

THE PRINCETON UNION

By R. C. DUNN.

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PRINCETON, MINN., JUNE 23, 1898.



THE popular loan was rightly named this time.

THE primaries of Hennepin county were carried for W. H. Eustis for governor.

MINNEAPOLIS Times: It is true that the State has a magnificent school fund, but it is also true that it ought to be much larger than it is.

JOE LEITER was not satisfied with \$5,000,000. What he wanted was the earth; but when he got it there was so much water in it that it was all mud.

ROOSEVELT'S Rough Riders and the celebrated Jackass battery, of New York, are dividing the affections of the dudes and dudines of the metropolis.

IN view of the trouble we are having to crush Spain we tremble to think what would have happened if England had called Cleveland's bluff in the Venezuela case.

BILLY MASON has not fought a Spaniard or a hotel clerk for a week, and things are getting pretty dull down about the national capitol these hot summer days.

GEORGE N. LAMPHERE, the combine candidate for State auditor, is an able, honest and honorable gentleman, and if he should be elected the interests of the State would not suffer at his hands.

ONE-HALF the population of Minneapolis was dumfounded at the result of the primaries, and the other half had known it all the time. And the singular part of it is that it would have been just the same if the other side had won.

Now that Sampson and Schley are keeping the Spanish navy busy at the east end of Cuba and elsewhere, the timid citizens of Boston feel somewhat relieved, and can return to the discussion of the relative merits of Emerson and beans.

THE UNION has and is advocating the nomination of Hon. L. W. Collins for governor in good faith. We hope the delegates from Mille Lacs county will stand by Judge Collins as long as there is a ghost of a chance of his being nominated.

THE eastern papers are joking about the part taken by ex-congressman and ex-candidate Towne in the Oregon election. But it is no joke to Mr. Towne. It is too much in the nature of what Uncle Remus would call the "forerunner of a comeafter."

EVANGELINA CISNEROS, the Cuban "heroine" who was rescued from a Havana prison, has married one of her rescuers in order to round out the romance and properly complete the book which she is writing on the subject. Even war has its fakes.

IF the Sixth congressional district stands solid for Judge Collins he will develop a strength on the first ballot that will surprise the other fellows. And if Mr. Collins leads at the start there is no reason why he should not maintain that lead to the finish. Stand by Collins.

HOWARD CONKLING, a nephew of the late majestic Roscoe, is one of the New Yorkers who has gone to the front to work his way up without the assistance of deceased relatives. Henry Watterson has a son among the enlisted men of a Kentucky regiment. We would like to continue the list, but unfortunately it is not a very long one.

THE public is in no hurry to see the re-establishment of the grade of lieutenant general—at least not until a man has been found worthy to fill the place. Certainly Miles is not the man, and we doubt if there is one yet in military life worthy to take upon himself the vast authority vested in such a command. The war may develop such, but as the record stands to-day we are quite satisfied to leave congress and the president with a string on the army.

THE esteemed St. Paul Globe is working itself up to a state of goody-goodness that should carry it plump into the arms of the Universal Peace society. But there is this difference between the Globe and the peace society: The latter wants peace at any price, while the former is only willing to sacrifice the Republican party to secure it.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Lord Rosebery has made one very conspicuous failure as a leader, there is a prospect that he may succeed Sir William Vernon Harcourt, whose failing physical powers are likely to soon unfit him for further activity in the field of English politics. But Rosebery will never live to see the time when as a liberal leader he can command the following of the world, as did the old gladiator, Gladstone.

THE easiest mistake for any party to make is that of supposing that conditions will ever exist where it will be possible to elect any sort of a ticket or any sort of a man, simply because that particular party happens to be in the favor of the public at the time. The way to keep a party in popular favor is by always nominating good men and by pledging them to the performance of the duties imposed upon them, and when any party fails to do this it is already on the toboggan slide, no matter how favorable the prospects may be in a general way.

THE very most that could possibly be done by the opponents of Hawaiian annexation in the senate would be to force the president to take possession of the islands as a war measure, which would amount to the same thing as annexation, only its accomplishment in a different way. That the president has a perfect legal and constitutional right to do this, there can be no question. He is solely responsible for the proper conduct of the war, and may order the seizure at will, even if the island government were opposed to the act. If the islands are acquired by seizure the credit or blame will rest wholly with him—a responsibility which, under the circumstances, he will most readily assume if it becomes necessary through the stupidity of the senate.

BEFORE Col. Bryan, of Nebraska, really goes to the front he would do well to stop and take a few lessons in common sense. Before his commission had been issued he had gone onto the lecture platform to inform the public of the folly of territorial expansion and colonial policy. We are prepared to give Col. Bryan all due credit for his patriotism and his desire to go to the front, but at the same time it is not improper to remark that if the people had wanted to adopt Col. Bryan's idea of government they had an opportunity to do so in the fall of 1896. Having declined to do so, and having relegated him to private life so far as it was possible for that to be done by an expression of public sentiment, they will expect the gentleman to do his duty as a soldier by going to the front and obeying orders, or else to quit drawing upon public credit for commendation as a war hero.

IT'S OUR OWN FIGHT.

During the past week the eastern papers have expressed more or less uneasiness over the presence of so many German war ships in the vicinity of the Philippines, and the fear has been expressed that should the American forces attempt to take possession of the city and the islands the German government would interfere. There is, we believe, no possible danger of any such contretemps arising. Germany, hungry for territory as she is, would not dare undertake any such interference. Already jealous of the encroachment of Germany in the Pacific, England would promptly take a hand in any attempt on the part of Germany to "get in the game" in the Philippines. And Germany does not want any trouble with England just now. Moreover, Japan, which is making marvellous strides in the race of nations, is looking hopefully to some kind of an alliance between this country and England, and will be the first to make a bid for entrance into the deal. Already resentful and sullen toward the German aggressors, the nervy little Jap would cut no trifling figure in any such mix-up as would follow the interference of Germany in the Philippines. The fact is that there will be no Anglo-American alliance unless the two countries are forced into it by the aggressive attitude of other powers, and as all the other powers are interested to prevent any such alliance they will certainly furnish no pretext to promote it. We will have it out with the Spaniards in the Philippines and elsewhere, without the interference of Germany or any other foreign power.

NEWS FROM ALASKA

Fred McClellan Writes Another Interesting Letter From the Gold Fields of Alaska.

By This Time the Boys Have Arrived at Their Destination.

Under date of May 6th, Fred McClellan writes, the publisher of the UNION the following interesting letter from Glacier City in Alaska—the letter is accompanied by a pencil sketch of the glaciers and benches.

As we have now reached timber line on the north side of glacier, and I can take a breathing spell, I will write you something of our trip, which has been as tough a one as a man cares to run up against. Still I have rather enjoyed it. I think it does a man good to be solving hard problems, and it has kept me guessing about all the time. We landed at Port Valdes the 31st of March, after a voyage of eleven days from Seattle. Of course, the first thing in order was to get on shore with our supplies which had to be carried on our backs twenty rods, as this is a low flat beach and no wharf, and when the tide is out you could not land a bark canoe without wading in water, so it used up twenty-four hours of hard work before everything was on dry land. The next thing in order was locating camp and getting something to eat. We had not had a square meal since going on board the boat at Seattle. This did not take long, for as you know the boys were all used to camping, and in a brief space of time we had the "Minnesota kitchen" running and the inner man was soon satisfied. Everyone on the trail call us the "Minnesota kitchen," as we have the only outfit of its kind on the trail, and certainly it is the best. Everyone envies us our camp fire and baker, as the most of them have nothing but small oil stoves and they cannot cook enough in one night to last them the next day.

April 1st we were ready for the trail and started on our first trip for the great Valdes Glacier four miles away. There we found what is called, the first bench, where it raises 100 feet in going 175. I will enclose a rough sketch which will give you a very good idea of the glacier and distance from timber line to timber line.

There are nearly 5,000 men and 20 women on the trail, made up of all kinds and classes, all struggling to get to the Copper River. It is safe to say that not one in ten will get through this season. In fact, half of them will not even get over the glaciers. The greatest trouble with most of them is that they have never had any experience of the kind and they take the hardest way of doing every thing. You can judge from this: When we landed there were 2,500 men ahead of us on the trail, and now there are only 300, and if we had had no sickness we would have been very close to the leaders by this time. I think we will overtake them in about a week, if the trail does not get too soft.

There are about 30 doctors, some lawyers and a few barbers. In fact, we have men of all classes of business but editors. But, I suppose, they are all busy licking Spain and keeping the political pot boiling. There are sixteen men in our party and I think they make about the best crew on the line. Three small parties joined us on the boat, in order that we might all assist each other in getting over the glaciers. This turned out to be a good thing, as it gave us 1,500 feet of line and plenty of good men on the end of it, so that the benches that had been killing every one to get over were the easiest part of it for us.

You would have thought that every man was working for me, as they have appointed me their leader—rather a poor choice, don't you think? We have gotten along nicely and have made the quickest trip ever made across the glacier, with the amount of supplies we carry, which averages about 1,200 pounds to the man. We have not paid a cent for packing. We would have to pay \$400 per ton from shore to summit. So you see we have been making pretty fair wages. It took us just 23 days to go from the beach to the summit. There is a heavy up grade all the way, and as near as I can make it (and I am not more than 200 feet out of the way) the altitude of the summit is 4,800 feet instead of 1,700, as has always been reported. Take it on good going, a tough able man can haul 200 pounds anywhere on the trail, except up the benches, and the average man 150 lbs. This is from the water's edge to the summit; from summit to timber line on north side a man can take down from 800 to 1,000 pounds.

We reached timber line on north side a week ago Sunday, and have supplies and everything in good shape. We were just in time to miss the big snow storm and slide that caused the accident on the summit in which two men were killed and several injured and ten tons of supplies buried under fifty feet of snow. I was there the

next morning and it was a sorry looking sight, especially for those who had lost everything and barely got out with their lives. Eight feet of snow fell in 48 hours. This heavy snow was the cause of the slide. You can hear and see these slides any time of day. They sound like heavy thunder, and are made up of rocks, snow and ice. There is no reason why people should get in the way of these things, as there is plenty of room to camp out of their reach. But everyone seems to think that he must camp close to the trail, if it was right under the eaves of the mountain. Now, I don't pretend to be any brighter than lots of others on the trail, but when I saw the track of some of those slides, I made up my mind that it would be a good plan to keep out of their way.

One of the men that was killed was from Minneapolis. The only thing we could find on him was \$172 and three photographs, these had been taken in Minneapolis, and look as though they might be of some of his family, if he had one. He wore the three links and undoubtedly belonged to that order. I have sent the photographs to Mr. Eaton at Princeton, and have asked him to try and locate some of his people. The other man was from Chicago. He had a traveling card from a Masonic lodge, so we had no trouble in locating him.

The weather has been all one could wish, except, perhaps, a little too warm. There has not been a day since we landed that the mercury has been down to freezing, except between the fourth bench and the summit. The high altitude and snow and ice made it quite cold nights, but we had no trouble in keeping warm with a couple of "North Star" blankets. A man has no use for sleeping bags and fur-lined clothing. Anything that will keep him warm in Northern Minnesota will do here.

We camped fifteen days on the glacier on two thousand feet of snow and ice and did not suffer with the cold. We had nothing under us but our sleds and two pair of blankets. The only thing that bothered us was lack of wood to cook with. We had to haul it 15 miles, and you may be sure we did not have any too much, as it was sold at the rate of \$200 per cord at fourth bench, so you see it was quite a luxury to have a fire. Herb. Gates says he never will again kick about grubs and brush on the farm.

There is one thing certain, we are going to reach the Copper River in good season, for we are in shape now and if the trail breaks up where we can build boats and go right along. You can see by the rough sketch I send where our camp is located.

Four of the boys have been pretty sick, but they are all on their feet now and feeling good. Herb. and Ed. Gates had a pretty sick week, also the two Ohio men; but my drug store and careful nursing brought them out all right. I have made up my mind that I am pretty tough. I have been in the harness every day, and you might say night too, for that matter, as it gets light at 2 o'clock in the morning, and you can see to read without a lamp as late as half-past nine in the evening, and we work during all the daylight there is.

For the benefit of any one who might be thinking of coming out here, I would say that the only safe time to come is in the month of March, and if there are three or four in a party, they should bring a light horse or something of the kind. If we had done so we would have been on the Copper River now.

There are 2,000 men on the south side of the summit who cannot get over the glaciers this spring. At least one hundred are turning back every day. Supplies can be bought in the glaciers at any price one has a mind to offer. If any of our friends have an idea of coming here, advise them to stay away. There is nothing for any one at Valdes. All branches of business will be overdone a month from now. Valdes has a population of about 500, and has four hotels, eight saloons, two drug stores, and in fact everything that goes to make up a lively frontier town.

Have mercy on your stomach and use pure cider vinegar, Johnson's of Illinois.

Princeton will celebrate the fourth of July this year in grand style, and numerous attractions will entertain all who come here to spend the day. For the list of attractions read the announcement on this page of the UNION.

Robbed the Grave.
A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at McCuaig & Danielson's Drug Store.



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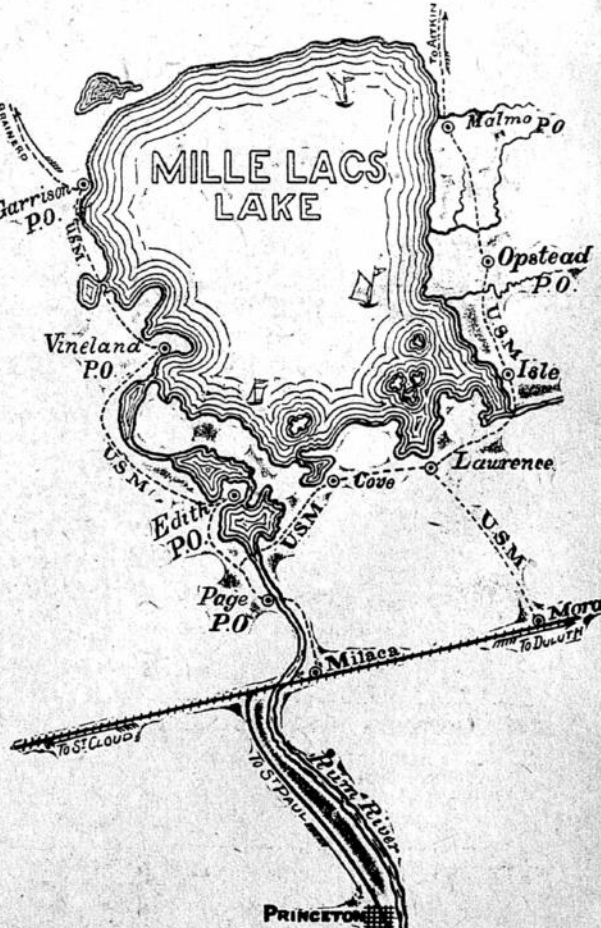


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