

**OVER THE ROCKY
MOUNTAINS TO
ALASKA; PP. 1-166**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649666393

Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska; pp. 1-166 by Charles Warren Stoddard

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

**OVER THE ROCKY
MOUNTAINS TO
ALASKA; PP. 1-166**

Over the Rocky Mountains
to Alaska.

BY

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



ST. LOUIS, MO., 1899.
Published by B. HERDER,
17 South Broadway.

F
709
587
Buhr

Copyright, 1890, by Joseph Gummersbach.

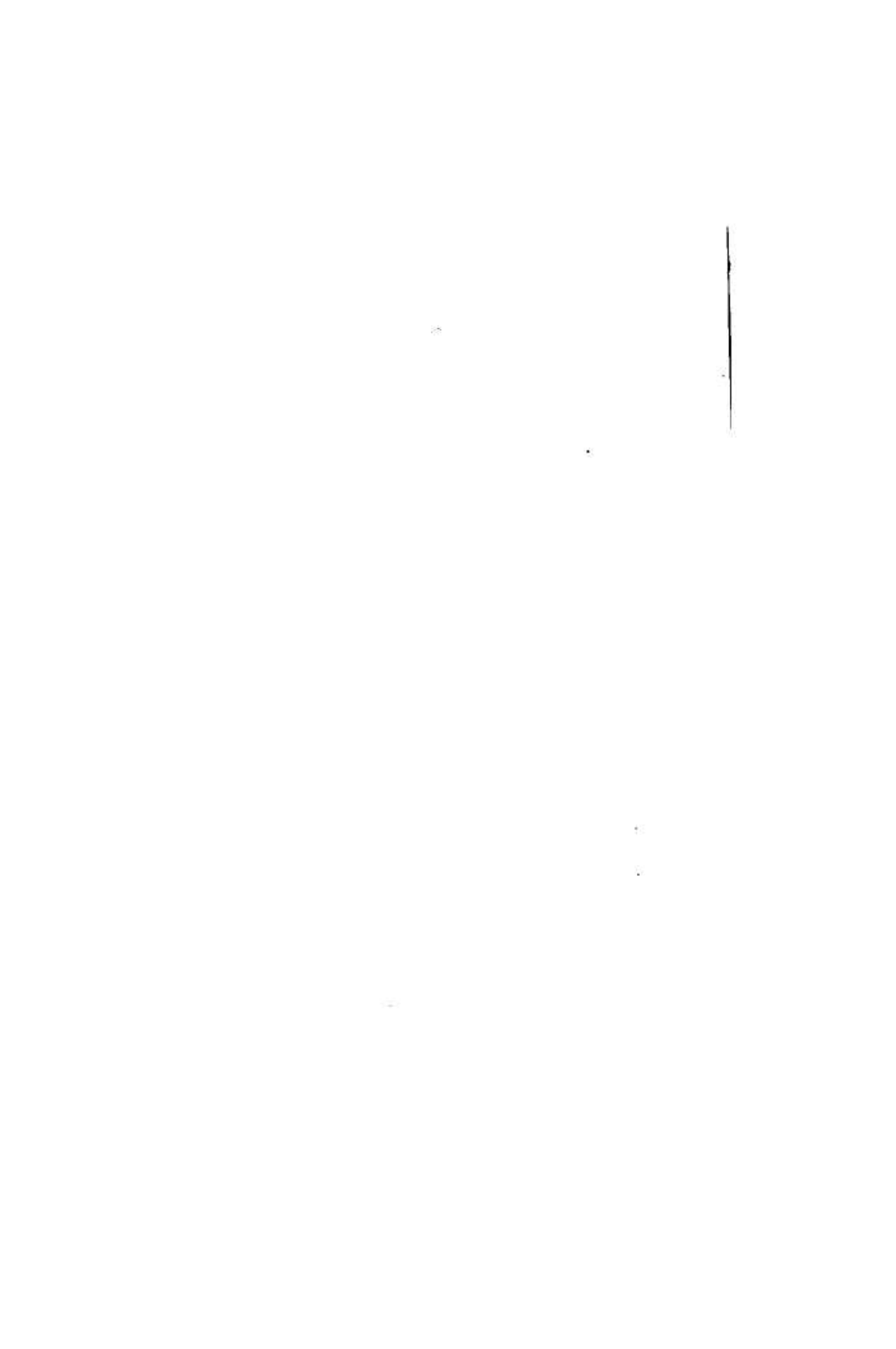


— BECKTOLD —
PRINTING AND BOOK MFG. CO.
ST. LOUIS MO.

To
KENNETH O'CONNOR,
First-District-of-Columbia Volunteers,
Gen'l Shafter's Fifth Army Corps,
Santiago de Cuba:
IN MEMORY OF OUR HOME-LIFE IN
THE BUNGALOW.

CONTENTS.

Chapter.		Page.
I.	Due West to Denver - - -	7
II.	In Denver Town - - -	18
III.	The Garden of the Gods - -	29
IV.	A Whirl across the Rockies	40
V.	Off for Alaska - - - -	47
VI.	In the Inland Sea - - -	56
VII.	Alaskan Village Life - - -	66
VIII.	Juneau - - - - -	74
IX.	By Solitary Shores - - -	86
X.	In Search of the Totem-Pole	98
XI.	In the Sea of Ice - - - -	111
XII.	Alaska's Capital - - - -	124
XIII.	Katalan's Rock - - - -	136
XIV.	From the Far North - - -	148
XV.	Out of the Arctic - - - -	159



CHAPTER I.

Due West to Denver.

COMMENCEMENT week at Notre Dame ended in a blaze of glory. Multitudes of guests who had been camping for a night or two in the recitation rooms—our temporary dormitories—gave themselves up to the boyish delights of school-life, and set numerous examples which the students were only too glad to follow. The boat race on the lake was a picture; the champion baseball match, a companion piece; but the highly decorated prize scholars, glittering with gold and silver medals, and badges of satin and bullion; the be vies of beautiful girls who for once—once only in the year—were given the liberty of the lawns, the campus, and the winding forest ways, that make of Notre Dame an elysium in summer; the frequent and inspiring blasts of the University Band, and the general joy that filled every heart to overflowing, rendered the last day of the scholastic year romantic to a degree and memorable forever.

8 *Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska.*

There was no sleep during the closing night — not one solitary wink; all laws were dead-letters — alas that they should so soon arise again from the dead!—and when the wreath of stars that crowns the golden statue of Our Lady on the high dome, two hundred feet in air, and the wide-sweeping crescent under her shining feet, burst suddenly into flame, and shed a lustre that was welcomed for miles and miles over the plains of Indiana—then, I assure you, we were all so deeply touched that we knew not whether to laugh or to weep, and I shall not tell you which we did. The moon was very full that night, and I didn't blame it!

But the picnic really began at the foot of the great stairway in front of the dear old University next morning. Five hundred possible presidents were to be distributed broadcast over the continent; five hundred sons and heirs to be returned with thanks to the yearning bosoms of their respective families. The floodgates of the trunk-rooms were thrown open, and a stream of Saratogas went thundering to the station at South Bend, two miles away. Hour after hour, and indeed for several days, huge trucks and express wagons plied to and fro, groaning under