

THE OLD HARPOONER'S HEART

Was in the Right Place Although He Was Gruff.

How Old Nat Myers Gave Up His Life and Why Betts's Children Revere His Memory.

The ship moved on in silence through the tranquil waves of the north Pacific—the old Arctic, the lucky ship of the sailing fleet. A man was standing near the fore-castle, shading his eyes with his hand and peering out ahead. He was tall and strongly built, his face marked by the tattooing instruments in use in the north seas. Yet he was an American and had the air of a model sailor, as indeed he was—Nat Myers, harpooner in the captain's boat and king of the fore-castle. No man of all the crew had more influence, but it was not the influence of fear, for the men loved him. With the strength of an ox, he had the calm, even temper so often seen in men of giant build; as if, knowing his strength, he would not use it against his weaker brethren.

Standing upon the fore-castle by his side was a boy about 12 years of age—a beautiful lad, with brown, curling hair, sunny blue eyes and delicate face. "How do you feel since you have been in the Pacific?" said Nat.

"I get stronger every day."
"You've been coddled too much and swilled too much candy and such trash. Once let me git you so you can eat a horse like a man, and you are tight."

Georgie Betts was the captain's steward, and the doctors had said that the only thing which would save his life was a sea voyage, and they gave him in charge of Capt. Jacobs. That worthy passed him over to Nat Myers. "Take care of him," he said. At first Georgie fairly hated the old salt, who forced him to eat salt pork and bolt tough corned beef dignified by the names of "salt horse" and "magnogany," when it was almost impossible for him to eat. He complained to his uncle, who grimly said that he had nothing to do with the matter.

"But he'll kill me, uncle!"
"No, he won't, my boy. He'll make a man of you."

As the days went on, and Georgie grew more accustomed to life on board ship, he really began to like his tormentor. He had gained so much strength that he could run up the rigging like a cat, and the smartest men on the ship could not catch him when he was once upon the ratlines. And by the time they had passed the Sandwich Islands, although a delicate looking boy, he was stronger than he had ever been in his life.

"Look here—we are going to have the worst storm you ever see."
"Pshaw! There never was a fairer day."

"Look here, my son," said Nat in a threatening manner. "Remember what I told ye about contradicting me?"

Three hours later, when the first mate had the deck, and Nat was standing on the topgallant fore-castle, with Georgie by his side, the squall burst upon them with sudden fury. The first wave which came aboard crushed in the rail and swept the decks, and Georgie Betts was carried into the boiling ocean.

It was broad daylight, and Nat, with a cry like that of a wild beast robbed of her young, hurled himself over the rail, holding in his hand a light plank, the only thing which he could seize. They saw him rising upon the top of a great wave, and then Georgie Betts came into view beyond him, struggling for his life.

"Bear up, my lad!" they heard him cry through the roar of the tempest. "Old Nat is coming!"

The boy, who, slight as he was, was a strong swimmer, tossed his hand in the air as a signal that he heard.

The crew of the Arctic could do nothing, for it required all their strength and skill to save the ship. A dozen voices together volunteered to man a boat.

"No, lads," said the captain sadly. "No man can love his nephew better than I do mine. I will not risk half a dozen lives for two. Besides, the ship would run a boat out of sight in half an hour, even if we could lower one. Bear a hand on the braces—meet her, meet her, you at the wheel; don't let her fall off!"

And the Arctic sped on before the awful gale, leaving Nat Myers and Georgie Betts at the mercy of the angry sea. The old sailor struggled on, and at last, with a cry of joy, he saw the boy clutch the end of the board.

"That's right, my son," he said. "Cheerily, cheerily, lad!"
"The ship is away," said Georgie sadly as he saw the Arctic rush on before the wind.

"Never you mind, sonny." And he passed his arm about the lad, and, stripping off his belt, raised the boy so that he lay upon the board and then bound him to it, face down, but in such a position that he could raise his head a foot or more from the board. He was swimming beside the board, pushing it before him.

"Why don't you get on the board, Nat?" said Georgie uneasily.
"Never mind me," replied Nat. "I'm all right, you see."

But, although he spoke so bravely, he felt in his heart that he had made his last voyage. The weight of his heavy sea-clothing was dragging him down, and he knew that the board would not bear them both.

"I'll die for him!" he thought. "It may not save him, but I can do that." He shifted his hold on the board and moved up until his face was close to that of Georgie Betts.

"Kiss me, lad," he said; "and, if you escape, don't forget old Nat Myers."

The boy raised his head and pressed his lips to those of the old sailor.

"I love you, Nat," he said.

Then Nat Myers, with a smile upon his face, fell back to his old position. Once Georgie spoke to him, and he answered. The storm had ceased, but the waves were running high, and an hour passed on. Then, a league distant, Georgie Betts saw the white sails of the Arctic returning in search of those she had lost. With a glad cry the boy turned his head to look back at Nat, but the sea was a blank. The brave man had died in silence sooner than bear down the frail support of the boy he loved. And the children of Georgie Betts love the memory of that brave old sailor who died for their father's sake.—Ex.

Expedition a Fiasco.

The syndicate expedition which came north this spring in the steamship Samoa with a concession from the Russian government to prospect a thousand miles of the Siberian coast is a thrilling fiasco," says a Cape Nome correspondent of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"The Samoa recently came into port with 30 or more Russians aboard practically the prisoners of seven Americans. Arriving here the vessel was placed in charge of American soldiers and later the sensational situation was investigated here by Col. Evans and Lieut. Jarvis, of the United States treasury department.

"As a result the Cossacks will be sent back to Russia, while the Americans will return to San Francisco in the Samoa. The whole affair will be reported to the authorities at Washington city and correspondence will probably be opened at once with the Russian government to ascertain what Russia's future position will be in regard to American concessionists.

"Last year George D. Roberts, a San Francisco mining man, visited the large European cities and succeeded in interesting French and English capital in a project to thoroughly prospect the coast of Siberia. Pooling issues with a Russian syndicate represented by Col. Woularlarsky a concession was secured from the Russian government of 1000 miles of coast.

"The steamer Samoa was purchased and the expedition was outfitted in San Francisco, among those actively composing it being Mr. Roberts, the organizer; Mr. Dadouneditch, a civil engineer representing Woularlarsky; John A. White, a London capitalist, and a corps of mining experts. The Americans aboard numbered eight.

"The Samoa, Capt. Johnson, left San Francisco June 8th, and after stopping at Plover bay long enough to land a party of prospectors, came on to Nome, arriving July 6th. After a few days here, during which time the nature of the Samoa's business was kept very quiet, the vessel sailed for the Siberian coast. About two weeks later she again showed up in the roadstead and there were rumors current that all was not serene. While no member of the expedition is known to have said anything there was talk of dissensions between Mr. Roberts and Dadouneditch. It was even said that a party of Cossacks, who had been taken along ostensibly as laborers, had fired upon the American flag.

"None of these rumors, however, could be authenticated and the Samoa put to sea once more, still surrounded by a haze of mystery. It was stated that the Samoa would be gone until September 1st. When, therefore, she returned to Nome for the third time on August 21st it was pretty generally surmised that more trouble had broken out. It developed that when the Samoa was off the coast of Siberia the Russian

transport Yakout was sighted and hailed and at the instance of Dadouneditch about 30 Russians were transferred from the transport to the Samoa. Dadouneditch said the Russians were laborers, but as soon as they were aboard he volunteered the information that he had now 30 armed Cossacks at his back and proposed to depose Mr. Roberts as head of the expedition. He also disclosed the fact that not only was he representative of the Russian syndicate of which Col. Woularlarsky was the head, but was also an agent of the Russian government, and that the Cossacks aboard were soldiers, some of whom were clothed with administrative powers.

"The Americans armed themselves that night and while a majority of the Russians were asleep below posted themselves in positions of advantage. Two armed men were placed on the bridge, one at the bow, another at the stern and others took their stand at such places as offered good opportunity for effective shooting. The Samoa was then headed for American waters. When Dadouneditch learned that he had been outwitted he was furious, but by that time the vessel was beyond Russian jurisdiction and Capt. Johnson, backed by the resolute Americans, asserted his full authority as commander of the steamer. On board the steamer San Pedro, which bears this letter to the Post-Intelligencer, is Mr. White, of London, who will go on to Washington to make a report of the affair. It is believed here that some international complications may arise as a result of the trouble."

Territorial Court.

The case of the Queen vs. Gallagher took up the time of the territorial court yesterday morning, a number of witnesses being examined.

Gallagher was accused of stealing sundry gold nuggets from the claim of John Peterson on Hunker creek where he was employed as a miner. Peter Peterson and a man named Lansman testified to having seen the accused pick something up from the bedrock and put it in his pocket, but the evidence was not strong enough to convict and the case was dismissed.

CREEK NOTES.

Messrs. Shultz, Anderson and Nelson, of Monte Cristo, have sunk a new shaft since the cold weather set in, and are again working a big force of men. The dump next spring will be the largest yet taken out of this claim.

Messrs. McKensy and Miles, of Magnet gulch, have just received their new 25-horse power horizontal return tube boiler, which will be placed at once and a big dump taken out the coming winter.

Mr. Jas. Mitchell, of the Forks, popularly known as "Jimmy," has taken charge of the N. A. T. store on 29 above Bonanza, succeeding Mr. Jackson, who returned to Dawson with his family for the winter.

Mr. Miller, of 9 Victoria gulch, is in town on business matters.

Mr. John King, of 60 above Bonanza, went to Dawson the fore part of the week to look after his winter's stock of goods.

The committee which was sent up to upper Bonanza by the people of Grand Forks made a favorable report regarding the building of a winter road, and a financial committee has been appointed to raise \$250 for the above purpose. A large part of the amount has already been raised and men will be put to work immediately to complete the road. As the completion of this road will take a large amount of the Indian river district travel via the Forks, the business men of that enterprising burg have taken hold of the matter with a vim that shows the mean business.

Monte Cristo roadhouse, on 29 below Bonanza, has been doing a rushing business lately. Charley says "We had a warm time the other night."

The big crowd of men who were making the road up Eldorado were making fine progress, completing about one-third of a mile each day, when suddenly one day last week something snapped and about 50 men were thrown out of employment and the road uncompleted. Why is this thus, and what is the cause of the thudness.

Already signs of activity are seen on the various creeks, and a number of claims that were not worked last winter will not be idle the coming season.

Boundary Telegraph Line.

On the 10th of August the telegraph line to the boundary was commenced, and yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the wire was grounded where the Dominion of Canada meets the territory of Uncle Sam, 84 miles north of Dawson. The line from Eagle to the boundary is also nearly complete, there being four miles of wire strung, and eight miles of polls up. It is estimated that in about ten days telegraphic communication with Eagle City will be open.

The telegraph line to Vancouver is not complete nor does there seem to be any good reason for supposing it will be completed this winter.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

M. A. Hammell has opened a men's furnishing goods house at the Forks.

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