spot. A closer examination showed the place to be a musk ox rendezvous. Bits of their hair and wool were sticking to the rock and scattered on the ground, a weather-worm skull lay a few yards away, and the unusual growth of grass was due to the presence of

skull lay a few yards away, and the unusual growth of grass was due to the presence of the musk ozen.

From this point on the musk ox trails were as thick as sheep paths in a New England pasture, and knowing the sagacity of these animals to lie in the direction of a favorable route, I was glad to make use of their paths. But my mountain seemed to recede as I advanced, and it was eight hours before I reached its summit, only to find that two or three other summits intervened between me and the full view out, through the fault in the coast line. The five miles of apparent distance had; lengthened out to at least 12 miles of actual distance, and most men, less accustomed to estimating distance than I had been, would have called it considerably more.

I was strongly tempted to go on still farther, but the condition of my footgear precluded it. The soles of both kammiks were already out through, and one or two cut my feet. It was questionable whether I cut my test. It was questionable whether I could fix up my footgear to enable me to get back without more or less serious injury to my feet. With the assistance of a pair of sealskin mittens and a skull cap, I patched up my footgear, and, after an hour's rest, started on my return to the camp on

the moraine.

Long before I reached the edge of the ice I was obliged to add to the protection of my feet such portions of my garments as I could spare, and it was with such feelings as those of one who had been suddenly relieved from an excruciating toothache that I stepped from the ragged rocks upon the inland ice and strapped on my snowshoes.

Almost a Fallure, After All. As I neared the moraine I saw Astrup perched on its summit looking anxiously for me, for I had been gone 15 hours instead of four or five, as I intended when I started. I found my dinner, lunch, breakfast, what-I found my dinner, lunch, breakfast, whatever it might be called, of tea, penmican and biscuit ready for me, and when I had satisfied my hunger and stretched myself out on the rocks to eleep, it seemed as if never before had I been so sore and tired. I had been traveling and climbing for 23 hours, and I felt to a marked degree the change from the dry, cold atmosphere of the inland ice to the moister and almost torrid atmosphere of the land. More than than this, my reconnoissance had failed of its object, and it would now be necessary for Astrup and myself to take three or four days' supplies and dogs and march overland to whatever distance might be necessary to give me the unobstructed definite outlook which I must have.

After a few hours' sleep we made up our packs, and, myself in the lead, Astrup following with the dogs, I started once more to wrest its secret from this tantalizing

to wrest its secret from this tantalizing land. R. E. PERRY, U. S. N. CŒUR D'ALENE TROUBLES.

Guerrilla War in Prospect Between the

Union and Non-Union Miners. MISSOULA, MONT., Oct. 24. -In the Cour d'Alene mines, although the leaders of the Miners' Union have been imprisoned, there is a prospect of a guerrilla war that will not be easily stamped out. The Gem mine promises to be again selected for the firing of the first shot.

The union men have as yet confined themselves to writing threatening letters.

George W. Thompson, a prominent non union leader of the Gem mine, in reply to an inquiry, said: "I fear the worst. It looks worse than it did before the last out-break, and all that is needed to make war is some act on either side toward hostili-

TWO RILLED, SEVERAL INJURED. Freight Comes in Collision With a Work

Train Near Milwankee. MILWAUKEE, WIS., Oct. 24.-By a col lision between a freight train and a working train on the Milwaukee and Northern road, between Elkhart and Plymouth, this morning, Thomas Fitzgerald, of Depec, and Nick Ringle, of Elkhart, were killed. The following were injured: Fred Bowen, of Appleton: John Jacob, of Hilbert; Wm. Peal, of Green Bay; Chris Esling, of Kiel. Some of the injured will die.

STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCE.

Strange tales are common, but when A. F. Stark, Penn Yan, N. Y., states that H years, on account of nervous prostration, he was unable to write a line, but that two bottles of Dr. Miles' Bestorative Nervine have made him a new man, though not a young one, as he is 75 years of age, it ,does indeed seem strange. P. W. Osborne, Peoria, Ill., says: "For two years I had a troublesome disease caused by overwork. Every day I had pain in the back of the head, duliness, heaviness, confusion, and my back was weak. Six bottles of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine helped me wonderfully. God be praised for the good Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pilts have done me."—Louisa Foster, Beatries Neb. Bold on positive guarantee. Fine book free at druggless or of Dr. Miles Medical Co. Eikhart, Ind.

CONDUCTORS, GRIPMEN

MOTORMEN, ATTENTION!

SOLOMON & RUBEN

Have installed a special uniform department in their colossal business house and are in position to "suit" and "start" you in first-class style. We want the trade of all the employes of our different traction roads, and, in order to secure this valuable patronage, will name such prices for Regulation Suits and Overcoats as will prove a saving of at least two days' salary to each and every purchaser. Ask to see our particularly excellent \$10 Uniforms and Overcoats. It will not take you long to make up your mind that you have struck a good thing, and one that cannot be matched elsewhere. Our Uniform Department comprises everything which goes under the above heading, such as Postoffice, Military, Band, Policemen, Firemen, Hotel, Club and Railway Uniforms. Where specials are required we'll make them to measure at the lowest possible prices. We intend to give this department our best efforts and constant energy, so that it may speedily become renowned as the greatest uniform house in these United States. Traction Road Employes will do well to heed the above announce-



NOVEMBER NUMBER READY.

Scribner's Magazine The World's Fair at Chicago,

"CHICAGO'S PART IN THE WORLD'S FAIR." By Franklin MacVeagh The Grand Canal. By Henry James. Seventh article in the

series "Great Streets of the World." With many illustrations.

Conversations and Opinions of Victor Hugo. From Unpublished Papers found at Gournsey. By Octave Uzanne. Illus-Racing in Australia. By Sidney Dickinson. With many illus-

French Art.—III. Realistic Painting. By W. C. Brownell. With reproductions of pictures by Courbet, Cazin, Volion, L'Hermitte, Beraud, Manet, etc.

Stories of a Western Town.—IV. Mother Emeritus. By Octave Thanet. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. Sponge and Spongers of the Florida Reef. By Kirk Munroe. With Drawings by Perard, Chapman, Bacher.
Salem Kittridge, Theologue. His Second Excursion. By

Bliss Perry.

Miss Dangerlie's Roses. A story. By Thomas Nelson Page. Poems, Point of View, etc., etc. Price, 25c; \$3.00 a year.

Attention is called to the prospectus for 1893, which appears in this

CHARLES SCRIBNERS'SONS NEW YORK

Don't mean simply scrubbing the floors and woodwork. Your papered walls and ceilings accumulate as much dirt as any part of the house and it can't be cleaned, at least no one has yet made a success of that art. Anyway, new wall paper is cheaper. We have wall paper in our stock made by the following firms: Beck, Graves, Manhatten, Campbell, Gledhill, Strahan, Nevius & Haviland, Cary, Cresswell & Washburn, Janaway & Carpender, Mairs, Bartholomae, Wilson Fenimore, Warren Fuller, Frankford, Yerkes, Birge, Howell, Hobbs, Empire and all the leading factories of America. We mention these names because many dealers claim the exclusive control of them. These goods were all (but one) bought direct from the factories, thereby giving us our selections from each entire line. No other house in Pittsburg has this variety. We also keep a large line of Lincrusta Walton and picture moldings; also any number of paper hangers and painters. The dealers admit our prices are the lowest. All our papers above 5c are full length. This is more than many dealers in Pittsburg can We are receiving new goods (1893 patterns) and can please any fancy. We have a splendid line of special (1893 goods) 22-inch papers at 15c and any number of gold papers at 10c. Send for samples. Sent free to any address.

G. G. O'BRIEN,

Paint and Wall Paper Store, 292 FIFTH AVE., Three Squares from Court House.

LIQUORS MEDICINAL PURE OLD RYE WHISKIES CALIFORNIA PORTS, SHERRIES, Etc.,

The Only Licensed Drugstore in the City. G. EISENBEIS.

Successor to H. P. Schwartz & Co., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S GOCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutricition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Occoo, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored between which may save us many beavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built until strong enough to resust even knodency to disease. Hundreds of subtle mainters are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keepsing ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a property nourished frame." "Civil Service Gussette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Seld only in half-pound time, by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemista.

Jees-M-Tus