Charles Anderson Arrives After Salling Pacific For Sixty-Seven Days.

Started From Sitka and Has Been Through a Series of Storms.

Along the coast of British Columbia are scattered hundreds of sloopmen, whose homes are in their cockle shell sloops, in which, as did the old time Vikings, they dare the elements and tempt death. One of these men, and a distinct type of the class, arrived in Victoria by the steamer Queen City on Sunday, from San Juan. He sailed from Sitka, Alaska, on December 31, and being blown out hundreds of miles off shore in the North Pacific, and criven before the winter's gales, he has drifted at the mercy of wind and wave, riding through tempestuous seas, for 67 days, covering several thousands of miles.

Charles Anderson, is a Swede, who has been among those who have toiled in vain at Nome, he left Cape Nome in November for Sitka, and arrived there in mid-December after skirting along the coast. At Sitka, where the sloop was built by him in 1899, with the aid of an Indian carpenter, he provisioned the three ton craft with 200 pounds of flour, 200 pounds of beans, and some other things, and with a black collist dog—now skin and bone as a result of the starvation of the latter part of the trying voyage—he salled south on December 31, intending to come down by the inside passage. He was blown out in the wide trackless ocean, however, and with his little 27-foot craft riding over seas like mountains, into furrows which seemed like the valleys between two ranges, for over two months, he has flirted with death.

in which he had braved death in the awful hurricanes, was seized.

The lone mariner took passage to Victoria on the steamer Queen City to plead for the return of his vessel, and it is likely that his pleas will be successful. He was still weak from exhaustion when he arrived here. His clothes were torn, his shoes worn, beard scraggy and unkempt, and in fact he was a typical soldier of misfortune—a worn out prospector whose luck had failed. His timeworn Derby hat was broken on one side and pressed flat where continuous wearing against the centre board as he rested had left its marks. He told his story to many, and told it connectedly, and although it sounds like a three-stranded yarn, it is told in such a manner that it seems to be the truth.

"I left Nome last fall," said Anderson in telling his story, "and I made a good voyage along the coast to Sitka where I know a lot of fellows. That's where I built the Minnie in 1899, and from where I took her to Nome. IAn Indian helped me make her. I got provisions at Sitka and then started for Puget Sound. I thought I would come by the inside, but a heavy easterly wind blew the Minnie out to sea, and for eight or nine days she sailed to the westward out into the open. I tried to wear her back, but the winds continued to keep her out to sea, and I let her drift southward before the winds. She was some hundreds of miles from shore—I could show

out to sea, and I let her drift southward of course of miles from shore—I could show it by the log if I had not lost it when she went over on her beam in that big hurricane, and as I could not get her in towards the coast I let her run south. When she was down off the latitude of the Californian coast I got a wind from the westward and I ran up with that and got in towards the coast off Cape (Mendocino. I had some storms before that, and the seas were running high often, but they were nothing to the great storms of February 11 and six days lated. I was told since I arrived that some ships were wrecked in them, and I saw a big piece of wreckage about 300 miles off the coast which looked like part of the side of a sailing ship with the rail and ribs fastened to it. It was painted black.

"Just before I got in that first hur."

The two great gales which wrecked several vessels, battered the cockle shell of the adventurous Swede, and the sloop was tossed over on her beam, her ballast shifted, and much of her contents lost, but she was righted and weathered the hurricanes which wrecked larger craft. Drenched to the skin by the flooding of his little cock-pit, in which kneeling with his head rested against his head rested against the centre board and with his dog cuddled up against his knees, he slept night after night, cold, tired, and emaciated from insufficient food, the lone mariner voyaged on until the winds veered and emaciated from his sloop and fed by two knills packers, the customs officer took him for a whiskey snungier, and the tiny sloep and fed by two kindly packers, the customs officer took him for a whiskey snungier, and the tiny sloep and fed by two kindly packers, the customs officer took him for a whiskey snungier, and the tiny sloep and the same date in 1901; the snowfall scale the content of the states of the snowfall was a find the same date in 1901; the snowfall was a find of business the customs officer took him for a snowfall scale th

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