

OVER THE OLYMPICS.

THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF A PARTY OF SPORTSMEN.

Through the Stamping Grounds of the Elk, Blue Grouse and Bear—Over the Falls and Rapids of the Quinault to the Coast and Back to the Sound by Indian Canoe—A Trip Made Before by Only Two Parties, One a Government Exploring Expedition.

What sight would be more exhilarating to the sportsman or would appeal stronger to the artist than that of a band of party hunters, armed with rifles and traps, fully equipped for a long and arduous journey, tramping down a steep snowfield at the summit of the Olympic mountains.

Frank Reid, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Roland Hopper, of Seattle, are the two men who have just returned from a trip over the Olympic mountains, a trip which has not been taken previously except by two parties, one the government expedition in 1858, and the other a private party of sportsmen about the same time.

The trip was planned about a year ago, and Frank Reid and his friends were camping at Clifton, which is the extreme head of Hood canal. Reid had been anxious to visit the practically unexplored portion of the country for some time, and one evening after the party had returned from a successful duck hunting trip he briefly outlined his plan, which included a trip over the Olympics, through the stamping grounds of the blue grouse and bear, to the headwaters of the Quinault river on the western slope, and then down the river to the lake of the same name.

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Every member of the party was living near Lake Cushman, that beautiful little body of water which lies in a deep valley at the eastern base of the Olympics, surrounded by forests of giant firs and with hand-shaking distance of Mount Rainier and Mount Elliman, which tower 5,000 feet above it.

In preparing for the journey it was calculated that six weeks' provisions would be necessary. Each man was allotted a certain amount of food, and the party was equipped with a heavy pack of provisions, including a large quantity of flour, sugar, coffee, and other necessities.

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warning this animal commenced plunging, and a moment later cleared a four-foot log at the side of the trail and went rolling down the steep decline to the river below, carrying with it a pack weighing 25 pounds. Fifty feet below the trail a friendly log that was propped slightly above the ground stopped the canoe in its mad flight and the startled hunters had the pleasure of gazing down upon a comely animal mix-up of a big pack and a small animal, whose four feet were pawing air in a wild manner.

Along the river at stated points may be found the places where Reid and Hopper camped. Each day has a number, and even to this day the ranchers who live in the Lake Cushman country speak of them as Camp No. 3, 4, or 5, and of the restlessness of the party.

Reid and Hopper were members of the party who had been on the trip for some time, and they had a great deal of experience in the mountains.

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covered that the O'Neil trail was blazed, and that in many cases the blazes made on the trunks of trees had disappeared and could be found again only by the closest scrutiny. Indeed, it would have been a difficult matter to follow the trail at all had it not been for the knowledge of Church, who acted as guide for a considerable distance through dense thickets and over large windfalls.

There is a large mass of ice, easily discerned from a long distance and rivals in grandeur many of the already famous glaciers. It gives rise to a small stream of water, which flows down the mountain side, and is known as the Quinault. The water is white, and although it flows with great rapidity it is not difficult to cross because of its narrowness.

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The grandeur of the Olympics in the background was equalled by the unseen throng of sounds in the distance. One day at the reservation, whose hunters were to be seen on the trail, a herd of five or six moose was thrown open for settlement to the white people. One of the pleasures of the trip was to see a moose, but the moose was not seen.

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will assist in coaching their respective teams this year. These men do not sacrifice their standing as amateurs, by so doing, as they receive no reward except gratification. It is different, of course, when an ex-member of a famous team travels 3,000 miles to coach another college, as Cross has done. This famous Yale man, 6 feet 2 inches high, and weighing 215 pounds, is to train the team of Stanford university, California. Cross is already on the ground. The rivalry between Stanford and the University of California is intense.

Then there are the ex-college men who join the big athletic clubs in the cities; they almost always turn up on the field, as Phil King, the ex-Princeton star, does this fall in the team of the Crescent A. C., which he is to captain. A movement is in progress in several of the prominent athletic clubs about New York to check the employment of semi-professional track athletes and football players. It is a movement which deserves every measure of success.

How the outer world's unquiet dies away with words; Oh, my heart, with all its burdens, is a child's, sure, blithe and meek. 'Tis the vision of a moment, fading down the orchard's maze. And the silver was the daisies!

Copyright, 1896, by the Bachelor Syndicate. New York, Sept. 29.—Just as it usually is the case, it develops upon Yale to do most of the "grand stunts" preliminary to bucking down to the noble old game of football.

At the present moment a sort of day-to-day council is being held to determine whether any game will be played this year between Yale and "Pennsy." The chances are all against such a game and have been from the start. If it were to take place, it would be a show-up for a Roman audience, a scrapping which from first to last, rules or no rules, Yale is sure to win.

It is a matter of common gossip that both Fitzpatrick and Murphy get about \$150 a year for their services to Yale, and that Murphy changed his base for a big cash bonus and Pennsylvania respectably, but the place of trainer is worth much more than that. Behind the scenes, the manager of special training fees out of season, and from gifts; and when the training table is running, the trainer has to board bill for his services. It is a kind of engagement much sought after by cunning athletes, who do not object to becoming professionals.

Manager Garrison, of the Yalestans, has been on hand a fortnight, but his team is not finally made up, nor will it be for a couple of weeks, probably. Yale is never in a hurry about beginning practice, it is now indeed rather behind the other three of the big four, but many of her men are experienced and resolute players and will have no trouble in getting into the swing of the game. Capt. Murphy will probably play at tackle again.

There is absolutely no chance of a brush between Yale and Harvard. The ribbon men are now mostly at Capt. Wrightington and Coach Waters have been setting a number of heady sprinters for half mile and quarteracks. Behind the line of gaps in the team will be filled from these men: Beale, Cochran, Richardson, Dunlop, Brown, Cozzens, Mills, Warren and perhaps one or two others. Young Newell will be in the rush line. Wrightington himself should be back of it; but the whole combination will hardly prove sensational.

In the contest between Harvard and Pennsylvania the latter team has the advantage; if advantage it is, of early practice. The game will be a considerable one, but it is not likely to be a very close one. Harvard's early refusal to give Dartmouth a date is held by some to indicate a team at present rather weak, but it may be a very different matter. Of the Pennsylvania eleven, Wortman, Wharton, Minds, Dickson, Gelbert and Borie are all first rate men and veterans. If Minds plays at fullback, which is quite likely, he will be in really good condition; but his game as half-back against Cornell last fall was a fine exhibition of agility. Still he is valuable at tackle and may be kept there. The composition of the team will soon be publicly shown, for it begins practice games next week—the first with Lancaster—earlier than any other of the big four. This will afford a good test of the value of a long training season.

Not, Cochran, of Princeton, expects to play, in spite of the broken rib, but he will not be the man he was. Even if he feels perfectly fit and gets into a hot game, he may get out of it again sooner than he likes, as it is hardly conceivable that he can be in really good condition in time for the big game. His loss would be a severe blow to Princeton, and of course it is a blow to the team as a whole. It is a pity that he should be out of the game, but it is a pity that he should be out of the game.

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AFTER THE GREAT HUNT. A MOUNTAIN SCENE. CAMP AT THE SUMMIT. PACKHORSES ON THE TRAIL.

round surface, and after reaching the middle suddenly think of home and mother and make the remainder of the journey on their stomachs, while the waters roar below them in vain efforts to induce a fall. Tradition has it that Lieut. O'Neil used to drill his men on that log in order to cure them of any disposition to look right or left. But this party had horses to get across, so all went up stream to a ford, and crossed in safety. Roland Hopper tried to walk the log two or three years ago with a heavy pack. When he was part way across the pack shifted and for a moment it was a life and death balance act with him. Finally he effected a compromise by embracing the log. Hopper says he is glad he was not one of O'Neil's soldiers.

After four days of almost incessant rain camp was broken and the party made its way over rough country to the headwaters of the Duckabush. This point is called the second, and sometimes the main, divide. It is the point that stretches the rivers which flow into Hood canal from those that trend their way down the steep western slope to the Pacific ocean. On a clear day the panorama that stretches itself in all directions before the eyes of the adventurous hunter is so grand that one involuntarily says to himself: "Oh, that I might be inspired with figures of speech and powers of description that would do justice to this grand and inspiring sight! Within a quarter of a mile is the Duckabush glacier, a sight in itself worth miles of travel, and from its base creeps the stream that finally loses itself in the salt waters of Hood canal. At the left hand, far away, can be seen Gray's Glacier, white down below stretches the beautiful country of the Quinault Indians. To the northwest, Mount Olympus towers its jagged head, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the northeast another mighty sentinel, Mount Constance, blocks the way, raising itself into the clouds as if to rival Mount Olympus. Close at hand lies Lake Hartman, whose waters are cold as ice; and in all directions peaks, some large, some small, stick up like barriers against the inquisitive hunter.

The main divide is about 550 feet above the sea level, but from it more of the rugged beauty of the Olympics can be seen than at any other point. When the party pitched camp near Lake Marmot and commenced the construction of a cabin they were compelled to dig down into deep snow banks. Before the end of the day a horrible idea entered the mind of the party, and the valleys became transformed as if by magic into gardens of paradise. As the hot rays of the sun beat upon the snow and drove it back foot by foot, rich luxuriant grass made its appearance and grew like mushrooms in the valleys, for there are valleys up there, fairly groined under the burden of wild flowers. There would be immense patches of red here, blue there, white somewhere else, and yellow further on. Fir trees had disappeared and in their place could be seen Alaska cedar and shrubs. During the three weeks that the party camped in this country of flowers, valleys, glaciers, mountain peaks, and big game, the weather was hot and there was no call for heavy clothing. The moonlight nights were wonderful to behold and Reid became almost moonstruck until one evening he saw a shadow stealing steadily across its surface. He looked and looked, and rubbed his eyes and rubbed them harder. A horrible idea entered his mind. He yelled to his companions to come and look at the most wonderful sight the heavens had yet shown them. Some one remembered that there was to be an

step forward their bodies would swing around, but this did not seem to worry them in the least, and they trooped along to the valley of death. The hunters watched the cows jumping to their feet and taking to cover and commencing the arduous journey to a position of vantage. It is impossible to detail here all the difficulties encountered during the trip, but the pleasure of spending a half day around the herd. At last it was accomplished, and the hunters were within 100 yards of the specimens of the Olympic kings. The cows jumping to their feet and resting, while the others were standing peacefully or browsing. Hopper undling his kodak and moving up a little nearer the herd, and stood behind a tree, and took a convulsive shudder throughout his whole body, fell dead, shot through the head. His brother staggered forward, sank down, tried to rise again, but finally went down in a heap, his back broken by a ball from Reid's rifle.

The main herd rushed up the mountain side to the first shelf, only a short distance away, and stood huddled together, gazing down upon the victorious hunters and the bodies stretched on a white blanket fast turning red, in dumb surprise and awe. Hopper took advantage of the novel and wonderful sight to snap the kodak once more, and as he finished, the noble animals turned and bounded up the mountain side, and were soon lost to view behind a spur. No time was lost bringing horses from camp to pack in the prize of the chase. More pictures were taken and the developed the fact that the curtain spring had been broken when Hopper snapped at the herd.

One day after this Reid and Munn were out on a fishing trip. They were accompanied by a large black bear asleep at the base of a tree. Reid stopped short and threw a shell into the chamber of his rifle. As he did so the bear awoke, and with a roar made off, only to fall dead with a bullet in his head. The same day Munn killed a fine specimen of the Fisher. This ended the hunting. Hopper took advantage of the abundance of fine frog's legs, but so far as the party discovered there was not a fish in the lake.

On the morning of August 25 camp was broken, and according to previous arrangements Munn started for Lake Cushman with the horses and the greater part of the outfit. Church, Reid and Hopper each took a pack of 60 pounds and started for the Pacific ocean, intending to follow the O'Neil trail, which has a course along the base of the Quinault river. In the downward journey the first object of interest is the Lindsey glacier, which is about 500 feet above the level of the sea. It is a huge mass of ice, easily discerned from a long distance and rivals in grandeur many of the already famous glaciers. It gives rise to a small stream of water, which flows down the mountain side, and is known as the Quinault. The water is white, and although it flows with great rapidity it is not difficult to cross because of its narrowness. The hunters soon discovered that the O'Neil trail was blazed, and that in many cases the blazes made on the trunks of trees had disappeared and could be found again only by the closest scrutiny.

themselves as snug as if they were in a feather bed. On the second day the fishing commenced to be good. In fact, they did not have tackle strong enough to hold the trout that were eager to grab the fly which struck the rifle or eddy. It was an easy matter to step out into the river and in five minutes kill enough trout for a week's supply. The water was clear and the Quinault, a beautiful little body of water about five miles long. The journey could have been made in a much shorter time, the pleasure of spending a half day around the herd. At last it was accomplished, and the hunters were within 100 yards of the specimens of the Olympic kings. The cows jumping to their feet and resting, while the others were standing peacefully or browsing. Hopper undling his kodak and moving up a little nearer the herd, and stood behind a tree, and took a convulsive shudder throughout his whole body, fell dead, shot through the head. His brother staggered forward, sank down, tried to rise again, but finally went down in a heap, his back broken by a ball from Reid's rifle.

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The main herd rushed up the mountain side to the first shelf, only a short distance away, and stood huddled together, gazing down upon the victorious hunters and the bodies stretched on a white blanket fast turning red, in dumb surprise and awe. Hopper took advantage of the novel and wonderful sight to snap the kodak once more, and as he finished, the noble animals turned and bounded up the mountain side, and were soon lost to view behind a spur. No time was lost bringing horses from camp to pack in the prize of the chase. More pictures were taken and the developed the fact that the curtain spring had been broken when Hopper snapped at the herd.

One day after this Reid and Munn were out on a fishing trip. They were accompanied by a large black bear asleep at the base of a tree. Reid stopped short and threw a shell into the chamber of his rifle. As he did so the bear awoke, and with a roar made off, only to fall dead with a bullet in his head. The same day Munn killed a fine specimen of the Fisher. This ended the hunting. Hopper took advantage of the abundance of fine frog's legs, but so far as the party discovered there was not a fish in the lake.

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