# WOOED AND WON ON AN ICEBERG

## Crew of Wrecked Ship Camped on Uncertain Ground.

## WERE RESCUED NONE TOO SOON

### Cold Housekeeping—Pretty Girl Accompanied Captain's Wife—A Romance.

Seattle, Dec. 28.—Sea captains have all strange experiences, but that of Capt. Harry Turner, port captain of the Pioneer Tug Company, of Seattle, is unique in many respects. Wrecked in the north, the whole ship's company drifted for three weeks in boats and on an iceberg, and during that time a dainty romance was developed and later consummated when the castaways were rescued. The experience of the captain differs from almost any other story of the deep, in that not one of the many people on board were lost or even injured.

For the last few years the captain has been on the Sound, and there are few men better known in local shipping circles than he is. Following is his story as published by the Seattle Post:

"I was a second mate of the British bark Sunderland, owned by Cawlip, Forbes & Co., of London. She was chartered by a Montreal firm to carry a load of cement to Quebec, Canada. On this voyage the captain was accompanied by his young wife and a girl friend of hers. The young lady's name was Mary Anstruther and she was one of the most beautiful girls that ever I laid eyes on. We were all in love with her as soon as she set foot on deck. She was making the voyage for her health, as she was on the verge of reduced speed. Day after day went nervous prostration, or something like that, caused by too many parties, balls and pink teas.

"Twenty days from London we struck a fog bank, and then our troubles began. We were anxious to make a quick passage, but the fog meant reduced speed. Day after day went by, and still no sign of a letup in the gray mist that enveloped us like a pall Twelve days went by, and during that time we never caught a glimpse of the sun nor the stars, and of course could not get an observation. In the two weeks that we were in the fog the captain aged ten years, for he was constantly thinking of his wife and her friend. He was on the bridge most of the time, and seldom left except for an hour or two of sleep and a bite to eat.

"On the morning of the fifteenth day in the fog I was on the bridge, when I smelled ice. I at once sent a boy to call the captain, who had just turned in, and when he came on deck he too noticed it. That rendered our position more perilous than before, but all we could do was to keep even a better lookout than ever. While we were on the fo'c'sle head right before us loomed a white wall that sparkled and glimmered dully in the dim light. Before we could shout to the man at the wheel to put her hard down the crash came. We were then making about eight knots, and the force of the collision was such that it stove in the vessel's bow clear up to the heel of the foremast. Both the captain and myself only escaped by springing back like a shot.

"The vessel was a total wreck and had only a few minutes to live. The scene on her decks was terrible; the masts had all fallen, and confusion reigned. Cries from the women, curses and yells from the crew, and above all the roar of the surf against the berg made a chaotic scene never to be forgotten. The captain was the only cool one on board. The accident seemed to have lifted a weight from his shoulders. Men can often face a real danger much easier than they can an anticipated one.

"He took command of a few of the men and soon had the long boat, which had been secretly prepared for any such contingency, launched, and the women were hustled in like a flash. I was given command and told to shove off, but the captain's wife would not leave him, and we had to wait until the other boats were launched and every one safe from the vessel before the captain would come in and allow us to shove off. We were not more than fifty yards from the vessel when she threw up her stern and went down, nose first.

"We were, of course, cast down, but soon started to look ahead and try to figure out what would become of us. There were ten of us in the long boat, two women, the captain, myself and six sailors. We had three breakers of water and quite a large amount of food, so had no fear of starving.

"What did hurt us, though, was the fact that not more than three hours after the ship struck the fog cleared, and from that time we saw scarcely any. But the sight that we did see caused us to wonder how we had escaped so long, for we were in a perfect field of ice. There were seven large bergs within the radius of a quarter of a mile, and we were in the center. It was a mystery how we escaped, striking before. Of course, it was very cold, so cold, in fact, that we had to row to keep warm. The little boat seemed awfully cramped after the big vessel, but we made out as well as could be expected. The women bore up remarkably well, but I could see that the captain's wife had a hard struggle to keep back the tears. We drifted all that night, and by morning were so cold and stiff that we were ready for anything.

"Finally one of the men suggested that we try to climb the berg that had sunk our vessel. The suggestion was no sooner made than we were all eager to try it. But climbing it was more difficult than we thought. The sides were almost smooth, and after seeking in vain for a sloping face we gave it up and pulled to another smaller one about two miles off. That one had a long sheer to the water, and we had no difficulty whatever in getting on board. We piled all the quilts and blankets on the ice and made a tent for the women, which at first they refused to occupy, stating that they would take their chances with the rest of us and would not have anything better than the rest.

"But a few hours in the cold made the little tent with its warm blankets look more welcome, and they finally crawled in. We got all the stores up from the boat and piled them safely on the berg. The top of the berg was flat and made a beautiful roof garden, if I may use that term. Anyway it was a welcome retreat for us, and it gave us a chance to stretch our legs and exercise enough to keep the blood circulating.

"We had a small alcohol stove, and over that the women cooked our first supper. It tasted fine. It was only fried ham and biscuit, washed down with a small amount of black coffee, but never in my life did anything taste better. The hot coffee was particularly fine. After getting things straightened up we arranged for watches, so as to be sure never to miss any passing vessel. I had the first watch, and to tell you the truth I enjoyed it. The top of the berg was 100 feet above the water, and as the night was fine and clear a beautiful view was to be had.

"The ice itself sparkled and shone in the moonlight, and at its foot the waves broke into silvery sheets of foam while the sea all around glimmered from the light of the moon, which bathed everything in a radiance that to me is far more beautiful than the more brilliant light of the sun. I paced up and down and tried to figure out some method of escape. But I knew as well as any of the rest that the only chance was to be picked up by some passing vessel. I did not think so much of the plight of myself and the other men, but the position of the women worried me considerably. However, all any of us could do was to grin and bear it.

"In the morning breakfast was served as was supper the previous night, and we all enjoyed it immensely. I started to help Miss Mary, but the first mate hurried up and pushing me aside helped her himself. I saw right away that he was sailing close to the wind in that direction and that unless he dashed his hopes against an unforeseen rock I would surely dance the hornpipe at a wedding if we ever got ashore. Seeing the lay of the land I let them alone and gave the tip to the men to get away from them whenever they went promenading on the berg, which happened quite frequently. Morgan was a fine young fellow and bright as they make them. He belonged to a good family in England, but had been a little wild at one time, and they shipped him as an apprentice in order to keep him out of mischief. He liked the life and soon rose.

"Well, we all had great sport watching this wooing on an iceberg, and wondering if it wasn't rather cool work. But judging from the way he went about it, ice does not cut much figure when it comes to a sailor making love. Before we were on that berg ten days they were cooing like a couple of Mother Carey's chickens that had lost their ma.

"As we drifted further south the ice gradually melted and became honeycombed until it was unsafe. We then had to take to the boat once again and strike out for the track of the Atlantic vessels. Two days after leaving the berg we saw smoke on the horizon. Then we started to pull. We pulled until our arms were almost pulled out of the sockets, but we got close enough to make ourselves seen. We were picked up by the steamer Nottingham and taken to Liverpool.

"Of course, they made much of us and wondered how we had survived the 'terrible experience' on the ice, but to tell you the truth I doubt if I ever had a more pleasant outing in my life. No one was killed, injured or even sick, and the best of it was that the sailors were all intelligent young fellows that knew enough to obey orders and not make themselves obnoxious. Then, too, with the little romance to enliven things a bit, I really had a fine time.

"Three weeks after reaching London Morgan and Miss Mary were married and we all attended the ceremony. Of course, her parents at first objected strenuously to the match, but you know how these things adjust themselves."

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The sanitary influence of the eucalyptus tree is said to render native-born Australians immune from cancer.

Killing 80 rats in 20 minutes was one of the feats of Nell, a cross-bred Leeds, England, terrier, which has just died. Her record kill was 170 in one night, during which a rat ran up the leg of a man's trousers, to the great annoyance of Nell and the alarm of the man.

Lots of people get sympathy when the real thing they crave is something to put in their stomachs.

# WITH HIS GUN AND A CAMERA

## Major Kuhn Relates Some of Experiences in Manchuria —Siege of Pt. Arthur,

Washington, Dec. 28. — At the National Rifles' armory last night, Major Joseph Kuhn, U. S. A., told of his experiences in Manchuria. Major Kuhn was one of the military observers from the United States attached to the Japanese side and he saw more of the army operations, in all probability, than did any other attache, with the possible exception of Lieut. McCully, who was in Port Arhur for the most of the siege and afterward took a long trip through Manchuria and China. Major Kuhn was with the Japanese forces from Port Arthur to Liao Yang.

Major Kuhn was greatly impressed with the skill of the Japanese commanders and with the work of the rank and file. He said that one of the most cherished memories of his life will be the fact that he was admitted to the close acquaintance and friendship of Gen. Nogi, whom he characterized as one of the greatest commanders of modern times.

**Shown in Many Views.**

The interior of Port Arthur after the capture of the Japanese was shown in many views. The defenses were wonderful, but the skill, daring and devotion of the attackers was more so. There were trenches more than man deep, topped with sacks of sand and pitted beneath with bomb proofs. They were apparently places that it would be impossible to take by assault. But they were taken. That they were captured was no disgrace to the Russians, either, for there were guns upon guns, shown dismounted and demolished by the terrible Japanese artillery fire. Guns had been mounted from the Russian warships, big six-inch naval guns, shield protected machine guns and rapid firers, but all had gone down in ruin before the Japanese shells, shrapnel and solid shot. It was a picture of desolation and Major Kuhn, said that at the end there was nothing that could live on the parapet of the defenses.

In the land fights the Japanese forced near by, making a pathway through which the effects of the Japanese artillery fire were equally marked. In one spot a Japanese battery had been brought to within 500 yards of a trench which had stood against assault after assault. Then a high explosive shell plowed an immense breach through the trench and wrecked a house nearby, making a pathway through which the Japanese infantrymen had rushed to victory.

Another case where a single shell had wrought almost inconceivable havoc was when the Russians, fleeing north from the attack of the Japanese after Liao Yang, had tried to cross the railroad and get the shelter of the embankment on the farther side. A shrapnel shell demolished one of the Russian guns and killed the horses of the gun team. The rest of the column rushing on the obstruction had been piled up like a bad spill in a bicycle race. There were guns, transport wagons, dead horses and dead and dying soldiers all in a great charnel pile, the work of a single shot from a Japanese gun.

There was another spot along the road where the Russian drivers had been panic-stricken by the closely pursuing foe and had cut the traces of the battery horses and wagon teams, escaping on the animals as best they could. There were over a hundred guns and wagons abandoned within the range of the camera in one spot along the road.

One of the pictures of the German military attache writing in his quarters in company with two of the young Chinese beauties of the village indicated that the job of war observer at the front was not as bad as it might be. One of the young ladies was baptized "the virtuous plum blossom." The name of the other was not mentioned.

Several of the pictures dealt with the methods employed by the Japanese commanders to keep their men employed and amused in the intervals of waiting. One of the most interesting events of the campaign, in a way, was when one division of 30,000 men was given an entertainment covering two days, with theaters, wrestling matches and the like, all dear to the heart of the Japanese private. Some of the views showed as much enterprise and ingenuity in the getting as did those of the actual fighting.

# EVERYONE PROSPEROUS

## A Christmas Season Unsurpassed in Many Years—Splendid Business.

If any proof were needed of the prosperity of Canada, and of that particular part of Canada in which Toronto is placed, it has been supplied during the past week. The departmental stores have been thronged as never before with tremendous crowds of holiday shoppers, the down-town streets have reminded one of Exhibition times, and the street car passengers at every hour of the day and night have been about as comfortable as a quart of champagne in a pint bottle. Everyone seemed to have money, and to be willing and anxious to spend it for the brightening of some one else's Christmas time. There is still another indication of the prosperity of the country which can be briefly stated. It is that on Friday last Gourlay piano No. 1,000 arrived from the factory at the warerooms of Messrs Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, on Yonge street, Toronto. There is a story in this. It is a little over two years since the firm manufactured Gourlay No. 1. It was a new instrument, an expensive instrument, it had to "buck" against pianos of high-grade and high reputation, but the admirer of No. 1 fell in love with the instrument and told his friends. No. 2 sold easier. No. 3 easier still, and the demand finally grew so warm that for a time this fall the orders were much ahead of the factory capacity. Manufacturing facilities were enlarged, subsidiary factories secured, and now the business demands the erection of an enlarged factory in the spring. The Gourlay has proved its right to a place among the highest grade pianos made in the world. Moreover, it leads the little Canadian coterie in beauty of tone quality, care in selection of material, and durability of construction. It is a piano that would be an ornament and a delight in the finest drawing-room to be found in this or any country. Of course, it is more expensive than common pianos, naturally so; but the fact that, in about two years, Canadians have purchased one thousand of these magnificent instruments shows that, not only has the country prospered, but that the people are gaining in taste and artistic appreciation. Gourlay No. 1,000 tells an entertaining and satisfactory tale, not alone to the manufacturers, but to all Canadians who rejoice at the advancement of the country's industrial and artistic reputation.

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# HUNTER'S DARING DASH

## Leaps Upon a Deer's Back—Slashes the Animal's Throat.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 28. — David Smouse of Irvona killed a deer after a strange adventure, while hunting in the Alleghany mountains with a party of friends.

One morning one of the party routed a large black buck, which he succeeded in wounding, but the animal escaped and made for a crossing on which Smouse was stationed. Another party of hunters had stationed a man at the same crossing, and he staid a few yards below Smouse. Both heard the shot and were intent on knowing what caused it, but were unable to see far on account of the bushes. They stood at their posts for a few seconds, when suddenly the animal was seen coming toward them at a rapid pace only a few yards away.

As it would pass between them neither dared shoot, and Smouse, being intent on landing the game, drew his knife, and as the animal passed the tree behind he was hiding he leaped upon his back, grabbed its antlers, and slashed its throat several times. The deer staggered and dropped to the ground before fifteen yards had been covered.

This was the first black deer known to be killed in that section of the country for a number of years, the last one having been killed by a man named Ball about nine or ten years ago.

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For persistent, cranky coughs and bronchitis, Angier's Emulsion is the essential remedy that never fails to cure. Good results are obtained before one bottle is taken. Unlike other preparations, it is very acceptable to both the taste and stomach. Try a 50-cent bottle.

**Good Going December 29.**

And returning up to and including Jan. 7, are the tickets for the West Shore New York excursion from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo on above date (Dec. 29); $9 for the round trip. Full particulars from Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, Ont.

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Prof. Chiene of the Edinburgh University jokingly discussing Professor Osler's theory says: There was only one sign when a man should retire—when he refused to allow anyone to help him on with his overcoat.

R. J. Collier, of New York, who recently purchased the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, will present the property to the national government for a park.

The Empress of Germany is passionately fond of flowers, but for some time has favored orchids, of which she possesses a great variety.

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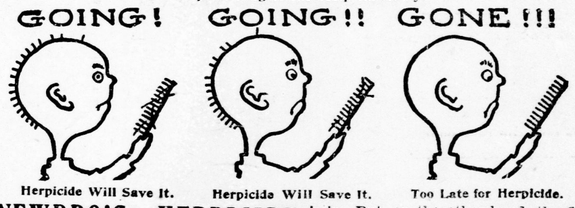

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