

## UNDER SIXTY FEET OF ICE

By M. QUAD

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In the year 1866 an English scientific society fitted out what was known as the Cherry Island expedition. It was purely in the interest of natural history. Certain fish and birds which had become extinct in the south were still to be found up there, according to the reports of whalers, and that was the object in fitting out the brig *Albatross* for a voyage from London. Aside from a strong handed crew, three professors and four or five students accompanied the expedition, and after a voyage almost without event we reached Cherry Island soon after the beginning of its brief summer.

The island, which is of volcanic origin, is a mere jumble of rocks. It is eleven miles long by five in breadth and at the time of our visit had no trees higher than ten feet. These grew between bowlders and on the slopes, with patches of coarse grass all about, but there was not a level spot half an acre in extent on the whole island. We had been on the island about thirty days and had pretty thoroughly explored it when Professor Saunders and my humble self met with an accident one day which led to a most strange discovery. We had set off together on a hunt after birds' eggs, and in walking along a slope we struck a spot overgrown with a short green weed. As we walked over this bed we suddenly found ourselves slipping. There was water under it, and the whole mass gave way and sent us sliding into a ravine. We went slipping, sliding, clutching and bumping a full fifty feet before we brought up, but neither of us was hurt beyond a few bruises. Owing to the wet grass we could not clamber out at that spot and so continued on down the ravine.

It was a toilsome journey we made, but it ended at last at a wall of ice within half a mile of the surf. At that point the depth of the ravine was about a hundred feet, and though the sun was shining above, it was like evening down there. A few yards before we were brought to a standstill we found the body of a man lying against the wall of a rock on the right hand side and ten feet above our heads. It was caught and held fast on a point of rock. We were both a good deal startled by the grewsome sight.

"At some time or other," said the professor as he looked about, "this ravine had been a creek of considerable size flowing down to the sea. This man came up the creek from the beach, but we now find a wall of ice blocking it up. There should be a boat frozen up in the wall between us and the sea."

We had nothing to make a torch of, and, retracing our steps to a point where we could climb out of the ravine, we left the mystery to be solved another day. There was much discussion around the campfires that evening, and early next morning we set out to see if the ravine had once upon a time opened to the sea. We soon found that it had. Its mouth had been on a small bay, but a storm had filled it with bowlders and dammed back the waters flowing down. Between the sea and the spot where we found the body the ice was from fifty to seventy feet thick. If the sun melted it for a few feet in the summer the rains and snows of winter speedily replaced what had been lost. We found this ice as clear as glass and as hard as iron, but powder was brought from the brig and holes were drilled, and in a couple of days we had blasted out a great rift to half its depth.

Everybody had a suspicion of what was frozen in down there, but yet the discovery gave us a shock. When but thirty feet of ice lay between us and the bottom of the ravine we could see through it well enough to make out the hull of a ship standing on an even keel. It was the hull of a brig, with masts gone, but otherwise intact. We could even make out the ropes, which had been frozen stiff as iron while they streamed along her decks, but there were no bodies of dead men in sight. To blast out the remaining depths of ice and clear the ravine was a task requiring more aid than we could spare and more powder than we had aboard.

Years before, perhaps half a century, a merchant vessel had made that little bay in distress. Wave and tide had carried her up the creek, and wave and tide had blocked her exit.

If one of the crew got away up to the ravine, why not all of them? And yet no other body or remains were to be found on the island. This man, who may have been the captain, probably started out by himself to see if there was a chance of escape, but in making his way up the ravine he perished of cold and hunger. There was scarce a hope for the others. If they left the hulk they were forced to return to it for shelter and food. There came a day when food and fuel were exhausted, when avalanches of snow covered the decks and the cold of winter froze the marrow of their bones, and they hid away in forecabin and cabin and died with open eyes staring into the darkness. Upon our return to London the case was reported and made much of in the papers, but no government or individual has ever gone farther than we did. A hulk lies there full of dead men—a hulk which sailed the waters of the frozen seas half a century ago—and there it will lie until time is no more and chaos reigns again. It might be blasted out, but of what use? The solving of one mystery of the sea more or less would count for but little.

# Get a new Suit Free!

Salem Woolen Mill Store, Salem, Ore.

## Sat. Aug. 21st

We will hold our Annual

## 2 for 1 Suit Sale

This is without a doubt the biggest profit sharing sale that is held in the Willamette Valley. It has grown to such a size in the five times we have made this offer--until last year we felt that it would be necessary to discontinue--as it cost us in actual loss on the suits we sold, over \$300. for the one day.

But we will not disappoint the many that have asked us what date we will hold the sale, and will try and give you the best opportunity you ever had--

### HERE ARE A FEW POINTERS

It is all right for two men to club together--one man can pick his suit, and the other one can select any one he wishes of equal value.

Bring your boys and let them get a suit free.

Take a suit and select an overcoat for this fall of equal value as the suit.

We don't select for you: you select your own suit.

## Saturday, August 21

## Here We Are Again Bigger and Better

### HERE IS THE PLAN

We have selected over 400 suits from our stock of "Bishop's All Wool Clothes," Hart, Schaffner & Marx and other guaranteed makes--in values, \$10.00 to \$30.00 for this sale.

You buy one of these suits and we will give you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** any other suit of equal value that you may select.

For example, you buy a \$20.00 suit on this sale--you can then select any other suit up to \$20.00 that you wish--FREE--2 suits for the price of one.

This year we will include in the sale 40 overcoats in order that you may select an overcoat in place of a suit if you desire.

Men's suits will include medium and heavy weights--light and dark patterns--worsted and cheviots--smooth and hard finished goods--a few slims and stouts--sizes 34 to 48.

Youth's Suits will include light and dark patterns--box back coats and Norfolk style.

Boys, Knicker suits will be of the newest Norfolk style--lined pants and heavy and medium weights.

## Salem Woolen Mill Store

SALEM

OREGON

### THE LOVE OF GOLD.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant finish by becoming themselves its slaves, and independence without wealth is at least as common as wealth without independence.--Colton.

### The First Telephone.

Robert Hooke in 1697 conveyed sound to a distance by distended wire, and between Hook's time and that of Elisha Gray considerable progress was made in the direction of the telephone, but it appears that the first real telephone was given to the world by Alexander Graham Bell about 1877.--New York American.

### Double Punishment.

Punishment for giving short weight is far from new, and the Turks long ago took drastic measures to check this tendency on the part of tradesmen. The Sultan Achmet II, walking through the streets of Stamboul, saw at the door of a baker's shop the owner, his hands tied behind him, with one ear nailed to a post. Upon inquiry he was told the cause of the poor fellow's predicament. "Who is he?" asked the sultan. "May it please your highness," was the reply, "he supplies the bread for the imperial seraglio." "Ah, my baker? Then set up another post and nail his other ear to it. The sultan's baker should have a double reason for honesty."

### Going Out.

Mr. B.--There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know that it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out? Mrs. B.--Yes; a cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect.

### Common Looking People.

In "The War Time Diary of John Hay" in Harper's Magazine is this record of a famous saying: "The president (Lincoln) tonight (Dec. 23, 1863) had a dream. He was in a party of plain people, and as it became known who he was they began to comment on his appearance. One of them said, 'He is a very common looking man.' The president replied: 'The Lord prefers common looking people. That is the reason he makes so many of them.'"

### In the Wrong Place.

Little Kitty had fallen down and cut her knee. Her mother promptly rendered first aid; but, as it was rather dark, she could not see the wound properly, and consequently placed the bandage rather too low. "Oh, mamma," complained the child, "this bandage is not in the right place! I fell down higher up!"

### APPEARANCES.

Never be influenced by external appearance in forming your judgment of a person's worth. This is an important rule, for many a noble spirit is covered by habiliments of poverty, while not infrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind.

### Greenland.

Greenland is governed by the Greenland commission at Copenhagen, Denmark. It was first settled by a band of Norsemen under Erik the Red, who gave it its name, in 985. A bishopric was founded there in the twelfth century by the king of Norway, and about 1290 it was constituted a state of Norway. There then followed a blank of 200 years in Greenland's history, due to climatic disasters, but beginning with the Danish settlement of 1721 the country has belonged to Denmark.

## EVERGREEN BLACK-BERRIES WANTED

We will pay at the rate of 1 1/2c. per pound for all fresh picked evergreen blackberries delivered at the following places.

At the Baldwin place near Melama, or at any point on the Mehama road from Baldwin's to Stayton.

In Stayton at Paul Fehlen's place. Also at any point on the Stayton-Aumsville road.

A truck will collect the berries each day, beginning Thursday, August 5. Will pay once a week.

For further information see Paul Fehlen, the Stayton Mail or the undersigned. Collins & Starr, Brooks, Ore.