TRAPPERS AND ADVENTURERS.

Stanley Smith's Experiences in the Cascades Where White Men Never Before Trod.

Marvellous Mountain Scenery and Picturesque Waterfalls—In Peril of the Glacier.

When Stanley Smith, the noted explorer, set out more than three months ago, to cross the Cascades in search of the lost men, Clark and Braden, it was only upon a forlorn hope that he acted, and the result of his search seems to make a certainty of the general supposition that these two adventurous spirits forfeited their lives in their enterprise. Clark and Braden, the two men who were lost, left Vancouver in the spring of 1892 to go through by the Squamish to Chilcotin. Clark, says the Victoria Colonist, was an engineer, and his evident intention was to make a rough prospect of the country taking some elevations and levels with a view to report on the feasibility of the route for the Peace River and Alaska railway. He was not sent out by the promoters of that line, but took the trip on speculation, probably with a view to selling the information thus obtained at a later period. Braden was an artist and accompanied Clark to make sketches and take photographs along the way.

The provincial government having determined to make an attempt to solve the mystery, the matter was placed in the hands of Superintendent R. S. Hussey, of the provincial police, and it was upon his instructions that Stanley Smith acted. The explorer, who returned a week ago, has made a very interesting report of his travels to Superintendent Hussey, which in condensed form, is as follows:

"In accordance with your instructions, on July 21, I purchased provisions and outfit for myself and one man, for the journey by Squamish to Chilcotin in search of Clark and Braden.

WE STARTED JULY 24

and reached Squamish on the evening of the 25th. Next morning we started up the river, reaching Jemmet's camp at noon on the 28th, but had to wait to see Clark, who was at work in the woods and would not return until evening. He did not care to go, however, expressing himself as satisfied that I would make a thorough search. We left the camp on the morning of the 29th and reached the lower portage on the evening of the 31st, where we hauled up the canoe and next morning started afoot.

"We finished the portage early on August 2, and started to make a canoe for crossing the river. From here the Siwash returned. He gave us many warnings to 'klosh nanitch' and shook our hands, as of men he might not see again. I completed the canoe on the 4th and spent till the 9th searching the East branch but found no sign that they had gone that way.

"On the morning of the 10th we crossed the river, and carrying 100 pounds each, proceeded up the canyon, searching as we went, and reached the head of the canyon on the evening of the 11th. Here Clark and Braden started up the river in a canoe, the Indian turning back.

"On the following day I picked up

A GRAY TWEED CAP

with peak on a bear trail crossing a rock slide; according to the Siwash the cap belongs to Clark. A thorough search in the vicinity failed to discover anything else. On the 15th we reached the reputed head of canoe travel, but found no canoe. That the real head of canoe travel here is doubtful, for by using a tow line, three or four miles more might be made than with pole or paddle, but had the canoe been anywhere in that part, we would have found it. On the 16th we came to a patch of several acres of ground that had been burned a year ago. We searched the patch, supposing a camp fire might have spread and burned their outfit, and perhaps themselves, but found nothing further than that some person or persons had camped there, the fire probably spreading after their departure.

"From here the difficulties of travelling increase immensely. The hillside brush is so dense as to render travel almost impossible, and we found no evidence, afterwards that they had gone any farther.

"Above this we crossed occasional patches of snow on the river level; then two large glaciers come into the valley, one filling it entirely to the depth of 200 feet, the river running beneath. We reached the head of the Squamish on the 23rd. Close to the summit we crossed a glacier which filled the valley. The scenery, in many places, is very fine, and we found luxuriant vegetation close to the snow. There are falls on this route

RIVALLING SHAFFHAUSEN OR YOSEMITE.

"At the summit, the pass breaks off, as it were, a precipice of about 600 feet descent crossing it, rendering progress that way impossible, but a glacier comes in on the east side, which we ascended in clouds and rain, to the summit, and descended another glacier whose stream falls into the river running into Jervis Inlet. We followed this stream to its source, crossing on the way a large glacier stream.

"We made the crossing on a tree that rested across the canyon, at an angle of about 30 degrees with the horizontal, and about 200 feet above the bottom of the canyon. This valley is very brushy and the travel is consequently slow. There was no sign of anyone having passed up here, not even a Siwash.

"The glacier at the head of this valley is the most rugged I have ever seen. It is crossed by great crevasses two or three feet deep, and from five to twenty feet wide, between which, the ice runs up like mountain peaks. The surface of the upper part of the glacier is always more even, but the crevasses there are capped over with the last season's snow, from a few inches to two or three feet in depth, rendering travelling extremely dangerous. It is the most hazardous travel one can undertake, for a fall into a crevasse

MEANS CERTAIN DEATH.

Several times we have gone through with one foot, but the impetus of our forward motion, in every case threw us across the crevasse, which happened not to be wide. This glacier, which is about eight miles long and two miles wide, we ascended to the summit, and decended on the opposite slope, camping on the glacier about four miles from the summit.

"Our provisions were about done, a few handfuls of flour and groundhog being all we had ahead, but about camping time I shot a large goat, weighing probably 300 pounds, and very fat but old and tough. The next morning we were so snowblind that we could only open our eyes with much pain, and could bear them open for but a few moments at a time. It was six days before we could see to proceed down the glacier. Could we have got down to the green woods we would soon have recovered, but the constant glare made recovery slow. They were not well for nearly a month, and are not strong yet.

"We cut and dried all the meat clear of bones, eating every vestige besides, and started away from there with about seventy pounds of dried meat and tallow. This, we lived on 'straight' with

AN OCCASIONAL GROUNDHOG

or grouse, for over two weeks.

"The stream from this glacier runs northwest by north, and I thought it must be the one running into the head of Chilco Inlet, although the vegetation was scarcely of the right sort for the east slope, but I discovered my mistake after following it two days, when it curved around to the south. It was a branch of the stream running into Jervis Inlet.

"At one point in this valley a precipice rises from the river to the height of about 2,000 feet. Half way up the precipice is a narrow ledge with some brush here and there. We have either to take the ledge or climb the mountain. We decided in favor of the ledge and climbed a rock slide to reach it. It varied from a few inches to about four feet in width. In some places we had no footing and hung on by the brush. My rifle troubled me very much where the hanging work had to be done. Only once I felt the danger; it was on a bare part of the precipice; the ledge ran out, and it was necessary to climb to a higher ledge, and all depended on a small cedar root about

THE SIZE OF ONE'S FINGER,

for there was no footing. If the root held, I was all right, but if it broke!—the very retrospect makes me feel uneasy, even sitting here on terra firma.

"We crossed the stream and took a glacial creek coming in from the north, and followed it to its source in two glaciers. We ascended the left hand glacier, as seeming to come from the right direction, and had to descend, and camp in the rain and snow at the foot of the glacier. Next day we took the glacier to the right, ascending to the summit a distance of about six miles, and descended a glacier on the eastern slope about four miles long.

"We had cold rain at the foot of these glaciers, and blinding snowstorms at their summits, and in our tattered garments it was very cold. At the foot of the glacier, the rock formation and plant growth showed we were on the eastern slope, and, in fact, it was only eight miles to Chilco lake. On the following day, September 13, we reached the lake. Our goat meat was done, and game appeared to be scarce; we had only about half rations till we reached the foot of the lake, on September 22. Fir was the only timber large enough for a canoe, and was very gnarly and hard to work, and our pound and a half axe being very dull, it was slow work. I worked very hard, however, and had the canoe

FINISHED IN THREE DAYS,

and my men scoured around with the rifle.

"About half-way down the lake we had to stop a day and a half with head wind and rough water, snow and sleet falling till there was about six inches on the ground. At the foot of the lake we found plenty of salmon, killed two half-dead ones with a club and feasted accordingly. Afterwards meeting with Indians, we bought some dry salmon and bears' grease (for the salmon here are very poor) to take us across to Franklin's. We also bought moccasins, overalls and socks, for our clothes were completely worn out. One suit will not stand a trip like this. My shoes and stockings were long since done, and I was wearing goat skin moccasins that I made in the mountains, and they were worn out. Our shirts were done, and our overalls too far gone to hold on the patches of ground hog and goat skin.

"We started for Franklin's on the 23rd, arriving there on the 29th; but finding no one at home, lived by the rifle till Franklin's return. In the general scarcity we ate a muskrat amongst other things. Mr. Franklin treated us with great hospitality, and provided us with everything we needed except meat, of which he had none, so we bought butter instead, and started on September 29 for Kleen a Kleen river and Knight inlet as the shortest way out. There would appear to be

NO TRUTH IN THE REPORT

that Indians had found the bones of two men near Chilco lake, as neither the Indians there nor Mr. Franklin know anything about it.

"We arrived at the upper canoe landing on the Kleen a Kleen river on October 2, and spent two days making a cottonwood canoe; and thereby saved four days of very brushy travelling.

"I bought about 20 pounds of goat meat from the Indians here and started down the river on the morning of the 5th, reached the lower landing early in the afternoon hauled up the canoe and started down the valley afoot. Rain and snow from here to the coast made travel disagreeable. Previous to this we were often drenched for a day or two at a time, but now, for about ten days, we were never dry, sleeping, besides, in wet blankets. We shot everything we could on the way, but at noon on the 12th our provisions were done. In the afternoon we shot a large porcupine and ate every bit of it down to the claws, including the entrails, which I cleaned and cooked with the rest. This lasted us until noon the next day. In the afternoon we forded a large glacier stream, and a little farther on we came to a slough that some salmon had got into at higher water, and

WERE THERE IMPRISONED.

We threw down our packs and, with a club apiece, waded in and soon killed six salmon. We lived on those and two grouse till we reached Knight, on the 16th. From Messrs. Ward and Noon we bought supplies to take us to Port Neville, there to take the SS. Comox for Vancouver. We reached Port Neville on the 20th, went aboard the Comox on the 25th and arrived in Vancouver on the 26th at 6 p.m.

"With regard to Clark and Braden I feel sure they

NEVER GOT OUT OF SQUAMISH VALLEY.

We made a most thorough search, which accounts, in part, for our being so long in the Squamish, though the upper part of this valley is the roughest I ever traversed, but in such brush as covers it, a lifetime's search might fail to find them. They evidently went but a short distance above canoe navigation, and seeing the great difficulties ahead, their provisions short and game scarce, have returned to the canoe and started down the river. They have probably upset by running against a snag; something much more liable to happen in going down than in going up stream, and the location of the cap shows they had not gone far before upsetting. That Clark, at least, who was a good swimmer, saved himself is shown by the cap, but, empty-handed, his rifle and provisions gone, he probably starved before he reached the settlement. The fact that the canoe is not to be found bears out this view. The loser of the cap has obviously been either groping along at night or was otherwise in a very distraught condition or he would have picked it up again, as there was no bush concealing it.

"In conclusion, let me say that I don't suspect Douglas or any other Indian in this matter. I think that the men came to their end in the manner stated."

Some New Things.

A new style of teapot is constructed higher in front than at the back, and the lid is set on the reverse way than hitherto. In the interior is a grating with very small holes extending the length of the pot from top to bottom. The result of this is that the tea in pouring will not overflow, neither will the leaves work through into the spout.

A new whistle is being brought out in England, capable of 1000 variations, and which can be heard a distance of two miles. This is done by placing inside of the metal bulb a perforated revolving disk.

A new pneumatic tire brought out in England, which is described as a really good thing, has a pad of prepared cotton wool covered with soft cloth, which is inserted between the cover and air chamber, rendering it almost impossible to puncture it even with a sharp awl. The weight of this pad is 50 ounces, and the cost is trifling.

The Parisian window dresser beats the world in his vocation. In the hardware line he will take a few articles of copper, iron, tin or enamel, the freshest or the brightest he can get, place them on shelves covered with crimson velvet, and thus appeal to the beholder in a manner little dreamed of in another country.

An invention is being put on the market in the shape of a pair of ice tongs, which have in the jaws a weighing scale. In this way the ice is automatically weighed and the record is in sight from cart to refrigerator.

In England a new coal hod has been brought out which is a boon to those with sensitive nerves. It is an ordinary coal box as used in that country, with brass mountings and shovel, and a movable inside case to be taken away and replaced after refilling. The feature is in the silence with which it can be used. The lid is lined with linoleum and falls on projecting rubbers, obviating all slamming, and even the shovel is lined with felt.

The news of a substitute for India rubber is published in England. It is composed of ten parts paraffine, one part bitumen, and two parts India rubber. As a great many of the rubber compounds of the present day only afford one-tenth of the whole in the shape of rubber, the new formula will be a howling success among rubber men.

A Countess' Diamond.

For many years the rumour of a magnificent diamond, said to be in the possession of a tribe dwelling in a far-away region, vaguely indicated by the expression "up country," had tickled the ears of adventurers. Many had gone in search of it; none had come within measurable distance of obtaining it.

About this time, however, (1869,) a Dutch farmer named Van Neikerk got upon the track of the diamond. He wandered from tribe to tribe and from village to village, one day hopeful of success and the next disappointed. At length he was directed to a medicine man, or a witch doctor, residing in a certain Kaffir village, and, sure enough, after a good deal of palaver, and plentiful libations of jowala, discovered him to be possessed of a pure white stone of extraordinary size and lustre, which he had little doubt was the diamond referred to.

The witch doctor, however, was extremely unwilling to part with it. A high price was offered, then a higher still; but he remained immovable. The Dutchman now became excited and offered him his whole span of oxen. To this had of necessity to be added the tent waggon which he had fitted out for his journey, together with his appurtenances. And, at last, stripped of all his belongings save his gun and ammunition, he departed, with the gem safely concealed somewhere about his person.

The bargain, nevertheless, was a good one, as the stone was found, when brought to the frontier, to be a beautiful, flawless diamond of the purest water, and worth $25,000. This diamond—which is now in the possession of the Countess of Dudley—may be called "the foundation stone of the diamond industry."—[Good Words.

One Hundred Miles an Hour.

The real danger in increasing the speed of expresses driven by steam does not l in incidental risks. It is not denied t modern locomotive might be built w could run up to 90 or possibly 100 mi hour, if the lines were straight. It curves of the existing lines which ren such speeds impossible, unless the of the engines and trains were also far beyond what the bridges and p way would bear. At the first s the 100-mile express would fly The necessary relation of the speed is accurately known, a and not the want of power, or from wind pressure or boi which sets the limit to mode

As the force tending to th a train running at the speed hour would be about six an greater than that which a train resists at a curve wh sixty miles an hour, it is present lines could not be "lightning express," even th tro motor were substituted for engine. The lines must not only be er, but straighter than would be poss any modification of their present for

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Five years ago a single hour's fro district around Cognac, France d $15,000,000 worth of vintage.

THE MONKEYS OF GIBRALTAR.

Stories Which it Would be a Crime to Throw Doubt Upon.

A question that is put by almost all who visit Gibraltar is, Where are all the monkeys? There are various traditions respecting these creatures, and so much has been said about them by travellers, that the query is a very natural one. Right across the blue waters of the strait is Mount Abyla, or Apes Hill, one of the Pillars of Hercules, and from there to Gibraltar there is supposed to be a subterranean passage, through which the monkeys pass on their journey from Africa to Spain and back again.

If you ask a native of Gibraltar, a Rock Scorpion, as he is familiarly called, about the apes, he will tell you that there are a number always to be seen early in the morning and just before sunset, away up near the top of the rock. If you were to look incredulous or doubt this statement in the slightest degree, he would have as injured an air as the man whose statement regarding the sea serpent is not accepted. The locality designated as that where the apes congregate is very craftily placed somewhat above the line where tourists are allowed to wander, but field glasses fail absolutely to reveal any specimens of the monkey tribe.

The general commanding states that he was very much surprised one morning to find three of them sitting on the side of his bathtub, and another member of his family says that the household has been several times startled by hearing a terrible rattling of pebbles against the glass of the skylight. Whether these stories go with the quarters or not is, of course, too delicate a matter to doubt or discuss. Still another General who was stationed at one time at Gibraltar, in command of the troops, says he was an early riser, and frequently came in contract with the monkeys. "They indulged in games of leapfrog, playing with the skill and agility of boys, but when disturbed would pelt the intruder with stones and vanish, chattering most noisily and angrily."

Still another visitor declares that while visiting the galleries the monkeys, rolled down stones at the party, but that nobody at the time was able to see the animals. The guides also speak of monkeys throwing stones at them, but they say that they have never seen any young ones about, and do not believe that there are any. These simians, if there are any, are protected by English martial law, but would no doubt willingly give up the proud distinction of being the only wild monkeys in Europe to be allowed to pass in peace and quietness to join their brethren in Morocco.

The stories about the monkeys are very numerous, and date away back to the time of the siege, as the following will prove: When an attack was expected on the works one dark night a sentry, whose post faced the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his beat whistling away most merrily and thinking of his sweetheart on the hills of green Erin. By the side of his sentry's box stood a deep-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas. A large monkey, encouraged by the man's inattention, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and, endeavoring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant the soldier turned around and began walking toward his box. The monkey, unable to get clear of the jug, started up to run off, with it sticking on his head.

This terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, bloodthirsty Spanish grenadier, with a tremendous high cap on his head. Full of this idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the Spaniards had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the Governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture the tranquility of the garrison was restored without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

In spite of all this evidence, to the ordinary visitor the Gibraltar monkey remains fully as much of a myth as the Kraken of Pontoppidan.

EARTHQUAKE IN PERSIA.

Further Details of the Fearful Catast phe—The Town of Kuchan Compl Destroyed—Fully a Thousand Lost.

A London special says:—A spatch to the Times from further details of Frid Kuchan, in the north vince of Khorassa pletely destroy immense. the earth. torrents its ha city ex

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

A New York widow lately secured a husband for $10 at an agency. The man has decamped, and the woman is advertising for his return.

A baby whose eldest brother is a grandfather was born in Richmond, Ky., recently. Its mother is 68 and her husband 72 years old.

A Mainz man used the profits of his pumpkin field to pay the expenses of himself and his wife to the world's fair.

In 1552 books on geometry and astronomy were destroyed in England as savoring of magic.

The largest cable message ever sent from Africa was King Behanzin's $1,500 message

The fashionable cat at the national show in London this year is blue and long haired.

The whisper of a slanderer can be heard farther than the thunder.

There is a hole in Yellowstone Park supposed to be a "dry geyser," which is believed to be "bottomless." Three thousand feet of line with weight attached has been let down into it without meeting with obstructions.

The late Maj. Decker, the midget, weighed but a pound at birth, and physicians predicted that he could not live two days. Yet he survived forty-four years, and, it is said, was drunk half of his life.

This announcement recently appeared in a Kitscheva, Bavaria, paper: "Lost, on the 22d of September, my wife, Anne. Whoever has found her is begged to keep her. He will be handsomely rewarded."

A swarm of flies will make their appearance at a car window and easily keep pace with the train, even though it be rushing across the country forty miles an hour.

The Krupp gun works claim to have manufactured a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make an inch.

The greatest whirlpool is the maelstrom off the Norway coast. It is an eddy between the mainland and an island, and when the current is in one direction and the wind in another no ship can withstand the fury of the waves. Whales and sharks have been cast ashore and killed. The current is estimated to run thirty miles an hour.

In the Sandwich Islands the apple has become wild, and forests of trees of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up into the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen.

Lightning played a curious freak at Washington, Ga., during a late storm. It struck a large bush, under which a hen and three chickens had sought shelter. The former was instantly killed, but the chickens were found alive under their mother.

Probably the youngest policeman in the U. S. is 5-year-old Louis Clauring, who is the mascot of the Charles street station in New York. The lad wears a complete uniform, answers the roll call and turns out with the night platoon.

The Nile's Overflow.

Then at last comes the inundation. Perhaps there is not in Nature a more exhilarating sight, or one more strongly exciting to confidence in God, than the rise of the Nile. Day by day and night by night its turbid tide sweeps onward majestically over the parched sands of the waste, howling wilderness.

Almost hourly, as we slowly ascended it before the Etesian wind, we heard the thundering fall of some mud-bank, and saw by the rush of all animated nature to the spot, that the Nile had overleapt another obstruction, and that its bounding waters were diffusing life and joy through another desert.

There are few impressions I ever received upon the remembrance of which I dwell with more pleasure than that of seeing the first burst of the Nile into one of the great channels of its annual overflow.

All Nature shouts for joy. The men, the children, the buffaloes, gambol in its refreshing waters, the broad waves sparkle with shoals of fish, and fowl of every wing fly over them in clouds. Nor is this Nature confined to the Creation.

The moment by the it