IN THE ARCTICS,

Mrs. Peary Tells How She

Provided for the Comforts

of the Kite Expedition.

ALL SORTS OF PERILS.

Wading Through ley Rapids and

Fighting Off the Cold.

Fitting Out the Little Home Under the Midnight Sun-Caring for the Lieu-

tenant's Broken Leg-How an American Woman Shoots Deer and Nar-

whal-A Trip That the Storm King

Spoiled-The Death of a Big Polar

Bear-Birthday Dinners With Low

Temperature-The Costume for a Woman Explorer-A Wonderful Story

Graphically Told.

KEEPING HOUSE

## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1892.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH, the members of both expeditions took their positions on the ice and were photographed by the light of the midnight sun in a temperature of 31°. We had Fourth of July

the members of both expeditions took their cubs, but did noget near enough to get a shot at them.

Seeing the Land by a Mirror.

The Kite next steamed along the shores corner of the house and this was kitchen faces at her image in a small mirror that I faces at her image in a small mirror that I had presented to her.

The fall and winter passed rapidly. My anxious time and the time that seemed longer than all the rest of our stay began May 3, when Mr. Peary left Redeliff for the inland ice, and lasted until August 6, when he returned from his 1,300 mile tramp. From May 3 until June, when the supporting party, consisting of Mr. Gibson and Dr. Cook, returned, I had been confined closely to Redeliff. corner of the house and this was kitchen and dining room in common and bedroom and dressing room for Mr. Peary and myself. Gradually the interior of the house began to assume a homelike appearance. We did not have an extension table, but the boys counted heads and made one just large enough to accommodate us comtortably. No allowance was made for company, as we did not expect to entertain to any The Kite next steamed along the shores f Northumberland and Herbert Islands, here we saw deserted settlements, and

then headed for Cape Ackland, near the head of Inglefield Gult. Before we had gone very far we were stopped by the ice, which extended in an unbroken floe from as we did not expect to entertain to any great extent. Our chairs were not inney shore to shore. After a consultation and a view of the country by Mr. Peary with the aid of a mirror which I held over the tranbut substantial ones, and, though it seemed at first as though I could not be comfortable on a chair without a back, I soon accusclosely to Redcliff.

About July 15 the boys expected to be through with their excursions and I inthrough with their excursions and I intended to take my vacation. I planned to take the tent and provisions for two weeks for Matt and myself and go to the head of McCormick Bay, where Mr. Peary expected to come off the ice, and there await his return. July 13 I left Redeliff for my camp. Matt had gone while the bay was still practicable for sledge travel, taking Ikwa and the dogs to help him with the load. I went on foot along the shore. tomed myself to it, and on my return to civilization had almost forgotten there were such things as chairs with backs, cushioned chairs and rockers. Our bedsteads were simply a framework, Fording in Ice Cold Water.

Our bedsteads were simply a framework, with a canvas stretched across for the bottom. Those in the large room were one over the other, after the manner of bunks on board ship. Ours was placed at the end of the little apartment 7 feet by 12, which had been partitioned off for our use, about three feet from the floor. In it I placed all the down I had gathered ou the Duck Islands, made into five large pillows which just covered the bottom of the bed. These were put on top of the contents of four oilskin bags, consisting of long, heavy woolen stockings, reaching to the hips, heavy woolen finger mittens, woolen hoods made of the ciderdown wool, and heavy woolen kidney protectors, besides ordinary woolen socks, stockings and mittens; all kuit by the loving hands of my dear mother, who When we reached the mouth of the river it was low tide, and I said, "I believe we can cross here now, and it would save five miles: suppose we try it." Matt stepped in and I followed. Oh, how cold the water was! It was above my kamik tops, but not above my knees, and I said, "Go on."

When we came to a rock about a quarter of the way aver ways compelled to climb of the way over we were compelled to climb on it and beat our feet and limbs. They were so numb that we could hardly contro the loving hands of my dear mother, who wove as many prayers for our safety as she did strands of wool into the garments.

them. Then on we went, but the last fourth of the distance was the deepest, the water coming above my knees. It took us 15 minutes to cross, and the temperature of the water was certainly not over 35°, for large and small pieces of ice were floating about in it. Then a goodly supply of soft woolen blankets were piled on and our bed was fit for a king. I ran a bamboo pole across the room, within a foot of the ceiling and a short distance from the bed, and on this I fastened the two silk American fiags a la portiere. These could be drawn in such a parameter at the completely hide the hed and The current was very strong in places, and had it not been for the boathook I had taken, on which to hoist a flag over the cache, I should have been swept off my feet manner as to completely hide the bed and Once across and our wet stockings

Curtained by the American Flag.

Once across and our wet stockings changed for dry ones, I did not regret coming, though Matt kept talking about the return. I thought we might be able to cross at the head of the lake without much discomfort, and so did not worry.

We found the cache after some little trouble, and I deposited a note and put up the flag. We continued our walk along the river bank toward the head of the lake. On the way Matt, who had taken my little All the walls of the house were hung with red blankets, the black striped border formred blankets, the black striped border forming a frieze around the rooms, and our room was carpeted with a warm, red carpet. The large coal stove was placed in the big room, just to the left of where the door opened into our room, and by allowing the door to remain open during the day we were kept warm enough. In addition I had the six oil stoves on which we did our cooking placed on a long box which we called the range, at one end of my room, and during the preparation of the meals, while these little furnaces were burning, we were uncomfortably warm in our little den. Besides, we faced the south, and the heat of the now constantly shining sun added very the now constantly shining sun added very materially to the warmth. In fact, one of the doors was almost always kept open.

August 8 was Matt's birthday, and we had made a rule to celebrate each one's birthday with a dinner, such as he might select from the stores. Matt's choice was

Stew of little Auks, with green peas, Brolled Eider Duck's Breast, Boston Baked Beans, Apple Pie.
Plum Duff, with brandy sauce,
Canned Peaches.
Coffee.

A cocktail made after Mr. Peary's own recipe, and which the boys afterward named "Redcliffe House cocktail," two bottles of Rhine wine and two Sauterne Frederick, the Pilot. helped to make the dinner success. gun, shot several specimens and a pair of A Snap Shot at Deer Hunters. long tailed ducks for our supper. On reaching the head of the big lake we found that it communicated with a smaller one by a deep, roaring torrent, which, although narrower than the river below, was still too wide and deep to be crossed. So on we went till we reached the end of the second lake. Mr. Peary laughingly told the boys to take their rifles, go out and bring back a deer, while I prepared the birthday dinner.

deer, while I prepared the birthday dinner.

After they had gone he surprised me by announcing that he intended to get up. Only the day before the doctor had taken the leg out of the box and put it in splints. When I saw that he had set his heart on making the effort I bandaged up the limb as well as I could, and helped him dress, then I brought him the crutches which Dr. Cook had kindly made, and he rose from the bed and came into the other room, where he and came into the other room, where he watched me prepare the feast, or the "feed," as our boys afterward called my similar celebration, which was to be served at 5 o'clock. A little after 5 o'clock I heard up my mind to leave so beautiful a scene. | must do it.

low tide. As we neared the shore we could see no familiar line of rocks which indi-cated a low tide, and on closer examination we were horrified to find a high low tide. Still we felt we must cross, and Matt started in, while I followed at his heels. The first step was over my knees, the next came mid high, and I backed out for I knew we were not near the deepest part, and besides the current was so strong I

Cold, Hungry and Discouraged.

I never allow a lady to stand, but it makes me mad to see a fellow slip into the seat I

vacate for her.



MR. MEANTWELL'S STREET CAR TROUBLES.

And I don't like to see two women squabble So I'll be dinged if I don't sit right here over the seat I offer. and let some one else be gallant.

Besides, we were now compelled to wait for low tide, which would be about 1 o'clock I suggested that we return to the cache, where we had left milk for the inland ice party, drink some of it, and then begin to climb to Nunatak Cache, a cache placed at the base of a Nunatak, at the edge of the in the morning, and cross where we did before. It was 9 o'clock P. M. when we
reached the mouth of the river again and
the tide was falling. Had we had something to eat, although we were both tired, I
think we would not have minded the waitthe base of a Nunatak, at the edge of the inland ice, by the inland ice party. I had my old enemy, the sick headache, brought on by lack of food, and consequently every step was agony. We walked and waiked until almost ready to drop with hunger, fatigue and lack of sleep, and then as we climbed above the fog into the warm sunshine we would sit down a few minutes, wranning our heads in our handkershipfs to

the tide was low.

ship has come), and two days later Dr.
Cook arrived and requested me to shorten
my stay in camp and return to Redeliffe
and help them entertain our friends, the
members of the relief party, which I did.
I remained at Redeliff until August 3,
when I accepted the invitation of Prof.
Heilprin to accompany his party on the
Kits to the head of the bay, where he intended to make a reconnoissance of the inland ice previous to starting on his search inland ice previous to starting on his search for Mr. Peary and Astrup. About 3 A. M. on August 6, while lying in my bunk, I heard the clash of cars and the shouts of the returning party. As the boat reached the vessel someone jumped over the rail and came tumbling down the companionway. My cabin door was hurriedly pushed open and my busband stood before me. Shooting Deer and Narwhal.

Shooting Deer and Narwhal.

August 8 we landed at Redeliff and August 9 Mr. Peary, Mr. Verhoeff and myself, with an Eskimo crew and Matt as their captain, started up Whale Sound and Inglefield Gulf to collect some specimens at neighboring settlements, which had been bought, but not delivered. We were absent a week and during this time it rained every day, and usually all day long. The experience in an open boat is one which I will not soon forget. However, we got ten deer, of which I shot three, and I killed my first and only narwhal.

August 24 we all boarded the Kite and steamed homeward. Everyone of us had a feeling of sorrow at leaving the good old Huskies, who had been so faithful to us and to whom our visit had given a glimpse of

to whom our visit had given a glimpse of the way other people live.

There seems to be prevalent an entirely mistaken idea of the style of dress adopted by me during my absence. When I left the United States I went fully equipped for a two-years' stay in the Arctic regions. While I did not labor under the delusion that the delusion of the transfer of the delusion of the delucion of th that anyone wintering in Greenland would surely freeze to death I did provide myself with an abundance of woolen clothing. Among other things I had heavy flanuel wrappers and finnel dresses consisting of skirt and jacket. I never for a moment thought of discarding my mode of dress for that of the Eskimo.

Mrs. Peary's Arctic Costumes. My costume in the house consisted of a Jaros combination suit-knickerbockers made of deerskin, a common sense waist and a heavy flannel wrapper cut walking length, deerskin stockings coming to the knee and kamiks made by the natives. Deerskin mittens and the deerskin koelytah, which had a close fitting hood attached to the neck band and was trimmed around

the face with foxskin and also had fox tails around the bottom of the sleeves, were added when I went out for my daily walk during the winter.
But I must make it plain that this mode of dress was only adopted during the months when the thermometer ranged from 25 above to 50 below zero. Anything warmer than 25 above, with no wind, was entirely too warm for furs if we were exercising at all, and my deerskin knickerbockers were exchanged for woolen skirts as soon as we had constant sunlight, except when I was making the 250-mile tour of Whale Sound and Inglefield Gulf in April. Then, although we had sunlight 24 hours out of the 24, I was riding on the sledge part of the time, and we always traveled by night, or rather during that part of the day when the sun was near and below the horizon, thus having the warment part of the day for cleaning.

the warmest part of the day for sleeping. JOSEPHINE DIEBITSCH-PEARY. Profitable Real Estate,

Have You Old Furs?

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR I

HE North and West Greenland expeditions of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences left New York June 6, 1891. It was only at this time that the general public became aware of the fact that I intended accompanying my husband, and numerous and harsh were the criticisms which appeared in the press.

However, Mr. Peary had foreseen this, and for that reason my going was kept quiet un-til I should be in a place and position where I would not be annoyed in the least. Strange, is it not, that I did not heed the advice of people who cared nothing for me, and, moreover, did not know what they were talking about and based their views



Mrs. Peary's Cross-Matched Team.

of the subject on the fact that no woman had ever before ventured into the Arctic regions, preferring rather to be guided by one to whom I was everything, who had visited Greenland only five years before | ined the leg and pronounced both bones

We left Godbaven on the afternoon of Monday, June 29, amid the firing of cannon and dipping of flags for Upernavik, the most northerly white settlement in the world. This we reached early the next morning, and we found there decay and apparent poverty. The houses were built in the mud and the natives had an exceedingly dirty and poverty stricken aspect.

A Salute to an American Woman I found Governor and Mrs. Beyer very pleasant people; Mrs. Beyer especially won my heart. While seated at the table the Governor rose, glass in hand, and said, "All honor to the American woman; for only to an American woman would we look for such a sacrifice-who follows her husband even into the dreary Arctic regions. May God bless her and keep her in safety! Mrs. Peary, I salute you.'

At the word "salute" the booming of the eannon in front of his house startled us for an instant, and then we understood this was

We left these pleasant people on the afternoon of the day of our arrival, Tuesday, July 1, and headed for the Duck islands, so called because the eider duck breeds there in thousands. Here we hoped to lay in a supply of ducks and eggs for our new home which should last us until the house was built and the hunting parties established. I was particularly anxious to have the eggs, for every housekeeper knows how necessary they are in the culinary department, and it was the only thing with which we could not provide ourselves at home

At 4 A. M. Captain Pike knocked at our door and said: "In half an hour we will be at the islands."

We rose at once and at 5 o'clock had a cup of hot coffee and went ashore. Thea began a day's sport such as I never expected to see. The ducks flew in thick flocks all about us, and on every side and all over this island were the nests, as large as a do-mestic duck's nest, but made entirely of eider down, each one containing from three to six eggs. The nests were not hidden, but were made right out on the ground, though so nearly the color of the rocks about them that, had it not been for the bluish white eggs, we might easily have passed them by.

Gathering the Down of the Eider. To my great disappointment we were too late for the eggs. They were already incubated. I did not take my gun ashore, as I had intended to denote my time to gathering the eggs, and now that this occupation was denied me I busied myself with gathering the down, leaving only enough in each nest to protect the eggs temporarily, for I knew the duck would pluck herself again and make up the amount I had taken. In five hours I gathered 43 pounds, which, cleaned and put in pillow cases made of cretonne, served us as a mattress in our cot at Redeliffe, and a very nice one it was. Altogether 97 ducks were shot, Mr. Gibson, the lion of the day, having alone shot 51,

The Glorious Fourth Celebrated. Immediately after dinner we steamed away and headed for the dreaded Melville Bay. In a few hours we ecountered the pack ice opposite the Devil's Thumb, and from this time, the evening of July 2, we rammed our way through the ice. There were days and days when we never moved. These were spent in shooting the gulls that hovered about the Kite and in hunting the scal out on the ice. At midnight of July 3 the ship's guns were fired, the flags which had been run up were dipped and greeted with a volley of small arms, then a toast was drunk to the Red, White and Biue, and

aid of a mirror which I held over the transom under which he lay, it was decided to try the shores of McCormick Bay for a site for our new home. A whole day was devoted to exploring these shores, as it was of the greatest importance that our house, once built, should be in the most favorable spot.

As soon as we landed on the south shore of the bay we saw a reindeer quietly grazing half way un the cliffs about a mix discipled. which the mate said could be seen from the crow's nest. After supper we bundled up ing half way up the cliffs, about a mile dis-tant. By his actions we could plainly see and went forward. Reclining on the forecastle we watched the old Kite grind her that the deer had not been disturbed in this way through the masses of heaped-up ice,

REDCLIFFE HOUSE FROM THE BEACH.

1,700 feet high. .

oushing them aside like so much foam, Then we would run against an extra hard floe, without making any impression on it whatever, but ride right up on it, and then gradually slide off and along the edge until we touched a weak place, when the floe would be shivered just as a sheet of taffy is shivered when struck a quick, sharp blow.

dinner, to which Captain Pike was invited.
At dinner I served Melville Bay punch,

which consisted of snow from the Melville Bay ice, with a mixture of rum, lime juice

and sugar poured over it, but I am sorry to say it was a failure, the rum and lime juice

being too strong in the mixture. Yet the

boys behaved beautifully, and even pre-

The Accident to Mr. Peary. Saturday, July 11, was, as usual, coid and

foggy, but at 5:30 P. M. we found ourselves

suddenly moving, and everyone hoped we

would be able to reach the open water,

We wated this interesting sight until about 8 o'clock, when Mr. Peary decided to go down into the cabin, I accompanied him as far as the bridge, and there I stopped to chat. Before going down, Mr. Peary stepped to the taffrail to take a look at the ice under the stem of the vessel. The Kite was backing at the moment, and as he leaned over the rail the rudder struck a particuiarly solid cake of ice, tearing the wheel from the helmsman's grasp, throwing him completely over on to the deck. As he regained his feet, he called to the officer on the bridge, "Stop her, sir, there is a man hurt." Although I had not noticed Mr. Peary step to the rail I could see him now leaning against it and knew it was he who was hurt. I do not know how I reached him, but I got to him before anyone else and found him pale as death, standing on his left leg and supporting his right one with hands above the knee.

Making the Injured Man Comfortable. In a few moments he was carried into the eabin by Dr. Sharp and Mr. Gibson, laid on the table and his boots and clothing cut from the leg. Drs. Holt, Hughes Sharp and Keely, of the West Greenland expedidition, and Dr. Cook of our party, exambroken above the ankle. The lear dressed and a box made for it, and the patient made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, on a bed made of rough boards, hastily nailed across one end of the little cabin and covered with blankets. I shall never forget how carefully and tenderly these gentlemen of the medical protession, as well as Mr. Gibson, handled my husband, and how kind and considerate all the members of the expedition were.

From Saturday until Tuesday I never losed my eyes, nor had any desire to do so. Then Dr. Cook insisted on my lying down, and knowing that I should break down if I did not get some sleep I did so while Dr. Cook sat with Mr. Peary. I fully intended to sleep only for an hour at the most, but knew nothing until the supper bell rang. I felt as if I had been dead so beavy was my sleep. This was the last time I slept in my bunk. Every night I took off my dress, put on a gray flannel wrapper, placed a pair of blankets on the cabin table, and here I slept, or rather lay, for I was up every hour of the night. I darkened the cabin, as we now had constant daylight, by pinning a blanket across the skylight, and then bung a blanket across the end of the table, so the boys could pass through the cabin without disturbing Mr. Peary.

Shooting a Polar Bear.

In this way we got along until we reached McCormick Bay, July 25, having only one excitement. It occurred on the evening of July 16, when Captain Pike came to the skylight and called "Mrs. Peary, come up; there is a bear coming directly toward the Kite." In a moment every one was crouching behind the rail, rifle in hand, ready to fire at the word from the Captain. In the meantime



A Corner in Mrs. Peary's Boudoir

this unsuspecting creature came steadily on, cream white in color against the dazzling background of snow and ice, with head up, and sniffing the air with his black tipped nose, now and then bounding into the air as a gull flew over his head, all unconscious of the 16 sifes ready to take his life.

the 16 rifles ready to take his life.

When within 60 yards of the ship he was When within 60 yards of the ship he was frightened at a shot fired at some gulls by one of the party out on the ice. He stopped, and seemed about to turn back. Our boys could hold back no longer, and a volley was fired. Down went the beautiful apimal on his knees, the snow stained crimson with his blood, but before the boys could fire again he was up and off toward a pool of water, whence he would certainly escape; but just as he reached it Mr. Gibson stopped him by a bullet in the base of the skull, and he rolled over quite dead. The boys were nearly wild with excitement, and soon had the bera alongside the Kite, and were busy weighing, measuring and skinning him. He measured 7 feet 1 inch and weighed about 600 pounds. The gentlemen who fired at some gulls by one of correct. What a relief to get under a shelter that did not rock and sway with every gust of wind, and where I could step about without sinking in mud to my onkies as starter for our winter larder.

Later on, we saw another bear with two

we would have no trouble in getting all the

We decided to build our house on the south shore, and early the next morning our boys, accompanied by some of the mem-bers of the West Greenland expedition, went ashore, armed with picks and shovels, and began to dig the foundation of our house at the foot of some red cliffs about

Beauty of Northland Scenery. Beauty of Northland Scenery.

Here, in the midst of a field of yellow poppies and yellow flowers, surrounded by great beds of the greenest of moss, watered by tiny rivulets which gurgled down from these bright red cliffs, stood the boys—some in red flannel shirts, some in white shirt sleeves and others scripped to the waist—digging up the earth which had never before been disturbed by man. The sun was shining bright and warm, and the little Kite out on the bay, surrounded by floes Kite out on the bay, surrounded by floes and chaos heaped ice, looked like a toy ship in contrast with high cliffs on one side and the huge bergs on the other. The boys worked until late at night and began again

early in the morning.

The longer I looked at these shores, which were to be my home for at least one and possibly two years, the better I liked them. With the aid of my mirror I again endeavored to show the beauties of the landscape to Mr. Peary, but I fear it was not satisfactory. At any rate, that afternoon he insisted upon having the tent put up near the sight of the house and being



carried into it. I made him a bed upon some patent fuel boxes, from which he could watch the progress of the house. Here also the boys could come to him for any information they might want, as they were all novices at the work. Two days after Mr. Peary was carried ashore all our provisions had been landed, with seven tons of coal from the Kite, the walls of the house were up and the floor down, and, altbough not a plank toward the roof had been nailed, he decided to turn the Kite over to Prof. Hellrrin that he might start over to Prof. Heilrrin that he might start on the return trip as soon as possible.

A Temptation to Return.

A Temptation to Return.

A Temptation to Return.

That same evening all our shipmates, including dear old Captain Pike and his officers and crew, bade us goodby, many of them expecting never to see us again. The captain pleaded with me to return with him, said it was next to impossible for me to stand the long cold, dark winter, and utterly impossible for me to stand the boat journey through Mellville Bay. But I remained firm in my determination to stay with my husband as long as he wished me to stay. That night all the boys slept on the Kite for the last time, Mr. Peary and I sleeping in the tent on shore. Had anything happened during the night the only help I could have had was from the Kite, lying half a mile from shore.

Early the next morning our boys landed, and the little vessel with our friends on board sailed for home. Overcome by sleep and exhaustion, I did not even hear the farewell shricks of the Kite's whistle, nor the cheers and shouts of the little party in the whaleboat, who were heading for the shore of the unknown Arctic country, away from friends and home.

It was, of course, very necessary that the house he under roof and the doors and

from friends and home.

It was, of course, very necessary that the house be under roof and the doors and windows in place, for although we had had beautiful weather for some time, no one could tell when it would change, and the little tent could not possibly give all of us shelter. So the boys worked away on the roof, singing and whistling, while the wind grew fresher and fresher and great clouds began to roll up from the south. I prepared our lunch of Boston baked beans, coffee and buscuit, and called the workers. Seated about on boxes and boards, inside and outside the tent, tin mess pans and spoons on their knees and cups of coffee beside them, they certainly did justice to the meal.

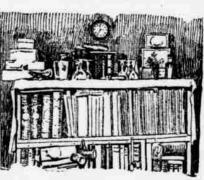
A Supper Under Difficulties.

Long before supper time it was raining in torrents and the wind constantly increasing in force and velocity until the boys were compelled to stop work and seek shelter in the half-roofed house. For supper we had corned beef, stewed tomatoes, biscuit and ten, served in the same sumptuous style as our lunch, except that some of the boys crowded in the tent, while others seized their mess pans and ran through the pour-ing rain into the house where the water was

footsteps, and, looking out, saw the boys straggling down the ciffs, each one carrying some portion of a deer. This was too much for Mr. Peary to bear quietly, and he hobbled out and asked me to bring his kodak, that he might immortalize the return of the first hunting party that left "Redeliff," as we now determined to call our house. The boys were jubilant over their success, and brought back appetites that nothing short of a birthday dinner could have satisfied.

Three days afterward we repeated the feasting, with a variation in the bill of fare in honor of the third anniversary of our marriage, and this time we sampled the venison, which we found so delicious that the boys were more eager than ever to lay in a stock for the winter. in a stock for the winter.

Interesting Esquimaux Assistants. The next day Mr. Peary sent all the boys except Matt in one of our whaleboats, the Faith, to search Herbert and Northumber-land Islands for an Esquimaux settlement, and if they were successful to induce a man and his wife to bring their family and settle



down near Redcliff House, the man to show us the best hunting grounds and assist in bagging all kinds of game and the woman to attend to making and keeping our skin boots or kamiks in order. They were also instructed to visit the "loomeries," as the breeding places of the birds are called, and bring back as many birds as they could get. The boys returned at the end of a week, bringing with them a native man named "Ikwa," his wife, "Mane," and two children, both little girls—"Annadore," aged 2 years and 6 months, and a baby of 6 months, whom we called "Noyab," short for "Now-yahrtlich." They brought their dog, a sledge, a tent, a kayak or cance, and all their housekceping utensils and articles of furniture, which consisted of two or three deerskins, on which the family slept; a stove furniture, which consisted of two or three deerskins, on which the family slept; a stove made of soapstone, in which they burned seal fat, and a dish or pot made of the same material, which they hang over their stove and in which they melt the ice for drinking purposes and also heat their seal and walrus meat, for we would hardly call it cooked when they take it out of the water.

The skin tent put up and these articles put in place the house was considered furnished and ready for occupancy. Wood being very scarce the tents were put up with narwhal tusks, which are more plentiful and answer the purpose. The tent itself is made of sealskin, tanned and sewed together with narwhal sinews.

Delighted With Little Gifts.

could hardly keep on my feet. What would I do in midstream. On hearing me say, "I cannot cross here," Matt came back and said, "No, I think it will be coniderably above the waist before we get So we tried it lower down, but with the same result. Even had we made up our minds to bear the cold water, we could not possibly stand up against the current. We then determined to try irin the lake, but were again unsuccessful. By this time we were pretty well drenched, and yet the only thing to do was to wait for the low tide of the next day, about 12 o'clock in the

We sat down on the rock, took off our stockings and kamiks, wrung the water out and then put them on again. I knew it would never do for us to sleep or even sit still in our wet clothes, and yet the prospect of 12 hours more of tramping, when we had already tramped 12-hours, with nothing to eat and the cold tog settling down on us, was anything but encouraging. Still, we must do it.

ing. However, we kept moving in order to keep warm, and at last it was time for wrapping our heads in our handkerchiefs to keep off the mosquitoes. As soon as we be gan to doze we were compelled to push on again. In this way we climbed through the ravine and in sight of the Nunatak, but it was impossible for me to go further. My limbs trembled under me and refused to act at my bidding. We turned back and I said to Matt, "I must have the boathook to help me across the river, for I shall never be able to stand up against the current." So he found a deer horn, to which he tied the flag, and we took the boathook with us to the river. Finally, at 12 o'clock noon, we recrossed the stream. It was deeper and the current stronger than the previous day, due to the fact that we did not wait until Return of Lieutenant Peary.

Two more thankful creatures never breathed than we when we found ourselves on dry land, on our side of the "kook" again. We were perfectly numb with cold, but by running and pounding our feet and limbs reached our tent in an hour. I dragged off my wet clothes and got into my sleeping bag, prepared a drink of hot water and whisky for us, and after Matt had cooked a meal we went to sleep and slept nineteen hours without waking. After I had been in camp a week I was surprised one morning early by the appear ance of one of our "Huskies" (Eskimo) with the news "Oomiaksoak tigalay" (a

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