

A GENIUS' SUDDEN ILLNESS.

Mr. H. W. Bracken Now an Inmate of a Dawson Hospital.

His Many Valuable Inventions Made Him Famous in the Mining World—Hopes for His Recovery.

From Wednesday's Daily. The following was handed in with the request that it be published: H. W. Bracken, whose scientific skill as an inventor, the patentee of the Bracken safety elevator, concentrator, battery die and a separator, a device to separate gold from black sand, inventions which have made him famous all over the mining world, particularly in the United States, is now a very sick man at the Good Samaritan hospital, The Nugget of October 4th, in its columns published Mr. Bracken's unfortunate luck in Alaska, the sad death and burial of his brother, John H. Bracken, of Eureka, California, and the arrival of the surviving brother in Dawson.

Four years ago capital combined and infringed on Mr. Bracken, and, like all trusts, it crowded out the small capital which left the inventor without the means to enjoy the just rewards of his own genius. A strange coincidence happened. His brother got burned out of house and home and at the same time, both were divested of all their wealth. They decided to go and try to regain their lost fortune in Alaska as the most speedy way to secure their place in life again. They left San Francisco two years ago on the ship Hunter, and after 46 days of continued sea sickness they landed at St. Michael. They took passage on the steamboat Layell Young up the Koyukuk to the head of navigation, then they polled their boat to the head of the water, which they prospected, but found nothing worth staking. In consequence of the lateness of the season and scarcity of grub, they turned and rowed down the Koyukuk over 1000 miles, prospecting the bars and tributaries until they reached the Yukon and took passage on the last boat for Dawson. Ice jams forced them into the Dall river for winter quarters.

The two brothers went up the Yukon 15 miles, built a cabin and cut over 200 cords of wood; during that time they gave free hospitality to over a 1000 men stampeding to the Koyukuk excitement on tramway bar. After the rush when the river was too dangerous for traffic, was the time of the extreme illness of his brother when isolated and alone. When navigation opened, the strong brother stationed a distress signal to passing boats; many times he signalled distress to be ignored; again and again to return broken hearted to attend to his brother, emaciated and on a death bed. At last Capt. McCarthy, of the boat John Cudaby, kindly took the poor sufferer to the Circle City hospital, where in a few days he died and was buried unknown to four societies, although a good member of them all. The broken hearted brother tried to sell the wood to send the proceeds to his brother's family, but failed to find a buyer. He came up here last fall on the last trip of the John C. Barr, hoping the change to new faces and work would tend to build up a broken spirit and that he would become himself again.

Last fall while he was hunting work on the creeks some wretch stole his tent and all it contained, leaving him only the clothes on his back. Then the police got the man and gave him six months. Mr. Bracken, although a very scientific mining man, was not engaged in that line last winter, and he had to compete with others at hard mining labor, until last week he came in to town to sell his wood to some shipping company.

Last Tuesday evening on the street Mr. McLaughlin invited him up to the Masonic entertainment where they all enjoyed a pleasant meeting of the fraternity. The invited guest was called on for a speech, as it was said "he had a head like Col. Ingersoll." Mr. Bracken responded to the call and in an extemporaneous speech was equal to the occasion, displaying a gift of the orator like that of the famous colonel in fluency of wit and humor and an eloquence of pathos that would become a Beecher, and which many dry preaching clergymen would be proud of; a speech which all members were pleased with. Mr. Bracken retired to bed in good health, but at 4 o'clock a dangerous colic rolled him out of bed. By this sudden prostration he applied straight to the Good Samaritan hospital, where Dr. Long, Thompson and McDonald kindly gave their skilled attention to

the sufferer who endured excruciating pain all day until evening, when opiates gave him needed rest. Mr. Bracken continues to rest easy, and is on the road to recovery. He has the good wishes of all friends, and the public too, for a hasty recovery. As he is a radical temperate man in several ways, to know him is to love him. None could speak otherwise of him, unless it be a schemer who tried to get the best of him. All inventive geniuses have a world of trouble, try to dodge it though they may. Goodyear's and Howe's troubles combined would not equal Mr. Bracken's trial of life. Such a genius has the sympathy of a world of people for a speedy restoration to health.

An Ingenious Lover.

Squire Slocum had an awful time gettin that daughter Polly Ann of his married to the right man," said Mrs. Lucas as she once more sat down after her third start to go, "though I do say now and always will say that if he'd kept out of it in the first place he'd a' had no trouble at all. It's just like a man to always be meddlin into things. You see, Ben Siler and Henry Dunker were both sparkin Polly Ann at once, but they was by no means the same sort of fellers. Not by a long chalk! Ben was a mighty good carpenter, steady and hardworkin, smart as a steel trap, and had a host of friends, while Henry Dunker was about as worthless as they make 'em. It's my idea, Mrs. Newcome, that Polly Ann liked Ben the best in the first place, and only kept Henry Dunker hangin on to tease him, but at any rate Squire Slocum got mad one day and forbid Henry Dunker the house, and told Polly Ann she had to marry Ben. Naturally Polly Ann wouldn't have nothin to say to Ben after that, and got to meetin Henry out places wherever she got a chance. Ben was mighty long headed, and one day he goes to the squire and has a long talk with him, and the next day at dinner the squire says kind of offhand like: "I'm glad you shook that Ben Siler, Polly. They say he's turnin out a bit wild."

"Polly just looked up surprised and then got thoughtful right away. When the squire went down town, he met Henry Dunker and shook hands with him. "We haven't seen you up to the house for quite a spell, Henry," he says. "Come up tonight." And then he walked away, leavin Henry Dunker thunderstruck, but happy.

"He went up to the house that night, and told Polly Ann the good news of the squire's change of base. She acted tickled for awhile, but she got sober before the evening was over, and shook him inside of a week. Then she took up with Ben, and it wasn't but a couple more weeks till they made it up to elope. Polly Ann couldn't keep it to herself, and when the night came there was as good as 20 hid around in the neighborhood to see it come off. "There came pretty near bein a hitch even then, for the squire, bein absent-minded a little, had locked up the ladder in the wood shed, after promising Ben to leave it out, and there wasn't another one in the neighborhood any where. Ben wanted her to come down through the front door, but she wouldn't do it; so Ben had to sneak around the back way to the old folks' bedroom window and borrow the old man's wood shed key to get the ladder, and then the ladder broke down with 'em. But the squire never pretended to hear."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Awful Sentence.

A celebrated Irish judge once passed sentence in the following manner: The prisoner was a butler who had been convicted of stealing his master's wine: "Dead to every claim of natural affection, blind to your own real interests, you have burst through all the restraints of religion and morality and have for many years been feathering your own nest with your master's bottles."—London Telegraph.

He Squandered Millions.

One of the most dramatic if not actually one of the largest failures, so far as the "habilities" were concerned, was that of Baron Albert Grant of "Emma mine" notoriety. Grant was the uncrowned king of the financial world of his day and generation. He made millions almost as deftly as the late Mr. Barney Barnato, and he spent them right royally. He bought Leicester square and presented it, a free gift, to the people of London. He gave a dinner to nearly a thousand city magnates at a cost which was popularly reputed at the time to have exceeded 100 guineas a head, and which, in any event, undoubtedly established a record in extravagant dinner giving which has yet to be beaten.

And he started out to build a palace in Kensington which should "knock spots off" all other private residences, past, present or to come. Everything

was got up regardless of expense. The bathroom walls were inset with panels of pink Italian marble, costing 800 guineas each. In the entrance hall were four pillars of porphyry, worth £4000.

The building was scarcely finished when the crash came, and it remained for long a brick and mortar white elephant on the hands of the trustees in bankruptcy. Eventually most of the interior fittings and decorations were disposed of piecemeal. The grand staircase, which had cost to build some £40,000, being acquired by the representatives of the late Mme. Tussaud for a trifle over a fourth of that sum. It now forms the main approach to the upper and principal suite of rooms of the new exhibition buildings in the Marylebone road.—London Mail.

Fishing on Horseback.

The most remarkable fishing in the world is that practiced in catching the sturgeon in the frozen rivers of the Ural mountains. Fishing on horseback seems impossible, yet this is literally true of the fishing for sturgeon. The Russian Cossacks go fishing in large bands. They mount their horses and ride across the frozen river until they are over the place where the current runs strongest. There they they dismount and cut through the thick layer of ice until they have formed a little pool of open water, extending across the current almost from shore to shore.

A net, which is sunk to the bottom of the river, is stretched across the stream at the open space, so that not a fish can swim past it. The horses are remounted, and the Cossacks ride up the river for a distance of four or five miles. Here the band turns about and rides down over the thick ice covered stream, forming a long line across it. They urge their horses at full gallop. The thundering hoofs of the horses terrify the fish, and they charge madly ahead of the approaching cavalcade. Great swarms of fish choke up the stream in the mad effort to escape the terrific noise that is pursuing them, and in this way they are driven down the stream to the net.—Ex.

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