

## WRECK OF ELINGAMITE

### Awful Suffering of the Survivors

### Heart Rendering Tragedies in the Waters of New Zealand.

Victoria, B.C., Dec. 26.—The dispatches of yesterday told of many heart rendering tragedies of the wreck of the steamer Elingamite off the north end of New Zealand, but readers will doubtless be interested in a complete story—the first to appear on the continent—of the awful marine disaster, which caused such loss of life and such terrible suffering.

The Elingamite was on a voyage from Sydney to Auckland when she struck on the towering rocks in a moderate sea during a dense fog. The master was on the bridge and a man on lookout, but the breakers were not observed until the steamer was almost on the rocks. The engines were instantly stopped, which caused the passengers to look over the side of the vessel, and there they saw high towering rocks on the port bow, toward which the steamer was still rushing. She bumped softly at first, and then, with an appalling crash, she struck the rocks—and half an hour later the deck was under water. The boats were quickly launched, but before the passengers could embark in them they were standing waist high in water on the steamer's deck and remaining there with difficulty. Some of the boats were swamped by the steamer's side, but others managed to get away with good loads. The boats' ropes had all been cut, and before they left the steamer some of them picked up several of the unfortunate who were floating about on wreckage. The scenes were awful, dead bodies being dragged into the boats in the hope that some spark of life lingered, and many dead bodies were seen floating about among the wreckage.

The first boat to reach land arrived at Hohoua, on the New Zealand coast, with thirty-seven passengers, fifteen seamen and two dead bodies, and on the news of the disaster being telegraphed from there, the steamer Zealandia, formerly running out of San Francisco, the auxiliary schooner Greyhound and other vessels went out to look for the several boats and rafts that had been unheard of, each freighted with many who were destined to death. The Zealandia managed to pick up eighty-nine of the survivors of the wreck at sea, and the scenes on the wharf at Auckland when that steamer landed the survivors there was heartrending. Several thousand people met the steamer.

Capt. Reid, one of the officers of the lost steamer, gave a full account of the disaster. "The first intimation of the danger," said he, "was hearing the engine telegraph ringing 'full speed' of some kind. I was sitting in the smoking room at the time, and rushing on deck saw what looked to be a precipitous cliff looming up ahead. The telegraph was set madly ringing again, but the engines did not seem to move. The vessel gradually went on and struck stem on right against the wall, then fell round to the starboard side and kept lifting up and down on the rocks, with the chop and rise and fall of the sea.

"The captain gave orders to swing out the boats and supply all persons with lifeboats, of which there seemed to be a plentiful supply. They tried to get the port boats out first, as that side was next the cliffs and more sheltered, and the firemen, so far as I could see, were engaged on that side. I went to the captain and asked him if he knew what the land was and told him that I thought it was the Big King.

"I then said, 'I will swing out a boat on the clear side and effect a landing. Some of the passengers and I believe part of the crew assisted me to swing out the boat, which we lowered to the rail and filled with women and children. I then told the men to lower away, as I did not consider that the falls were safe for

more passengers. The Austrians on board tried to rush the boat, but we kept them back, some of the ship's crew at the same time shouting out that the women must go first. The boat was then lowered into the water, when I got some men in her, while others had already jumped, as the vessel was settling down. I slid down and got into the boat and sung out for more men, but the captain ordered the boat away, and told me to go and find a landing place.

"By the appearance of the vessel when I left her, I reckoned that she would last some time. We put off, and within three minutes lost sight of the vessel, but could hear a grinding sound. I skirted the reef and went round on the lee side of the island, but could find no landing place. I then recognized that it was not the Big King that we had struck, but the fog was so dense and with no compass in the boat I could not see in which direction Big King lay. I pulled along and struck another island, but could find no landing place there, and pulled along further and found another island, but still could not find a landing place.

"I then saw through the fog another boat, which seemed very deeply laden. Just then I struck a place that I intended to land the women at, although it was a bad one, in intending to return to the boat afterwards, but when I saw how deeply laden she was in the choppy sea, I hoisted the sail and went down to her. Her occupants told me that she was bilged and half full of water and I told them to pull on till they found a lee shore, and as my boat was perfectly tight I would then be able to remove them. We pulled on, and in trying to find a lee shore I struck what looked like a likely place. In the meantime I had seen another boat with a mast. I called for her to come to us, but the occupants paid no heed. Three boats, including the small boat which we fell in with, then landed their passengers on the ledge of a rock, and many of them were greatly exhausted. The captain was in the small boat which we fell in with, having been picked up out of the water, and was badly shaken up.

"We had great difficulty in landing, and by the time we had landed the passengers it was 4 o'clock. The captain and I then held a conference as to the advisability of going back to the ship again, but as the fog was so dense and the islands were indistinguishable, and the women were protesting against being left alone we decided to wait till daylight. For their comfort we utilized a case of brandy and a cask of water, which had been picked up floating about, and procured the sails out of the boats and rigged up some shelter for them. There were about seventy people in all on the rock, and we spent a horrible night. We had to watch the boats to keep them from being stove in, and had to keep men in them all night.

"Next morning I left to go to the wreck. It was then blowing hard, and a nasty sea was running, and the fog was as dense as ever. I pulled till 11 a.m., and one of the men told me that the foreman steward had swam ashore out of the captain's boat to see if we could get a landing, and was still there, if alive. The men said they could tell the rock when they saw it, and we pulled down and saw him. There was a big sea running and the spray was going right over the man, who was crouched on the rock. We rescued him with great difficulty, backing into the breakers, and he swam through, we throwing him a line and hauling him clear. We then proceeded to the spot where we thought the Elingamite was. The sea was running heavily, and the wind increasing. I could see no trace of the vessel, nor could I discover any food floating. The fog was as dense as ever, and I elected to pull off a little further to see if I could see any food floating, and we discovered plenty of whisky and grog, of which we took two cases in the boat, also some oranges and onions.

"Plenty of dead bodies could be seen floating by. I could not go very far, as I had no compass, and the men had been two days without food and continuously at the oars, and I was afraid of their going to pieces. I tried to get back to the island where the people were, but could not pull up to them. I made four attempts, and could see the people at times. The men were thoroughly beaten, their wrists giving way, and their hands were bleeding. The fog lifting for a moment I saw another island, that we had not seen before, and which I recognized as the Big King.

I told the men that there were goats on it, and as we could not make the island the people were on, we must make the Big King. We toiled and pulled and reached there at 7 p.m., and saw a light on the island. I pulled in and someone shouted out that it was fairly sheltered, but as there was a heavy sea running round it I could not see a safe landing place.

"As there was no anchor in the boat I told the men that they would have to go ashore and get stones for the purpose, and that they could go to the fire, and that I would stay in the boat. Two sailors stopped with me, and we lay down without any covering, I having given all my clothing but my coat and pants to the women and children. We were continually taking cramps during the night, and had only a little gin to drink. During the night, which was very foggy and raining, the wind shifted and the sea came right in on our shelter.

"I then knew that the boats that we had left on the other island would be smashed, so we made an endeavor to save mine. We rode the gale out all night and in the morning the wind decreased, and the weather changing a little I dropped the boat in shore and sent the men with me on shore, telling them to go and tell all hands to catch all the goats and rabbits on the island for provisions, and that I would wait for them till 4 o'clock. I told all the able hands that had been on the raft, and who had landed on the island, to come in my boat, as my men were all knocked up. My idea was to go back with what food we found to the women and shift them to where we were or the Big King. During the morning the weather cleared and I think it was the first that the raft party had seen of the other island or the people on the ledge right facing them.

"I heard some of the men shouting, and could see a sailing vessel in the distance. I sent other men on shore and told them to go to the camp and to set fire to all on the island that would burn. I had seen another vessel already go past. In the afternoon I saw some smoke approaching, and the people's houses put him within easy reach of the 'tip' seekers. On this particular evening I managed to state them out of pretty well, and refreshment time came, and I found myself planted in the limbo room next to a gushing old dame who pounced on him at once for information on the market.

"Oh, Mr. Ambrose," she began, "I wish you would tell me a stock to go, so I can make some money." "It was the same old request that came to him everywhere and it made 'Old Man' feel pretty wary. "I wish I could, Mrs. Babbington," he replied, trying to look amiable, "but I don't know a stock that would make you any money. Besides, I make it a rule never to give tips on the market. People don't thank me when they turn out wrong."

"But everyone says you know just what stocks are going up and what are going down," persisted Mrs. Babbington, "and I don't see why you can't help me to make some money. You could do it so easily." "I should like to, certainly," he responded the "Old Man" with a sigh. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure, but—"

He paused for a moment, apparently embarrassed at having to refuse the request of a lady, but he was thinking like lightning, and when he looked up again his face wore the expression of a man about to do a generous deed. "I'll tell you a stock to buy," he resumed in a confidential undertone, "but I must request you not to say a word about it to a living soul."

"Oh, thank you so much," exclaimed Mrs. Babbington, enthusiastically. "It's awfully good of you." "Don't mention it," was the "Old Man's" gentle protest. "I esteem it a pleasure, I assure you. Of course, I can't guarantee, you understand, that you will make money, but if you will buy a hundred shares of Feathers common I will see that you don't lose anything. But, remember, Mrs. Babbington, not a word to anybody about it. Mum's the word."

Mrs. Babbington renewed her expressions of gratitude effusively, and when the "Old Man" moved away he was chuckling to himself contentedly. "That's better than getting a good thing into the newspapers," he muttered to himself with satisfaction. "And a d-d sight more people will know about it. That woman was never known to hold her tongue. In five minutes she will have told three or four of her cronies, and between them they will have every fellow in this house thinking that I am going to run Feathers up out of sight."

Feathers common was very active on the stock exchange the next morning with a better demand than there had been for some time. Early in the morning "the street" had a tip that it was due for a rise, and it was astonishing how general this impression seemed to be. "I hear good things about Feathers common," some of the brokers were saying to groups of customers who stood around the different offices watching the quotations chalked up on the blackboards. "I happen to know that big people are buying it, and that the price is going a good deal higher."

The "setters" in the various offices began to calculate the profits they would make if they only had the courage to buy. The man who peddles flowers from one broker's office to another was telling everyone he

## "Old Man" Ambrose...

It was generally conceded that "Old Man" Ambrose was about the sharpest trader in "the street." When he announced himself as bullish on the stock market other speculators with less knowledge of the conditions generally made up their minds to buy, and when he declared himself a bear the "traders" couldn't sell out fast enough. His market opinion was eagerly sought by hundreds of people who admired his great success and blindly imagined that in the matter of buying and selling stocks he could make no mistake. He was besieged at his office, in the street, at his club and in his home and almost everywhere by people who wanted him to tell them how to make money without working for it.

But with all his sharpness the "Old Man" went wrong on the market once in a while, and it happened through some slip in his information or his judgment that he found himself loaded up with "Feathers common" after the market, for it had flattened out and there was no chance to sell. The stock had looked to him like a winner, but the fellows who had been buying it managed to get it up to a good figure and get out, leaving the "Old Man" high and dry with a big block of shares.

He was a little piqued over being done by a parcel of infants, but he felt confident that something would turn up to enable him to unload at a profit. The opportunity came sooner than he expected. The very evening after he found himself "long" several thousand more shares of Feathers common than he cared to have and he knew he owned he went with his wife to a social function at the house of one of the leaders of society, well prepared to be bored for three or four mortal hours. The "Old Man" was not fond of his social obligation, chiefly for the reason that going to their people's houses put him within easy reach of the "tip" seekers.

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Babbington," protested the "Old Man." "If you remember, I asked you particularly not to mention Feathers to a living soul. I'm willing to make your loss good, but I can't do it for everybody. And another thing, Mrs. Babbington—next time you speculate buy your stock at 40 and sell it at 45. It will make you more money. And don't wait till after lunch to begin. You have to get up early in the morning in this business."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### HANGED TO A POLE

### Negro Murderer Lynched by a Mob.

Pittsburg, Kan., Dec. 26.—Montgomery Godley, a negro, was taken from the jail here yesterday and lynched by a mob because early in the morning he shot and killed Milton Hinkle, a policeman, while the officer was trying to protect himself from a crowd of unruly negroes.

The negro jerked the officer's pistol from his scabbard and shot the officer with it from behind.

Two hours later a mob gathered and took the negro from the city jail where he had been taken after he was caught and hanged him to a telephone pole.

As he was choking to death one of the members of the mob cut his throat and ended his sufferings.

A large number of negro men and women from the various mining camps in the vicinity, among them Mont and Joe Godley, brothers, were drinking and carousing at a hall of Joe Hinkle requested them to be quiet. The Godley brothers answered him in an insulting and insolent manner and he tried to arrest them. They resisted and Officer Hinkle blew his whistle for help.

Then he began to use his club in order to protect himself from the onslaught of the crowd.

He was holding his own against three of them when "Mont" Godley grabbed the officer's revolver from his scabbard and placed the muzzle behind the right ear of the officer, pulled the trigger. The ball passed through Hinkle's head and came out over the left eye. He fell to the sidewalk.

Other officers pursued the negroes, all of whom started to run when the officer fell.

The Godley brothers were both captured and locked up in the city jail. Hinkle was carried to the city hall, where he died at 2 o'clock in the morning.

The news of the murder spread and soon a crowd was gathered about the jail. Leaders were not slow in coming forward, and cries of "Hang him," "Burn him," "Get a rope," were heard on every side.

A mob gathered in the corridors and about the jail doors. An attempt was made at first to rob City Marshal Higgins of his keys to the jail door, but he convinced the mob that they were not in his possession at the time. A crowbar and hammer were then procured and the jail doors battered and broken open.

Godley had courage and cursed the mob when they entered the jail, but his courage left him when he began to realize that death was near. He began to supplicate and beg for the officers to protect him, but they were overpowered and taken care of by a portion of the mob.

Godley was dragged from the jail into the yard and given a few moments to talk. He told so many conflicting stories about the affair that the mob became impatient and hurried him away about three blocks from the jail.

Flourishing a rope on the way, the mob hanged him to step pins of a telegraph pole. The rope broke on the first effort and Godley fell to the ground. At this instant someone in the crowd cut his throat on the left side, severing the jugular vein. This brought a more merciful death than was intended by the mob.

He was then hanged again. Great excitement prevails here among both whites and negroes as a result of the lynching of Godley. Streets all day and have made threats. Numerous negroes have been locked up for carrying concealed weapons. It is expected that there will be further trouble between the races.

Godley's body was burned at the stake in Pierce city, Mo., nearly two years ago, at the time of the anti-negro troubles there. Following an assault on a young woman, Mont Godley was driven from Pierce city then.

Every war in which this nation has engaged has been directly urged and encouraged by women. The martial enthusiasm preceding the civil war, North and South, were women. Many a man is resting in his grave, the victim of that war, who enlisted because girls refused to "keep company" with him if he didn't. Women were foremost in exciting the war spirit, and they were the most irremediable to its results. Southern women cherish the faded tinsels of the Confederate dream, and Northern women are the most furious over memories of the prolonged slaughter, which they helped to provoke. It was the same in the late Spanish war.—Washington Post.

"Your uncle is a very religious man, I understand." "Oh, yes; indeed. He positively hates everybody who belongs to any other church than his own."—Boston Transcript.

## FAIR LAND OF PROMISE

### Territory Grand Trunk Will Penetrate

### Reports of Surveys Made Quarter of a Century Since Show Its Adaptability.

The country through which the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is projected has long been known as rich in natural resources. As far back as 1877, long before the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway was located, the archives of the Dominion government contained official reports from Sir Sandford Fleming and others testifying to the wonderful fertility of the rich, deep soil which stretches for leagues in every direction, the luxuriant growth of its timber belts, and the rich source of food supply which its mighty rivers and spacious lakes, furnished. In the effort to settle the vast solitudes of western Canada with an energetic and prosperous population it is perhaps natural that the more easily accessible prairie lands along the line of railway should first receive attention.

The settler in his own interest selects a location as near to the means of communication with the markets of the world as possible, and for this reason the tide of settlement has been chiefly confined to Manitoba, the southern part of the Northwest Territories and along the banks of the Saskatchewan and other rivers.

The reports of the early explorers sent out by the government, however, indicated that the land in the north Saskatchewan and the Peace and Mackenzie river districts was equally fertile to that farther south. It was also found that with the increase of latitude the altitude was much reduced, resulting in a corresponding modification of climate, so that, as far north as Fort Laird, in latitude 61, the summer temperature is said to be just as high as in the country along the Smoky river and Dunvegan, situated five degrees of latitude farther south. In an official report by Prof. John Macoun, M.A., the well-known Canadian botanist, giving the result of his observations during two exploring expeditions which he made with Sir Sandford Fleming in 1872 and in 1875, and which is filed in the records of parliament, that gentleman divided the Canadian west into five areas, the first three embracing Manitoba, the dry, arid pastures lying between the south Saskatchewan and the boundary, and bounded by the 103d and 108th meridians, and the prairie and copewood country immediately surrounding the latter. These three areas contain 66,000,000 acres in extent, of which 39,000,000 were classed as arable.

The forest country, comprising the fourth area, extended from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, including the Saskatchewan country, the Upper Churchill and the Athabasca from the forks of the Clearwater westward, and contained 39,000,000 acres, of which 25,000,000 were classed as arable. The Peace river country, comprising all the lands drained by that river east of the Rocky Mountains, was the fifth area, with 16,000,000 acres of arable land. The extent of arable land in the two last-named areas aggregates 11,000,000 acres, as compared with 39,000,000 in the three first-named areas.

Roughly speaking, it is the country classed as "Forest" and "Peace River" that, according to the reports in the public press, the main line of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will penetrate. Of the adaptability of the Saskatchewan valley for settlement proof is to be found in the thriving settlements of prosperous commercial and agricultural communities with which that great tract of country is studded. Of the Peace river and Mackenzie river districts the most favorable reports have also been received. Prof. Macoun, who last summer visited the Klondike, in 1877 reported the whole country between the mountains and Athabasca and Great Slave Lake, a gentle sloping plain, being under 2,500 feet above sea level, in latitude 55, and less than the feet above at the mouth of the Laird, five degrees farther north. He says:—

"The whole country seen or heard of throughout the region in question is covered with a deep, rich soil of wonderful fertility, free from boulders, and having very few swamps or marshes. The rainfall seems to be less than that of Ontario, but this is compensated for by copious fogs, which keep the grass and herbs growing all summer. The clear skies and long summer days, combined with the covering of the temperatures at night, seem to give astonishing vigor to vegetable growth, and to cause grain and weeds of all kinds to be far more prolific here than farther south."

Speaking of the country between the Little Slave Lake and Smoky river, he reports: "The last night miles have exceeded anything in beauty and fertility I have seen since leaving Edmonton. Far as the eye could reach on the prairie, the view extended many miles, aspen copse interspersed with willows met the eye. The prairie had at one time been covered with trees; as the blackened stumps scattered over the ground plainly showed. On the grassy slopes leading down to the river I found the three flowered Geum (Geum triflorum), the Pasque flower (Anemone Patens), and an Oxytropis (Oxytropis splendens), in full flower in October. Between Dunvegan and St. John's, a distance of 120 miles by land, the trail passes through many miles of beautiful farming country, alternating with spruce, aspen, cypress woods on the divides between the various streams; which flow into the Peace river."

Of the country around St. John's, Prof. Macoun says: "The whole country was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. It would be folly to attempt to depict the appearance of the country, as it was so utterly beyond what I ever saw before that I dare hardly make use of laudatory words to portray it. Mr. Selwyn, who made an excursion ten miles to the northwest, reports a very luxuriant vegetation where he saw much greater than he ever saw at Edmonton or anywhere in the Saskatchewan country."

At Fort Vermilion Prof. Macoun was asked by the man in charge of the fort to look at a strange plant which had sprung up in the garden, and found, upon examination, a bed of cucumbers with a number ripe on the vines, and many green ones. Prof. Macoun quotes numerous authorities in support of his enthusiastic views respecting the adaptability of the country to supply the needs of man. Capt. Butler in his "Wild North Land" speaks of the whole hillside at St. John's being blue with anemones as early as April 22, 1873. Sir Alexander Mackenzie records in his journal that anemones were in flower on April 20, 1793, and the Hudson's Bay Co.'s records show that the average opening of the river in ten years at St. John's was on April 20. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and garden stuff, including pole beans and peas, grow and ripen in the open, and melons started under glass also ripen well.

Prof. Macoun made careful observations and found the flora of the Peace river country much like that of central Ontario, and of the prairie region. Of an average of 200 plants noted at six different points scattered over the whole territory, only seven were observed which showed any signs of boreal climate, and these are found also in Quebec. He concludes his remarks upon his botanical studies with the observation: "The most prominent feature in the whole region was a richness in the soil and rankness of vegetation never seen in Ontario."

## Monogram Hotel AND STORE

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