

## OUR GOLDEN TERRITORY.

It is almost thirty years since the foresight of one man secured for the United States a land whose value is every day becoming more and more known and appreciated by the people of the Union. He braved ridicule, and opposition of every sort from every source, and with a pertinacity born of inward conviction, he never rested until he had seen Alaska become the property of the United States. The name of Secretary Seward will be forever associated with that remarkable purchase, by which we secured from Russia for seven million two hundred thousand dollars a territory nine times the size of the New England states; teeming with gold mines, rich in furs, abounding in fish, and clothed with forests. But at that time no one, not even the Russians themselves, knew what a rich country Alaska was, and many were the jokes made at the expense of Secretary Seward's enthusiasm. The papers sneered at it, one of them suggesting to President Johnson that he visit "this land of valuable snow and merchantable ice," for the general impression was that it was an ice-bound country, access to which was crowded with Siberian-like difficulties, the people as a whole knowing very little about it, and not stopping to consider that its thousand miles of coast was washed by the warm waters of the Japan current, thus modifying the climate, so that winters in Sitka are scarcely more severe than those in New York, while the summers are refreshingly cool. Secretary Seward worked with almost a seer's vision to accomplish his heart's desire, and he was ably seconded by Charles Sumner, whose speech in the senate on "the cession of Russian America" was one of the finest efforts of his life, and at length the vast district became the property of the United States.

Then came the puzzling question of naming the territorial baby, because its old name, "Russian America," was no longer appropriate. The wits exercised their inventive powers, suggesting such appellations as "American Siberia," and "Zero Islands," but Charles Sumner showed his fine taste by suggesting "Alaska" (the great land), a name which the Indians used in connection with the southern part of the peninsula. The ceremony of the transfer was very simple. Had one been in Sitka a certain bright October morning in 1867 he would have seen beautiful Sitka bay gay with the fluttering Stars and Stripes on three United States warships, while from every staff and roof of the village waved the emblem of Russia's power. In front of the old castle on its lofty, natural elevation were drawn up the troops of both countries, who silently awaited the first salute from one of the United States ships, at which signal the order was given to lower the Russian flag. Scarcely had the sound of the American guns lost themselves in echo, when the Russian batteries boomed forth, and the American flag gayly

mounted to the top, while both country's guns sounded a duet, after which the Russian governor formally resigned his badge of office to America's representative, and the land belonged to Uncle Sam. That night there was a banquet and ball at the castle, and then the Russian families, many of whom were cultured, educated people, prepared to leave the country in possession of the new owner, so that in a few months the natives and United States troops, together with unscrupulous adventurers, were the sole occupants. Gradually the latter class was superseded by honest prospectors and rugged pioneers, whose accounts of the beauty of the land attracted the tourists who now annually flood the coast region, where some of the grandest scenery of the world can be seen.



WHITE HORSE RAPIDS, YUKON RIVER.

reached. Like a shy maiden, it has been chary of its beauty, hiding itself in a bay which is rather formidable of entrance, as it is usually filled with a fleet of icebergs and floes which persist in keeping three-fourths of their bodies under water, so that a vessel wishing to make their acquaintance must be shod in iron. The grating of the ice under the ship's metal heel, the fierce rushing in and out of the tides, and the distant booming of nature's artillery as the icebergs break away from the glacier's face and fall into the water, make one's blood tingle, and expectation has reached its climax when a sudden turn into an inlet brings one face to face with one of the most novel, awe-inspiring sights in all this great round world—Muir glacier—unlike any other of its fellows. Across the bay Mount Crillon and Mount Fairweather, towering 1,500 feet above the water, like giant sentries, guard this frozen gem. It does not stoop down to reach the sea, but boldly, fearlessly approaches the edge of the water, presenting a solid wall of ice over 200 feet high, and three miles across its face—a sight to dazzle and fascinate mankind.

Leaving the ship, lifeboats land the aspiring tourists in a ravine at the side of this ice river, and the ascent through sand and boulder is begun—a scramble rich in reward, as the top of the glacier is a congregation of penitents, many of which are as beautiful and symmetrical as if they were cut from Carrara marble by master artists in days of yore. Even the sun seems to pause and smile more genially as he sees himself reflected in a thousand brilliant ice-facets which separate its rays into their prismatic hues. But linger as he may, the time comes when only the moon and stars see the wonderful beauty of the place, for boats must say good-by when Sol's chariot passes on, as it is not safe for a vessel to be overtaken by night in that ice-dotted bay, which is so unlike that other bay which caresses the banks of Sitka, the most interesting settlement in Alaska. A single street, at the head of which is the old orthodox Greek church, with its picturesque green minarets, chime of bells and fine clock, divides the village into two parts—civilization and heathenism. On the one side is the Indian rancherie or settlement, for the government now compels the natives to live in houses or huts which front the beach in a double row, each place being white-washed and numbered. The inside consists of one large room with a hole in the middle of the roof, through which the smoke of the fire escapes, the soot on the ceiling forming black stalactites of the most fascinating shape and form. In this common living room, the entire family, including hordes of dogs, eat and sleep, while the only touch of picturesqueness about the rancherie are the beautiful canoes covered with gay blankets, which are drawn up on the beach. On the other side of the gravelled highway are the trading store, custom house, barracks, mission schools and governor's castle which is a most interesting square old structure made of huge logs held together by iron bolts, its foundation being a rocky elevation which is surrounded on three sides by water, while the fourth springs abruptly from the surrounding land, thus forming a natural and impregnable fortress. The view from this commanding height discloses a semi-circular bay which might be the twin of the beautiful bay of Naples, not even the fire mountain being absent, for the extinct volcano, Edgecumbe, far in the distance to the right, wrapped in a royal purple mantle, guards the hundreds of emerald islands which stud the silvery, glittering expanse of water. Back of the town are the everlasting hills, whose rising slopes as blue as lapis lazuli, gradually hide themselves in veils of filmy, fleecy clouds until they change their gowns to the pure whiteness of perpetual snow.

Nature seems to be "setting for her picture," for everything about Sitka presents views to fill a water color-artist with rapture. Even the sun lingers long before closing his eyes on this perfection, for 9 o'clock in August finds him still out of bed, flooding the scene with glorious mellow light, which gradually fades through the red of regret, and the gray of resignation, to the tender amethyst of hope, for the gentle aftermath which tints the snow-capped mountains, and is reflected by the island-set bay, seems to be a promise of tomorrow's return, and one secretly envies him the sight, for ere that time comes the steamer will have carried its human freight many miles from this haven of perfect beauty, on the homeward voyage from this land of poetic loveliness—America's Switzerland.

Helium in a Mine.  
Helium, it will be recollected, is a chemical element which was known to exist in the sun and some of the stars long before it had been discovered on earth. When found on our globe two years ago, it was discovered in a rare mineral of Norway named cleveite. Since then cleveite has been in demand in chemical laboratories, and its rarity has made it costly. Recently a mine was opened near Ryfylke, Norway, containing an abundance of cleveite, together with several other rare minerals. The cleveite from this mine, examined in London, has been found rich in helium, and it sells for about \$75 pound.

Present Population of Johannesburg.  
Johannesburg, according to the latest figures, has now 136,000 inhabitants, 51,000 of whom are whites. There are 16,265 British, 3,335 Russians, 2,267 Germans, 819 Dutch, 442 Frenchmen, 311 Swedes and Norwegians, 296 Italians, and 648 from other non-African countries; the others come from the Orange Free State and the British South African colonies.

FIGS AND THISTLES.  
The ring of the dollar is not heard in the death chamber.  
Kind acts find a dozen friends before kind wishes get an introduction.  
The truthful are youthful though that; cheeks are withered with age.  
The rich man in hell didn't ask to be taken out. He wanted to be made comfortable where he was.  
Convince a sinner that you are concerned about him, and he will soon be concerned about himself.  
There is some difference between hope-so religion and assurance, that there is between muggy twilight and clear sunshine.  
A euchre playing, dancing, theater-going, beer drinking church member can do more to demoralize the young than a full fledge'd devil.  
The preacher who is not caring whether anybody is being brought to repentance by his preaching has misunderstood the Lord.  
According to the critics of emotional religion, the penitents on the day of Pentecost should have been "cut to their logical faculties," instead of "cut to the heart."  
People who would bow, and scrape, and walk on their knees for the sake of being presented to Queen Victoria, excuse themselves from the Wednesday night levee of the King of Kings—the prayer meeting—Ran's Hera.

## JOYS OF HARRISON.

WHEELS BABY CARRIAGE AND CLEARS UP UNDERBRUSH.

The Ex-President Must Enjoy Both, for He's Becoming Plump in His Adirondack Cottage—Proof Against Politics—He is Very Democratic.

ES! There's no tellin' by appearances," said the man who rowed me up the lake from Old Forge in the Adirondacks to my destination.  
"When we was comin' down here 'other day a young woman says: 'See that old gentleman cleaning up brush. It must be hard work bending over, he is so fat.' That's Benjamin Harrison, ex-president of the United States," says I.

The ex-president is working on the grounds of his new summer home with all the zeal of a pioneer who has a growing family to provide for. His beard is white, but he is young in heart. An air of geniality and of cheeriness pervades the Harrison cottage such as would surprise politicians who have memories of the temperature in the White House during his administration. There is one man at Old Forge who maintains manifest skepticism of the natives notwithstanding—that he has been "Honest Ben Harrison" actually "crack a smile" in the presence of the new baby.

The baby now weighs eighteen pounds and is as round and as red as a pippin. When Father Harrison relieves the nurse in pushing the baby carriage up and down in front of the cottage his face shows that he has found an occupation more congenial than being president of the United States. He trots the infant on his knee, he wiggles his forefinger before its eyes with some of the awkwardness of a young father with his firstborn, but with deliberate care.

Baby McKee's nose is quite out of joint. Son Russell's nose is completely broken, and he works at clearing off underbrush with a daintiness and a lack of naturalness and force which might well call forth a rebuke from "the boss."

The ex-president works like a veteran handy man. Unlike Son Russell, he rolls up his sleeves and goes "right in." But then Son Russ is blasé. He has not the enthusiasm of a young father.



TENDING THE BABY.  
In Washington the general impression was that the president was extremely neat; withal a city man never to be dragged out of city clothes and a stiff appearance. However, we all know what transformations the arrival of a baby may make. When Mr. Harrison clears away underbrush he wears a delightful grotesque little slouch hat, a negligé shirt, five-cent suspenders, a pair of old trousers and old leather leggins which show wear, while Son Russ's show only style.

"There's no deer shooting now," said the ex-president as he put his hands on his hips, drawing the deep breath and taking the restful position of a workman who has a moment's leisure; "and it's pretty hot to fish in the daytime. So I am just clearing up the front of my new place a bit. There is a lot of work to do yet before we get into good shape. It's rather hard to make a lawn where this underbrush is. We cut it down and root it up pretty thoroughly one year, and when we come back the next it has grown up again in the most audacious manner.

We're also ripping out some of the stumps left from the cutting of the trees when we first built our cottage. Then this spot was nothing more than a batch of forest—a good place for the deer to come down to the water to drink. We had a great deal of pleasure in selecting the trees which we were to leave for shade, both as to individual beauty and to harmonious arrangement of the whole."

As greatly interested as I was in the ex-president's views as a pioneer, I was more interested in whatever he might say about the tariff bill and the return of prosperity.

"Bankers and merchants," he said, "know better than I whether or not prosperity is returning. Here in the woods I am quite out of politics."

He was proof against any requests for a word on the Cuban, the Hawaiian or the Behring Sea questions, and no less silent about the Dingley bill. Politics, in any form, be thought, inadvisable for an ex-president enjoying the quiet of his summer home.

Now that Mr. Harrison has a wife and a baby, to whom he devotes himself with fine gallantry, he goes less and less to the Moose club, a shooting and recreation organization composed of well-to-do and solid professional and business men, which has a fine summer clubhouse not far from the Harrison cottage.  
His great friend, Mr. Shepherd, still

comes over to see him, and occasionally he finds time for an hour with Mr. Shepherd on the piazza of the clubhouse.

Friend Shepherd is just such a man as Mr. Harrison would be expected to like. What a vast contrast he is to Mr. Cleveland's ruddy-faced and strong-voiced friend, Broker Benedict! Friend Shepherd looks just as neat and smooth as the Mr. Harrison whom we knew as president. He always orders a whole section in the sleeping car long beforehand when he is going to or from the Adirondacks, so as to have the use of the upper berth in order to keep the creases in his trousers in a state of rigid preservation. He is quiet, thoughtful and correct. Like the ex-president, he is celebrated for general taciturnity and for particular verbosity in asking a multitude of questions about when the train or boat goes while waiting for it.

As either is opposed to taking the initiative in a conversation himself, the natives wonder how they can ever talk together; but this peculiarity may explain how they get on so well, like the two old army officers who, on being introduced after spending the after-



POLITICS—NIT.

noon together, became the fastest of friends. One had said: "The service is going to the devil"; the other replied, "Yes, it is," and that was the extent of their conversation.

"Son Russ," who was so festive in the earlier part of his father's administration, has been almost forgotten by the public and is growing more sedate, and some say more wise. The ex-president is, if anything, more portly than ever. In his shirt sleeves, without the gracious folds of a frock coat, he appears as round as a ball. He takes no exercise, except pushing the baby carriage and clearing away underbrush. Unlike Mr. Cleveland, he has no naphtha launch. When he travels on the lake it is in a rowboat, his guide and man-of-all-work being at the oars.

The new law which prevents the "hounding" of deer, the luring of them to a certain spot with salt or attracting them with a "jack light" is a disappointment to Mr. Harrison, who will now have to hunt the deer, instead of having the deer brought to him. Formerly his guides and their dogs hounded the deer into the water, where they were kept swimming until the ex-president from the bow of his boat dispatched them. Or else at night he was rowed along the shores with a light in the bow of the boat. Often in this way the prey is brought within two or three yards of the muzzle of the rifle. As the guides say, "You can almost reach out and touch them." Both "hounding" and "jacklighting" are scarcely considered legitimate sport by American sportsmen. What Mr. Harrison desires more than anything else is the venison for his table, it is said, and he sees no more cruelty in getting it in one way than in another.

FREDERICK PALMER.



THE EX-PRESIDENT "GRUBBING" ON HIS ADIRONDACK PLACE.

## AS TOLD BY HORATIO SEYMOUR

The Thanksgiving Proclamation That the Clergymen Condemned.

Speaking of Horatio Seymour, an old New York politician recalls the following anecdote, which, he asserts, the Governor used to tell on himself:

"I had just taken my seat in the railway carriage when I noticed two ministerial looking men in front of me," said the Governor. "Do you know this Horatio Seymour?" asked one. "No," came the answer, "although I have seen him." "Have you? Then I pray you to tell me how he looks." "Well, he looks what he is—a great drunkard," answered the one who had seen the Governor. "Um," said the questioner, sadly, "it's a great pity that he should be Governor. I understand that he owns an interest in more than half the rum shops in Ulster." "Yes," was the response, "and he has to look out for them in the morning, as he is always too drunk in the afternoon to attend to that or any other business." "I pricked up my ears," concluded the Governor, "for I was curious to know what had caused these two to go for me so severely. Presently I discovered, 'Have you seen his Thanksgiving proclamation?' asked one. "Yes, and I think it scandalously infidel." "So do I." And yet that proclamation was written by the rector of the leading Episcopal church in Albany."

His Broken Speech.

Ethel—I saw Count Hardupski last evening.

Cousin Tom—Does he talk as brokenly as ever?

Ethel—Oh, yes. I heard him ask pa to lend him five pounds before he left.

Cumso Had His Weakness.

"Mrs. Cumso is a shrewd woman."

"What makes you think so?"

"She attaches a cyclometer to the lawn-mower, and gives Cumso a medal every time he scores a century."

Great Mental Strain.

"How much insanity develops in hot weather!"

"Yes people lose their minds when their ice bills come in."

KNICKNAMES OF CITIES.

- New York—Gotham.
- Louisville—Fall City.
- Aberdeen—Granite City.
- Keokuk—The Gate City.
- Pittsburg—The Iron City.
- Hannibal—The Bluff City.
- Chicago—The Garden City.
- Rochester—The Flou City.
- Pittsburg—The Smoky City.
- St. Louis—The Mound City.
- London—The Modern Babylon.
- New Haven—The City of Elms.
- Detroit—The City of the Straits.
- Indianapolis—The Railroad City.
- Raleigh, N. C.—The City of Oaks.
- Brooklyn—The City of Churches.
- Baltimore—The Monumental City.
- Nashville—The City of the Rocks.
- Springfield, Ill.—The Flower City.
- Cincinnati—The Queen City of the West.
- Cleveland and Portland—The Forest Cities.
- Buffalo—The Queen City of the Lakes.
- Ancient Rome—The Mistress of the World.
- Washington—The City of Magnificent Distances.
- Philadelphia—The City of Brotherly Love and the Quaker City.
- Brussels—Little Paris. The name is sometimes applied to Milan.
- Cincinnati—Porkopolis. This name has sometimes been applied to Chicago.
- Boston—The City of Notions, the Puritan City, the City of Culture, the Modern Athens, and the Hub of the Universe.