

In the Wilds of Alaska.

Ivan Petroff, Special Agent of the Census Bureau for Alaska, completed his work in the field last September and has reached Washington. Mr. Petroff is the gentleman who last year made a journey of eight thousand miles in Alaska and among the Aleutian islands, twenty-five hundred miles of which was through a portion of Alaska never before penetrated by civilized man. This journey was made for the Census Bureau, and was entirely successful. The islands and the western portion of the peninsula of Alaska, so far east as Cook's Inlet, were examined, and the data required for the census publications were secured.

For last summer's work Mr. Petroff planned to take the work at Cook's Inlet, when he left it the previous season, and make his way along the coast toward the east to Sitka. In this he was only partially successful, and for very good reasons, as the following story of his adventures will show:

Having collected his supplies at the island of Kodiak, he set sail in a schooner, early in the season, for the northern shore of Cook's Inlet. The vessel had been out about an hour when she struck upon a sunken reef not marked in any chart of the locality, speedily filled and sunk. Her cargo, including his property, was a total loss. The passengers and crew were rescued and returned to Kodiak, where a new outfit was procured, and after a short delay a second and more successful attempt to reach the mainland was made.

Mr. Petroff and party made their way with canoes along the northern coast of Cook's Inlet and around its head, a distance of about one hundred miles, and then struck out overland for Prince William's Sound, carrying his canoes and supplies. This portage has only once before been made. This region is one of the most inhospitable and repellant on the earth. Two large glaciers, one eight and the other fifteen miles wide, were crossed, the passage being one of great difficulty and many dangers. One of these glaciers, the smaller, reached and terminated in the sea; but the other had formed for itself a deep valley in front of the terminal moraines, being of great size. At that season of the year there was a continuous noise like thunder caused by avalanches of snow and ice from the high mountains on each side of the glaciers. The comfort of the travelers was seriously interfered with by numerous accidental ice-water baths.

Prince William's Sound was reached on the 1st of June, at which time the season was so backward that no blade of grass or green thing was to be seen. The ground was frozen so solid that it was difficult to fix the tent-poles in their places. The country around Prince William's Sound is very forbidding in appearance. Stones and large boulders, brought down by glaciers of former ages, cover the greater portion of the earth, the remainder being swamp or bog. Upon the mountain sides, at a distance, there is timber which with an almost impenetrable undergrowth reaches up a short distance above the sea level.

In coasting along the sound in his canoe Mr. Petroff passed the face of a glacier twenty miles wide, from which large pieces of ice, small bergs, in fact, were constantly breaking off and floating out to sea, making passage very perilous. His canoe was in a sinking condition when he reached Nuchek Island. In this place there are two stores, and considerable trade is carried on with the natives for a long distance up and down the coast.

Having completed his preparations, Mr. Petroff started from Nuchek, with a crew of four Inuits and a half-breed interpreter, for Copper River, fifty miles distant. He ascended the river to the first village, Alaganok, inhabited by North American Indians. As he landed, however, and before he approached the village, his Inuits became alarmed and deserted him in a body. The natives were rejoiced at this state of affairs, and flattered themselves that they would keep the traveler and his stores among them to be preyed upon at their leisure. He sought to hire a crew of Indians to assist him on his journey, but they demanded "a large gold piece every day for each man employed." The boat was a large one, and the Indians fancied it would be impossible for their visitors to escape without help. With his interpreter alone he decided to make the attempt, and when night came they cut loose and floated down stream. The channel through the delta to the sea was a difficult one, but it was safely passed; and when the coast was reached sails were set for a return to Nuchek. Before reaching the island the boat ran upon sunken rocks and was wrecked. The two men were picked off by natives, who saw them from the shore, but much of their property was lost.

Mr. Petroff now decided to await the arrival of the Kolosh Indians from a distant point on the coast, who usually come once a year to Nuchek with furs to trade for the moasses used in making their favorite intoxicant. He started, accompanied by his favorite interpreter, with a party of Koloshes from a village near Cape Yaktag, and reached their village with his stores in safety. Here, however, he found himself a prisoner. The barbarians, like those on the Copper River, and with much better reason, fancied they had a prize which it would be a sin to part with. They not only refused to accompany the travelers further, but refused to let them proceed by themselves. Their pretext was that they had trouble with miners and feared their visitors would betray their hiding place and their weakness, and thus bring on attack from their enemies. The Indians became insolent, and from the first stole all they could lay their hands on. After

a time they began a series of annoyances calculated to provoke their visitors with a view of putting them to death and thus securing everything.

The interpreter was a cowardly fellow, and one day gave up to the chief, upon his demand, Mr. Petroff's breech-loading rifle. The chief fired off the piece and brought it to the owner to be loaded again. He took it, and, pretending to load it, managed to put the mainspring of the lock out of place, rendering the piece unserviceable. The chief was greatly enraged and hostilities became more imminent. A short time afterward the chief demanded Mr. Petroff's tent for his own use, which request was firmly refused. Thereupon the Indians sent off all their women and children—a most ominous proceeding and one which was interpreted as a sure foreboding of bloody work—at least in intention.

The traveler determined to postpone no longer his attempt to escape. All the large canoes fit for sea-going had been sent away; but the case was a desperate one, and the captive secretly selected the best of those remaining and noted the place of its concealment. After cooking and eating their supper the two men retired to their tent as usual, and tied down the flaps in front. Mr. Petroff drew his knife and cut a long slit in the back and directed the interpreter to load himself with such supplies as he could carry and go out. The fellow's heart failed him, and it was only by drawing his pistol and threatening to blow his brains out that Petroff secured obedience. The escape was made in safety, and the two men made their way by night along the coast toward Nuchek again.

Mr. Petroff was a prisoner with the Koloshes from the 8th of August till the 28th of September. When he effected his escape it was too late in the season for further explorations, and he made his way by trading vessels to San Francisco. The Government vessels had returned without tidings of him, and the report had gone forth that he had perished. Upon his arrival at San Francisco, he went one evening to the meeting of a scientific society, of which he was a member, and found that one of his fellow-members was just on the point of delivering a memorial address upon his life and services. —N. Y. Tribune.

Morning Work.

Perhaps, on the whole, moderately early rising is now a commoner practice in cities than it was forty years ago. It seems strange that the habit of lying in bed hours after the sun is up should ever have obtained a hold on the multitude of brain-workers, as undoubtedly it had in times past. Hour for hour, the intellectual work done in the early morning, when the atmosphere is as yet unpoisoned by the breath of myriads of actively moving creatures, must be, and as a matter of experience, is incomparably better than that done at night. The habit of writing and reading late in the day and far into the night, "for the sake of quiet," is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. When the body is jaded the spirit may seem to be at rest, and not so easily distracted by the surroundings which we think less obtrusive than in the day; but this seeming is a snare. When the body is weary, the brain, which is an integral part of the body, and the mind, which is simply brain function, are weary too. If we persist in working one part of the system because some other part is too tired to trouble us, that cannot be wise management of self. The feeling of tranquillity which comes over the busy and active man about 10:30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, the effect of a lowering of vitality consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand the night-worker hails the "feeling" of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy waning from exhausted or weary nerve centers under pressure. This penalty takes the form of "nervousness," perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies—springing from this unsuspected cause—the brain-worker very likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Night work during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable suffering, for which it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a remedy. Surely morning is the time for work, when the whole body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind power at its best. —Lancet.

Glasgow, Scotland, is the second city, in point of population, in Great Britain, having 750,000. It has upward of 144 miles of public streets, the largest show-grounds and the largest chemical works in the world, and two chimneys—one 450 and the second 460—which are unequalled in height by any ever built.

A Wabash, Ind., dispatch says a man from the southern portion of that county visited that village the other day, who hadn't heard of Garfield's election, assassination and death. A denser mass of ignorance it would be hard to find.

Youths' Department.

SENDING A VALENTINE.

I might begin: "The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good:
"If you love me as I love you."

But—seems to me—a valentine
Is nicer, when you do not say
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying, in the same old way.

And I asked Jane, the other night,
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.

That stopped her, for she saw I meant
The question (and she will not tease),
"Why—love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."
It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this:

To my dear lady beautiful,
I send a valentine and kiss,
The valentine, because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes;
The kiss, because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;
Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same, to her alone.

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another.
Who is the best like it? Why, of course,
I'll send it right away to Mother!

—Kate Kellogg, in St. Nicholas.

THE SLED THAT WAS NOT TONY'S.

"But don't I wish it was my sled?" Here five-year-old Tony looked at it, his fat hands jammed into his very small pockets, his brown eyes, in their wonder and admiration, growing bigger and bigger, as if either eye could have taken that sled in and found house room for it.

It was a gay little affair, but, alas! it was not Tony's. It belonged to Pop-ham Cornish, or, as the boys called him for short, Pop Corn. Why did his folks give him a name the boys could cut up such a caper with? The sled was named "The Hare," but there were three hares on it really, a gilt one on each runner, and a gilt one on top.

"My!" said Tony, "Pop Corn needn't do anything to it. That sled has got to go. Three hares could make anything go." And Tony began to think whether he himself would not make a swift racer if stuck all over with gilt hares.

How Tony did long for that sled! He longed so ardently, I am sorry to write, that he chipped off a piece from one of the commandments, as his teacher would have said. You know there are ten of them, as every one would say, if some people did not have short memories.

"And there is one," said Tony's Sunday-school teacher, "that is mother of another."

"That is a funny commandment," exclaimed Tony, "to be a mother."

"Commandment," I said.

"Oh!"

"One commandment says: 'Thou shalt not covet,' then mentioning various things."

"Covet?"

"Covet, covet, Tony! That means to want a thing very badly, to keep wanting and wishing, and perhaps to feel unpleasantly toward the person having the coveted thing. That may lead to stealing, which is forbidden by another commandment. So the tenth commandment is mother of the eighth. Don't do anything to the commandments or take the least chip from them."

"No," thought Tony, "I won't covet."

But Tony kept longing for that sled so fiercely that he chipped off a dozen pieces from the tenth commandment. I wonder that Tony did not steal the sled the first day. What happened, let me tell you. It just makes me shiver.

Tony was sitting on the edge of his trundle-bed at night, having said: "Now I lay me," but all the while he was thinking about Pop Corn's sled.

"I have a great mind to go and take it!" he said.

By and by he jumped out of bed, stole down stairs, and then out of doors. He hurried into Pop Corn's yard and creeping into the shed, there in the moonlight he saw "The Hare," or the three hares, rather.

"Oh," exclaimed fat little Tony, "don't I wish these lovely creatures would give me a ride," and as he said it, down he dropped upon the sled, plump as a pumpkin. To his surprise and joy the sled stirred.

"Oh, goodie, goodie!" screamed Tony, "wouldn't Pop Corn like to have the hares do this for him! Lazy people like him that stay in bed can't expect hares to pull 'em round."

It was so still. Nobody was up, not even cross old Grandpa Perkins, who would often say to Tony: "What's this little boy making so much noise for?"

As the sled went along, the three hares stepped out of their gilt finery, and there they were, harnessed to the sled, one going ahead and the two others following.

"Oh you lovely, sweet, nice, pretty hares!" shouted Tony. "I'll jingle some bells for you. Jing, jing, jing! Don't you think that is nice?"

The hares turned their big eyes toward him, smiling and looking very queer and wicked. Tony felt a bit uneasy.

He was a small citizen of Boston and much attached to his home; but what if those funny hares took it into their heads to quit that renowned city?

The hares went due north, faster, faster, leaving all the city streets behind them; faster, faster, through villages, across meadows and over rivers.

"Oh dear me," thought Tony, "where are these creatures going? Stop!" he bawled.

They only turned and winked at him. Faster, faster, faster! Up through New Hampshire, over the mountains at a leap, just scraping the top of Mount Washington—what a mad race!

"You ugly, good-for-nothing things,

stop-p-p! Don't I wish—I was—like Pop Corn, in bed—fast asleep-p-p!"

Faster, faster, over the snow of Canada, among a strange people on snow-shoes, faster, faster, away up across Hudson's Bay, among folks short and fat and dressed in skins, over long fields of ice—and—right against an iceberg.

The shock made Tony open his eyes! There was his mother laughing and rubbing his nose with a big icicle.

"Come, Tony, I am trying to wake you, for it is time to be getting up. What are you groaning about?"

That was the last time Tony wanted to trouble anything belonging to others, and he was very careful how he clipped a piece off the tenth commandment.—Interior.

How to Run.

Very few boys know how to run. "Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys: "Just being on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier-dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches, and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who can not run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I'm going to give you the secret: Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they can not get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble are caught and kept out by this little hairy net-work. Then the passages of the nose are longer and smaller and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighborhood.—Theo. B. Williamson, in St. Nicholas.

—There is a young man traveling around in Eastern Texas, vaccinating the negroes with beeswax. He charges a dollar a vac., and represents himself as appointed by the United States Government, and threatens that dire penalties await those who refuse to be operated on. That young man will be a credit to some penitentiary yet.—Texas Siftings.

—The exodus took such a mass of colored piety from the South into Kansas, that in Topeka alone the colored people maintain fifteen church organizations, embracing six denominations.

A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed.

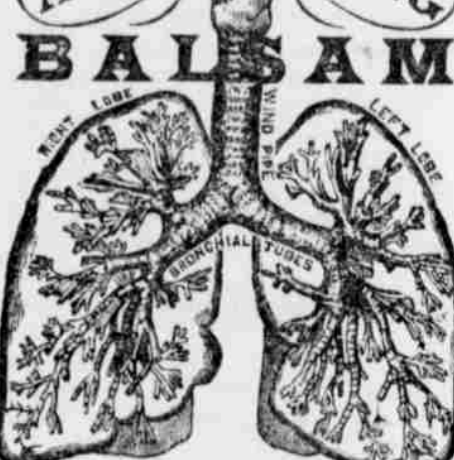
And by such a one's sympathizing advice and aid many a trouble has been lifted and burden lightened. Such a friendship is worth keeping, and when, from his experience, he advises and instructs, his opinions should be heeded. If kind words can never die, and good deeds are never lost, the inducement for always doing the good one can still a great one. Many people imagine that they had better do nothing than do a little, forgetting that it is the detail that makes the aggregate—the drops that form the showers—the little kindnesses of life that make existence endurable. As, in the picture, the good old St. Jacob is extending relief to the suffering supplicant by offering a bottle of that wonderful remedy, St. Jacob's Oil, so all can do something of benefit for his fellow men in their times of trouble or sickness. In how many instances could the sim-



ple mention of the words "St. Jacob's Oil," coupled with terms of indorsement and encouragement, bring relief and cure to those suffering with rheumatism. In view of the wonderful record of this Great German Remedy in the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and all painful diseases, it appears in the light of strong duty for everyone to patiently, yet persistently, use its application in the diseases named, bearing in mind that the highest good from man to man consists in that which tends to promote their peace, welfare and general health. Among others who have no hesitation in giving free expression to their opinion is Bishop Gilmore, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has used the Great German Remedy, St. Jacob's Oil, and endorses it highly. He writes about it as follows: "I am pleased to say that the use of St. Jacob's Oil has benefited me greatly, and I have no hesitation to recommend it to all as an excellent curative."

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