

DEATH IN ALASKA.

Professor E. F. Hill Meets a Miserable Fate.

HIS SON CLIMMIE A PRISONER WITH HIS FATHER'S BODY.

The Cabin They Had Built Became a Veritable Tomb.

Details of the End of a Well Known Citizen of Seattle—One of the Most Terrible Stories of Alaskan Hardships Yet Recorded—Father and Son Endure Untold Horrors While Wintering in Paradise Valley.

The following story of the death of Prof. E. K. Hill, of Seattle, is printed as told to a newspaper man in Seattle by Climmie Hill, the professor's son. The story will be of especial interest to ex-residents of Seattle, nearly all of whom knew Prof. Hill either personally or by reputation:

"I had been in Alaska some months when father reached there in February, 1898. My party was camped at Yakutat, and father was leading what was known as the Horman party from St. Paul. His party started across the glacier about a month before our party started, and when they got to the sum-

found it, after all the snow and ice of the glacier, but it proved an inferno for me before I left it.

"It was now agreed that two men with provisions for the winter should stay in Paradise valley, so as to be there early in the spring, and get down timber with which to build a boat. The rest of the party was to remain at the original camp, and in the spring bring the entire outfit over the glacier to Paradise valley. Father and I agreed to stay in the valley.

"We took over a fine outfit, and bid the rest goodby about the middle of September, they returning to the big camp.

"Winter was nearing us so fast that the first thing we did was to build us a tight log cabin, with two windows

the house and cook something to eat once a day, melting snow to make coffee.

"The first thing I did was to count the number of sticks of wood I had and then allow just so much for use each day. Even then I knew I did not have near enough wood to last us through the winter, but I hoped I would soon be able to walk, and then I could easily get out for good. Father was cheerful and kept saying we would come out all right. Neither of us got any better nor any worse apparently, only I found it harder to crawl around some days than others.

"About the middle of January it grew bitter cold, being below zero in the cabin. We were almost buried in snow, just a faint streak of light coming in at the windows. On January 25 we were left in darkness, the snow being up to the eaves of the roof on the level. The stovepipe was still open.

ed one meal a day. My wood had been rapidly giving out, and for weeks I cooked each day a little more bread or beans or rice than I needed and set it aside. It would freeze at once, and so keep good until it was thawed out.

"On March 12 I had a narrow escape for my life. Up to that time the stove had burned, and I used wood, having three or four sticks left. Of course, I had no idea of what was going on outside. Not a sound reached me. When I built my fire that night the smoke rushed into the cabin. I realized that the snow had at last covered the stovepipe and choked it up, but before I could put the fire out I was almost suffocated with the heavy, pungent smoke of the fir wood. It was a close call for over an hour, when I began to breathe again more freely. I looked at the few sticks of wood I had left and actually laughed. If a forest had been at my command I could not have burned a



Leaving the Cabin.



Alone With His Dying Father.

"On this day father complained of the cold and of pain from having lain so long in one position. He talked to me about his insurance money, and told me that if he died not to attempt to take his body out of the country, but bury him there. On January 27 he became unconscious, and I felt he was dying. For four days I nursed him as best I could, only staying out of my sleeping bag a little while at a time because of the cold.

"You cannot imagine how I felt; how it felt to be cut off from every thing, everybody but one, buried alive in the snow and your sole companion, your father, dying.

"It was sometime during the night of January 31 that father died. We slept in our sleeping bags in the same bed, and when I waked up in the morning I found him dead. He must have died hours before, as his body was rigid.

"I was worse that day from grief and loneliness and disease, but my father's body had to be cared for. All I could do was to place it as tenderly as I could in one corner of the room and let it freeze there to remain until I got strong enough to bury it, if I ever did, or until help came, if it was ever to come.

struck. "In our supplies we had a box of candles. These had been used sparingly all along, but after we were snowed in we only burned a light when it was absolutely necessary—that is, when father wanted food or medicine. I found I had a fair supply of candles and a holder which held four candles.

"Over the candles I melted snow for tea or coffee, cooked evaporated potatoes and thawed out frozen bread and beans I had cooked and saved. The candles lasted 15 days, but I had saved every particle of the grease that melted off them, and when they were gone I charred a hollow in a box lid and burned the grease in it, but finally the grease was gone, too.

It was here Mr. Hill stopped and a far away look crept into his eyes. Present surroundings were forgotten and he was once more alone with his dead in the snow-buried hut in Alaska.

"But," he continued, "that wouldn't do. I thought and thought of a way out of my trouble. Desperate cases require desperate remedies, and I determined to break the window and try to tunnel to the top of the snow with a long-handled shovel. I would have

mit the majority of the party got afraid and turned back to Yakutat to get more provisions, leaving my father and one man with five days' provisions to work on ahead and blaze a trail. They promised to return at once, but they never went back, and my father and his companion, finding they were running short of provisions, turned back themselves, expecting to meet the returning party on the trail.

"Poor father. He seemed fated to lose his life in that desolate land, even after a hard-fought death for 25 days for he was lost that long, he and his companion having missed the trail going back. The story of his sufferings, starvation, freezing and rescue when just alive has been told as well as words can tell it. Our party reached the summit of the glacier a few days after father had been found. He was able to sit up when I got to him and urged me to go ahead. We went on to Alsac river, father resting all summer and joining us on the river in September, 1898.

"I had just returned from a scout up the river, and found that it ran through a canyon 40 miles long, through which we could not pass, so we determined to find a road around the canyon over the glacier, so that in the spring we could again ascend the river. We made our winter camp where we were and cached all our supplies, and then took turns hunting a road across the glacier. Dick Layhe and I found a way that led down into a valley. We named it Paradise valley. It seemed a paradise when we

and a door. There was no floor to the cabin, but as we made the roof out of sawed lumber, we saved the sawdust, and there was plenty of it to cover the floor to a depth of four or five inches. We also built a stone fireplace in the cabin and connected it with the roof.

"We had a stove with the pipe running out the top of the roof. Knowing that the snow fell to a great depth in that part of Alaska, it was our plan to allow the cabin to be snowed in except for a tunnel at the door, which we could easily keep clear. This would allow us to get out on our snow shoes for wood or to hunt game or clean the snow away from the stovepipe.

SNOW WATER FOR COFFEE.

"Alas, for all our plans. They were well laid, but they availed us nothing. We had been living in our tent all this time, but the thermometer dropping to 30 degrees below zero, we moved into the cabin. Just the day before we moved father began to get lame, and I also. He grew worse and soon could not get out of bed. We had no wood in the cabin, and I at once started to lay in a supply. I kept getting lammer and lammer, until when I had less than half a cord of wood inside the house, my legs gave way and I found I could not walk.

This was on January 5, 1899. The snow was falling heavily, there being over eight feet on the level, but up to this date I had been able to keep the doorway clear.

"Now there was nothing to do but close and bar the door and fight it out as best we could. Father was unable to move, but I managed to crawl around

I could not stand, could hardly crawl, in fact, and it took me three long hours to drag the body across the room. I laid it in the corner and covered it. The body was frozen before I got it to its resting place, and I was so benumbed with cold that I could hardly crawl back to the bed.

A HOME OF DARKNESS.

"From that day until March 12 I lived in darkness except when I cook-

to throw the snow I dug back into the cabin, but I must have light. I crawled to where I knew the long-handled shovel stood and got it, then I propped myself up and broke the window. I drove the shovel into the packed snow as hard as I could, and then I knew no more. I fainted and fell to the floor. When I came to I was almost frozen. I have no idea how long I was in the

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Cooking by Candle Heat.

HOUSE.
PEOPLE.
PEOPLE.
Dances.
Sketches.
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Building Material
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BAYLISS & CO.,
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