

TRIP TO THE NORTHWEST

A. J. DURLAND DESCRIBES AN INTERESTING JOURNEY.

HE WENT NORTH INTO ALASKA

Was Pleased With the Timber Prospects and Invested—Describes Salmon Fisheries in That Section—How He Sailed for 200 Miles.

[From Saturday's Daily.]  
A. J. Durland, who has just returned from a trip to British Columbia and Alaska, where he invested in timber lands, was delighted with that country. Timber value depends on accessibility to market. Mr. Durland also has great faith in Washington and Oregon, because of their wealth and climate. Railroad activity is booming that section now and every place seems to be aquiver with the readiness to boom. Two new trunk lines, 3,000 miles long, are being built across Canada. On his trip Mr. Durland kept a diary which is of much interest, as it tells of a unique journey through a strange land. Following is the diary, written in the form of a letter to his family in Norfolk:

Accommodations for writing are not the best but I am beginning a sort of a diary of my trip from Vancouver, which if it does not run too long or too short I will mail to you later, probably from Vancouver as I shall probably go there on the first mail boat.

As I wrote you we left Vancouver Tuesday the 11th at 4 p. m. and had a most beautiful trip through the inland passage all the way among the most beautiful islands and inlets with occasional white peaks peering through the fogs and clouds. I had expected we would reach this island (Graham) in three days, but instead we arrived in Port Simpson Friday, 7 p. m. It rained Saturday, necessarily deferring our departure until Saturday evening or Sunday. Two Indians were procured by Lacroix (our half breed guide) to take us by a little schooner, thirty feet in length and ten feet beam, that he had used once before on this trip. This is a staunch little boat riding the water like a duck, has a covered deck and a cabin forward with a small stove where we could sleep and cook very nicely by part of the diners taking their meals from the top of the cook house on a hand-out. I had plenty of room to sleep but my feet were so close to the hatchway that it was impossible for me to keep warm enough. We got off at 8 a. m. Sunday morning with a fair wind for a few hours then it changed to a head wind so that we spent most of the time tacking and only made about thirty miles that day, anchoring in a pretty cove on the north shore of the Northernly Dundas island. It was a weird looking place, too, as different as you can imagine from anything I ever saw on water before—steep shores, not high, but black rocks and pebbles with almost no sand, star-fish clinging to them on all sides, odd shaped shells under foot and scores of shell fish something like the abalone fastened to the pebbles which must be dislodged quickly if at all. About the only birds, besides the water fowl of course, in evidence here are ravens which are not disturbed by anybody. Monday morning we got off at 8 o'clock with a very light wind until 1:15 p. m. when we got a fair wind that carried us along about five miles an hour. With the Indians a wind blowing in the direction you want to go is a "fair wind." Our captain was a Masset Indian, and therefore presumably posted on distance, etc. He said it was thirty miles across from Dundas island to Rose Spit, the northeast corner of Graham island, and twenty miles from there to Masset. We sailed along merrily after we got our fair wind, passing Rose Spit at dark. After supper I sat with the captain, who had the helm, for two hours enjoying the sail very much. You can very well understand that with no moon and the stars not giving much light the water looked pretty black and deep, but the boat bowled along so fine that it was enjoyable, the spice of danger not being peppery. When I went in at 10:30 the captain said we would be there in about two hours and, having called the crew, who had gone to sleep below soon after I took my station, though I felt that as we were within a couple of miles of land, nosing along in the dark, it would have been as well for him to have been on the bow, in fact when he did go there he exclaimed at once "Land," at which the captain went forward and seemed to know where we were, though he turned his nose Alaskaward at once. I had discovered that the captain did not know the north star, nor how to locate it, nor of the variation of the compass, all of which were german facts as he was steering by his compass.

Later, 6 p. m., our men returned saying they found some good timber but creeks insufficient, so I suppose we will turn toward Masset tomorrow, teaching there Tuesday. I am not much disappointed in not getting the claims as I was pretty sure Mr. Shannon would not leave much. I have seen his proposition now and will probably see him in Vancouver, though I have little idea of purchasing as he holds very high.

Supper of Salmon Eggs.

We have just finished supper of salmon eggs and boiled rice. John shot a handsome kokose yesterday and today he tied his knife to a stick and speared two more, all about the same size, about twelve pounds, and they are beautiful. The first evening we were here I went to the little creek with him and he speared two bunch-backed salmon with a stick, but these I didn't enjoy as they are too common. The kokose is the best of the half dozen kinds of salmon in these waters. In the spearing John got his fish both times at the first thrust of his stick, which I thought was pretty good aiming. The fish are crowding up the creek as much as they can to spawn in the fresh water, there being all the time at its mouth. The creek is quite shallow and they can only get up one or two hundred feet, several hundred, perhaps thousands, and as I write I hear these flopping about in the water in play or in their evolutions in crazy efforts to get up stream. Many of these are spotted with bruises from the pebbles and they run about the same size, say about two feet long.

I am calling this Bear Camp as we found a bear trail up from the creek yesterday that looked like a fresh cattle path well worn, and today John found a bear skeleton near Bear Camp from which I will bring some teeth.

Skeena River, Friday Morning, 8 a. m.—My ink has given out and I proceed with pencil. You will probably be relieved to know that I am on land, or at least on a Canadian Pacific steamer bound for Vancouver, which we reach tomorrow evening. I wired Frank from Port Simpson at 2 this morning to meet me at Vancouver and to write you. I figure that you probably have just about got my letter written from Masset.

Well, to take up the diary where I left it Sunday evening. Our exploring parties returned rather as I expected, without finding timber, or, more accurately, did find that the creeks would not bring the logs from the two lakes mentioned and did not go beyond this fact. I was rather glad of the finding as I had become heartily tired of the close company at night—five men in an eight-foot bed is too close for Indians. Anyway, I found that Shannon had all the available timber, that is for transportation,

and unless I could get this would not want the other. If I do get that can pick up what is desirable of the other. I apprehend though, that Mr. Shannon will hold his too high. The Canadians had come under promise of ten claims of timber and some mineral prospects by Lacroix and were accordingly somewhat disappointed as I was in not finding the timber available, so we agreed to return to Masset the following day, Monday. The weather had been excellent though decidedly cool nights up to Friday evening when it rained quite hard, also Saturday and Sunday intermittently, and this makes traveling in heavy brush almost unbearable. This added something to that side of the scales. I had been thinking quite seriously of taking a schooner back to Ketchikan, Alaska, instead of waiting for the steamer as I wrote in case I should get through within a week or such a matter, as I found after writing you that the Masset Indian had rather better boats, at least somewhat larger ones than the Port Simpson, so upon my return to Masset the following day, Monday, reaching there about 9 p. m. after a delightful sail most of the way, though it would rain occasionally—perhaps three hours altogether of the trip. I interviewed the boatmen and made arrangements with Captain Anderson Brown to take me to Ketchikan for \$45. His crew consisted of two men besides himself, instead of one as had the one who took me over, and his boat was fifteen tons, probably one-half larger, about thirty-five feet in length by 12-foot beam, but a strong, staunch boat that stood the rough seas without a squeak or groan of timbers. This arrangement was Tuesday a. m. and we were to go out with the tide that night, which is very rapid in this inlet, the rise and fall being in the Dixon entrance fully 20 feet, but it came on to rain and blow a regular live storm such as I have never known all my life at this time of year, though it has happened since I have been here. I have inquired of a dozen people about the equinoctial storms and to a man they said they had none, and I had no idea we would be able to start that night; however, Captain Brown I think wanted to get that \$45 as soon as he could and early in the evening said the wind had changed and that we would go aboard any time and slip out with the tide at 12 mid night. This we did. I found the cabin much larger than on the other boat. I could almost stand straight up and making down my Hudson Bay company bed of oil skin coat and blankets, was very comfortable and soon dozed a little, though presently I knew we were in for it as the boat pitched and dived and rolled until I had to brace myself in my bunk to stay in it, but I knew the boat was larger and stronger than the one that took us over so nicely. I was warm instead of having a chill so was not alarmed except that I was uneasy for fear that we might be in the tide rifts again without wind and lose so much time as to make us out the following night, so that I did not get any sound sleep until about 5 a. m., when the captain, who had held the rudder, came to bed and I slept until 8 o'clock. Going on deck I found to my satisfaction we were within a few miles of the Alaska side, that we had made a splendid run all night, and that if the tide did not interfere we would reach Ketchikan about noon. We did meet adverse tides, though, and reached it at 4 p. m., making a 16-hour sail instead of thirty as in going over, distance about the same. I was pretty glad to get my No. eights on American soil again; was not seasick, though had some headache all day; partly Indian grub, but more from jolting of the boat. You see in a small boat you feel every wave. I was tired enough to sleep well that night and, oh, how good the clean bed seemed and how I enjoyed it, but felt even yesterday like I had been hammered out. I went to Ketchikan because I knew I was sure of a boat there at least within two or three days, at the Seattle and C. P. R. boats all stop there. This boat was due (as Princess Beatrice) the evening I arrived, Wednesday, but was delayed twenty-four hours and came along at 8 last evening, so I got aboard but as everything is full did not get a stateroom until Port Simpson at 2 a. m., but am now very comfortable.

As I wrote we are at a Salmon cannery at mouth of the Skeena river, loading 4390 cases of salmon, four dozen cans to the case, making a stop of about four hours necessary. The morning is clear and I hope to get a better view of the coast as we go down. Owing to the mists and clouds I only got glimpses going up. We are due in Vancouver tomorrow evening, this being a faster boat and not stopping as much as the Camosim. This takes 48 hours from Ketchikan to Vancouver.

Saturday morning: Just finished breakfast as we are leaving Queen Charlotte sound, the only big water with one slight exception from Simpson to Vancouver. This accounts for shaky writing, but we are nearly out of it. This makes a wonderful inside passage from Skagway to Victoria following island channels all the way except three short pieces of sea water aggregating perhaps 100 miles. While with this boat making at least twelve miles an hour it takes four days to make the trip of about 1200 miles and the scenery so far as I have seen it most beautiful. We have lost time somewhere so that we are now to reach Vancouver tomorrow, Sunday morning. It is three weeks tonight since I came to Vancouver and I assure you I need my laundry and this Frank will bring this evening, though as I did not wire him what boat I was on and the boats keep no wire con-

nection he will wonder where I am. He has rented his house and had a possible customer for his business, so he phoned me the morning I left. I am wondering when I am going to get through this business, but of course don't venture to even guess now at its conclusion. I only am sure that my ticket expires October 31 and that I will not require an extension. I know I shall be very glad to take the train for Nebraska and home and family—that sounds awfully good. I have been away so long that I am out of touch with what is going on there, but can't help thinking about loans and lands, etc. I hope business has been going well and crops have come out all right, especially mine. We are all selfish. It seems a long time since I have heard from you. I hope my letters tomorrow will tell me that everybody has been well, as this is the first thing.

They Play Bridge.

Most of the ladies failed to appear at breakfast this morning, though the sea was not nearly so heavy as when I crossed to Ketchikan. It would have been somewhat difficult to have written a letter on my little sail boat. The boat has a full complement of passengers as I may have mentioned earlier in this discourse, most all returning from Alaska for the winter, among them many nice looking and nicely dressed ladies. Everybody plays bridge whist, and I am continually amused sometimes even to a degree of annoyance with their game. Most of them have no appreciation whatever of the principle involved, though near where I sit in a smoking room on the after part of the upper deck is a warm coterie that plays all the time led by a smart Scotchman who enforces all rules referring to authorities, having two books at hand, and all continually slaughter their hands. For instance, to show how closely they know what is being played—Clark has queen and knave of clubs alone, his right hand opponent whose hand is exposed has long suit of clubs headed by ace and king and the king being led very early in hand Mr. Clark sloughed a diamond, then on the ace of clubs the next lead he places the jack of clubs and in the third lead of clubs which follows at once uses his queen and takes the trick. All are blissfully ignorant including, I think, Clark himself, of the transaction though it changed the result of the hand and someone congratulated the dealer, who was the canny Scotchman, on his skillful manipulation of a poor hand. They are very polite and respectful but guileless children when it comes to cards.

SNOW IN NORTH NEBRASKA

DRIFTS THREE FEET DEEP IN WESTERN PART.

IT DID NOT REACH NORFOLK

But a Heavy and Disagreeable Rain Has Been Falling Since Saturday Night—Ice on the Trees West of Neligh—Telegraph Poles are Down.

[From Monday's Daily.]  
As predicted Saturday morning by the weather bureau, the first snow of the season arrived in northern Nebraska Saturday afternoon and continued throughout Sunday. In the western end of the state the snow was heavy and trains were delayed by it. The snow area extends from Deadwood and Casper to Inman, just east of O'Neill, and, on the Bonesteel line, is as far east as Bristow. Though the snow did not reach Norfolk, a heavy disagreeable rain did come and it is still on today, having kept up a steady downpour since Saturday night. A peculiar feature of the temperature of yesterday was that the warmest point and coldest point of the day were but three degrees apart. It was as warm as 37 and as cold as 34—not quite cold enough to freeze. At Neligh the rain froze on the trees and sidewalks.

In the vicinity of Valentine and Crawford forty-nine telegraph poles went down under weight of the ice, and took wires with them. At Deadwood the snow fell to the depth of a foot, and has drifted three feet. It tapers from that down to a feather edge at Inman. Reports from Lynch say that all through Boyd county the snow fell all day Sunday, and the air was cold. The drifts will help the range cattle. The train from the west yesterday, due at noon, was several hours late because of drifts in the western part of the state. That train was a little late today.

Fruit Trees Hurt.

Neligh, Neb., Oct. 22.—Special to The News: As the weather forecast predicted Saturday that a decided change would take place, it arrived in this vicinity on schedule time. It started to rain Saturday evening, continuing nearly all night and gradually growing colder and as the rain fell it immediately froze. Yesterday the trees, telephone and electric light wires were covered with ice, in many places the telephone wires were down, causing the usual annoyance in such cases. A good deal of damage is reported to fruit trees.

Bristow, Neb., Oct. 22.—The first snow storm of the season began yesterday morning. More or less snow and sleet fell all day.

You can run your business with too few employees—if you are satisfied to make little money—or even to lose a little. But you may be able to date your prosperity from the time you published some "Help wanted" ads.

getting some of our capitalists interested in a road he is going to build out in Montana.  
Charles Briggs spent Sunday with his family. He is conductor on the work train at Bonesteel.  
J. B. Maynard is improving, but is still unable to be at his desk.  
Sidney McNeely, who is firing the switch engine at Bonesteel, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Frank McNeely.  
Mrs. J. Colwell of South Fourth street received a fine heating stove free from the W. W. Weaver store Saturday.  
Another dividend of 15 per cent. has been declared on the defunct Elkhorn Valley bank of O'Neill. This makes a total of 35 per cent to be paid to the depositors.  
The T. S. G. dance, which was to have been given this week Friday, has been postponed to one week from Friday night.  
Guy Patrick of Clearwater entered business college today. He and his mother have moved to Norfolk, and he and another brother will attend business college this winter.  
The Sunday school board of the M. E. church held a meeting yesterday and elected W. E. Hagstr superintendent and Mrs. J. C. Lindstrom superintendent of the primary department.  
The string of gold beads lost last week by Miss Fate Burnham were found, through the agency of a "lost" notice in The News. Mrs. Warrick had found the beads on Norfolk avenue.  
Miss Harriet Hibbs, who has been visiting her brother, H. L. Hibbs, for the past three weeks, left this morning for Iowa, where she will visit a short time, then go on to Chicago to resume her studies in the musical college.  
A large squash measuring five feet in circumference was brought to town Saturday by L. C. Kimes, living six miles northwest of Norfolk. This seems to be the largest squash yet exhibited this season. It is on exhibition at the office of L. M. Gaylor, owner of the farm.  
Two drunks were arrested Saturday. The charge against one was that of being drunk and disorderly while the second was charged with begging money from the public. The beggar was fined \$7.10, and not being able to pay he was sent to jail to lay it out. The drunk was discharged on his promise of good behavior.  
Lorin H. Doughty came down from Bonesteel Saturday night and spent part of Sunday at home, returning to Bonesteel at noon yesterday. He is timekeeper for the men working on the extension out from Bonesteel. About fifty men are now employed and 100 more will be soon. They have laid about seven miles of track, which reaches to the first town, St. Charles.  
Bert Barrett returned from a trip to Omaha. He reports that Ray Miller, son of Rome Miller and known in Norfolk, who has been very sick for some months, is still in a critical condition and slight hope is entertained for his recovery. Two trained nurses are caring for him and the patient has been given a specially made room in the country home of the family, where he can look out over the Missouri river into the Iowa side.  
Superintendent Horton of the Western Union telegraph company in Nebraska, with headquarters at Omaha, died at his home last night after a week's illness with complication of lung, liver and kidney trouble. Mr. Horton was well known among telegraph men and others doing business with the company throughout the state and was highly esteemed. J. O. Metcalf, local manager for the company, received a telegram last night announcing the death.  
The public sale of pure blooded Duroc-Jersey swine from the herd of M. Mihills of this city, was very largely attended and the sale was eminently satisfactory. The animals brought very high prices and the purchasers were all well satisfied with their bargains. The high prices paid were a strong testimonial as to the high grade of hogs which have been raised in the Mihills herd. It is considered by stockmen as one of the best herds anywhere in the west.  
A large number of bicycles in Norfolk have been injured within the past two or three weeks by deliberate work on the part of unknown persons. Several wheels that have been left standing in front of buildings have had their tires slashed to pieces and utterly ruined. The police are looking for the perpetrators of the work and wheel owners who have suffered stand ready to prosecute to the full extent of the law on the slightest evidence, it is believed that at least one of the persons who has been doing this sort of thing has been spotted.  
Carl Kehl, who was almost killed a year ago by a bad fall off his wagon at the corner of Norfolk avenue and First street, is again laid up as the result of another and more serious fall. He was riding on top of a wagonload of coals, eight miles northwest of the city, when the wagon struck a rut and he fell off. As he was high up on the wagon, his fall was a severe one. He struck his head and lay for a couple of hours unconscious in the dark. Finally he came to and managed to climb into the wagon and drive home. He suffers a great deal of pain.

Home-seekers' Excursion to the Northwest, West and Southwest.

Via the North-Western line. Excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates are on sale to the territory indicated above. Standard tourist sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars and "the best of everything." For dates of sale and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

BRYAN COMPLIMENTS BOYD

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC LEADER NEEDED IN THIRD.

KEEP GRAVES IN BACKGROUND

All Efforts of Democracy in this District are to Draw Public Attention Away From Real Issues—Government Ownership Theoretic Coming.

[From Monday's Daily.]

William J. Bryan, peerless leader of the democratic party in this country, will be brought into the Third congressional district next week in an effort to make the people of this district believe that Judge Graves, in spite of his inconsistency on "reform" talk, and in spite of the fact that he would be out of tune with Roosevelt's administration, ought to be elected to congress. Mr. Bryan will make one of his famous whirlwind circles over the district. The trip is considered by people in this district as an admission of the weakness of Judge Graves' chances to win and as a compliment to the strength and deserved hold on public confidence earned and owned by Judge Boyd.

On Wednesday, October 31, Mr. Bryan will travel by special train from Lincoln to Norfolk.

On Thursday, November 1, he will travel by special train from Norfolk, via Albion, to Atkinson.

On Friday, November 2, he will travel from Norfolk to Omaha, via Wayne, Emerson, Tekamah and Blair.

Mr. Bryan will be accompanied by Mr. Shallenberger on the trip through this district.

In Holt county it is evident that Mr. Bryan hopes to find enthusiasm over his government ownership ideas, as a club has been formed there to clap hands at the theory. It is puzzling people here to know whether he will be for or against government ownership when he arrives in Norfolk.

The fact that Candidate Shallenberger opened his campaign in Norfolk, appeared here again two days after Sheldon, and is coming back with Bryan, is evidence that the democrats are centering their fight in the Third district and that they hope, by keeping Judge Graves in the background and preventing him from answering the confusing questions, to elect him on his government ownership, "robber tariff" and anti-Roosevelt platform.

It has been apparent all along that the democrats in this district are working overtime to center public attention on insignificant and trivial issues, in order to smother the real vital issues of the campaign. It is believed by many that this is being done because Graves' platform is so radical for government ownership and because it is so harshly against Roosevelt—planks which, given attention, will pile up the majority against Graves.

MONDAY MENTION.

Dr. Holden made a trip to Hoskins this morning.

R. H. Edens spent Sunday in Hadar visiting friends.

W. E. Farr of Newport is visiting in the city a few days.

L. A. Pohlmann of Pierce is in the city today on business.

C. E. Greene was a passenger for Sioux City this morning.

Judge Boyd and C. A. Randall Sundayed in Norfolk yesterday.

E. Hodgson came from Bonesteel this morning on business.

Mrs. W. S. Fox left yesterday for a week's visit in Columbus.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Anderson this morning, a fine son.

H. M. Scott of Plainview is in the city this morning on business.

Mrs. P. J. Barnes is in O'Neill taking care of her sister who is ill.

L. A. Pohlman came down from Pierce this morning on business.

Mrs. M. Keleher of Danbury, Iowa, is visiting her son, J. A. Keleher.

Henry Schmidt of Ewing spent the day visiting in the city yesterday.

Mrs. Griffin of Chicago is visiting at the home of her brother-in-law, Adrian Craig.

P. L. Nicholas was up from Stanton yesterday visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Ralph Garvin returned to Omaha this morning, after spending Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. W. W. Weaver and children returned from their visit in Meadow Grove yesterday.

Mr. Beechly of Lincoln spent Sunday in Norfolk and sang in the Episcopal choir yesterday.

H. VanAlder came down from Pierce this morning to attend to his business interests in the city.

Miss Nellie Johnson of Winside spent Sunday in the city with her sister, Miss Lula Johnson.

Fred Bengier arrived in the city last night from Albion. He will accept a position as clerk in a store here.

Geo. D. Butterfield returned from St. Louis Saturday night, where he has been attending the national bankers convention.

Miss Ella Hauptli spent yesterday at home, returning to Battle Creek last night. She is teaching in the city schools of that place.

C. E. Burnham returned from Belle Fourche, S. D., last evening. He was in the snowstorm in the Black Hills and arrived on a belated train.

Omaha Hotel Reporter: B. W. Barrett of Norfolk, Neb., is a guest of Mr. Rome Miller at the Her Grand. Mr. Barrett is a prominent railroad man and is in Omaha with a view to