THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET: DAWSON, Y. T.

By Wireless Telegraphy

coast, on the most southerly point struggling through space inextricab- silence of the afternoon wrapped Keep afloat as long as possible. All of England, stand the sentinels of ly mixed together.

the Past and Future. A great rag- How long he watched with awe ged rock rears its head above the sea and wonder he did not know, but the some four miles from the shore, bar- rushing winds howled him into a ren but for tufts of sickly grass, uninhabited save by sea birds. For heard the waves rising and roaring centuries the rock has stood amid the nearer and nearer.

wild waters, once an island, green He awoke with a start, feeling by the insatiable waves, him. The yellow light burnt more crumbling and passing dimly, but instinctively he glanced ages from the knowledge first at the Marconi instrument. All the tapper clicked again, "is help-" them, forgive and help;" and at the grad and memory of man. Once a guide was in order. The tapper was silto the unwieldy ships that sailed ent, motionless. As he wondered He sprang from his seat and rushed

ors, the first glimpse of homeland to instrument clicked. Some one had called ! Whence shaking the little house to its founthe huge black liners-a forgotten could a message come on such a dations and hurling him back to the night and from whom ? Was it a ground. And a little inland, a small gray trick of the storm that raged and He had forgotten the storm ! Sentinel of the Past.

turrethouse, with a wooden mast shrieked like a furious beast, out took him some time to shut and pointing skyward, and square glass side ? eyes ever staring oceanward-a little house built by a man's clumsy fingfading rock speck on the ocean-yet hind him and simultaneously the matches he heard the click of the it is Time's fingermark-it is the ear click-dot-" - LE - LE-DH -D machine. of the ocean, the Sentinel of the Fu- H," it said. Still the same question : ture.

send help ?" The clouds had been driving round

the Lizard point for several days, restless, and often hiding the old raging tempest waiting for that ter; fighting death, who, openbarren rock from the strongest telebe "Yes;" trusting, believing it scope. The lonely watcher-one by day and one by night-in the gray would be "Yes " house, Marconi's wireless telegraph His hand moved slowly, steadily now, as he spelled out four words in station of the south, had long known of the approach of the storm. Ships already caught in its fierce clutches ness was best, though tiere were none to see, or hear, or knowhad telegraphed its advent to the "Impossible to send help." watcher, and he, Jovelike, had hur-Five hundred men and women ried electric warnings of the danger husbands, wives, lovers ! Children, to other boats.

too-five hundred. He, John Priest, And this evening, as John Priest safe on land in the little room with walked along the narrow cliff path its square eyes looking seaward, and to relieve his companion for night 500 souls far 'away across the boilduty, it seemed as if nature's great ing waters calling out to him, waitstruggle were about to begin. The ing for his message-of life, or death. wind had dropped a little; the break-

He had sent death ! ers, far below, ceased to throw their shining, white foam arms upward; instead the waves heaved and rolled in large, greasy mountains. An unsave them ! natural silence had fallen, almost He jumped from his chair and rushterrifying to the lonely human be-

ed to the window and stared out; ing. black, black everywhere! Impotently Ere he reached its shelter big he beat his hands against the windrops of rain began to fall-slowly, dow and mercilessly the rain and the

with an ugly, regular splash-flashes wind and the sea spume beat back. of lightning lit the horizon, dividing Who were they on board the boat green and black. sinking out yonder? What ties had John Priest felt the nervous ex-

they, what passions hound them to citement, in the air communicate the red earth and the things of the itself to his body, filling him with aearth ? vague unrest and fear. Back to his seat he rushed, and of His companion was waiting at the a sudden an inspiration came. If,

door

"I'm glad you're not late," he anywhere near that he could tele-"I fear even now I shall get caught in the storm before I can

graph to ! Hope yet; a chance of life yet ! cover those three miles along the He relit the lamp and turned up

tle square room, dimly lit with the held his breath. yellow lamp light, ceased to exist; "Cannot keep afloat until the who knew and could save him. in his hand-fighting death. The litthe storm no longer roared in his morning; have you been able to send "Yes. Spoken Scotsman beating

drops to beat the windows; a silence At the extreme end of the Cornish air, and water were swirling and greater and more intense than the down channel; it is looking for you. move. The horror of having done no

Flash "DH. Where are you ?" He found a difficulty in breathinghow the seconds dragged-minutes, He set his teeth. semi-conscious sleep, in which he surely, now, and no answer. Again, "Where are you ?"

At last an answer: "S.S.W. of "Thanks, don't leave instrument Lizard, about 100 miles off; instru- Communicate with us as long as and fair, now gradually being de- something or some one had spoken to ments damaged; rudder broken; can possible, or until Delilah sinks." He whispered a prayer as he sat Help ! How could he send help ?

"Shall not leave instrument; will seeking empires, a landmark to sail what had suddenly called him the to the door and unbolted it. With a communicate with you until help A few minutes elapsed and no fur-

ther message was sent; then suddenly, with long pauses between each It letter-

more, the weakness of that message!

Again the tapper moved, and now

he feared what it would spell.

"We are getting out the boats. He drew his chair to the table and ed to the room bruised and wet. The make the little building rock. A bent over the instrument and waited. lamp had been blown out, and ail Again that little spark of light be- was dark. As he searched for the

He groped his way to the table "Can and bent over it; he could read the died away again he heard that the message in the dark. he missed something during that ap-

If so-hastily he changed the signal

With horrid vividness he saw 500 call-the machine clicked-and wait- palling grash? "Have launched one the southwest, swooping across the men and women huddled together on ed. He was fighting the storm now, of the boats." A pause that seemed green seas, that hourly grew more the sinking ship in the midst of the fighting nature, who gives no quar- to last for hours. Then: "Boat has All lost." Another wait longer than answer, praying heaven that it might mouthed, panted for 500 lives. the first. In imagination Priest saw Why didn't it answer? Wherever men and women struggling in the reit was it should receive the message! lentless waves. He pictured the Ah, at lastothers huddling at the side of the "S. S. Delilah sinking fast; are helpless liner, and at each flash of

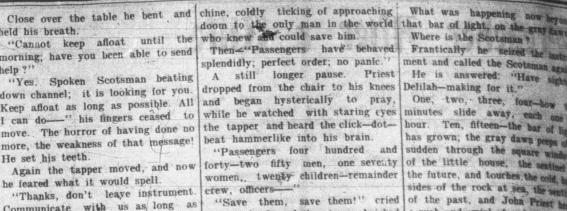
the darkness, and he felt the dark- you near enough to help ?" Presently the answer :

ghastly terror on pale faces. "Good "Fear impossible, but will look out for it-trying to beat down heaven, they will drown, drown!" he channel myself." Then, after a cried aloud, in agony. He seemed to pause : "Am trying to get into feel the sting of the cold water himself, and wished that he could go communication with it.' Again Priest flashed: "For God's down with the vessel rather than ensake, do your best-400 passengers." dure this racking torture of waiting -waiting for what he felt was in-He leant back in his chair and wiped his brow. He dared not call evitable, waiting for something that the Delilah again; he feared lest no he could not prevent.

Again the instrument ticked out answer should come. He waited, and for an instant the its piteous message: "Two more did they think or feel? He could silence lifted, and he heard an exult- boats launched. Both overturned. speak with them, but he couldn't ing shriek from the wind outside, Fear must abandon hope. Fast filland the house trembled. Where were ing.

A long pause. Priest sat motionthose 500 souls ? less, his eyes steadfast on the ma

Click ! No. 19 19. INVEST perchance, there was another boat



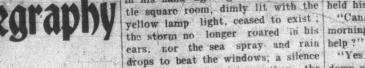
Priest aloud, and the storm shrieked a rush and swirl of waters and the derisively. Unconsciously his fingers an oppressive silence and a m "The rest was unreadable; still before the table: "Please, God, save convulsively touching the machine; Still he watches the ma spelt those two words, and the mess- tapper quivers; the final me age was carried out into the n ght, slowly spells itself: "Have passed and down where saw Delibar over the seas, to the sinking ship. "There is still hope," the women ing visible save wreche

whispered; "he is sending for help." man. This is the final means But the men-guessed. gray dawn is over all now "Cannot decipher your last mess-

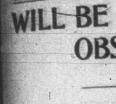
age-stern of ship nearly under wat-Tribune. "There is only one real er-a matter of minutes now-passengers ask will you kindly convey to said, "why I have never asked bolt the door again; then he return- Another pause that seemed hours. A friends"-the letters danced before to be my wife." "What is that ?" she asked stronger gust of wind seemed to Priest's eyes and became confused. "I have always been half and He fancied he heard the voices of flash of lightning momentarily filled men and women calling-he sprang to you might refuse." "Well," she whispered, aiter a h the room with a blue glare, and the the window and looked out. A pale crash of thunder deafened Priest for gray light in the east. Was that silence, "I should tank you'd a a moment. When the last rumble dawn ? curiosity enough to want to find a

whether your suspicion was w The tapper still clicked, but the instrument was again clicking. Had words it spelt were confused - ... it founded or not." - Chicage Herald. stopped.





MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1



MONDAY, APR

Elaborate Ce Victoria

Extensive General Named to A Deta

Every year since sary of the birth Victoria-now know as Victoria day-h n Dawson in a m ecasion. Last year tects were introdu a the way of a m moats gotten up by ing houses of the ci new to Dawson and highly interesting. call published for number of public met in Pioneer hall to arrange the pr celebration this eclipse all previous regor called the md was made chai iams being selecte ecretary. The dec the day in a fitting nously agreed to ent and a large was chosen from aresentative citized will be the usual p us and the afterno wholly to sports f value will be offer There will be a n eral committee on when the various s e named and the the ce.ebration wil entlemen compr mmittee Col. Donald McGre D. Williams ; Mr. Justice Dugas, M Senkler, C. D. Newlands, Mayor Wills, E. O. F Itates Consul Say on, F. X. Gosse homme, Dr. Alfre Barrett, D. C. Mc beck, Moses McGre donald, Dr. J. N. McKay, Hugh Mcl Diarmid; Dan McG nival, Turner To thur, J. U. Nicol J. T. Lithgow, R Wm. Thornburn, J Searth, Dick Col son, J. A. Clarke, M. Allen, H. S. C per, H. Te Roller

eliff. Good-night." "Good night," replied John Priest. He watched the other run swiftly down the path and along the cliffs. He felt a strange longing to call him back, to ask him to share the watch that night. The quiet threatening of the night, quivering with electricity and storm, thrilled his nerves.

"I wonder what's wrong with me ?" he said aloud, and then checked himself, unpleasantly unconscious distance will send it to help you." of his own voice-that none could hear or answer. Quickly his companion disappeared, enveloped in clouds and darkness.

the darkness.

cliff.

The second secon

by one he read and passed the names -all those were in port or a thousand miles away. The last boat on the list, the Scotsman, there was just a chance it might be in the English channel, the vaguest chance, he knew; but it was possible Hastily he telegraphed now : "Am trying to signal Scotsman; if within He waited for an answer, but/none

the book giving the names of vessels

fitted with wireless telegraphy. One

came; had it already goze down ? "DH!" That was no trick of the storm; yet he did not know the call.

Nothing living was visible-not Quickly he turned to the code : even a tree; not a bird on the wing "DH"-SS. Delilah, mail and -nothing. With an effort he laughed passenger steamer, 9,000 tons. Good and banged and bolted the door heavens ! what did the Delilah loudly, and entered the operating want, and where was it ? Surely, if room-the room with the square- he remembered right, it was due at eyes facing seaward. It was a round Liverpool two days ago-

For an instant Priest hesitatingly plainly furnished chamber, containing one comfortable sofa, a book watched and listened. Whence shelf filled with books, several maps, amidst the thousands of miles of mad and charts; a list of rules and ex- waves was this message sent ? With planations concerning the working of unsteady hand he held his machine, the Marconi wireless telegraph, and replied-

"Go on," and waited. No answer. in the centre of the room the instrument itself. Priest looked at his watch; eleven seconds.

He held his breath and counted the

At last an answer. "LE" again; hours and a half of solitary confinement, practically cut off from all an instant's pause, then the mahuman communication ! He leaned chine began slowly with many pauses against the window and stared into and breaks, as if the message, flying on magnetic wings through space to

He looked at the instrument, fing- the little gray turret on the Cornish ered it, saw all was in order, tried coast, was battling each yard of its to keep himself busy with trifles, way with the wind, the sea, and the praying for the time to pass quickly, rain-the machine began to spell its for the storm to come or go. When message

"The Delilah-damaged by terrific he looked at his watch again what had seemed an hour proved fifteen seas-fear fast sinking-400 passenminutes. Then he swore quietly at gers-send help-

himself for a fool and filled his pipe Priest gasped and his grip on the deliberately. As he put it to his machine tightened. Delilah sinking; lips a sudden blaze of light lit the 400 passengers and crew; send help ! room and a terrible crash rent the What did it mean! Breathless he air, tearing silence and the night waited; watching the tapper with asunder . and echoing from cliff to distended eyes; it clicked; was silent. The perspiration broke out on his

With the first great crash all the forehead; a thousand questions flashelements sprang to life. To the ed through his brain; his body stiff watcher it seemed as if fire, earth, ened and quivered; he felt 500 lives FSTARST. IS THE BEST INVESTMENT EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

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