

overland journey from New York to Paris virtually received its *coup de grâce* at St. Michael's, where I realized for the first time the impossibility of crossing Behring Straits on the ice. The American and Asiatic shores, however, are here only forty miles apart."

At length Mr. De Windt crossed to the Siberian coast in the U.S. Revenue cutter *Bear*, the notable vessel which rescued the Greeley Expedition. The explorer was "dumped down" at an awful place, called Oumwaidjik, a thousand miles north of Kamchatka, and peopled by the Tchukcheis—probably the most unspeakably filthy race on this earth. Here he landed on the morning of the 8th of September, 1895.

The photo. next reproduced shows the Tchukchei hut in which Mr. De Windt lived. "There being no wood, this hut consisted of a frame-work of whale-ribs, covered with walrus hide. It was 18ft. in diameter and 10ft. high. The perpetual darkness was dimly lit by a saucer of seal-oil, which diffuses a disgusting odour."

The moment the U.S. cutter *Bear* disappeared, the Tchukcheis virtually made Mr. De Windt a prisoner, and the wonder is he escaped with his life through the many orgies indulged in by his captors. "There was nothing to be done," he told me, "but to hoist my little Union Jack on a whale-rib on the beach and hope for the best. The old folks," pursued Mr. De Windt, cheerily, "are strangled with a walrus thong, and the dogs come in for their bodies. The ceremony is enlivened with 'music' from a fish-skin tambourine, beaten with a seal-bone."

Mr. De Windt was furnished by the Geographical Society with some hand-bills respecting Herr Andrée and his balloon. He gave the Tchukcheis some of these, and asked one of the chiefs, out of curiosity, what he would do if Andrée's balloon suddenly appeared in the sky. "Shoot it!" was the

immediate reply, which cannot fail to interest the R.G.S.

Of these and many other interesting things connected with Alaska and the North-West Territories did Mr. De Windt speak; and truly the adventures of this remarkable man would fill a library. "As to the great Klondike 'rush' next spring," he said, in conclusion, "there is no doubt it will alter the face of the entire region, the climate notwithstanding. Railways and steamships and telegraphs will soon be established. Fortunes will be made, and the unlucky forced to the wall. Sensational reports may be expected daily, for the place is a real Tom Tiddler's ground, honey-combed by rivers and creeks with sands of gold. There is plenty of room for all between the Klondike to the Cassiar. Let the



MR. DE WINDT'S HUT OF WHALE-RIBS AND WALRUS HIDE.
From a Photo. by Mr. Harry de Windt.

gold-seekers take their time and make prudent preparations. The ultimate result will doubtless be that a little-known region will be dotted with thriving cities; and the shouts of triumph from the fortunate few will drown the dying wails of the many who will fail."