

HE IS IN HARD LUCK

Mark Harrington Meets Reverse

And Glories in it—Is Most Optimistic Man in the World.

Chicago, June 3.—The Tribune says:

The most optimistic man in the world has registered at a small West Side hotel and is looking for work.

It is such a small hotel and it is so located that it barely escapes being a "ten, twenty, thirty" lodging house—but it might have been worse.

The optimistic man has been president of a state university, he has been chief of the United States weather bureau, and head of the astronomical department of the University of Michigan, and lately he has been working in a lumber camp—but it might have been worse.

Now, being more than 50 years old and with his course run in his chosen profession the American Mark Tapley is trying to begin a business career. That is his ambition. At present he is looking for work and trying to sell mining stock.

Mark W. Harrington is the optimistic man. For twelve years he was an instructor in the University of Michigan and was head of the department of astronomy when he left. From this position he was appointed to that of chief of the weather bureau, where he served until President Cleveland's election. Then he was elected president of the Washington state university, at Seattle, where he served until 1897.

Since then he has been "browsing" as he says. He was removed from his position at the Washington state university after an election in that state. That closed his career as an educator.

Soon he needed money and went into a lumber camp to earn it. He worked there until his health gave out. Then he went to a hospital.

After he had regained his health he tried his luck again in a shipyard. At the manual tasks of a common laborer he worked until a beam fell on him. Then he went back to the hospital.

At various occupations he tried his luck and now he is in Chicago looking for work and for persons who want to buy mining stock.

"Luckily, Providence gave me an optimistic disposition," he said, "so it does not matter. Otherwise I might not have been able to stand it. But it might have been worse."

The optimistic man does not drink. He smokes—a pipe, because it is economical. He has blue eyes and a smile that seems frozen—or, rather, fastened—to his face. He secured his academic education at Northwestern university and finished at the University of Michigan. He speaks a number of languages and reads even more.

"The universities do not want a man who is over 50 years old," he said, in explaining why he does not try to secure a position in some school. "In fact, no one seems to want a man over 50."

"But my affairs seem to be picking up. Things have not looked brighter for many years. There has been no time when I would not rather do manual work than borrow from my friends when I had no prospects of paying them back."

When things do not look bright, even to the optimistic man, he hunts a park and watches the people.

"I can find a great deal of amusement in Lincoln park, for instance," he said. "I like to watch the people and the animals."

He also has his generous fund of information—as a solace, and when he gets back to the small hotel in West Madison street he can light his pipe, sit in the window with the "lodgers" all around him—and think.

During his service as head of the weather bureau Mr. Harrington was sent to Hamburg as the official representative of the United States to a congress of meteorologists. His favorite language is Spanish. He would rather talk about languages than about his "hard luck," which he never calls hard luck.

The work the optimistic man is doing just at present—selling mining stock—is what he calls "absolutely distasteful labor," but it is something. Something else will turn up pretty soon or else his stock deal will prove a success. The optimistic man is sure of that. He is a lineal descendant of Mark Tapley, Col. Sellers and Micawber.

"There is no reason why a man of 50 cannot succeed," he says. "So I am just starting in business."

Mr. Harrington has a son who is one of the experts in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The son's reputation has been made as a student of the American Indian, and the optimistic is as proud of his son's success as he is confident that he himself will succeed in business.

In the course of his "browsing" he has done some work for the son.

Wearing Out the Nerves

Many people wear themselves out needlessly. Their conscience is a tyrant. An exaggerated sense of duty, says the London Doctor, leads many a person to anxious, ceaseless activity, to be constantly doing something, over-punctual, never idle a second of time, scorn to rest. Such are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest, they have so much to do, not thinking they are rapidly unfitting themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years. Self control of nerve force is the great lesson of health, and therefore of life itself. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen nerves. Hearty laughter is a source of relaxation, as are also all high thoughts, as those of hope, beauty, trust or love. Relaxation is found in diversion.

The Barber Pole

The barbers of long ago were barber surgeons, but the rapid advance of surgical science has caused them to fall from their high estate. The gilt knob at the end of the barber pole of today represents a brass basin, which but a few decades since was actually suspended from the pole. The basin had a notch cut in it to fit the throat and was used in lathering the customer preparatory to shaving him. The pole represents the staff held by the patient who came to the barber surgeon to be bled. The two spiral stripes painted around it signify two bandages, one for twisting around the arm previous to the act of phlebotomy, or blood letting, the other for binding when the operation was completed.

Ended His Own Life

Boise, Idaho, June 3.—A special to the Statesman from Salmon, Idaho, says: The partly decomposed remains of a man were found on a rocky bar in the Salmon river last evening about six miles below this place by a boy who had been fishing in the neighborhood. The coroner's jury empaneled to inquire into the cause of his death brought out the fact that the remains were those of J. B. Whittier, a traveling salesman representing the firm of Chapman Bros. & Co., of Portland, Or.

Whittier came here early last October. He became despondent and attempted to cut his throat. A day or two after this Whittier disappeared and had not been seen since.

Patti's Reasons for Success

This is the way that Adelina Patti is said to have at one time summed up her good points in accounting for her success on the operatic stage: "I am not beautiful, but I am pretty; that's one. I am tolerably graceful, that's two. I am an effective dresser, that's three. I have a way with me that is piquant, that's four. I like my public, for my public like me because I like them and never tire of pleasing them; that's five. I have a good voice, that's six. I know how to sing well—my own way—that's seven. I always know my music—that gives comfort to my audience—that's eight. I act fairly well with the roles I sing, that may count as nine."

Forest Fires in Arizona

Tucson, Ariz., June 3.—Forest fires continue unabated in the Huachuca mountains. Hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber have been destroyed. A large force of men has left Tombstone to fight the flames back from the water shed of the Huachuca Water Shed Company, which supplies the town of Tombstone with water. Two companies of soldiers have been sent from Fort Huachuca to help fight the fire.

Appeal is Dismissed

San Francisco, June 3.—The United States circuit court of appeals today dismissed the appeal in the case of Kennedy J. Hanley vs. the Empire State Mining and Developing Company. The dismissal was without prejudice for the reason that Charles Sweeney and F. Lewis Clark, defendants, were not named in the appeal.

Train in the Ditch

Sacramento, Cal., June 4.—Word has just reached this city to the effect that the Oregon express has been wrecked about four miles from Redding, and that both locomotives and the train were killed. The wreck was caused by a misgeared switch.

SMUGGLER ARRESTED

Once Prominent Man Now in the Toils

Benjamin Ure of Nepe Coupeville, Wash., Seriously Charged.

Seattle, May 29.—Accused of harboring murderers, smugglers and pirates on his lonely island at the entrance of Deception pass, white-haired Benjamin Ure, once Skagit county's richest man, is now under arrest. Formally he is charged with receiving stolen property. He was arrested last week by Sheriff Weedon of Isalgud county. By several of Skagit county's most prominent citizens; for he is a pioneer and well known to the older settlers, he was bonded out on Monday. The story sounds like the more graphic chapters of a romantic novel.

The story deals with desperate men; with their mysterious comings and goings in the darkness; with raids by night with the little dungray sloops which slip into the quiet cove among the rocks to emerge again repainted in other colors; with signal lights in the darkness seen by chance from sleeping villages; with muffled oars silently slipping into the water; it tells of wild carousals when stolen whisky is landed on the rocky island; of smuggled opium hidden behind logs in the woodland, close to the quiet wheat fields of Whidby island. It is a strange story.

Yet the officers maintain it is true. Sheriff Luther Weedon worked for months gathering its details. Prosecuting Attorney Lester Still, of Island county, maintains that what has been said is only the half.

Ure's island is a fit scene for such a tale. It is a bleak, spruce-grown bit of rock, almost at the east entrance of Deception pass. The current rips by it like a mill race at half tide. At slack water it laps the rocks as smooth as oil. Sheltered from the west wind and the seas from the straits, protected from the swirling currents as they eddy and rush from the mouth of the pass, it is an ideal haven for small craft.

Nothing grows on this island save the spruces and the brush beneath them. It is no spot for farming. To one who passes it on the water it looks like a wilderness. The jungle of underbrush hides the houses. To this bleak spot came Benjamin Ure, years ago, broken in fortune and spent in years. In early days he had owned several schooners. With these he had carried passengers about the upper sound, when travel was slow and steam craft were few in these waters. Then he worked for a time in the customs service. He invested his money carefully. He became a man of means and influence. Then he bought real estate in Anacortes. The boom, which raised values so high in that place, burst. Ure's property became worthless. He never troubled to pay its taxes. He did not take a last look at his holdings. He left the place for the island.

There he built himself a cabin. He lived there by himself. His comings and goings were unnoticed. Gradually he added more buildings to his cabins. He cruised from time to time about the upper sound and among the islands in a small schooner. He made a living in some of the mysterious ways by which men get tribute from the waters. He still kept to the island.

Time went on. Smuggling again became frequent. Opium was brought over the border from the Victoria factories in small craft. The smugglers kept close to the shore line and sailed for the most part at night. They landed in the day and hid their contraband tins in the woods while they slept in their innocent looking fishing sloops.

Opium caches were frequent on the upper end of Whidby island. Once a farmer on the north end of that island found a lot of small tins behind a log. He was ignorant of opium. He opened the tins and saw a sticky brown substance. It smelled sweet. He thought it paint. He was about to paint his house. He thinned his find out with oil and painted his house with it. When a rain washed it off he was mystified. When he learned that he had wasted \$1,500 worth of opium on his cottage he was furious.

Often in the night men at Coupeville saw signal lights. One of these would flash from the darkness on the shore of Comano island. A few moments later, from the blackness to the southward would flash another.

Then the people of the village knew that some little craft, which had been lying-to in the shadows, was now stealing forth at this signal to pursue her way to Seattle.

It came to be a time of dealing in human flesh. Chinese were packed in sloops and ferried across the border, landed near Seattle and heavy toll collected by the boatmen.

At the same time the fish trap and the Sound pirates began operations. Alfred Hawkins, alias Hamilton who recently ended his career on the gallows, was one of these men. He, it is claimed, murdered a fisherman named Jackson, who was shot in his boat near Ure's island. The notorious Ferguson, alias the "Flying Dutchman," who from a nook in the rocks near this island held officers at bay until they got reinforcements, was another. These men did everything from stealing boom chains off logs to sawing through floors and looting large warehouses.

During the time they were plying their traffic on the waters, strange stories leaked out concerning Ure's island. Men said that boats crept there in the night time and lay in the little cove for days, only to steal forth again in the darkness. Stories of wild orgies on stolen whisky and of shouts and screams from the island were circulated. It finally came to be a matter of report that the island was a resort of smugglers and that its owner, for a portion of their gains, harbored the law-breakers until they had an opportunity to steal out and dispose of their wares. The authorities heard the story and they watched the place.

That was several months ago. Sheriff Weedon has been watching it all this time. It was only last week that he and his deputy, Ronald Reese rowed over to the island and arrested the old man. They found 3,000 cigars and several bottles of whisky, all of the same brand as those stolen recently by water pirates from the saloon of Edward Rollson at Utsalgaddy. Ure himself, according to the authorities, acknowledged that he knew Ferguson, Jamieson, Bergus, Hamilton and other noted pirates and smugglers. He said that these men and beachcombers had come to his place. He admitted he had given them lodging through fear—for they were, he knew, violent men. He said that, when the stolen whisky and cigars were brought to his island in the night-time, a debauch followed and the men drank until they were so stupefied they could not go to their boats. He was willing at first to plead guilty, but later decided to change his plea to not guilty of the charge of receiving stolen property. His friends maintain he is innocent.

Mr. Lipton is Scored

London, June 3.—The annual meeting of the company known as the "Lipton Limited," produced some interesting complaints from the shareholders over the reduction of the amount of the dividend. One man said that if Sir Thomas Lipton, the chairman, attended a little more to business and a little less to yacht racing, the conditions would be improved.

Other shareholders loudly denounced the action of Sir Thomas in going into the liquor business.

Sir Thomas Lipton's gift of the company's advertising was also criticized, a shareholder, amid remarks of approval, declaring that they did not want to be bolstered up by any man, or to be the recipient of charity.

Sir Thomas replied by saying that he was not too large for the shareholders to refuse the gift, but this offer produced no takers, and eventually all the directors were re-elected, and the meeting passed a vote of thanks to Sir Thomas Lipton.

Gypsy Girl Arrested

New York, June 2.—A coroner's jury has held Grace Galloway, a gypsy girl, to answer for the death of her husband, Leon, who was shot in the back, recently, while mingling with a crowd watching a fire near his home in this city. The person who fired the fatal shot escaped at the time, owing to the prevailing excitement, but Galloway, in his dying statement, charged his young wife with the shooting, and she was shortly afterward arrested.

Sentenced to Minor Charges

Knoxville, Tenn., June 3.—Charles Johnson, alias Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, the alleged Montana train robber, was today fined and sentenced to six months' imprisonment on two minor charges, but on three major ones, shooting two policemen and bringing stolen property into the state, continuances were taken to the September term. Logan is believed to have participated in the Great Northern robbery in which \$40,000 was secured.

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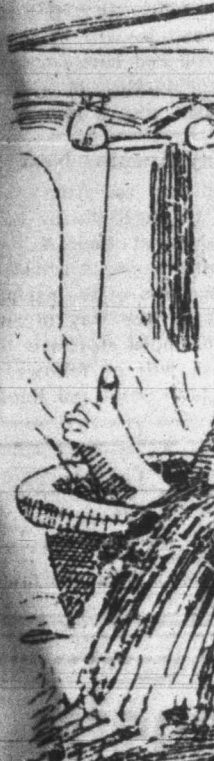
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Stroll

In his recent reviews history the Stroller has demonstrated the orator, the great warrior-statesman, Cimon, Lycurgus and many all great men in their own specialties, but he has overlooked Archimedes, the mathematical expert then ever known. It is said of that, drunk or sober, he successfully stumped in a could take a piece of chalk the time he was through the barn door it is said toward all of a claim's owner or to the layman one had employed him to string, and the other convinced that the figures

Archimedes, or Archimedes, people called him who solved the question of gravity and for that for nothing else one should softly while passing his without specific gravity we be? And yet the way in which the problem was who dent. For some time his been hinting that he need so one afternoon he went the hot and cold emporium of Towleburgs, as in an off-hand way, as them to believe that it mon thing for him, that he would take a dip. Three minutes later th

ARCHIMEDES SOLVED



ARCHIMEDES SOLVED

was filled to the very brim, chimed, having piled by the floor, jumped in and quantity of water equal bulk, solved the question gravity. In a loud tone shouted the word "Eureka" was when the word "Eureka" first used. In a bath tub place to launch many words are taken, especially when too hot. As soon as Archimedes water displaced by him sprang from the tub and both his bill and his head had been more or less overflowed, he opened the door into the street and rushed down First Avenue shouting "Eureka!"

He batted fairly against and shouted "Eureka!" he said. "You'll hear me, I don't know his chances kept on and eureka." In the grammar school, was dismissed for the day with a wagon load of who were just returning over on the Ephraim. He boarded a boat that was headed for the grounds, but the driver "Eureka" was not allowed Arch to a clothed to pay his car fare that he had left his clothes at the bath house. By a circuitous route he was managed to where he took his family

From that day to this gravity has spread "Eureka" is used in all well regulated Without Archimedes have had specific gra