

SMALLPOX ON BOARD OHIO

Which is Quarantined at Egg Island Near Nome.

With Over 700 Passengers on Board—Victims of Disease Come From San Francisco—Action Taken.

The steamship Ohio of the Empire Line, with 732 passengers is quarantined at Egg Island, 12 miles from St. Michael. Smallpox was discovered aboard the steamer shortly after her arrival here on Wednesday, and Lieut. Jarvis, special treasury agent, took immediate steps to quarantine the vessel. A number of passengers, however, had left the steamer before it was found that smallpox was on board. How many got away from the steamer is not definitely known, the number being put at from seven to fifteen, including one woman. Seven of the passengers who had found their way to the shore were arrested and taken back to the steamer. There were Bob Hayner, Ben Goodman, G. Ranson, C. E. Griffin, F. Patterson, H. Henry and A. Bebers.

The Ohio sailed from San Francisco May 15 and she also touched at Seattle. There were two cases of smallpox, the passengers being from California. Both are males, but their names could not be learned. Lieut. Jarvis promptly determined to establish a quarantine station at Egg island and the vessel was ordered to that place, whither she sailed Friday morning. Dr. Jersauld, assistant health officer of Nome, tendered his services as physician and he is in charge of the patients. E. K. Brush who had charge of the city hospital went as nurse. On the arrival of the Ohio at Egg island it was intended to erect temporary quarters to which the patients would be removed. The passengers will remain on the vessel and if in 10 days no more cases appear the vessel and passengers will be released. Drs. Call and Gregg say that the cases are well defined, and a rumor that they were cases of chickenpox is entirely unfounded.

The executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce also took prompt action and hereafter Dr. Call will act as quarantine physician in conjunction with Health Officer Gregg, and passengers will not be permitted to land from incoming steamers unless the vessel shows a clean bill of health.—Nome News, June 16.

A mysterious shooting affair in which Ben King was the victim, occurred today between 12 and 1 a. m. in the Rice building on Snake river. King was shot through the left lung, the ball passing through the body and coming out under the right shoulder. He died almost instantly. From the information gleaned by a News representative it seems that King has been living with a woman named Mrs. Stanton. King went to the room occupied by the couple about 12 o'clock. Mrs. Stanton says that he went to a valise, took out a No. 38 revolver and threatened to kill her and himself. She told him to kill himself if he wanted to but to let her alone. She took the revolver from him and sat down upon it on the floor. Later she says she threw it under the bed. King lay down on the bed and while she was standing near the door he fired the shot while sitting on the bed. He fell on the floor, the pillows on the bed being saturated with blood. An alarm was given and Deputy Marshal Mahoney was called. He summoned Dr. Pohl but King was dead when the doctor arrived. The woman was placed in custody pending the coroner's investigation, which will be held this afternoon. King and Mrs. Stanton came here from Dawson April 23. He comes of an excellent family in Montana and is a brother of W. J. King of this city. He was 37 years old.—Nome News, June 16.

(The Ben King above referred to was formerly proprietor of the Grotto, now the Rochester saloon, in this city. He and Mrs. Stanton lived together here in a cabin on Second avenue near the store of Clark & Ryan. Dawsonites who knew them intimately do not believe King suicided, but incline to the belief that the woman killed him, as it is said she is desperate when aroused. King was well liked in Dawson by all who knew him.)

A monster fleet of vessels has arrived here during the past few days, bringing gold-seekers in vast number. Probably not less than 14,000 have landed on these shores during the past week. Among the vessels arriving were some of the great ocean transports like the Zealandia, Ohio, the Senator, Oregon, Olympia, Tacoma, South Portland, St. Paul, Athenian, Lenella, San Pedro, Santa Ana, the bark Pitcairn, the Roanoke, the Centennial, Alliance, Aberdeen, Sequoia, Brunswick, schooner Valencia, Nellie Thurston and Kadjack, steamer Argo, schooner Bessie K. Grace, Dollar, Nome City, Lakme, San Jose,

Victoria and many others. It was a wonderful fleet and brought the life, energy and hope of the country. Many ladies were among the incoming people, but apparently not many children. On the Valencia came Lucky Baldwin, with a complete outfit for a big hotel, including a bar and all the accoutrements.

The Santa Ana, which had some 300 passengers aboard, had developed some nine cases of smallpox, and was at once quarantined and sent to Egg island. Aboard the steamer was John Considine and his big theatrical troop, and they did not enjoy thus going into seclusion. It was he who bought the Hotel Casco property, on which to erect his big theater.

The Roanoke, which came on the 17th, was quarantined for a short time, under a misapprehension, but it soon developed she had no smallpox aboard. Two deaths occurred aboard the Olympia from pneumonia, Jackson S. Swank, of California, and a woman being the victims. There was also a death on the Zealandia from pneumonia. A man on the Senator also died of pneumonia while en route to Dutch Harbor, and was buried there with Masonic honors, between 3000 and 4000 people attending. Another man who died was buried on the spot.

The Oregon is said to have surreptitiously landed two smallpox cases at Nome river. The cases have been isolated and the patients are now almost well.

The Zealandia sailed on her return to San Francisco on Monday.

The U. S. transport Rosecrans was aground in the Yukon Flats, with some 150 troops aboard. Capt. Hanson, of the A. C. Co., who arrived here, tendered the steamer Sadie to Lieut. Craigie to get her off, which was accepted.—Nome Gold Digger, June 20.

Nome Passenger-Suicides.

Mr. H. S. Frye of the local law firm of Hoyt & Frye, has written Seattle friends from Dutch Harbor, telling of a pathetic suicide on board the Ohio. The story runs like this: There was a young fellow on board, Jack Farrolon by name, who came to Seattle last March from New York city. Young Farrolon came with the intention of going to Nome, and spent the time intervening between his arrival and the departure of the ship haunting the tenderloin poker resorts.

He was fairly successful; in fact, made more than enough to pay his expenses while in Seattle, and also enough to carry him to Nome. In addition to his winnings here, he had something like \$500 that he had brought with him. The gamblers with whom he had been playing while in the city took passage on the Ohio, and plans were laid to down the boy in a little game of draw.

For several days, acting on the advice of friends, he resisted all efforts to draw him into a game; but one night he fell, and when the sun had proclaimed another day he was penniless. The disappointment was more than he could bear, and, going to the steamer side, he deliberately jumped into the sea.

"When he found himself struggling in the water," said Mr. Frye, "he apparently realized the rashness of his step, and at once began to swim for the steamer. The boat was at once stopped and a small one lowered. He managed to keep above water until the boat was perhaps within 100 feet of him, when a huge wave came rolling up and we saw him no more."—Seattle Times.

Choice of Theatre Seats.

"Funny thing, how one learns to know patrons of the house and can hand over their favorite seats without a question," said the man at the box office, as he tossed two tickets to a gray haired woman. "Now that woman is deaf, and there's no earthly use giving her anything more than four rows from the front. The fat man who left the window a moment ago always wants 10 or 12 G, because the curve widens the space in front of those seats, and he has room for his knees. A good many other people are on to those seats though, and he has to let me know early if he wants them. One woman who comes here very often has to have an aisle seat, because she is subject to fainting fits and must be where she can get out to the air quickly.

"Some of our best patrons prefer the front row of the balcony to the orchestra chairs, and we always save the seats for them on first nights. The boxes don't go off very well. They really aren't the best seats, you know, and haven't any advantage save in bringing a party more closely together. The right sort of people don't like being as conspicuous as they must be in a box at a small theater, and, altogether, the boxes sell less readily than anything else in the house.

"I've been selling a certain orchestra seat every matinee this season to one young woman. She hasn't missed a matinee, and she always wants that particular seat, on the left, next to the box.

That's easy to figure out, of course, but I don't know which one of the actors is the hero of the story, nor how much appreciation he shows. I suppose it's the man the women all rave over, but this woman doesn't seem that sort. She looks proud and sensible, and I confess to a bit of curiosity about the story, though it's no business of mine. Heavens, what epidemics some of these actors are! The talk I hear here at the window would be enough to make me think all women raving crazy if I didn't have a sane wife of my own.

"Two girls came for matinee seats last Friday, and they held the window for ten minutes, discussing whether to take the seats on the left, where they would see his profile more, or to go over to the right, where they would get a better view of his eyes. Now, wouldn't that frost you? Pretty girls, too. They decided for the profile finally because one of them said his nose and the way in his side hair were the most adorable things about him.

"We've several deaf and dumb people who come often. They take front seats because they want to watch the lips of the actors, and the orchestra can't do a thing to them. A deaf and dumb bald headed man does have one advantage over the ordinary baldhead, you see. Even a bass drum can't disturb him. The kind of people who take gallery seats is very different from what it used to be. The seats have risen in price in most of the good houses, and then, I think, people are becoming more independent. The matinee girls haven't any false pride about it. They'd rather see their idol four times from the gallery than once from the orchestra chairs, so unless they have money to burn they take their chocolates, and trot merrily along."—New York Sun.

Bank Washing Day.

In some banks there is a regular washday every month, usually at the beginning, when a clerk may be seen bent over a tub and rubbing real money up and down a washboard. The dirty greenbacks that have been saved up for a month are soaped and rubbed just like handkerchiefs and socks and are run through a wringer before being put out to dry. The paper currency may be handled somewhat roughly, as it does not tear because there is in it a great deal of silk and linen. After the notes have been passed through the wringer they are hung on a line stretched in the bank clerks' department. Said one clerk the other day: "I wash about 100 notes every month, and when I'm done you can hardly tell them from new money. The washing strengthens as well as cleans the notes."—Philadelphia Record.

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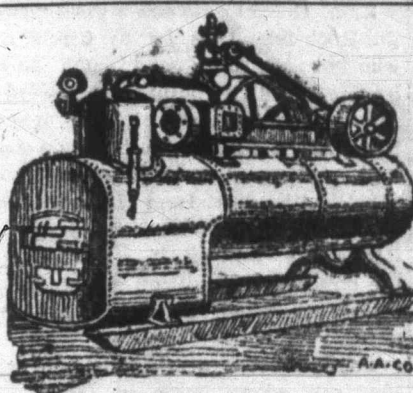
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