

LOST IN ALASKA'S WILDS

LIEUT. CASTNER'S PERILOUS JOURNEY IN THE YUKON COUNTRY.

Terrible Hardships Suffered by His Little Expedition Party—Subsisting on Mule Flesh and Wolf Meat—They Set Out to Locate an American Trail to Circle City

The rigors of the Alaskan climate in the fall months and the difficulties which attend reconnoissances in the Yukon country are set forth in a report which has been received at the War Department from one of the exploration parties sent out to secure more accurate information regarding the most northern territory of the United States. A number of such expeditions are now making surveys, but nothing had been heard of them for several months, until Captain E. F. Glenn, Twenty-fifth Infantry, sent in a report of the experiences of Lieutenant J. C. Castner, Fourth Infantry, at the head of one of the small parties under his command. This report, dated October 13, details the experiences of Lieutenant Castner since leaving Captain Glenn at Camp Separation, on August 30 last, until his return to the mouth of Chena River on September 30, during which period nearly one hundred miles of territory were covered in an effort to reach Circle City.

The trip was abandoned on account of lack of food and the great privations encountered by Lieutenant Castner and the two enlisted men who accompanied him. The supplies, consisting of twenty days' short rations, blankets, axes, etc., were carried on two mules, named Weyler and Jack. The party met with many obstacles in crossing the Delta River, and narrowly escaped being drowned several times in the glacial waters. The mules were really an incumbrance much of the time, and they were taken across the streams with great difficulty. On one occasion one of the mules was used as a means of propulsion for a raft, but the animal was soon overcome by the cold and became a dead weight, causing the raft to be whirled round and round by the currents. The party was compelled to camp many nights without protection other than afforded by the blankets, and the trail followed led the men across numerous ravines, canyons and fallen timber. Weyler failed rapidly and delayed the party, and it was finally decided to abandon him, and part of his pack was transferred to Jack.

On September 7 Castner found his own strength failing for want of food, and the situation became more serious when it was discovered that the maps carried afforded little accurate information of the country. Eleven grouse killed on the 5th furnished food for the two succeeding days. At this time Lieutenant Castner made an effort to ford the river, but he was carried off his feet by the swift current and lost valuable tools. He was able to land on the shore about three-quarters of a mile from where he started to wade. On September 10 Jack showed signs of blind-staggers, and it was decided to kill him. Some of the meat was packed up and carried by the men. The trail continued across streams and over the roughest kind of roads, which apparently had never before been traversed, the party much of the time being compelled to make a trail.

On September 13 the streams swelled to the proportions of mountain torrents, full of long rapids, the strength of the men dwindled, and it was decided to abandon everything except the food and firearms. On September 14 the party made eleven miles over mossy roadways, which impeded their progress greatly. The next day the men walked with bleeding feet over rough rock, suffering pain at every step. The supply of food was reduced to two weeks' stock of tea and coffee, a slice of bacon for supper, and another for breakfast. Ahead of the party was a mountainous country. There was no sign of a divide and no evidence of the Yukon waters, while, if the men had been in the best physical condition, it would have taken a week to have gone over the hills; then there was the risk that they would find nothing on the other side. It was here that Castner decided to retrace his steps with the hope of reaching the body of the mule which had been killed. On September 16 the party was without a particle of food, coffee constituting the morning meal. Fortunately Castner killed two ducks, and these served as the food for supper.

On September 17 the party subsisted in the morning on coffee, and later in the day one of the soldiers encountered three wolves. He fired six shots before he killed one of the animals, which proved to be a young Yukon wolf, the meat of which was speedily cooked and proved most welcome to the tired and hungry explorers. Lieutenant Castner says it tasted much like mutton.

On September 18 the party became discouraged at the slow progress made, and Castner determined to build a raft. The blankets which had been abandoned were recovered, and ribbons from them were used to tie the logs together. Castner being without an axe, the roots of the trees used were burned. The next day the party embarked, and were swept along by the swift current with tremendous velocity. On suddenly rounding a curve in the river the raft and its occupants were thrown in and under a huge timber jam, everything the men possessed being lost, and one of them came near drowning. They reached the shore with great difficulty and walked ten miles in their stocking feet. On September 20 the dead mule was found, and portions of the body secured, on which the party subsisted for a few days. From this time until September 30 these three men lived on berries and roots and slept without cover, walking with bleeding feet sixty-five miles in six days until they reached an Indian encampment. They were hospitably received and every possible attention given them.

OBJECT LESSON IN THRIFT

WHAT A LIFE OF FRUGALITY HAS DONE FOR VICTOR WILLIAMS.

He is an Eccentric Old Capitalist in New York State—Deals in Farm Mortgages Principally—His Famous Bootleg Bank—Disposition of His Wealth.

Victor Williams, who is reputed to be worth nearly \$200,000, and whose mortgages, leases and contracts blanket many a farm in the towns of Lyme, Lorraine and Cape Vincent, walked into Watertown from Three-Mile Bay, where he lives with a nephew and "does chores for his board," on a recent Wednesday, says the Syracuse Herald, carrying slung across his arm a well-blackened pair of cowhide boots, in which were stowed away big rolls of greenbacks, aggregating many thousands of dollars, besides other securities riveting in value the contents of many a country bank vault.

The old capitalist had been on a collecting tour among the farms of the mentioned towns, gathering in the interest on his mortgages and stuffing it into his bootleg banks, and coming to Watertown deposited his gatherings in the vaults of certain of the city banks, after which he started out to walk back to the farm, leaving early that he might reach home in time to take care of the farmer's stock.

In appearance the old man, who must have passed his eightieth birthday, is suggestive of anything but a capitalist, as his cowhide boots, which he always carries with him on his trips, are suggestive of anything but the depositories of money and securities. He wears, winter and summer, a well-patched pair of brown denim overalls stuffed into a pair of long-legged rubber boots, while his faded coat is belted around his stooped and bent body by a piece of cloth-line with an iron ring in lieu of a buckle. His gray hair protrudes from beneath a low-drawn Scotch cap, and his shrewd and wrinkled visage is framed with a fringe of gray beard. His eyes, in spite of his eighty years, are as keen as a hawk's, and he never for an instant allows his glance to wander from his bootleg banks.

This little, bent and shabbily dressed man has made every cent of his wealth by industry, frugality and strict economy, and every penny of his possessions has been honestly accumulated. He was born on a little, rocky farm near the Burnt Rock schoolhouse, in the town of Lyme, some eighty years ago, and after attaining his majority worked for neighboring farmers in summer and taught district schools in winter for several years, but evidently gave up wielding the birch and spent his life up to a few years ago as a farm hand in unremitting toil, often working in the field for the scant wages of the "hired man" on farms he could have owned in his own name simply by foreclosing the mortgage he held thereon and which reposed in his cowhide boots.

As he received his board and got his "washing and mending" done gratuitously on the farms where he toiled, he was able to save nearly every cent of his wages. The first dollar earned by him he still keeps, and has kept ninety-nine out of every one hundred, he says, earned since. Like many another man, he found that the hardest struggle was to save the first \$1000. Since that was saved and its interest commenced to pile up, the rest, he says, has been easy.

A few years ago he gave working among the farmers for wages, and has since lived with his nephew near Three-Mile Bay, but has by no means been idle. Periodically he slings his pair of cowhide boots across his arm and starts out on a collecting tour, taking along his papers and making new leases and contracts as occasion requires. He has never, it is said, paid a lawyer a cent, always securing a compromise in any difference which has arisen between himself and his tenants. As he owns no farms in his own name, only holding mortgages, etc., he is little bothered by the taxgatherer. He is said to have very definite opinions regarding the income tax law and the taxation of mortgages.

Just what disposition Victor Williams will make of his wealth when he arrives at the end of his accumulating, none of his friends has the remotest idea. He never married, his entire attention having always been concentrated upon the accumulation of wealth, and he has but few living relatives. It is said by those most familiar with the eccentric old man that it is his purpose to set apart the greater part of his wealth for the building and endowing of an agricultural college, to be located near Watertown, while others maintain that the building of an industrial school, such as that erected by the beneficence of the late Thomas S. Clarkson, at Potsdam, is his cherished object. To a kinsman he is said to have once stated that he would set aside a certain sum to erect a monument, which should be surmounted by a figure copied after himself, bearing slung across the arm a pair of boots. To another friend here he is alleged to have once said that more than \$100,000 has passed through his bootleg banks during the years in which he has used them for garnering and carrying wealth.

Paris Mushroom Caves.

One of the most interesting sights around Paris is the mushroom caves, which are nothing more or less than tunnels containing at intervals of a few feet small beds of fertilizer mixed with virgin soil. The caves where mushrooms are grown are especially prepared and great care and attention are given to their keeping and perfect preservation.

BATTLE IN THE WOODS.

Remarkable Duel Between a Big Bear and a Bull Caribou.

The only enemies the caribou has to fear among wild animals are the black bear and the lynx. The latter is very destructive to the young in the spring and summer months. The efforts of brain in stalking and pulling down unwary stragglers from the herd are more successful than is commonly supposed. In the mating season, however, the bull caribou, like the goat that tackled the grindstone, has the courage of his convictions, and, unless taken unawares, is apt to give the bear a very stiff argument. Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, New Brunswick, in October, 1897, was the witness of a remarkable battle between a large black bear and a bull caribou. From subsequent examination of the ground it appeared that the bull was accompanied by three cows and a fawn. The bear had evidently crept up on the fawn and killed it with one stroke of his paw, when the bull appeared and attacked the bear in a most valiant manner, the cows running off in the bush. Adam was just paddled up the dead-water from camp and was lifting his canoe over an old beaver dam when he heard a rumble on the bank a few rods up stream. He paddled close to the combatants, but they paid no heed to his presence. The bear refused to give up the dead fawn, but seemed to be handicapped by a guilty conscience. Whining as if in protest at the unfriendly treatment he was receiving, he sat bolt upright defending himself with his fore paws as the agile caribou circled him. The latter animal seemed to be wild with rage, and his movements, as he tried to impale the bear, were so rapid that Adam could scarcely follow him. The bear parried the blows of his assailant adroitly, but wore a bored expression as if he really wished a general disarming as long as nobody interfered with him. Adam noticed that the caribou's neck was bleeding from an open wound and that the bear had been gored in the breast and flank. Anxious as he was to see the issue of the fight, his sympathy for the caribou was too strong to be resisted and he brought down the bear with a well-aimed shot. Even when his enemy was dead the caribou continued to strike at him with his saucer-like hoofs, while Adam silently watched him from the deadwater. Then, being apparently convinced that he had slain his hated foe, the bull uttered a loud grunt of triumph and rambled off in search of the harem.

Objected to Fells.

The late Admiral Kirkland, known in the service as "Red Bill," was a popularly understood; brave and fearless, possessed of many general qualities, but a strict disciplinarian, with the greatest horror of anything like "indecent" or affectation among his young officers.

On one occasion the Admiral received a visit from a recently appointed young officer.

"How do you do, sir; how do you do?" said the little midshipman.

"How do you do?" said the Admiral grandly.

"I suppose you got all of my telegrams, Admiral, did you?" asked the young officer, trembling at the rather ungracious attitude of his superior officer.

"What telegrams do you refer to?" asked the Admiral. "I got no telegrams."

"I am very, very sorry," said the young man, now thoroughly frightened at the Admiral's attitude. "I telegraphed that I was coming from almost every station, sir." Admiral Kirkland turned in his chair and glowered at his little subordinate.

"Why do you suppose that I care whether you came or didn't come? Never presume to do that again, sir." And the poor little officer, thoroughly abashed, slunk out of the room.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Birds Which Soar High.

Very few people realize at what tremendous heights birds sometimes traverse the air. Herons and wild ducks, geese and swans, when traveling long distances, fly at greater heights often as much as 2000 feet. But it is the hawk, and more particularly the vulture tribe, that constantly wing the air at far greater limits than these. The common buzzard spies for carrion suspended a mile above the earth, and the great condor of the Andes has been watched through a powerful telescope floating at the amazing height of 27,000 feet, over five miles above the sea level.

Second Hurt Cured the First.

A young man, employed in a bookbindery in Portland, while playing ball about a year ago, received an injury to one of his fingers, which, to all appearances, would be permanent, and he never expected to get relief. But a few days ago he was at work in the bookbindery when his finger was crushed, and a surgeon was summoned, who, to his great surprise, found that this second injury had completely remedied the original hurt, and he was able to announce that when well the finger would be perfectly normal in shape.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

Fox Terrier Cracks and Eats Nuts.

A lively little fox terrier owned by a family uptown has developed a strange habit. In his afternoon rambles now he stops before a grocery store in front of which, among other things, there is usually an open box of table nuts. Picking up two or three nuts in its mouth the dog runs away with them to its master's house, a few doors off. There, stretching itself on a rug in front of the door, the dog holds a nut between its paws, cracks it with its teeth like a squirrel, and eats it with relish.—New York Sun.

A PHILIPPINE CEMETERY.

The Reason Why Graves Are Not Dug in the Ground.

Paco cemetery, near Manila, is a characteristic burying ground, a small circular piece of land with two thick and high concentric walls some distance apart, the outer one enclosing the cemetery. In these walls, and not in the ground, the dead are buried, in innumerable narrow niches running deep into the wall. When the body is once put in, the niche is walled up and a tablet is placed to mark the spot. The reason that graves are not dug in the ground is that at a depth of two feet water is found. The cemetery is managed on the plan of a boarding house. The deceased's friends pay his board for four years, and if at the end of that time they do not pay again the niche is broken open and the remains are thrown into the bone-pit. Sometimes not even this courtesy is shown to the dead, for I saw a coffin and part of a corpse thrown over the back wall of a cemetery into somebody's rice field.

On the first of November, towards evening, Paco cemetery is a very interesting sight. The two concentric rings of walls blaze with the light of thousands of candles and small lamps. About these two blazing rings a great crowd moves. Individuals stop now and then before the niche of some dead friend, as, on the promenade of any European watering-place, people stop to speak to each other.

I never knew before what became of all the Derby hats of bygone years, but now I know that they are sent out to the Philippines. Little native men, in epick and span shirts with the tails floating to the wind, wear Derbys of every conceivable shape, some perched on the top of their heads after the fashion of the Irish music-hall comedian, some covering their faces and ears with voluminous curved brims. Little Philippine women with stiff clean pina dresses and black gauze veils over their heads, looking neat and wholesome, swing along with that peculiar undulatory motion of the body which reminds one a little of the snake. Mestizo girls, in costumes which are not quite Philippine, and certainly not European, hold their heads high and sniff at the common people as befits their superior caste. Spanish women, in dresses after the Paris fashions in the sixties, hang indolently on the arms of gallant Spanish officers who carry themselves with the haughty pride of conquerors. And, finally, Jimmy Green, in an ill-fitting brown duck suit with a flannel shirt and a campaign hat, slouches along to see the sights.

At the end of the cemetery is a chapel, where for a small consideration masses will be said to get the suffering souls out of purgatory. Indeed, "All-Souls' Day" is the only day in the year when souls in purgatory have a chance to get out. Back of the church is the "bone-yard," a long trench where the skulls and bones of people that have failed to pay their rent are thrown. A rather pretty Filipino girl, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette at the end of this pit, gave a "light" to one of our party. Her escort climbed down into the "bone-yard," and picking up a skull, muttered something in Tagalo. It might have been "Alas! poor Yorick!" for all we knew. The relic-hunter among us asked the man, in Spanish, to give him the skull to take home as a memento.

"Oh, senor," answered the Tagalo, "if you take it home, it will jump about at night, and give you no rest until you either break it or bring it back here!"

"But if I get the padre to sprinkle holy water on it?" asked the relic-hunter.

"Bah! What can the padre do?" replied the irrelevant Tagalo.—Harper's Weekly.

Blind Fishes in Cuba.

According to Dr. Gill, Cuba is also remarkable for two species of blind fishes, distantly related to the cod family and otherwise represented only in deep sea forms. They have, after many years, adapted themselves to the fresh water of the caves in which they have become isolated and have lost their sight after living many generations without seeing daylight. In Cuba there are also some fresh water "gar pike," curious because of their resemblance to alligators. This similarity in appearance is suggested by the "gar pike's" hard, bony scales, which will resist musket shot, as also by its snout, conspicuously crocodile-like. Other fresh water fishes of Cuba are related to similar species of South America, Mexico and southwestern United States. Those related to our species are some forms of killifishes and mummichogs. The only food fish in Cuban water is a large mullet, which has wandered inland from the sea.—Washington Star.

Wool Made From Pine Needles.

An industry common to Europe, but heretofore unknown in this country, says a Western paper, is being established at Grant's Pass, Oregon, by Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cords. It is the manufacture of pine needles into a fabric, similar to woolen cloth, and the forests of Oregon provide more and better material for this industry than any other place in the world. While Mr. and Mrs. Cords are enthusiastic, they are practical minded, and will "make haste slowly." They intend, first, to make material of the consistency of excelsior mattresses; after that they will manufacture the wool which is used for underclothing, handkerchiefs and other such purposes, where a soft pilable fabric is required. Only the inner fabric of the needles can be used for the latter, and the process is expensive, but not more so than of the manufacture of lamb's wool.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WIPING OUT WRINKLES.

Massage Treatment Will Restore to the Face Its Delicate Smoothness.

One of the most difficult problems a woman must solve in her quest for beauty is how to retain a good complexion and keep away wrinkles. Wrinkles in the face come in obedience to certain commands of nature, and they can, to a great extent, be banished by forcing nature, who gets a little bit tired as the year goes on, to take a tonic, brace up and do her work.

Not only has lace its use in the toilet; it finds an appropriate place in bedspreads, doilies, and scarfs for bureau and table ornamentations. For these homelier uses a heavier and more elaborate style of lace is chosen than for the daintier needs of the toilet.—Harper's Bazar.

The Taste of Queens.

A French journal on the subject of tastes and wardrobes of royal women says that Margherita, Queen of Italy, is devoted to white, and that the Queen Regent of Spain, on the other hand, accomplished in all things, is always gowned with the elegant simplicity of a woman of taste. The simplest of all European sovereigns is the Queen of the Belgians, who prefers a quiet, domestic life to the limited existence of royalty, regarding expensive costuming as an unpleasant but necessary adjunct to court festivities. The Princess of Wales avoids colors and has given a vogue to tailor suits, with a high collar, which is invariably her day gown. In the evening Her Royal Highness makes up for the plainness and simplicity of the day by wearing the most superb gowns and jewels.

Attractive New Coats.

The new coats for youthful wearers are notably jaunty and attractive, with little or no change in the general effect, some double-breasted, with turn-down collar and expensive buttons, others single-breasted, with small pointed revers, one deep bias dart giving a decided curve to the sides, and very close fitting at the back, with not a fold, wrinkle, or ripple visible. The lower part of the front on many jackets is deeply rounded below the waist-line, making the jacket considerably longer there than on the sides or at the back.

A Woman Colonel.

Miss M. S. Shepherd, of Bryan, is the only woman in Texas, and one of the very few in the United States, who is entitled to be addressed as "colonel." She was recently appointed colonel on the staff of General Cabell, of the United Confederate Veterans. Miss Shepherd is a native of Texas. She was educated in Nashville and holds an M. A. degree from the university of that city. She is a prominent member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, having organized the L. S. Ross Chapter at Bryan.

Smart Colored Handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs of pale blue, pink, green or lilac linen, checked with a contrasting shade, are considered quite smart with outdoor costumes. Conservative people prefer pure white linen, plain or set with a bit of dainty embroidery or fine lace.

Fashion's Newest Phases.

One handsome lorgnette chain has disks of amber joined by links of gold.

Fancy handkerchiefs with colored hemstitched borders and colored embroidery are revived again.

Scalloped edged embroideries are numbered among the season's novelties. Fringes also are in favor.

Velvet, in applied effects and bands, is one of the popular trimmings for cloth gowns. Stitching on velvet is effective.

Neck scarfs and fichus are edged with fringe, and cloth gowns display a single or double row of deep silk fringe across the front.

A high-necked lace bolero cut with little epaulettes over the shoulders, the lace forming scallops on the edge, is a pretty addition to a white chiffon bodice made with elbow sleeves.

Street jackets for the season are either buttoned close down the front or turned back in revers to the waist line, or made double-breasted, fastening from the shoulder down on the left side.

A solid plaid in white goods makes up attractively and with a certain style of its own. Figured white has the advantage that it does not show every wrinkle, as do the plain goods. A waist made of the white plaid with sleeves and yoke of the plain is very pretty.

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A Bit of Lace.

The possessor of even the smallest bit of choice lace should regard it as a treasure and keep it among her precious things. Lace, though so fragile, is nevertheless among those imperishable articles which, handed down in families, go from mother to daughter, and are as useful to the third generation as they were to the first. A certain fine sentiment clings to the lace which has been used at

Diagram for Face Massage.

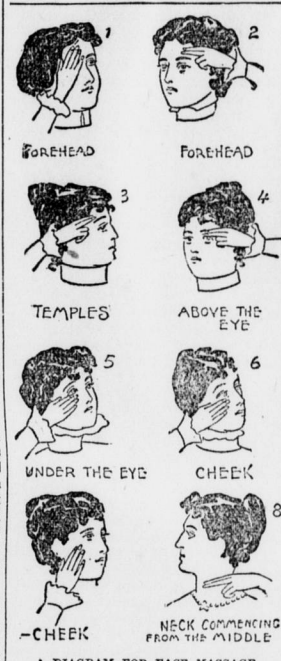


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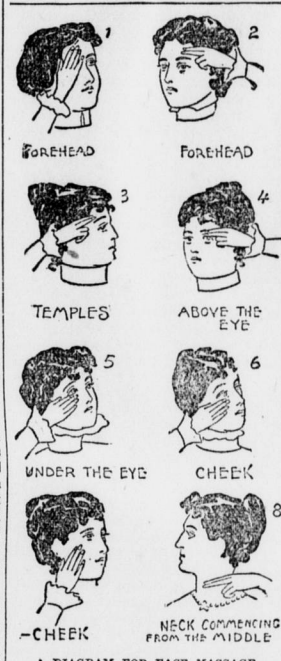


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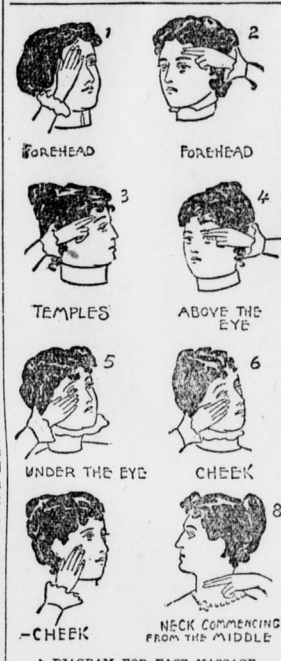


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