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First Sealer Arrives.

THE FOGOTA, CAPT. JESSE WINSOR, ENTERS PORT WITH 9,000 SEALS, ALL PRIME HARPS; AVERAGE WEIGHT 55 LIBS.

Much excitement is created each season when the first sealer is announced to be in the offing, and this year was no exception to the rule. When it became known that the Fogota had passed Cape St. Francis, crowds thronged Water Street, and as the trim little ship, the smallest of the steel fleet, steamed in the Narrows at 5 p.m., gaily bedecked with bunting, the wharves were filled with sightseers, Crosbie & Co.'s piers being densely packed with people, who even climbed on to the roofs and sheds of stores and packed the galleries. The ship, looking very deep, was escorted in the Narrows by the tug John Green and some launches, while their whistles blew a noisy welcome, and after the vessel was given a clean bill of health by Dr. Campbell when she had hove up on the quarantine ground, the owner, a number of friends and the representatives of the Telegram, Herald and News boarded the ship, all heartily congratulating Capt. Winsor on his success. From him we glean the following particulars of the voyage: The Fogota left port at 7.30 p.m. on the 11th, just as the conflagration in the Collin block occurred, and in company with the Algerine, Eagle, Ranger Erik and Diana. She got down to Cape Bonavista that night but could not get round it as the ice was packed tight there, so she remained all night near the Cape in company with the other ships, getting clear on the morning of Tuesday the 12th. Steaming across Bonavista Bay in clear water she with the other ships saw several old seals that day. The fleet that day went down near Cape Freels, as the captain expressed it, "shaving the rocks," until 4.30 p.m., when the first whitecoats were seen off the Offer Wadhams, and five were taken on board while the ship forced through a pretty heavy jam of Arctic ice. This made a "balacalder" of ice around the islands; the ship's head was put into it and she remained close inshore. Thick weather prevailed while she lay there all night during the 13th, and at 1 a.m. on the 14th she slipped clear of the islands and steamed east through close ice all the day until noon of the 15th, when a small patch was struck four miles north of the Funks, and between 900 and 1,000 of the primest of harps were killed when her crew of 8 sturdy fellows went out over the bows. These were got on board and stowed that evening, the patch having been cleaned up, and in company with the Algerine and Eagle, which had secured 4,000 and 500 respectively, a start was made for "pastures new." The ships alluded to above went north and the Fogota steamed 25 miles in the same direction, Capt. Winsor anticipating that the patch would extend and enlarge itself in this direction. At midnight he decided to take another cut for the big patch, which he thought should be about 40 miles S. E. of Cape Freels, and his judgment proved to be correct, for here he struck the biggest herd yet on the 16th, and he "burnt down" his ship amongst them on Sunday, the 17th, he being in good and appropriate company, amongst so many "harps" or St. Patrick's Day. The crew were on good and early on Monday, the 18th, and Sheila's Day was a red letter day in the history of the ship's voyage for the whitecoats were plentiful and the ice was soon covered with gore as the men killed and panned their quarry. With only the Ranger in their company the men of the two ships worked together on the 18th but on the 19th the Ranger's crew worked north and the Fogota's south and day after day the slaughter continued until Tuesday, when it was impossible to remain on the ice long as a heavy swell was running through it. It broke up quickly, and it was decided as the ship was very deep with her weight of fat to start for home. The ship bore up that evening and had it very rough and stormy until yesterday. Each night the ship would be compelled to run far into the floe for safety. She left the patch about 250 miles to the eastward of St.

John's, and the captain thinks that the main body of seals went south and were missed by the whole fleet. He also believes that this main patch was broken up into smaller patches and says that the seals he took latterly were scattered about in little herds of from two to five over the ice. The Fogota left the ice about 25 miles S. S. E. of Cape Bonavista yesterday morning and saw four other ships going north, evidently looking around for seals. Capt. Winsor says that in his 27 years' experience at the seal-fishery he never killed better seals. Wednesday night a heavy snow storm with a gale of wind raged, and a very high sea ran as the vessel came along yesterday, time and again filling the well decks with water, inundating the forecabin and also wetting the cabin considerably. In the storm of Wednesday night the ship was in a string of heavy ice 40 miles east of Cape Bonavista. Several "round" seals were picked up as the ship steamed through the heavy ice coming home, and these were "scolded" on her deck after the ship had tied up to her pier yesterday. Capt. Winsor himself took the last whitecoat Wednesday morning, about 100 miles E. of St. John's and 85 miles from where her cargo was secured. This seal was kept alive in a quarter boat swinging at the davits, but it managed to crawl out of its berth Wednesday night unobserved and escape into its native element. The blood of Vikings flows through Capt. Winsor's veins, as his grandfather was an old and successful sealing captain in the old-time "windjammers," while his father, the late Capt. Wm. Winsor, often gave bloody decks to the Iceland, Vanguard, Greenland and other ships. To Capt. Jesse, who has been a sealer since his 10th year, as well as to the owners of the ship, Messrs. Crosbie & Co., we extend the congratulations of the Telegram. The reports brought in by the Fogota are: Beothic, 20,000 (Capt. Winsor was on board her Saturday last when she reported this); Eagle, 700 (the crew of the ship were on board the Fogota a few days ago, and this is their report); Adventure, 13,000 (received this report from Beothic); Ranger, 10,000. She steamed north Tuesday. As far as the captain could glean the catches for the other ships are: Florival, 300; Bellaventure, 1,500; Bonaventure, 7,500; Stephano, 9,500; Diana, 5,000; Sagona, 1,000; Algerine, 5,000; Nascopte, 15,000, and Erik, 4,000.

The School Ma'am.

BY H. L. RANN.



The school ma'am is a conscientious individual, who teaches the young idea how to shoot. Once in a while she gets hold of a pupil whose eyesight is so defective that she can't shoot anything but moist paper wads, which describe a graceful parabola, and spread out on teacher's collar like a bow-legged man in an upper berth. The teacher is supposed to take the mind of youth while it is in a raw state and break it to drive single or double. The hardest task a teacher has to perform is to provide mental pabulum for scholars whose parents forgot to endow them with anything in the intellectual line outside of ears and feet. The rural school ma'am puts in longer hours for less pay than anybody in the universe who never strayed in to the newspaper profession, with a drum cylinder press and a soul full of hope. It is encouraging to reflect that most of our presidents sat under some rural school ma'am with a hard rubber ruler and a pious leaning toward corporal punishment, at one time or another, and had their characters formed along with a number of brisk and bas relief wits. Very few school ma'ams nowadays punctuate their remarks with anything but the power of love, which has about as much effect upon a case-hardened pupil as spraying talcum powder on the mumps. There is plenty of room in this country for the old-fashioned school ma'am, with an arm like a premium ham, who used to reach over into the third row of seats and land the school bully on a hard wood floor with a jolt that caused him to see the nebular hypothesis for a week. People whose children never pluck any prizes to speak of, have a very low idea of school ma'ams in general, but if it were not for our school ma'ams most of us couldn't tell a cube root from any other vegetable.

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Boy Run Over.

Yesterday afternoon a lad named Brien while running along Adelaide Street in a crowd to go and see the Fogota when she arrived, was run over by a passing sleigh, and very much hurt about the body.

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TIGHTWAD TOWN.

By WALT MASON.

In Tightwad Town they're chasing dollars, and when they catch a silver bone, they pinch the eagle till it hollers so loud 'twould rend a heart of stone. In Tightwad Town they all have axes for any scheme to make things move; "it would," they say, "increase our taxes if we the village should include." In Tightwad Town there is no knowledge of books or authors, art or song; they starve the church and bust the college, and boost the mortgage works along. In Tightwad Town the man's estimated according to the wealth he owns; he's most revered and elevated who has the tallest stack of bones. In Tightwad Town they're only civil to strangers who have brought their wads; in Tightwad Town the soul will shrivel pursuing milled and minted gods. In Tightwad Town there's little laughter, there is no warmth in hand or heart; men seldom smile who follow after the idols of the money mart. With streets unpaved and sidewalks broken, and houses old and tumble-down, the word of hope is seldom spoken in Tightwad Town, in Tightwad Town!

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Mail Bags of Some Rulers

Pope's the Largest—Kaiser's Next With 7,500 Letters a Day.

The mail bag at the Vatican probably contains the largest number of letters that are addressed to any single person or institution. After the Pope, the Kaiser receives the greatest number fully half being addressed to him personally. Emperor William has never less than 7,500 letters daily, a goodly proportion of which are appeals to right wrongs about which he knows nothing and would be powerless to act if he did. Many are private diplomatic letters. After him comes the President of the United States, who gets a daily average of 5,000 letters. The mail of the present King of England has dwindled to 2,500 letters, probably a third of the number received by his father. The mail bag of the Czar is smaller still, about 500 persons writing daily to one well known to be lodged in by officialdom. It is said that the royal palace in

Madrid gets 300 letters, addressed for the most part to King Alfonso, but a share falling to the lot of the Queen. The Italian King gets only about 200 letters daily, while the mail bag of the President of France varies greatly. When the foreign population in Paris is most numerous his mail reaches as high an average as the American President but in other months the average is comparatively small. It is said that the Emperor of Japan has only recently begun to be troubled in this manner, letters to him being mainly in the nature of appeals to add by swift and glorious war to the territory of the sun kingdom.

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