

CLIMBING HIGH MOUNTAINS

Exploring the Highest Point of Land on the North American Continent.

EXPEDITION TO MOUNT ST. ELIAS

The Awful Avalanche, the Perils of the Hardest Atmosphere and Other Hardships—Some Noted Mountain Guides.

(Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McClure Company.) One of the most important and perhaps most difficult pieces of mountain work that have been planned for many years is the ascent of Mount St. Elias, the colossal that stands almost on the junction line which separates the American domain in Alaska from the British possessions. Two parties have determined to make the effort during the coming summer, the one directed by Mr. Henry G. Bryant, vice president of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, and the successful explorer of the Grand Falls of Labrador, and the other conducted by Vittorio Sella, probably the most eminent of landscape photographers that the world has yet seen, and Prince Luigi di Savoia, duke of Abruzzi, with a retinue of some of the most experienced of Alpine guides.



VIEW OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

claims of Mount Logan (estimated to be 19,500 feet in height) to be the loftiest summit of all North America. Mount Logan is situated on British territory, but the valuation of its altitude is determined from measurements of Prof. Israel C. Russell, calculated in the bureau of the United States coast survey. The attack on Mount St. Elias, it is expected, will be made from the side of the Malaspina glacier, to which a seemingly most accessible facade is turned. The mountain itself has much the form of the famous Jungfrau of Switzerland, on which the upper snows have a thickness of 200 to 300 feet, except where sharp rock ridges protrude themselves to daylight; what the thickness of the snow mantle on St. Elias may be the present researches are unable to determine, but will be accompanied by Mr. Samuel J. Etriken (who was associated with the Hellipin-Pearry relief expedition of 1852 and subsequently with Mr. Peary) and a special topographer from the United States service at Washington; three or four additional aids will be taken up on the California side, one of whom served as special guide to the Russell party in 1893.

A HIGH CLIMB. The elevation of Mount St. Elias, recently determined by Prof. Israel C. Russell, is about 18,000 feet, or 1,000 feet lower than was assumed from the earlier measurements made by officers of the United States coast survey. The mountain, consequently, lacks between three-quarters of a mile and a mile of the altitude of Aconcagua and the Pioneer peak. But it has a factor in its construction which tends to largely increase the difficulties in the way of its ascent. This is the enormous development of its snow covering, which has a greater vertical extension than in any other mountain, extending continuously from about the level of 2,000 feet to the summit, or through an interval of 16,000 feet. It is this condition which will tax the best resources of the mountaineer, and call out a resource which perhaps no previous mountain exploration has known. The successful accomplishment of high mountains of the class of Aconcagua, the Pioneer peak or St. Elias is not a matter that is associated with the need of a rarefied atmosphere. Experience has plainly demonstrated that a much more rarefied atmosphere than is to be found on any of the mountain summits to which can be safely entered by almost any healthy heart and pair of lungs, but it is the difficulty or exhaustion that is the factor in the way of their ascent. The special conditions of reduced atmosphere (or oxygen) which makes a result doubtful, or even forces personal injury to the climber, are not the mountain sickness in one form or another, and the peculiar blood transpirations from nose, ears and eyes, and other conditions with some, but seemingly they are of much less frequent experience than they were in the early days of mountain work. When the climber is in the air, he is not properly justified in their contention that no mountain height is too high for man's ultimate powers of endurance, and that a proper effort the loftiest of them will be conquered like the less lofty.

KNOWLEDGE OF A MOUNTAIN. Nothing so convincingly demonstrates the successful mountaineer's knowledge of a mountain which is held by and is seemingly inborn with the class of men known as the Swiss guides than their very successful ascents of them. Whymper, in his remarkable rapid ascents of the equatorial Andes—Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, etc.—has the same knowledge of the Alpine guide, Jean-Antoine Carrel; Hans Meyer, in his ascent of Kilimanjaro, relied upon the resources of Putschelberger, Conway Zerkowigen with him to the Himalayas, and now Fitzgerald is essaying the services of the same mountaineer in the Argentinean and Chilean Andes. What, it may be asked, is the special knowledge of a mountain that these Alpinists possess—a knowledge that permits itself to be applied from the mountains of one part of the world to those of thousands of miles away? To the inexperienced mountain faces look largely alike, and they seemingly present few of the features of contour or structure that are not within the grasp of the lay student. In reality, however, they are very complex, and only long study can fully satisfy the mountaineer. If success in an effort and avoidance of danger are prime considerations with him, to be able to follow with the eye an available ridge or crest, to know where and how impending frays and crevices can be circumvented, to have a certain knowledge of the position where avalanches of snow, ice or rocks are likely to imperil the traveler, of the firmness or insecurity of ice bridges, etc.—these are some of the details of mountain study which can only be acquired after long, toilsome and almost continuous experience, and not a least important addition to this knowledge is that which pertains to forecasting the weather, to know the signs of approaching storms, of those swift changes of temperature and air movements which are the inheritance of the mountain world.

TRACHEROUS SNOWS AND ICE. Every mountain that rises well into the domain of perpetual ice has its accumulations of hard-lying and soft-lying or movable snows. The former are usually a safe, if

HONORING THE SOLDIER DEAD

Prophetic Words of General Grant Affirmed by Time.

DEATH'S RAVAGES IN THE GRAND ARMY

Resting Place of the Martial Leaders of the Rebellion—Widely Scattered Graves of the Commanders.

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These words were written at the close of the war, in the full flush of victory, when patriotism was at fever heat, and the sense of obligation was overwhelming. The lapse of thirty-two years affirms the sentiments of the commander of the army of the Potomac, sleeps in Cincinnati; Meade, fourth and last commander of that army, is buried in Philadelphia. Colonel Ellsworth, the brave, known as the flag martyr of Alexandria, who fell in the second month of the war, is buried in the cemetery at Gettysburg. General N. Y. Nathaniel Lyon, a hero of the first month of the war, is buried at Eastford, Conn. Major Theodore Winthrop is buried at New Haven, Conn. "Hold the Fort" Corcoran, who survived his war wounds and died a couple of years ago in Boston, is buried at Arlington. General Sherman, the hero of Atlanta, who also survived his war injuries for some years, is buried in the cemetery at Woodlawn, New York. General Stannard, whose brigade of "Green Girdlers" militia turned the tide at Gettysburg, in repulsing Pickett's charge, is buried at Burlington, Vt. General Joseph Hooker rests in Spring Grove cemetery at Cincinnati. In the cemetery lies the remains of General William H. Lytle, the gallant Ohio leader, author of the thrilling poem, "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying."

With scarcely an exception, the bodies of heroic soldiers who fell in battle were reposed in the field or afterward taken from the battlefield and reinterred in the cemetery at the north. One such exception was in the case of the gallant Colonel Robert Wagner, who fell at the battle of Gettysburg, "his line of eyeballs gleaming white," the place of honor in the storming of Fort Wagner. Shaw was killed on the parapet, and in returning Pickett's charge, he was placed in a trench scooped out of the sand between the fort and the sea. In the course of time the action of the waves destroyed the surface of the beach to a considerable depth, and scattered the bones of Wagner's hero beyond recovery. Another exception was that of the gallant General Francis Meagher. Some time after the war Meagher was buried in the cemetery at St. Louis, Missouri, and his body was not recovered. The body of the gallant Custer was removed from the scene of the massacre on the Little Bighorn and buried at West Point. The remains of Captain Miles W. Keogh, who died by the hand of the enemy, were also identified and brought to Arlington for burial in the Hill cemetery. Fighting Bill Kearney, the "Old-armed" hero, was killed within the Confederate lines. His body was recognized by Stonewall Jackson, who was with him in Mexico, and sent to his friends under a flag of truce, accompanied by a touching old soldier, Kearney's friend, the late General Leonard on Broadway, at the head of Wall street. There is no monument. The brave McPherson, who, like Kearney, was shot down within the enemy's lines at Atlanta, was also recognized by the enemy. The remains were carefully guarded and sent to the federal camp. They were brought north for burial in the family lot, in his old home, Clyde, O.

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WE ADJUST THE TERMS TO SUIT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE

We do not sell sugar, nor shoes, nor calico, nor corsets, nor clothes, nor capillary coxers. Not that there is anything demeriting in handling such articles. But twelve years ago this summer we chose household goods as the field for our commercial ambition. Persistently, insistently and consistently we have adhered to our first choice. As too many cooks spoil a broth, so, too, we argued, too many lines of goods would spoil an otherwise useful career. The result of sticking to one idea has been: THE LARGEST HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WEST, AND THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LOWEST PRICE.

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- Comforts—worth \$1.00—this week 39c Comforts—worth \$1.25—this week 49c Pillows, per pair—worth regular \$2.00—this week 1.25

Dinner Sets

- Bargain No. 1—Is a 100-piece Dinner Set, choice of three different colors, made of the finest semi-porcelain and worth regularly \$25.00—this week 9.95 Bargain No. 2—Also a 100-piece Dinner Set, decorated with beautiful designs in natural colors, very pretty and new shape, good value at \$25.00—this week 12.25 Toilet Sets of seven pieces, including soap bar, nicely decorated, worth \$5.00—this week 2.75 Water Coolers worth \$4.50 on sale this week 2.25

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Here is a bargain in an Ice Chest; be sure to take it while it lasts. It is worth regularly \$8.00, we offer this week for

peas. When the limb of the law appeared the next morning the court felt himself qualified to issue a writ of habeas corpus. Before he could speak the young lawyer said: "Mr. Justice, you were right; I was too hasty. I had the matter fixed up all right, and do not need a capias. I have come to thank you for the good advice, and also have brought you the \$2 fee you would have received for my capias. As I don't want you to lose anything by your good deed," He went away believing the justice to be a paragon of good sense and legal lore.

"I desire to make my will in a very few words," said the dying merchant to his lawyer, "so you can take down what I want to say in three minutes. Are you ready?" "Ready," answered the lawyer. "I wish," continued the merchant, "to leave all my property, real and personal, without condition to John James, attorney-at-law."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up and dropping the pen in amazement. "You say you are John, Mr. Brown! Ha! ha! The idea of leaving it to me when I know how devoted you are to your children. You always were a wad. Me!" "There is no joke about this," said the sick man gravely. "As you say, I am devoted to my children, and it is for their benefit that I make the will I have dictated."

A RETROSPECT. Written for The Bee. Betty looked so quaint and slender In among the garden pinkies Ever till gray eyes open wider, I can see my quires send her Blushing thence, she shyly thinks That I'd deem I did offend her. So, disconsolate, I chide her, As from out my arms she slips, And I follow close behind her, Till her gray eyes open wider, As I bend to press her lips, Where the honey-suckles wild her. How I loved the little maiden In the heyday of my youth, Loved the smiles all sunbeam laden, And the wails that were strayed in, But she shall not know the truth, Know of hopes my heart delayed in. For I cannot all forget her, Since she I will give you a cup! Though I said in my last letter That she never could do better; Still, I thought of the June day, When among the pinkies I met her. Omaha, Neb. CATHARINE RUEL.