

STILL UNEXPLORED.

THE LARGEST VOLCANO IN ALASKA
DEFIES APPROACH.

Many Attempts Have Been Made to Reach the Giant, but It Lies So Far North That the Absence of Vegetation Has Rendered It Inaccessible.

The grandest mountain of North America has not yet been visited by explorers.

It is an active volcano called Wrangell, located in the interior of Alaska, and its frost-breathed dome forms presumably the apex of the continent.

Mount Wrangell lies about 300 miles north of the celebrated Mount St. Elias and is in the center of a region enshrouded in mystery. Gigantic mountain ranges rise like terraces one upon the other, guarding in their midst this snowy monster of the north.

About forty years ago a party of Russian explorers on the Copper river, of Alaska, first sighted the peak away to the northeast, and being duly impressed with its majesty conferred upon it the title of their honored governor, Baron Wrangell. They made no attempt, however, to reach the mountain, it being in the country of hostile natives and presenting such apparently insurmountable obstacles to approach.

Several other companies of Russians made partial ascents of the Copper river about the same time and met with disaster. One party of seventeen, under Seberinikoff, was massacred by the natives. No new knowledge of the Copper river was obtained, and no approach was made to the volcano.

It was not until 1884 that another attempt was made at exploration in the Copper river region. Then Lieutenant Allen, one of the most daring men who ever entered Alaska, forced his way with several white companions up the Copper nearly to its source and circled half way around the Mount Wrangell district, viewing the mighty peak from a distance of forty or fifty miles, but finding no opportunity to reach and ascend it. Indeed he was on the verge of starvation at the time and it would have been suicide to have attempted to scale the snowclad heights.

The terrible experiences of Allen discouraged further explorations by way of the Copper, and when, in 1890, I entered Alaska for the second time, I attempted to reach Mount Wrangell by a new avenue of approach, viz., from the northeast. This route necessitated an overland march of 300 miles from the Yukon river, and when provisions became exhausted my party was still fully forty miles from the volcano and tangled up in a labyrinth of mountain ranges. Gigantic peaks, snowclad, devoid of vegetation and animal life, barred our progress in front, and an attempt to scale them, with nothing to eat and naught in sight, would have been sheer madness. So a circle was made to the northwest, crossing Allen's trail, and we forced a way to the Yukon, 700 miles distant, barely escaping starvation.

In 1891 Lieutenant Schwatka, famous as an explorer of the Yukon, tried his hand at traversing the southern border of the Mount Wrangell domain. He proceeded overland from Fort Selkirk, on the upper Yukon, piercing an unknown district and emerging on the Copper river south of Mount Wrangell. He also had a close call from starvation.

These few explorations constitute the sum total of the discoveries in the vicinity of Mount Wrangell up to date. Several sketches of the volcano have been made as it appears from a distance, but no accurate information concerning it has yet been obtained.

It appears to be fully as high as Mount St. Elias, and may be even higher. The natives living in the vicinity are superstitiously afraid of venturing near the volcano, and this fact adds to the interest which surrounds it. I believe that Mount Wrangell can be reached by explorers who will establish depots of supplies, projecting one post beyond another and arranging for the systematic forwarding of the provisions to the terminal. No food can be depended upon in this region after leaving the river except that brought in by the explorer. The scaling of Mount Wrangell heights would require many days, but could probably be accomplished.

There is apparently little chance that

Mount Wrangell will ever be reached from the direction of Mount St. Elias, that is, from the south. It is proper to state that the region between Mount St. Elias and Mount Wrangell is the only glacier field in Alaska. A few isolated glaciers can be found elsewhere along the coast, but in four-fifths of the interior no snow or ice exists during the summer. A dense wilderness of coniferous surrounds the ice region and blankets the country for hundreds of miles eastward. The volcano of Mount Wrangell offers today a unique field for the explorer and the professional mountain climber.—Cincinnati Post.

A Cruel Test.

A good looking, well to do young man was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not getting married. He said: "I'll marry the girl of your club whom, on a secret vote, you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner, and used great caution in preparing her ballot, and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up and the girls are all mortal enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.—Detroit Free Press.

Do not neglect your paint brushes. Dip them in an old can containing benzine, kerosene or turpentine, then wash thoroughly with soap and hot water. Pearline is even better than soap; it removes the color rapidly and does not injure the bristles if they are well rinsed in clear water afterward. Put your brushes in a jar, handles down, and leave them to dry. One of the oddest sights in an artist's studio is the number of brushes disposed in various artistic bits of pottery in nooks and corners.

Some painters pride themselves on owning many hundreds of brushes of every possible style and size. Handsome brushes are ruined if left dirty; it makes the hairs come out, but the large brushes used in common work will not be injured by being left in water over night if you intend to use them for the same colors next day.

Burn your paint rags when you have done with them. Oily rags are very inflammable and sometimes take fire spontaneously when left in a heap in some corner.—Harper's Young People.

King Humbert's Stables.

The stables of King Humbert of Italy are exceptionally fine, and contain at present nearly 150 horses, chiefly English bred. The double row of stalls forms a regular street, so beautifully kept that it is a pleasure to walk through it, and each animal has his name printed in large letters on a little board above the manger. Among the English horses may be noticed such names as Flirt, Milord, Lawn Tennis, Epsom and Gentleman.

Up stairs are the state carriages and those used on special occasions. Some of these are magnificently upholstered in white satin. The carriage in which the queen drives every day is very plain, but this simplicity is counteracted by the brilliant scarlet liveries of her coachman and footmen.—London Tit-Bits.

The Lady Was Not the Ghost.

An Irish family once had a ghost so troublesome that they sent for detectives. One of these men late at night fell asleep in his chair. The lady of the house chanced to come into the room and could not resist the temptation to groan and rattle her keys. She had never played ghost before; it was a momentary indiscretion. But the policeman did not, and could hardly be expected to, believe this. He said it was hardly worth while to bring him from Dublin, and he withdrew in dudgeon. Yet the lady was not really the ghost. He was sulking in retirement. Hence doubt has been cast on the ghosts of haunted houses, even among reflecting minds.—London Illustrated News.

Why the Negro Stands Heat.

The African is better protected against the evil effects of the excessive heat than his white brother in two ways. The texture of his cuticle is exceptionally well adapted to encourage free perspiration and his natural temperament does not incline him to borrow trouble largely.—Chicago Herald.

A MESSAGE FROM PARADISE.

Why mean you by this weeping
To break my very heart?
We both are in Christ's keeping,
And therefore cannot part.
You there—I here—though severed,
We still at heart are one;
I only just in sunshine,
The shadows scarcely gone.
What if the clouds surround you,
You can the brightness see,
'Tis only just a little way
That leads from you to me.
I was so very weary,
Surely you could not mourn,
That I a little sooner
Should lay my burden down.
Then weep not, weep not, darling;
God wipes away all tears,
'Tis only "yet a little while,"
Though you may call it—years.
—Exchange.

Eluding the Officers.

Here is an amusing description of one of Balzac's periods of impecuniosity. Mery, the poet, a great friend of Balzac's, was an inveterate gambler and rarely left the card table before day-break. His way lay past the Cafe de Paris and for four consecutive mornings he had met Balzac strolling leisurely up and down dressed in a pantalon a pieds (trousers not terminating below the ankle, but with feet in them like stockings) and frock coat with velvet facings. The second morning Mery felt surprised at the coincidence, the third he was puzzled, the fourth he could hold out no longer, and asked Balzac the reason of these nocturnal perambulations roundabout the same spot.

Balzac put his hand in his pocket and produced an almanac showing that the sun did not rise before 3:40. "I am being tracked by the officers of the tribunal de commerce and obliged to hide myself during the day, but at this hour I am free and can take a walk, for as long as the sun is not up they cannot arrest me."

A Plucky Captain.

A yeomanry regiment of Devonshire was enacting a sham fight, when a Captain Prettyjohn was ordered to retreat before a charge of the enemy.

"Retreat! what doth that mane!" inquired the captain. "Retreat meanth running away, I zim; then it shall never be told up to Dodbrook market that Cap'n Pridgen and his brave men rinned away."

Accordingly, as the enemy came on, bearing down upon him at a rapid trot, he shouted to his troop:

"Charge, my brave boys, charge! Us baint voxes and they baint hounds! Us'll face 'em like men!"

The collision, as one might guess, was awful. Men, horses and accouterments strewed the ground on every side, and several troopers were more or less injured.—Youth's Companion.

Buddhist Ceremonies.

Some Buddhist ceremonies present a striking analogy to certain Christian rites. Dr. Medhurst says: "The very titles of their intercessions, such as 'goddess of mercy,' 'holy mother,' 'queen of heaven,' with an image of the virgin having a child in her arms holding a crescent, are all such striking coincidences that the Catholic missionaries were greatly stumbled at the resemblances between Chinese worship and their own when they came over to convert the natives to Christianity."—London Standard.

Turpentine for Corns.

The cheapest and surest remedy for either hard or soft corns is turpentine. If a little of this is rubbed on a corn every evening for about two weeks the corn and roots will both come entirely out and will not reappear in any form. If the turpentine runs onto the adjoining skin it will cause a little soreness, but otherwise the remedy is as painless as it is efficient.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Frenchman has succeeded, it is said, in producing an excellent driving belt by parchenting the leather instead of tanning it. The belts have greater durability and do not stretch.

The most expensive legislature in the world is that of France, which costs annually \$3,600,000,000. The Italian parliament costs \$430,000 a year.

The Greeks sometimes buried their dead in the ground, but more generally cremated them in imitation of the Romans.

LEFT FOR DEAD.

A Brave Though Reckless Hunter's Remarkable Escape from a Bear.

Some years ago, writes Henry Howe, the historian of the western pioneers, a party of trappers were on their way to the mountains, led, we believe, by old Sublette, a well known captain of such expeditions. Among them was John Glass, who had been all his life among the mountains, and had seen numberless exciting adventures and hairbreadth escapes. On the present expedition he and a companion were one day passing through a cherry thicket in the Black Hills when Glass descried a large grizzly feeding on pignuts. He at once gave the alarm and both men crept cautiously to the skirt of the thicket. They took careful aim and fired their guns at the same moment. Both balls took effect, but not fatally. The bear, growling with pain and fury, charged upon his foes.

"Run for it, Bill," shouted Glass, "or we'll be made meat of sure as shootin!" Both men bolted through the thicket, but the heavy brush obstructed their progress, while the weight and strength of the grizzly bore him on, and he was soon close upon the men. They managed to get through the thicket, however, and were hurrying across a little opening toward a bluff when Glass tripped and fell. Before he could rise the bear was upon him!

Glass did not lose his presence of mind, but discharged his pistol in the brute's face. The next moment the bear, blood streaming from his nose and mouth, struck the pistol from his enemy's hand and, fixing his claws deep into the poor man's flesh, rolled with him to the ground. The hunter struggled manfully and drew his knife and plunged it several times into the body of the furious animal, which was tearing his face and body, baring the bone in many places. Glass, weak from the loss of blood, at length dropped his knife and fell over in a faint.

Bill, who had watched the conflict up to this moment too badly dazed and terror stricken to do anything, now thought Glass was dead, and ran to the camp with the awful tale. The captain sent a man back to the spot with Bill. They found the bear dead and stiff, lying on the body of the unfortunate hunter, whom they likewise called dead. His body was torn and lacerated in a shocking manner, and the bear, besides the three bullets in his body, bore the marks of twenty knife stabs, showing how desperately Glass had fought.

The two men collected their late comrade's arms, removed his hunting shirt and moccasins, and left him beside the carcass of the grizzly. They reported at the camp that they had buried him.

In a few days the hunters moved on, and soon the fate of poor Glass was in a measure forgotten. Months elapsed, the hunt was over and the trappers were returning with their pelts to the trading fort. On their last evening out, just as they were making ready to camp, a horseman was discerned coming toward them, and when he drew near the hunters saw a lank, cadaverous form, with a face so scarred and disfigured that scarcely a feature was normal.

"Bill, my boy," called the stranger, as he rode up, "you thought I was gone under that time, did you? Hand over my horse and gun. I ain't dead yet by a long shot!"

What was the astonishment of the party to hear the well known voice of John Glass, whom they had supposed dead and buried. The two men who had left him for dead, and thus made their report, were horrified.

Glass, it appeared, after the lapse of he knew not how long a time, gradually recovered consciousness. He lived upon the carcass of the bear for several days, until he had regained sufficient strength to crawl, when, tearing off as much of the meat as he could carry, he crept down the river toward the fort. He had suffered much, but had reached the fort, eighty miles distant, alive, and concluded his story by declaring, "I'm as slick as a peeled onion."

Everything Big.

Mr. Gotham—Is your home in a good section for farming?

Western Man—I sh'd say so. Everything grows like mad. Why, I've seen hailstones as big as hen's eggs.—New York Weekly.