UNRES'I.

The farther you journey and wander.
From the sweet simple faith of your youth,
The more you peer into the youder.
And search for the roat of all truth,
No matter what serves amover.
Their welled mystle brows in your quest,
Or close on your astral sight hover.
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you shall find the But the finding shall bring you to grief; The deal lock the portals behind them. And he who breaks through is a thicf. The soul with much ill gutter plunder, With its premature knowledge oppressed, Shall grops in unsatisfied wonder Alway by the shores of unrest.

Though bold hands lift up the thin cortain. That hiles the unknown from our sight; Though a shadays faith becomes certain of the new file that follows death's night; Though miracles used comprehending. Shall startle the heart in your tecast, Still, still will your thirst be unemaining.

And your word will be sad with unrest.

There are truths too sublime and too hely To group with a mortal mind a touch. We are happer for to be lowly: We are angine rar to be away:
Content means not knowing too much.
Peace doubt not with bear a that are yearning
To fathom all ladyrinthe unguessed;
And the soul that is bent on vast learning
Skall find with its knowledge-aurorat.
—Ella Wheeler Whous in Lippincott's.

### UNDER THE SNOW.

I was coming out of the mountains to the morth of Virginia City with a lot of interest mail strapped on my back. There was no regular mail route there then, but about once a mouth some one took the letters down and returned with any mail found at the postoffice. I was on snow shoes. The winter had been severe, and the snow was five or six feet deep on the level. The 27th of January had been a very bainty day, with a warm sun and win!, and on the morning of the 28th I started.

started.

I had to make my way along the base of a range known to us then as Bill's Thumb, and for this twelve miles there Thumb, and for this twelve miles there was only one settler. He was an old banhelar, who had built himself a sung, stout cabin under the enves of the Thumb. He was hunter, miner, prespector, taxidermist, naturalist and I don't know what else. Some of the boys who had met him had an idea that he had soured on the world, and had come out there to live a hermit life, but he was a chap who kept to himself and would not allow any one to question him. I got along very kept to himself and would not allow any one to question him. I got along very well for the first five miles, but then realized that I was in danger from snow slides. The thaw had continued through the night, and it needed only a jar to send the great masses of snow lying on the mountain rushing down the sleepe with a force which nothing down the sleepe with a force which nothing down the sleepe with a force which nothing down broad down hundreds of tons, and as I pushed my way forward all my senses were on the sleet for the first signal of danger.

When I had approached within pistol shat of the hermit's cabin I saw the man himself about a rolle down the valley. He was coming toward the house, but had a burden on his shoulder and was moving

He was coming toward the house, but had a burden on his shouldier and was moving slowly. Therefore, as I reached the cabin I stood at the door to wait for him, thinking he might wish me to take a letter or do some errand. He was still half a mile away when I heard a dull, heavy fall away up the mountain above my head. I knew it was a mass of snow tumbling off the recks and that it was the seed of an

forty rods long and twenty-four test osep lay above me.

What had become of the hermit? There was not one chance in 1,000 that he had escaped. The avalanche would block the trail for weeks, and at the very best it would be some days before any one at our camp would know that I was in the hut. If the hermit escaped he would carry the news. If he was buried under the snow I wild to renews. If he was buried under the snow I might as well make up my mind to re-main a prisoner until spring. I was in a bad box, and for the first half hour I quite lost my courage. Then, having every reason to believe that I must be a prisoner for many long days, I began to take an inventory of stock, as it were. There was a good bed of skins and blankets, several cooking utensits, a table and

brought down a great deal of water—so much that I could scarcely keep a flame going—and about 430 o'clock the cabin was cleared of smoke. While I could not for an instant believe that the month of the chumper showed above the snow, I was satisfied that some way had been opened for the smoke to drive away. I may explain here that a great mass of tree tops lodged on the roof before the bifk of that snow came, and these held the snow up so that the smoke went sailing about in a hundred channels.

I got myself some supper, wound up the

the show up so that the smoke went sailing about in a hundred channels.

I got myself some supper, wound up the clock, and sat down for a smoke and a think. The hermit had two pipes and a link. The hermit had two pipes and a large stock of tobarco, and lonely as was my situation a feeling of gratitude to God for the comforts at hand was uppermost in my mind. I was now perfectly satisfied that I was buried deep under the snow, and that my rescue would be a matter of weeks. The first move was to write out a statement of the accident, and this I placed where it would be preserved and found in case of my death. Then I began a chilly journal, and mapped out a grogramme to be followed. A week's imprisonment would be nothing, but after that it would not do to let the mind dwell on the situation. You see, the horror of it was the stillness. The idea kept coming up that I was buried alive, and it was an awful thing to think of. The hermit's clock was an old fashioned one, with a loud tick tack, and after the cabin got through setting under the weight of the snow every tick sounded almost as loud as the blow of a hammer. It was so warm that I needed only the smallest fire, and when I went to bed at 9 o'chock there was no need of even a single blanket for cover. was no need of even a single blanket for

was no need of even a single blanket for cover.

I was up at an early hour next morn-ing, having slept like a log all night, and while eating breakfast was startled by sounds which I believed to be the voice of sounds which I believed to be the voice of a human being. I thought I could hear groans and mouns and cries for help, and when I opcoed the door the sounds came to me more distinctly. It might be that the hermit, cought under the snow, had succeeded in tunneling his way to a point from which I could rescue him by digging, from which I could rescue him by digging, and I had no sooner dispatched my breakfast than I set about making me a shovel to dig with. I found a hatchet, and with this sharpened a board, and the snow I dig from the doorway I heaped up in the fuel room. I had not been digging over half an hour when I made the discovery that the first rush of the avalanche had brought down a great for of small trees, busines, and rooks, with here and there a large tree. They had been piled up helter skelter, but they held up the mass of snow so that with a little digging I could run a runsel in almost any direction. Great care was necessary, bluwever, as the burden above was very heavy, and the displacement of a support might bring down a great weight of snow.

After I had run the tunnel straight out.

away when I heard a shill, heavy fall away up the mountain above my head. I knew it was a mass of snow tumbiling off the rocks, and that it was the seed of an anyahandse. The second had searcely reached my cors when I wheeled to the door, lifted the latch, and the next instant was inside. I was none too soon. Almost every penult of snow on a mountain side, 1,000 feet high and a quarter of a mile long, was in motion for the base. It came with a terrible roar and a succession of crashes as rocks and trees were caught up, and I held my breath for what was to happen. The house baried under an avainable. It was code so more frembied and rocked, a thousand campty wagons seemed to rusk over the roof, and then all was miduight darkness, and the stifless of the grave settled down upon me.

The house had been buried under an avainable. It was God's mercy that it had not been swept away and forn log from log. There were any other set, and the stifless of the grave settled down upon me.

The house had been buried under an avainable. It was God's mercy that it had not been swept away and forn log from log. There were any other set in soved I struck a match to see my way. After looking about a bit, found a canniel, and then I began to investigate the stouched a solidly in front. Going to the single window I found every ray of light shat out. In the room was a bundle of rods about as large any linger and nine feet long. There were alt of home I select one and thrush to prevail from the door of the base of the single window I found every ray of light shat out. In the room was a bundle of rods about as large any linger and nine feet long. There were alt of them. I select one and thrush to prove the strength of the single window I found experts the structure of the single window I found a canniel and then I began to have the length was not sufficient. I lashed on a second, and anow had at least twenty-five clear feet of pole to probe with, and I believed to the cabin, and about 200 feet away, was a great mass of bare rock forty searching his cold and battered body I found a buckskin bag containing about \$300 worth of small neggets of gold, and this gave me a hint to overhaul the other. I also got from him a bag containing about \$200 worth of clust and nuggets, and in the search I found attached to his belt a white man's scalp, which had not been off the victim's head over two days. They must have been in ambush part way up the mountain, intent upon taking the hermit's scalp, and but for the avalanche they might have had mine as well.

bad lox, and for the first half hour I quite lost my courage. Then, having every reason to believe that I must be a prisoner for many long days, I began to take an inventory of stock, as it were. There was a good bed of skins and blankets, several cooking utenssis, a table and kets, several cooking utenssis, a table and kets, several could in the several could in the several could not have been better provided for had I planned for the avalanche to come. There was a leante at the back end of the hut, and I looked into this to find it full of fuel. I felt much more hopeful after I had taken the inventory, for I could not help but feel that it would be long before I aw daylight again.

For several hours after the accident the cabin sent forth auspicious sounds. The cabin sent forth suspicious sounds. The cabin sent forth suspicious sounds. The senow was settling and jucking above it, with sound as of some one pulling himself along the floor, and I climbed over

and ratters and logs cracked and snapped in a way to keep me on thorns. If the weight on the roof proved too great I should be crushed or smothered it moment it fell in. It was after 3 o'clock in the afternoom before I felt safe. But very little snow had come down the chimney. I reason had the fire refused to hum. I should be hard pressed with plenty of raw provisions at hand. I foit all the gravity of the situation as I threw on some light wood and made a blaze. It was a hard light for half an hour. Some of the smoke certainly found a way to escape, but some was driven back. However, after a time the heat of the fire brought down a great deal of water—so much that I could scarcely keep a flame going—and alrout 420 o'clock the cabin was cleared of smoke. While I could not for an instant believe that the month of the chimney showed above the snow, I was satisfied that some way had been opened for the smoke other way.

I may explain here that a great mass of tree tops lodged on the roof before the bifth of that show came, and these held the snow up so that the smoke went sailing about in a hundred channels.

In the morning I excavated a hole near where the two bodies lay and pushed the three into B and packed the snow over them. Then I began emming a tome for the ledge in front of the cabin, and had gone about twenty feet when the second night-game. Early in the third day I had

gone about twenty feet when the second night came. Early in the third day I had to absended this tunnel on account of a cave in, which nearly smothered me. Then I turned to the right to come out down the valley, and I was still at this work when the first week closed. Early in the second week I was stopped by a bank of rocks and earth, and when the second week closed I was driffing a tunnel to the left. It was slower work than you would think for. The snow was packed very solid, and all I dag out had to be thrown behind me, and eventually carried off and scattered in some hole under the tree tops. Every few feet I met with a big rock or the frunk of a tree, and it was hard work to get around such obstructions. Again a cave in would take place to hinder further progress for a day or two, and I finally came to the conclusion that I could never get out by tuneling.

I started in on the third week more to be at work than from any hope of escape. All that week I tunneled to the right again, and at 3 o'clock on Saturday afterneon I broke into my own tunnel. In other words, I had done as a man does when lost in the woods. I made a half circle and came back ou myself, while all the time I felt sure I was going straight ahead. The fourth week was spent mostly in the house. I was now becoming much weaker, and was ready to give up. It was on the thirty-fifth might that the cabin began groaning and cracking again, and I

weaker, and was ready to give up. It was on the thirty-fifth inight that the cabin be-gan groaning and cracking again, and I knew that the show was settling down around it. The noises continued all night, giving me many a fright, and at 7 o'clock next morning, when I opened the door, I found my timpel filled up. I was lament-ing this when I noticed that the fire was drawing better than mand. Going over

found my turnel filled up. I was lamenting this wher I noticed that the fire was drawing better than usual. Going over to the fireplace I took a look up the chimney and saw the dark sky of heaven. At the same moment three or four drops of rain fell upon my face, and then I understood that a great thaw had bet in and was reducing the snow around me. It was three days more, however, before I got daylight through the window and could force my way out of the door.

It had been rating for three days and nights, and the creek below me was a mad torrent. The show on the trail was yet very deep, and I was compelled to wait two days more before I could get away. Then the weather changed to colder, and I got down to Virginia City. It was nearly a menth later before we could get at the bodies! Knew were under the snow. The hermit had been caught in the edge of the rush and killed by being disshed against the rocks. His body was carried across the frazen creek to the edge of a thicket, and such clothing as still clung to it was in shreds and tatters. They had known of the avalance both above and below, and had given me up for lost. As near as the men could judge the snow above me was forty feet deep, and no one had any idea that the cabin had been spared. That I came ant of it alive was simply the luck which strangely enough saves a man new and then from the open jaws of death.—New York Sun. faws of death. - New York Sun.

## The Warm Blooded Eskimo

The Warm Blooded Eskimo.

Whenever these cold proof nomads of
the morth flud themselves so far away
from home that they cannot conveniently
reach it before lane at night, they build a
small snowhouse (snow kennel would be a
better name for it, crawl in and shut the
door—which is a block of snow—pull their
arms out of the sleeves of their reindeer
const between receivable until the back of arms cut of the sleeves of their reindeer coats, having previously put the hoods of the conts well around their heads and cars, fold their arms across their bare breasts, with a block of snow under their head, and go to sleep and snore away apparently as comfortable as if they were in a first class hotel. The only time they object to this light and first system of sleeping out of nights is when a long or hard day's work has created a generous flow of per-spiration, and especially in the reindeer stockings. If they be wet from this cause spiration, and especially in the reindeer stockings. If they be wet from this cause there is considerable risk to even the warm blooded Eskinn of getting his toes badly nipped.—Frederick Schwatka in St. Louis Republican.

### Distance of the Stars.

Distance of the Stars.

In determining the distances of stars angular measurements are made at intervals of six months, the parallax being the apparent change of position which results from shifting the point of view about 128,000,000 miles, the diameter of the surth's orbit. Even with this immense base line, the direction in which the stars are seen is scarcely altered. The parallax of about a dozen stars, varying between 0.919 seconds and 0.06 seconds, has now been determined. The nearest star to how been determined. The nearest star to us is Alpha Centauri, distant about 29,490,-000,000 miles. The average distance of first magnitude stars is probably several times as great as this.—Boston Budget.

Ne Plus Ultra.

-He has an acute case of Anglo-

mania, hasn't be?

He—Yes. He's even got to dropping his H's when he writes.—Epoch.

THE PORTLAND INDUSTRIAL EX-POSITION.

Every indication points to a tremendous success of the Portland Industrial Exposition, which opens this year September 17. The music by the great Zapadores Band of Mexico, the paintings from abroad, the living chess tournament, the wonderful electrical displays, the unprecedentedly large number of exhibits in agriculture and horticulture, in industry and science, shows

ber of exhibits in agriculture and horticulture, in industry and science, shows that the coning Exposition, in attractiveness, will exceed any ever held upon the Pacific Coast.

There has been an entire rearrangement of the Exposition, and a large number of novelties from every part of the world have been secured.

The railroads have graated a roundtrip rate of one fare and a fifth; half rates on all exhibits, except fruits and vegetables, which have been placed upon the free list. This certifies to the excellent management of the Exposition of 1891, and the same energy displayed in the other departments leaves no doubt as to its great success.

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order that it may act as nature intended

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at any time.

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