

WAS BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

Dr. Scott Tells His Experience Going to Nome.

Went Down Alone in an Open Boat and Is Nearly Lost—Lived on Fish and Game—Indians Friendly.

Fort Get There, Alaska, Sept. 10, 1899.
 —My Dear Friend: Arrived here yesterday after a voyage of peril. Was blown out to sea, and for two days was on an uninhabited island. Got water by digging a hole in the moss with a spoon. For the past three weeks I have been in a country of almost incessant rain, sleeping outfit, clothes, firewood and all wet. I had headwinds most of the time. I have lived largely on fish and ducks (not very many) and have eaten little that was fattening; yet I weigh 195 pounds, and am hard as iron. No money would tempt me to take the trip again alone. At best it has been often dangerous. Many must have been lost at the mouth of the river and on the sea. I missed the canal and had to put to sea round the island. The cause was that an Indian drew a distorted diagram. The Indians have all been good and friendly and have not caused me anxiety, reports of shooting notwithstanding. Am well but feel like an old man. Slept poorly between sheets last night, waking often with the thought that my boat was slipping from its anchorage. The boat was too large for one man to handle, but I had to do it, and succeeded. I secured passage on the steamer Charles Nelson, which sails to day. All the vessels call at Cape Nome, over which there is intense excitement here. If reports be true it will prove a wonderfully rich camp. I had a civilized bath and haircut this morning and am revelling in splendor. The people here are mostly inclined to be gruff, as they are in the States and have not the kind, brotherly politeness of the Yukoner. I don't like these dude mercantile fellows. I have no time to write more, as the boat leaves shortly. I sold the boat, grub, clothes, stove, utensils, tools, etc., for \$10. Everything like that is dirt cheap here.
 J. F. SCOTT.

The Man Is Recognized.

Our readers will remember the story published in these columns two weeks ago, relating the arrival of an unknown and penniless Klondiker in Seattle, so badly paralyzed as to be unable to tell his name, give his address, the address of his home, where he came from, where he wished to be sent, who he wished notified—in fact was absolutely dead to the world, though still alive. All that was known of him was that he was in possession of a through ticket—Dawson to Seattle—and had been helped from boat to boat by fellow passengers. Mr. J. C. Young, of 42 below on Hunker, volunteers the information that the poor fellow in Seattle is Alfred Fiske, a man in the evening of life, who came into this country last year with his son-in-law Joe Allard. Fiske was a barber and had a wife in Cambridge Mass. He was employed for a while on Slav-in's fraction of 42 below on Hunker, and later on 14 below. He was ailing and fretful, and Allard left the country this summer with his father and brother, leaving the old man to his own devices. Friends saw the ailing man started homewards, supposing that he would rapidly grow better as he got nearer his loved ones.

The Barthorfs and the Moose.

The Barthorf brothers, while hunting in the Rock creek country recently, had an unusual and exciting experience with a buck moose. The moose was discovered on the side hill and both the boys, taking a hurried aim, shot, and looking through the peep sight of their rifles, discovered that they had wounded their game. One of the boys made a detour to intercept the frantic animal, penetrating a copse of

spruce trees to gain his position. While stooping beneath the overhanging brush, much to his astonishment, the man discovered the moose so close that the warm breath of the animal was blown in his face. The moose immediately charged furiously upon the frightened hunter. Making a dive for the hunter, he endeavored to hook him but fortunately his right horn got entangled in the brush, throwing the animal heavily, he being wounded in the left shoulder. Barthorf, having exhausted his ammunition, yelled lustily for his brother, who came running up the hill, he having the rifle, but upon reaching the scene he was so exhausted by his uphill climb that he was unable to even hold the gun to his shoulder. The moose, seeing the newcomer, immediately charged upon him. The hunter dodged around a tree and then the moose played "chase the devil around the stump," much to the disgust of the unhappy rifleman. After awhile Barthorf regained his senses and a hurried shot stopped the battle, the moose dropping at the feet of the nimrod. Both boys say they will be sure in the future they have the drop on Mr. Moose before ever again coming in such close relations.

How They Won.

In "The Gambling World," by Rouge et Noir, two brothers, Russians, are recorded as having played at Hamburg and won about 500,000 francs.

One of the brothers for some time watched the play, without staking, and noticed the frequent recurrence of the same numbers. He discovered that it was to the fact that in cleaning the roulette the servant was obliged to press heavily on certain parts which took a polish with difficulty. Through this some spots of the brass were depressed in a manner imperceptible to the eye, but palpable in its results. The rolling ball was diverted from its legitimate course by these inevitable indentations; hence certain numbers were sure to win repeatedly during the day, while others never turned up. On this knowledge the brothers acted. When they had gained 10,000 francs a day, they gave up play and did not return till next day. Hence their final success. But theirs was no system in the usual sense.

THE POOR PEDESTRIAN.

He went to cross the boulevard
 When some thing fouled his heel,
 He backed himself just half a yard
 And grazed a biker's wheel.

He heard a mighty warning shout,
 He tried to clear the track,
 A run, a leap, a wheel about,
 Just missed a horseless hack.

He hears a yell and starts to flee,
 But stops and calmly waits;
 A whoop, a fall, he failed to see
 The kid on roller skates.

LIBELS ON WOMEN.

A Boston paper says that about 300 women have been licensed to preach. The rest have not taken the trouble to get a license.—St. Louis Republic.

The golf nursery is the latest fad. While the mothers knock the balls about it is supposed the nurses give the children a stick or two.—St. Louis Star.

It is said the only difference between Herod and an Atchison gossip is that he only slaughtered children, while she slaughters everybody.—Atchison Globe.

If some women would pay the same attention to dressing the inside of their heads that they devote to dressing the outside, many heads might be improved.—Exchange.

A Sure Cure.

A Triplet girl sent a dollar to a smart New York man for a sure cure for freckles. This is what she got:

"Remove the freckles carefully with a pocketknife; soak them over night in salt water; then hang up in the smoke-house in a good, strong smoke made of sawdust and slippery elm bark for a week. Freckles thus treated never fail to be thoroughly cured."—Kansas City Star.

\$1.50. Turkey dinner at Cafe Royal Sunday. \$1.50.

FRESH MEATS! POULTRY!

Wholesale and Retail.

The Str. Lotta Talbot supplies Fresh Beef, Mutton, Pork, Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, Eggs, Lard, Butter, Sausage, Tripe, at Reasonable Prices.

STEAMER LOTTA TALBOT, YUKON DOCK.

ALASKA MEAT CO.

CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS.

A Galaxy of Wisdom Culled From Youthful Minds.

"Tommy, your Uncle John found a little boy baby on his doorstep this morning, and he is going to adopt him," said a mother to her 5-year old son. "Then Uncle John will be the kid's stepfather, won't he, mamma?" queried the little fellow.

There is a great deal of truth in the assertion that knowledge—some kinds of knowledge at least—is largely a matter of instinct. Clara, aged 5, came running into her mother's room the other morning in a state of great excitement. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "cook has just killed an old hen to make her over into chicken!" And yet Clara had never lived in a boarding house.

"Did any one call while I was out, Willie?" asked a mother of her small son. "Yes one man," answered Willie. "Was he young or old?" inquired the mother. "Well, he looked old in the face, but I guess he was awfully young, 'cause he didn't have no hair on his head," was the reply.

Little 4 year-old Mabel was shopping with her mother the other afternoon when it began raining very hard. "Mamma," she said, "why does it rain?" "To make the grass and vegetables grow and the strawberries that you love so well," was the reply. "But why does it rain on State street, mamma?" queried Mabel.

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, "can any of you name three great feasts of the Jews?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied one little fellow.

"Very well, Johnny. What are they?" asked the teacher.

"Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the unexpected, yet logical reply.—Chicago News.

THE VERDICT.

Honors are even between the Columbia and the Shamrock. Each now has a dent in her hull.—New York Sun.

Kansas has plenty of grain on hand and is hoping that Mr. Joe Leiter will consent to stir things up again.—Washington Star.

Small bills are said to be scarce. But most persons can testify to the fact that "monthly bills," big and little, are as numerous as ever.—New York Press.

Efforts are being made to introduce baseball to Brazil, and hereafter the Brazilian diamond may shine brightly on the bosom of the earth.—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. O'Leary's cow brought on the Chicago fire, but the Tallulah goat must not be allowed to precipitate a war between Italy and the United States.—Memphis Appeal.

In a recent race in Paris the automobiles averaged about 32 miles an hour. When automobiles become common there will be no such thing as the suburbs of a city.—Lewiston Journal.

The London Saturday Review settles it with the decision that Americans are the better gymnasts and Englishmen the better athletes. Clevah! Awfully clevah! And so Review.—Boston Herald.

Russia is blue over the grain crop shortage. American farmers will cheerfully supply the deficit at a reasonable advance in prices. Let Russia take courage and not fear starvation.—Kansas City Times.

A way to embalm ice to keep it from melting has been invented by an Indiana man. If he will discover a scheme to keep coal from consuming, the con-

sumers of the country will hail him as the Dewey of the economic world.—St. Louis Republic.

The King of Belgium is going to save his throne a little while longer by granting "proportional representation" to his rebellious subjects, but he will find that this is only a palliative. Evidently the Belgians are not so docile as they once were.—Washington Times.

A proposition is made in all seriousness that United States senators wear a court dress and sword while engaged in the performance of their public duties. It will occur to most people that the senate is sufficiently picturesque without any artificial trappings.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Exact Figures.

"Yes, it's a fine machine," said the neighbor who had been examining Mr. Ferguson's new bicycle. "What's the length of the crank?"

Mrs. Ferguson answered for him. "Five feet eleven and three-quarters," she said, eyeing her husband dreamily.—Chicago Tribune.

Kept His Word.

She—You said that you would shoot your antagonist in the duel through the heart, and you only shot off his great toe!

He—Yes; but you see the fellow was so frightened that his heart had "sunk into his boots!"

His Interest.

"What do you think of that round robbin?" asked one Filipino soldier.

"I'm not worried about round rob-ins," was the answer. "I am devoting all my attention to the prospects of a square meal."

A Disgusting Accident.

Mrs. Porticoa (at seaside hotel)—I was so shocked to hear that your daughter's horse ran away with her this morning.

Mrs. Veranda—It was perfectly horrible—disgusting!

"I heard she was not hurt."

"There wasn't a young man on the drive, and she was picked up by two old married men and a porter!"—New York Weekly.

A Message for "Bob White."

Young lady—What is that whistling? Farmer Furrow (host)—That's bob white.

Young Lady—I wish you'd tell Mr. White distinctly that I'm not going out. I don't propose to flirt in any such countrified way.

No Difference.

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—Is it possible, Hannah, you are making bread without washing your hands? New Kitchen Girl—Lor! What's the difference, mum? It's brown bread!—American Hebrew.

Ample Evidence.

"I should like some evidence, young man, that your intentions are serious," said the old gentleman.

"Evidence!" exclaimed the young man. "Haven't I bought three boxes of candy at 60 cents a pound, two matinee tickets and six plates of ice cream in less than two weeks? How much evidence do you expect from a man in moderate circumstances?"

Resource.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was a person of resource.

Whenever she got a new hired girl she took the latter at once to the nursery and showed her the Gracchi, saying "These are my jewels!"

In this way she avoided the embarrassment of having the hired girl all the time borrowing her jewels to wear to social functions.