tection and hints that I need it and had better call for it. You know what that means. It means that I'm to hatch up an excuse for these fellows to take possession of this territory. They know that I know I don't need protection and have not the least excuse for callin' for it, but they also know that I know what they are aimin' at and they think I won't dare do less than act with 'em."

"In other words, doctor, this letter is a dextrously worded epistle, which, while giving you to understand England wants—aye, commands—you to use your great influence to put her in possession of this territory, could not if made public, be proven a proposal to violate the treaty of joint occupation."

The doctor groaned assent again, covering his face with his hands.

"Well, I can head that off, without causing you or anyone else trouble, doctor."

"You can, boy? How? Tell me."

"Oh, never mind, doctor. I can do it all right, and I will. You needn't know anything more than that you don't need protection, which is true, and you can send a sealed answer to Capt. Gordon to that effect. Meanwhile, before giving in your answer, you can convey to Capt. Park your regret that you became so violent this evening at dinner; tell him you have thought the matter over and know more than you did at first, and also tell him you have decided to do what is best for all concerned, but that you must have a promise from him and Lieut. Peel that they will let you work this out in your own fashion, and will not interfere in your affairs in any way by seeking to stir the natives up on their way back. Remember, doctor, you are not to give Capt. Peel nor anyone else an inkling of what your actual sealed answer is. You must lead them to suppose it is exactly contrary to what it is. You need not say so definitely, but you must be diplomat enough to make them think so without your telling them so in so many words."

"And this is diplomacy, Elton?"

"A fair sample of it, doctor."

"Then, thank God, I was not bred to it. This is my first experience at it and I hope it will be my last. All my life I've said what I meant and meant what I said. I couldn't sleep nights if I was at this business."

I laughed. "You'll sleep tonight, doctor, for you'll know I'm going to get you out of a nasty predicament. Go to your rest now, and rest easy. Good night."

CHAPTER IV.

The morning was clear and beautiful, and although I had slept but little, I arose early, to find the doctor down ahead of me, his big staff in hand, and pacing up and down before the little cannon that stood between the flights of steps.

"Good morning, doctor. I hope you slept well."

"They're not going today," was all the answer he made me, and he spoke in low and guarded tones.

"What is the programme?" said I, catching step with him.

"They tell Ogden they want to make a trip up the Multnomah. Want to meet the leading men of that region and sound them."

I laughed. "They'll find only provisional government men on the outside over there, and if they scratch deep enough, they'll find true-blue Americans, full of fifty-four-forty or fight," said I.

"Faith, an' they will that," was the old doctor's reply. "Do you want to go with 'em as an escort? I shall send Ogden and McKay too."

This was exactly what I wanted, and we started by boat an hour later, with four Indian oarsmen. The morning was, as I have said, a beautiful one, and the old Columbia showed off at her best. Even at this early season the great silver-sided salmon were leaping on all sides of us, while from the reedy shore myriads of swan, geese, ducks and other wild fowl arose. As we entered the Willamette, an hour's row below, we also saw several deer and elk along shore. Peel was very enthusiastic, and this morning, believing himself alone with sympathizers, was not as reserved as he had been the night before. He expressed his admiration for the entire region; declared the territory capable of supporting more people than could all the British isles, and hoped England would lose no time in taking possession of it. Park was fully as enthusiastic, but in military matters more practical. He had ascertained that Ogden and McKay knew much of the country across to Canada, and he could talk of nothing else but means and methods of getting men across. I could see that he had a very good idea of the situation, and felt convinced he was mentally formulating a report of no little magnitude and detail for presentation to his government. In my character of an Englishman from London, I professed great enthusiasm for his schemes and led he and Peel on to great lengths. Indeed, on this trip I learned enough to satisfy myself that there was a carefully contrived plot to seize Oregon territory; that the plotters wanted McLoughlin if they could get him, because of the magic of his name among all of the tribes of the Northwest, but if he refused his aid from conscientious scruples they were prepared to go on and act without him, meanwhile giving out to all tribes and traders information to the effect that he sanctioned the move and commanded his friends to aid in it, but was not personally active, because of approaching age and infirmities.

By the glitter of McKay's eyes and the disgust at times shown on his face, I could see what these men, not knowing him so well, could not see, that he was strongly opposed to their schemes, and while he said nothing, might later act in a way unlooked for. Fearful that he might betray his sentiments I improved the first opportunity to warn him to keep quiet. As I did this, a new light broke on him and showed itself in his face, as, grasping my hand, he whispered, "The doctor told me to trust ye and keep quiet. I think I see the point now. I'll hold my peace."

I suppose that there are many old settlers in the Northwest today who cannot understand how McKay, half-Indian and half Scotch, and a lifelong Hudson Bay Company's man, could be other than intensely British. In explanation I wish to say that few know or ever will know what a noble man this halfbreed was. He was, in fact, one of the most honorable, clear-minded men I ever knew. He knew what was right and what was wrong, and knowing the right, dared stand for it. He was a man of magnificent moral as well as physical courage, and while a loyal British subject, even more loyal to the doctor, with whom he had been for many years. Then, too, McKay was naturally opposed to bloodshed. He could fight like a fiend when occasion demanded, and he was absolutely fearless, but his heart was as tender as that of a civilized woman. He realized that these men, reckless of consequences, would by their action precipitate a war, and that they expected him and his mother's people to aid them in regulation aboriginal style. He realized what horrors must ensue, and while if the doctor and other leading men of the company had sanctioned this war, he might have been in it, I am fully convinced, that halfbreed as this man was he would have suffered great torture of conscience. I know he seemed to take a grim satisfaction at the rebuffs Park and Peel almost constantly received that trip, for while no man came out radically, it was plain that every settler we met was for provisional government if he could not get American, and above all things opposed to British occupancy of this region. I can see McKay now as he looked then. He said nothing unless spoken to and was very non-committal even then, but he let not a word of what was said escape him. He was constantly close to Park and Peel and there with his glittering eyes half closed, his arms crossed on the muzzle of his huge rifle, his hands long and powerful hanging limp from the wrist down, he would stand and drink in every word.

We were two days in the Willamette, reaching Fort Vancouver just at sunset of the second day, and within a few minutes I was in close conference with McLoughlin. The old man was overjoyed to learn that Park and Peel had been coldly received, but his face clouded over as he exclaimed: "But now comes my answer. I must range myself on one side or the other. I have thought of nothing else for two whole days. I cannot go back on my government, even though she be wrong, boy. I cannot, no, I cannot."

"Why, doctor, you're hysterical," said I. "Nobody wants you to go back on your government. We understood all that the other night. Am I trying to rob your government? Are you, if you do as I suggested? No. We are simply acting in a way that will, I trust, prevent a few ambitious men doing a thing they will later regret, for you and I both know they cannot triumph. They can only precipitate a war that will be for a time a massacre of whites by Indians; later the expulsion of all British from this region, perhaps from all Canada, and retaliation on the Indians. England couldn't whip the states seventy-five years ago nor thirty years ago. She can't do it now. Why let these hotheads place her in difficulty where she is bound to lose and you in a position that means everlasting disgrace and infamy? Now, you've been brooding over this thing all the time we've been away. You've weakened. Here is a case where 'he who hesitates is lost.' If you think I am advising you wrongly, call in McKay. I haven't heard him say a word about this matter, but I'll trust to his horse-sense. Shall I send for him?"

"No," groaned the doctor. "No! Don't send for anybody. I'll do what you suggested, but this diplomacy business—this double-facedness—boy, I don't like that. Faith, an' I don't."

"Why, doctor, you're sorry you made such an explosion at the table the other night, aren't you? And you can tell these men so, can't you?"

"No, I'm not sorry, me boy. I'm sorry I didn't pitch me Lord Peel out the window. He insulted me. He——"

"Doctor, I won't hear another word. For a man holding your position, you made a d—d fool of yourself the other night, and I, your best friend, tell you of it to your face. It was to the credit of your manhood, I'll allow, but it wasn't diplomacy. Now, I don't want any more high and mighty moral explosions from you; I want diplomacy. Do you go straight and say to Capt. Park and Lieut. Peel that you were hasty the other evening; that you have thought it over and have decided to send a sealed answer to Capt. Gordon; that you desire they bear this message to him, and that on no account must they interfere with affairs in your territory until they have conferred with him."

"Yes. But what about my answer to him? Faith, boy, an' when they know the substance of that, won't there be an explosion?"

"Suppose there is. You won't hear it, doctor. You'll be too far away. McKay and I will be in danger, not you. Now go. Tell them the message will be ready tomorrow morning, and be sure you exact from them a promise to not discuss this matter further with any one save with me, until they have seen Gordon."

A little later Park came up to me on the old parade ground, where I was pitching quoits with one of the clerks, and drew me to one side.

"What did you say to the old man?"

"Why, captain, I gave him a talking to."

"Well, you must. He's as crawfishy as you please now. Actually seemed sorry for that hullabaloo he made the other night. Says he'll have a sealed answer to send to Capt. Gordon ready tomorrow morning. Oh, and by the way, you and McKay are to accompany us. You were not slow to so arrange matters so as to bring yourself to the attention of our high officials, I see. That's right. Get on when you can. That's my motto."

I made no answer save to shake my head mysteriously, laugh and wink at the captain, and he calling me a shrewd one, slapped me on the back in a patronizing way and strutted off.

We got an early start the following morning, and I could see both Park and Peel were in great haste to reach the America and deliver their message. We were going overland, and although we must travel 150 miles or more by canoe and trail, I knew we would not be more than eight days going, for the reason that we went by canoe so much of the way, going north down the Columbia to the Cowlitz, thence northeast up that, then over the divide sixty miles to the Nisqually, and thence down to and up the Sound to the vicinity of Whidby island, where the America lay. In the first rapids of the Cowlitz I managed to fall overboard and by this trick delayed the party three or four hours while I built a fire and dried my clothes. The next morning two of our paddles were missing. I let Park, Peel, even McKay, think some skulking Indian had stolen them, although I myself had arisen in the night and sent them adrift down the river. "I would have sent a canoe, but that I knew would be seen and stopped by morning. It was nearly noon when we completed the new paddles and started. On the trail across to the Nisqually I had so many sick spells we were five days in making that sixty miles, which could have been made in three. In one way and another I managed it so we consumed four days more, or twelve days altogether. In fact, it was late in the afternoon of the twelfth day that we sighted the America lying at her anchorage near the mouth of the Snohomish river, near the present site of the city of Everett, and with the high, rocky island, now known as Gedney, lying between it and Whidby.

When we came out at the mouth of the Nisqually, Park wanted to go back to Tumwater, near the present site of Olympia, the present capital of Washington, and see a chief named Kitsap, who was encamped there, and opposite the present site of the city of Seattle he wanted to stop and hold conference with Sealth, or Seattle, then the most powerful chieftain in that region, but I was not feeling any better than I had soon after starting, and could not delay longer, now that we were so near our journey's end. I do not think it would have done any harm for him to have seen both these chiefs and perhaps I should not have objected, as it would have proven his lack of honor, this breaking faith with the doctor. We found Capt. Gordon absent on a trip up the Snoqualmie river, where I had no doubt he was endeavoring to stir up the various tribes of that name, and thus was Dr. McLoughlin's answer delayed two days more in its delivery.

It was just at dusk that second evening that we saw a large Sdopobsch canoe pulling out around Skyne, or Dead Man's point, and a little later Capt. Gordon and two or three of his men came aboard the America. I was immediately introduced to him as "an Englishman who had lived two years in the Columbia region and still remained true to my mother country," and McKay as "the son of Alexander McKay, a man who lived and died for his mother country." Peel did this very gracefully, but I fancied his eloquence lost on the taciturn halfbreed. We were both very warmly received and invited into the captain's cabin, where wine was set out and a box of choice cigars opened. After giving his orders for our entertainment and also for that of the party that had brought him down the river, Capt. Gordon, with a hand on my shoulder, another on that of Peel, and his face close to that of Capt. Park, imparted the information that he had made an alliance offensive and defensive with every chief of note up the Snohomish and Snoqualmie rivers. I had lighted a cigar, and at his information I looked as pleased as I could, although it was bad news, the tribes in question being numerous, powerful and influential.

"And now what have you for me?" inquired the captain, looking at my two companions. Park went to his luggage and brought forth the doctor's sealed message, which was in truth a formidable looking document while unopened. Gordon took it, and with a "Pardon me, gentlemen," opened it and commenced reading. From where I sat I could see that the doctor had written as coarsely as he could and as few words as possible on a sheet. One after another the captain laid them over, and as he read he scowled ominously. Finally he finished, and with an oath bounded to his feet, as mad a man as I ever saw. He tipped over a chair in his haste to shake his fist under Capt. Park's nose, and that done, demanded: "Is this all the message that damned old fool sent by you? By Jove, I ought to go down there and batter his old stockade down about his ears. Does he think I send men hundreds of miles through these woods to be given such an answer as this?"

Park was clearly bewildered. He had seen the numerous sheets and had before starting out been so completely hoodwinked by the doctor's maiden effort at "diplomacy" that he could not now grasp the situation. He gasped for breath, stared at Gordon, but said not a word. As for me, I was busy—very busy, in fact. At Gordon's opproprious epithet, McKay had started up amazed. It could not be possible that any man could speak of so great and good a man as the doctor in that manner. In McKay's eyes he was as great as Lord Peel, and certainly the best man in the world. As Capt. Gordon went on, however, McKay understood, and his terrible anger flamed in his eyes. I endeavored to keep him in his seat, but, strong as I was, I had a struggle. But for me I am sure he would have necked the choleric captain in his own cabin. I finally triumphed, and then as the captain faced about, as nonchalantly as I could—my heart was thumping violently from excitement and exertion—I inquired: "What is it, captain?"

"What is it? It's nothing. Just nothing, by God! Listen: "The doctor hopes the captain is well and assures him he does not regard Fort Vancouver or any of the Hudson Bay Company's posts in his charge in danger. For this reason he thanks the captain for offered protection and respectfully declines it at present.' So that's the kind of a British subject he is? England's claims he has not a thought for, and he's so politic or so obtuse he won't or can't see what that message of mine meant. Didn't you have a talk with him, captain? Didn't you explain? What did you go down there for? Maybe he'll find yet where that message came from, and——"

"Oh, he's not so obtuse, captain," broke in Park at this juncture. "He's not so politic, either, as he seems to have become—at least he was not the night we reached the fort. These three men here heard him declare emphatically that he would never raise a finger to secure this territory to England. Afterward the old reprobate came to me and made me believe he had done all that for effect, as there might have been American sympathizers at his board, and I told him then and there he had no business to have 'em there. I did, by Jove, and then he asks me to sound the settlers in the Multnomah, knowing well it was a hotbed of Yankees or provisionals, which is the same thing."

"Yes," chimed in Peel. "He was careful to send us here with a sealed message and under promise that we would not notify anyone on the way up, as he wanted all orders to go out from him simultaneously. I wondered why he was so particular that we should not visit Nisqually or Tumwater. He is a double-faced old traitor. Yes, by the Lord Harry, a rank old traitor, and he ought to be hung."

"You lie! You soft-handed, soft-headed son of a sneak. You lie, I say! John McLoughlin is as honest a man as ever lived. The prince consort on his throne can't say what you've said before me an' live. Take it back! Take it back, I say, or to hell you go with a hole in your head."

It was McKay. He had sprung to his feet, before I could reach him, snatched up his big double-barreled rifle, and now with it at his hip had cocked both barrels and was holding it at Peel's head. That he shot from the hip as certainly as the best marksman from the shoulder I well knew. That he would shoot unless Peel recalled his words I was pretty certain. I made a motion as if to spring at him, when he backed further into his corner and growled, "Stand off there, professor, or I'll blow his lyin' tongue outen the back of his neck 'fore he has time to take it back." Every man in the cabin save McKay was white as chalk. He was black with fury and his eyes glittered like those of an angry crotalus. "I count five. One! Two! Three! Four!——"

As he uttered the last word I made as quick a spring as I ever made in my life, caught his rifle, tripped him, and with one mighty wrench tore it from his grasp and threw him on his back. He was not expecting any attack and came down like a ton of brick. The fall had been terrific and he lay there dazed. I put my foot on his chest. "Mac!" I called out. "Lie still! I'm the best friend you've got. Keep quiet, I tell you! You don't commit any murder here. Let me talk to these men." As I assisted him to his feet and pushed him into a chair, Capt. Gordon made as if to rush at him with a saber, but with a backhanded blow on the chest I sent him to his seat again. Then, backing against the door and flourishing the rifle much as a trap-shooter does his fowling piece, I began:

"Gentlemen, I suppose the greatest surprise of all awaits you. You think me an Englishman, and so did John McLoughlin, but I'm not. I'm just plain Paul Mason, a special agent of the United States. I've been in this region two years waiting to head off some such villainy as this. Dr. McLoughlin never suspected me until after these men came to Vancouver, and I want to say to you that he's more jealous of the honor and good name of England than is any man of all this infernal cabal. I've passed as a naturalist. I am something of one. I've been studying snakes—human snakes—and I'm into the main nest now. If they raise a head I'll crush a few at least. You may call this brag and you may think how you will have me put out of the way when you get a chance to call in your men, but you won't. It is for your interest to get me back to Vancouver within ten days at the farthest. Seventeen nights ago I sent a full report of your doings to our fleet, with instructions to look for me at a certain place in from thirty to thirty-two days, and if not there to bring help from our nearest naval stations. At the same time I sent a report overland, stating what you were doing in this region, and advising that troops be mobilized at certain stations near the Canadian boundary. More than that, I placed in the hands of the provisional government of Oregon another report, showing exactly what you were doing. That report will be opened within fifteen days if I do not return to Vancouver and the territory south of here at least will all be aflame. Should the States fail to send a man or another ship into this region, I am of the opinion that Oregon could care for herself. There are ten Americans to one Englishman, at least. Meanwhile you have possessions east. Our people would be in a fit temper to take all Canada. I think you understand the situation now. It is not often that international disputes like this can be settled in a ship's cabin in a lonely wilderness, but such an opportunity is yours, and you are going to improve it right here, and now, or else Mac and I are going to fight our way out the best we can and leave the survivors of you to take the consequences."

"There won't be any survivors in this cabin," growled McKay, as he drew his big knife and passed his thumb along its edge.

"What do you mean?" gasped Capt. Gordon.

"I mean what I say," said I. "McLoughlin is not guilty of treachery. You are. I have reported the whole business. That report will remain secret if another report from me follows it within twenty-eight days from the time I started, provided, of course, that you and your associates leave the settlement of this Oregon controversy to our diplomats at Washington or London, wherever they may be at present."

"I don't see but we'll have to. You've clearly outwitted us," smiled the diplomatic Peel. Under the circumstances he was the coldest-blooded creature I ever saw. He turned to Capts. Gordon and Parker, who were gritting their teeth and glaring at one another in impotent rage, and wearing that bland smile of his, inquired: "Isn't that your opinion, gentlemen? I see no other way."

"We'll abide by what you agree to do," growled one of them, and the other nodded.

"All right, Mr. Mason. We'll agree to let you go and to abandon our scheme of seizure. Will you not put up your gun and shake hands on it?"

That was all there was of it, except that I had to do all the handshaking. McKay strode out the cabin and would not speak to one of the three again. The next morning he and I left for Vancouver. Before we got down out of the Cowlitz we heard of the Ashburton treaty, dividing the territory between the two claimants at the forty-ninth parallel, the present northern boundary of Washington, and when my second report reached them, the state department hardly deemed it worth while to bring the matter up again. The Ashburton treaty, therefore, held, and was ratified the next July. The department probably acted wisely, for had my report been made public, war would surely have followed. Indeed, had the people of the United States known all of the true inwardness of that matter, the feeling would have been such they would have arisen en masse. It was hard to appease them as it was. They wanted all of Oregon, and believed, as I do, that we were entitled to it. Pood old Doc McLoughlin! I never saw him again. I went down the river to Astoria and he sent my luggage after me. He resigned his position with the company that fall, I think, and went into private ventures of his own, but he never seemed to succeed. He lacked decision. How he might have come out of that territorial transaction if I had not taken a hand I am not prepared to say. I sometimes meet people (Englishmen generally) who stick up their noses at him, but I consider him a hero and believe his honesty deterred Great Britain from attempting a piece of treachery that must have cost her much territory and both nations many thousand lives.

H. A. STANLEY.

ALASKA'S WONDERS.

The Most Tremendous Canyon in the World.

John Muir in the January Atlantic.

It is abruptly countersunk in the forest plateau, so that you see nothing of it until you are suddenly stopped on its brink, with its immeasurable wealth of divinely colored and sculptured buildings before you and beneath you. No matter how far you may have wandered hitherto, or how many famous gorges and valleys you have seen, this one, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, will seem as novel to you, as unearthly in the color and grandeur and quantity of its architecture, as if you had found it after death on some other star; so incomparably lovely and grand and supreme is it above all the other delightful canyons in our fire-moulded, earthquake-shaken, rain-washed, wave-washed, river and glacier sculptured world. It is about 6,000 feet deep where you first see it, and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. And instead of being dependent for interest on waterfalls, depth, wall sculpture and beauty of park-like floor, like most other great canyons, no waterfalls are in sight, and no appreciable floor space. The big river has just room enough to flow and roar obscurely, here and there groping its way as best it can like a weary, murmuring, overladen traveler trying to escape from the tremendous bewildering labyrinthic abyss, while its roar serves only to mellow and deepen the silence. Instead of being filled only with air the vast space between the walls is crowded with nature's grandest buildings—a sublime city of them painted in every color of the rainbow, and adorned with richly fretted cornice and battlement spire and tower in endless variety of style and architecture. Every architectural invention of man has been anticipated and far more in this grandest of God's terrestrial cities.

THE MYSTERY OF A SUBMARINE BOAT.

Inventor of the Much-Talked-of-Craft That Has Been Doing Wonderful Tricks in Lake Winnebago at Last Makes a Statement—His Boat Has Proved a Complete Success.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Jan. 8.—The submarine boat is a winner, and the time has come when, in justice to myself, I feel I should respond to your invitation to make public the result of my experiments. I have put the boat through a series of the most trying tests and she has come through them all with flying colors, if such an expression can be used in connection with a boat that travels beneath the waves, where colors can't very well be flown. To show how exhaustive have been my experiments, I would state that the craft has remained submerged for eight and a half out of ten hours with from three to four passengers on board, and has remained under water with three passengers on board for over three hours at a stretch without any connection with the surface whatever. This was done several days in succession. She has been maintained upon an absolutely level keel for over three hours at a time, observations as to maintenance of this condition being made by a passenger upon an ordinary spirit level, the air bubble of which did not during this time vary a hair's breadth from the level mark. During the time I have been secretly carrying on these tests in Lake Winnebago over three hundred descents and voyages have been made by the submarine boat. Between sixty and seventy passengers have been carried at different times. A depth of thirty-two feet, the deepest water in that vicinity, has been navigated.

A constant depth with a variation of less than one foot from a given mark has been maintained for several hours at a stretch, both while the craft was suspended motionless in the water and at rest while under headway.

As regards the motive power, the craft can be operated in any part of the world, in any waters where ordinary kerosene oil can be purchased, the extent of the trip being limited only by the supply of oil that can be carried in the storage tanks.

All operations of charging, storing, or other expenditure of power necessary for the operation of the boat, or the working of any machine connected with it, depends primarily upon the supply of oil carried. With an increase of the power expended any reasonable speed can be maintained either above or below water.

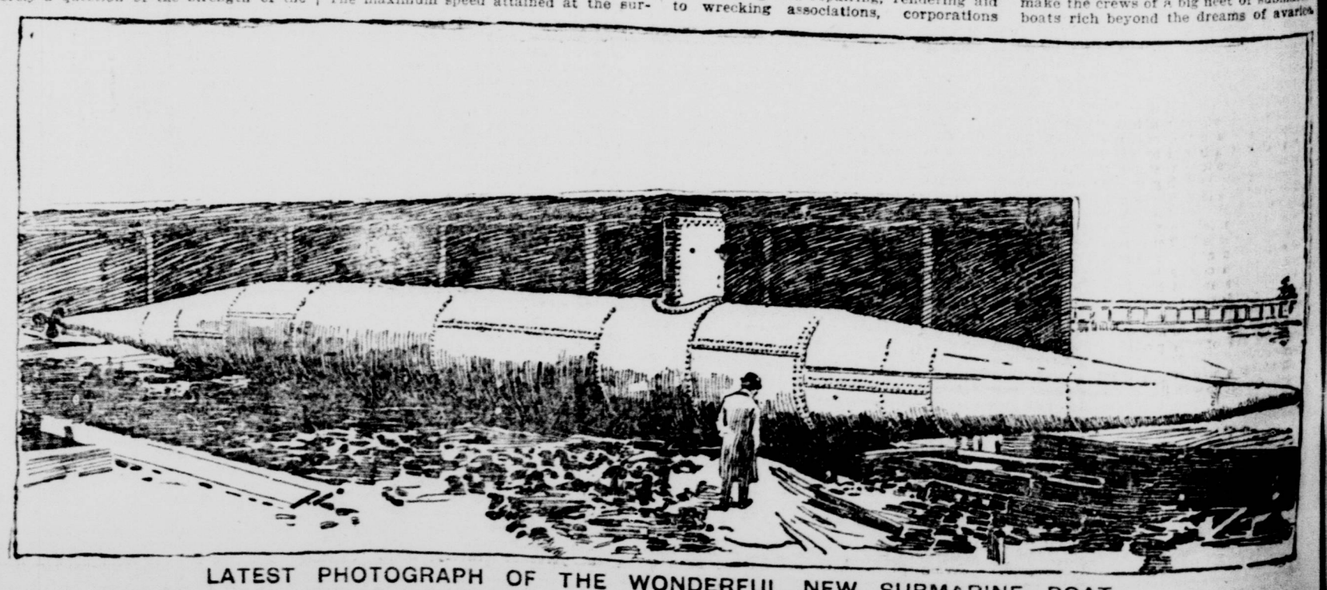
The air supply, which is obtained from reservoirs, has been quite a success. The capacity of the present air machinery is sufficient to maintain the atmosphere of the boat in a respectable condition for twenty hours with two men in the boat. At the option of the officer in charge of the motive power, the boat can be held to a certain determined depth indefinitely and maintained by automatic mechanism upon a level keel for any length of time that she may remain submerged. The depth to which this craft can safely descend is estimated at 500 feet. As this is merely a question of the strength of the shell, of course any reasonable or desirable depth can be attained by building shells strong enough to withstand the pressure of the added weight of water. Upon the size of the boat depends its power, speed, length of submergence and other qualifications. These can be increased to any extent suitable for the purpose to which it is to be put.

The submarine boat is 65 feet long, 4 feet in diameter, and 7½ feet high at the highest point. It is built of 5-16 armor steel upon a steel framework. The forward end of the boat is armed with a steel spur of intense penetrating capacity. The maximum speed attained at the surface was fourteen miles an hour, with an expenditure approximating forty-five horsepower. Its speed when submerged varies from one to ten miles per hour, depending principally upon the clearness of the water and the limits of vision.

The boat is not intended solely for waging war on the leviathans of the deep, although with its steel nose it can sink any battleship afloat with ease. I hope to see it put to useful and peaceable work in locating wrecks, carrying on coast and geodetic surveys, pearl, coral and sponge fishing, surveys for individual enterprises, cable laying and repairing, rendering aid to wrecking associations, corporations and divers, and for general scientific exploration in deep water.

RICHARD RADDATZ.

Mr. Raddatz says nothing regarding the vast stores of wealth that awaits, at the bottom of the ocean, the coming of the first submarine crew. The cascades of golden coins that were emptied from the coffers of sunken treasure ships, to fill the money chests of Jules Verne's Capt. Nemo, are still in store for the men who can reach them. There need be no hurry about it either, for here is enough treasure in the grasp of old Father Neptune to make the crews of a big fleet of submarine boats rich beyond the dreams of avarice.



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WONDERFUL NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

LOCOMOTIVES TO FORCE YUKON BARRIER;

SECRETARY ALGER'S SIGNED STATEMENT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The sufferings of the starving thousands who elected to face the privation of a Klondike winter, in order to be on the spot when mining began again in the spring, are appealing more strongly than the thirst for gold to the people in this country. Washington officials have bestirred themselves to find some way of reaching the snow-imprisoned miners, red tape has been banished to the background, and everyone invited to give advice on the subject or suggest a means of reaching the miners with the life-saving provisions. In this crisis of affairs in the Klondike the signed communication from Secretary of War Alger, printed with this, will be read with great interest.

It refers to a project that seems to be the most sensible yet put forward for reaching the starving miners. The map of the gold district in Alaska is familiar to most newspaper readers. The barrier between the miners and would-be rescuers is the range of hills over which, when the warm weather comes, the gold-seekers will trail by way of the Chilkoot pass. At present the great depth of snow makes the pass impassable, and the problem that engineers all over the country are grappling with is how to get over this snow barrier into the comparatively open country to Fort Selkirk, and thence to Dawson. The plan of which the secretary of war speaks so encouragingly in his communication is to plow a way over the Chilkoot pass by the irresistible force of steam operating immense snow-locomotives that are built to drive through the snow, scattering it right and left, and leaving behind in their track a hard, level roadway, over which the rescuing parties can march as jubilantly as did the Israelites over the pathway that Moses opened for them through the waters of the Red sea.

Secretary Alger has been for some time in communication with the projectors of the plan for beating down the barriers of the Yukon, and, knowing as he does, the astonishing feats that have been performed by engines that travel over snow, through seeing them at work on his own logging property in Michigan, he is anxious that the idea should be put to the most complete test.

Editor

I have no personal interest in the snow locomotive scheme, although I have had considerable experience in my logging camps in Michigan with these devices for hauling logs over the snow. The Glover engine as used there hauls trains of logs over rolling country without apparent effort. Whether their new device, which I understand they are manufacturing, will be capable of going over the pass as will be necessary before they can get to the level country leading to the Klondike region, I do not know, although they think they can do so. The War Department is not contemplating in any wise employing these engines at present, and if they should be used in any manner whatever, they would have to first demonstrate their ability to accomplish what they claim can be done. These people have written to the War Department offering to transport supplies into the mining districts of the Yukon by means of their snow locomotive, and state they propose to run regular trains into that country as early as the first of February.

Very truly yours,

R. A. Alger

Secretary of War.

Ten of these engines have been constructed, and are now on their way to the snow barriers, where they will be put speedily to work. Secretary Alger will watch the result of these experiments, before making the forcing of the Chilkoot pass by their assistance a project that Uncle Sam fathers in the interest of his starving family in Dawson. If the first trial of the snow locomotives gives promise of success, then the probability is that the government will purchase a big battery of them and send them on their pounding, pushing, driving way to Dawson, with the official blessing of Washington and the war office to keep the machinery oiled.

Two passes are to be tried, the Chilkoot pass and the Dalton trail, or White pass, the Chilkoot being the one in which the greatest number of snow locomotives will be concentrated. In the Chilkoot pass the locomotives will have only about half a mile of mountain that is too difficult for the engines to tackle, and on this half-mile the engineers will be forced to aid them by extraneous means. It is proposed to help them over this difficult stretch of the pass by cable power. In every other part of the road the locomotives are to make their own way.

It will be a toilsome trip, and if accomplished successfully it will be something more than a charitable expedition to succor a starving community. It will be another feather in the cap of the American engineers, and will be a splendid beginning to a year that promises to eclipse anything previously done in the way of scientific engineering.

Most of the engineers who have submitted plans for reaching Dawson in the face of the Yukon snow barrier have turned their eyes upward, and endeavored to find a way of getting over the mountains by means of flying machines and aerial roadways. The boldest and the best is the plan that does not shirk the difficulties of the Chilkoot, but faces them and defies the snow barrier to stop the onward sweep of the snow locomotive. The more or less visionary plans that suggest winged ways of reaching Dawson have been received in silence at Washington. This one, that proposes to tackle the obstacles on their own ground and overcome them by sheer force of steam power, has been welcomed, and will be watched with attention not only by the secretary of war, but by the entire country, which, as was said, has forgotten for the time being about the gold in the Yukon, and remembers only that men and women are crying to them from Dawson to bring food or they starve to death.