e Found the North Pole

in Nome, Alaska, dreaming the winter months, there is a man—once of Tacoma — who es an imagination that to a ambitious individual might lume and fortune. His name is n Hartman; he is secretary of rctic Boys' Liar Club, and of organization he is a worthy er and official and has evidently the Thirty third degree.

the recent mail from Nome, Hartman sent to the Times the ing letter:

Nome, Alaska, Nov. 20, 1901.

the Editor of the Seattle Times:

Enclosed you will find a narrative by one of Nome's truthful young men; a young who knows naught of the ways ne dark; neither has he ever a mine, though tempted much the constant failure of honest to make a sale of barren d. It should reach you about ary 1 if the doubtful being in charge it is does not fall down many times under the influence of Noble' and 'Jessie Moore.' ration by request of yours

JAMES HARTMAN,
ecretary Arctic Boys' Liar Club,
Alaska."

e narrative referred to in the n is given herewith just as it was ed last November in Nome:

During the memorable rush to Dawson City and Alaska generally which in the fall of 1897, a party of ome miners fitted out a small er on Puget Sound, called the ter Neck." The hopeful owners ders of this little expedition four men of old time acquaintsociating mined together in Idaho on the Snake river, and who, their savings, were starting to hunt the yellow phantom names were James Hartman, Edmonds, Preston Phillips and Dick Reems, and they had d to become equal partners in ing they acquired for a term ne years from the date of starting the Sound.

were fitted out for a three cruise and had, after buyibg all essary supplies, just $5 left. e morning of May 15th, 1897, start was made for the north. Reems had seen service as capon a whaler in the Bering Sea years previous and had done trading with the Indians of in Kotzebue Sound, as well as the Russians on the Siberian he had seen, too, in the of the natives of Kotzeeome small nuggets of gold always longed to trace these ource of supply. He had endured during his whaling days to his comrades in the matter refused to listen to him. He ver remembered the gold, howand it was to find it that the tion of May, 1897, had been ed, and that Edmonds, Phillips Hartman had been induced to acy him.

man was something of a and his ideas were not alpractical. He was an oily talker, and being the assayer of ty and having a fair knowlchemistry he was allowed to his way in many matters that not exactly clear to the others. mineralogist, his theories as ence of gold and the location mother lode were interesting to the rest of the party and passed quickly away. Twenty-four after leaving the Sound the Neck" dropped anchor in a in Kotzebue Sound. Two put ashore to select a ground and headquarters. day's search a desirable spot and such things as were were unloaded from the the end of two weeks a been built and a storeded for all of the supplies quickly as possible these were ashore.

two after everything had in shape Hartman was in search of fresh meat. and after several hours tramping about he returned wild chickens, but what important still to all of the a piece of what he be magnetic iron ore. An the sample showed it to be ore. The next day search for the main body or ledge was found about one mile spot where the first piece of picked up. The surface showtraced for over a mile. It deposit of valuable metal realized this immedinext day the claims were the full length of the lead. after this Hartman, whose had been attracted to the character of the sand on the a pan of it and found it gold. With it, however, a large quantity of magnetic sand which was only with a great deal of difficulty separated from the gold. Hartman conceived the idea of a big magnet in connection with the hydraulic process of mining, the magnet to extract the magnetic sand and thus make it comparatively easy to secure the gold. Hartman spoke to his comrades about the proposed process and they thought well of it, so well, in fact, that they arranged to at once return to the Sound, taking with them some of the ore and sand. The trip was made in safety and after further tests had shown the ore and sand to be valuable a large magnet was ordered from a Seattle foundry, the largest magnet of the kind ever made in the world. It was made in the shape of a horseshoe, was 200 feet long, weighed 400 tons, was 45 feet wide between points and 65 feet at the loop.

It was impossible, of course, to keep the matter quiet, and when the day arrived upon which this immense magnet was to be loaded aboard the "Rubber Neck" thousands of people were out to witness the great undertaking. After forty-eight hours of continual work the monster piece of metal was safely lashed to the deck of the "Rubber Neck." This done, and all were ready for the journey north. The gold and iron fields were reached much quicker than any one expected, the trip being made in several days less time than that occupied on the first journey. It was a surprise to all, but none could explain it.

They anchored again in Kotzbue Sound but the anchorage seemed to be poor as the "Rubber Neck" continually drifted north. They then decided to steer over into the vicinity of Point Barrow, where they knew the anchorage to be good, and to lay off there. So they raised the anchor and started. After two hours' steaming they sighted a revenue cutter and as they approachedthey saw that she was coming towards them. In due time both boats signalled on which side they would pass, but as they approached nearer each other it was quite evident that there had been a misunderstanding. The boats were closing in on each other as if to ram and when only 200 yards separated them the captain of the cutter was heard to shout loudly through his megaphone:

"If you don't change your course we will fire on you."

Then the men aboard the "Rubber Neck" saw the sailor uncover the guns on the revenue cutter. As they did so, however, the cannons wrenched loose and flew aboard the "Rubber Neck," making fast to the magnet. In another moment the two boats came together with a terrible force. The "Rubber Neck" struck the cutter bow on and nearly cut her in two. In less than five minutes she went to the bottom. The "Rubber Neck" was damaged, but could float. She was rapidly drawing away from the scene of the accident and in spite of efforts to change her course she continued northward at a high rate of speed. The engines were reversed, but the steamer would not stop, despite the fact that a dead calm prevailed. A boat was lowered and into this Hartman and Phillips pulled over to a whaler which was close at hand and asked that an effort be made to overtake the "Rubber Neck" and a line passed to her. The chase began, but the "Rubber Neck" and her immense magnet were traveling at too great a speed.

The runaway steamer was gradually nearing the ice and those aboard the whaler watched her until she struck. Instead of going to pieces she seemed to slip up onto the ice, fall over on her side and continue her headlong flight northward. After traveling this way for a distance of about half a mile she became wedged between two immense masses of ice. A great strain was on the cable which held the magnet, and the immense piece of metal threatened to pull the boat to pieces.

Capt. Reems and Edmonds, who had almost died of fright, but who had not been injured in any way, climbed out of the boat on to the ice. After taking the moon with the sextant, the captain figured that he was in lattitude 88 degrees north, on the ice fields, one mile from the ice shore and broke. But the whaler was close at hand and sent a small boat to the ice shore and all who had been aboard the "Rubber Neck" were taken off the ice and aboard the whaler. And they were none too soon away from the "Rubber Neck." Up in the north was heard a terrible commotion, and while the men were gazing in that direction there came shooting through the air an immense object, the like of which none aboard the whaler had ever seen. It made straight for the "Rubber Neck" and struck it with a crash that could have been heard for miles. The timbers were shivered into splinters but the big magnet and the strange object stuck close together.

Next morning a trip was made to the burial ground of the "Rubber Neck." There was found an immense steel column, 1,000 feet long, tapering from a point to a base of fifty feet in diameter. The men realized at once that they had uprooted the North Pole. It was of solid steel and bore no marks of man's hand. They all agreed to keep the matter secret, fearing they had dislocated the base of navigation and would thereby earn the condemnation of the civilized world. Later, however, they decided to tell to the world their experience that valuable lives might not be further sacrificed in vain attempts to reach the pole, when they knew that it was not where it had previously been.

The above statement of fact is given out by one of the original party, who is at the present time chief mucker and manager of the Magnetic Iron Mine Company. It is now up to the people of Seattle to bring the fool down to prove his statement and get the honors. Feeling guilty of having sunk the cutter by drawing her into our prow and of wrecking our own expedition, we give these facts to the Seattle Times with the privilege of publishing the same. There is one proviso, however: The Times must use its influence to prevent the captain of the cutter losing his papers in case of an investigation.

The writer has spent three years in Alaska and that fact alone should be a sufficient guarantee of his usefulness. For further reference I would also refer you to any man in Tacoma.

With my right hand on the free lunch counter and in the presence of Billy the Mug, I will swear to the truth of the foregoing.

JAMES HARTMAN.

In Seattle Times.

Only a Lover's Quarrel

It was a gloomy ride for Lucy Pendridge — depressing enough for both of them, indeed, until they started homeward from a certain little country village, in the damp, dripping, sweet-smelling twilight of the summer day. In the first place a cloud had risen between Lucy and Tom at their last meeting, a little cloud, to be sure, but quite sufficient, considering the marvelously expansive and accumulative nature of clouds, to furnish the nucleus of a storm.

Tom had asked Lucy not to waltz with other men henceforth, feeling, in his devouringly jealous passion for her, that no masculine arm but his own ought now to encircle her waist. Lucy, not understanding the motive, still less the felling, that prompted this request, indignantly informed him that she should waltz with whom she pleased, and that if he could not trust her now it would be better that he should be relieved at once of an uncertainty that might grow worse in the future. Tom was amazed and frightened at the way she took it. He stammered, explained, pleaded and finally backed down altogether, humbly withdrawing his request. But the lovers had parted from one another with constraint, and each felt that the next meeting might bring the crisis.

Yet Tom knew instinctively that every hour of separation would only widen the rift between them, so he had called for Lucy two days later, with a shining rig from the livery stable, and invited her for an afternoon drive. The ill-concealed coolness between them was the first damper on their enjoyment; and then they had hardly driven two miles into the country before a veritable cloud came up over the distant hills, bringing with it sudden and unexpected rain. One heavy shower had followed another, all the afternoon. The young people had no umbrella, and of course the rain beat under the buggytop and they both got very moist.

In this unfortunate condition, and the unfortunate mood resulting from it, they reopened the discussion of two days previous and had a real out-and-out lovers' quarrel, during which Lucy tore off her engagement ring to Tom, and Tom thrust it into his pocket with seemingly wrathful unconcern, as if it had been a nickel in change. And then, to cap the climax, one of the wheels of their carriage became set, on the outskirts of a village ten miles from home, and they perforce came to a dead stop in the rain.

The horse had halted in front of a small white house with green blinds. Everything about the place looked primly and immaculately neat and Tom suggested to Lucy, in the same formal and courteous manner that he would have used toward any lady who happened to be riding with him, that she should alight and go into the house, while he obtained the necessary tools and materials for greasing the refractory wheel. Lucy—glad enough to escape from Tom for a few minutes, and get a chance to swallow the lump in her throat—assented; so they left the discouraged horse standing in the middle of the road and walked together up the box-bordered pathway to the door of the little house.

Tom's knock brought with suspicious promptness an answering rattle of the knob. The door was flung wide open and the smiling countenance of a little, faded gentleman in a rusty black coat and white lawn tie confronted them.

"I saw you coming, my dear young friends," the gentleman explained, beaming expectantly upon the bedraggled pair, "and hastened to welcome you. It is a bad day outside, but love, they say, has all seasons for its own, and I suppose, all weathers. Come in, young friends, come right in!"

The face of the faded little clergyman was fairly luminous, as he stood holding the door wide open, and shuffling eagerly to and fro in his carpet slippers.

Both of the young people flushed scarlet, and if the feverend gentleman at the door had been of an artistic temperament, he would surely have experienced a thrill of delight at the picture before him, so rich in coloring—the exquisitely clear flaming of those hot young cheeks against the grayish, foggy background of rain; the downcast, wholesome, handsome faces of man and maid, touched with a certain refining pain and shadow, in subtle harmony with their surroundings. But the Rev. John Albee saw only what he had seen so often before with cheerful gratitude, a well-to-do and likely young pair of lovers, who had alighted at his door and slipped up the box-bordered path to be married.

"Come in!" he reiterated, with an imperative and yet winning tone, attuned by long professional experience to the wistfully bashful mood of lovers. He shuffled seducively backwards in the carpet slippers, and waved his hand toward the little parlor, where Hymen's altar had long been established.

"There—there must be some mistake, sir," stammered Tom. "You were expecting some other parties, I dare say. We simply called to——"

"You will pardon a slight deafness, my dear young friend," said the clergyman, anxiously, but still smilingly.

"There is some mistake, I say, sir!" cried Tom, raising his voice.

"Not at all, not at all!" the beaming clergyman assured him. "You have come to the right house, sir. I am the Rev. Mr. Albee. Pray walk in. It is very damp outside."

"Confound it!" shouted Tom, now thoroughly out of patience. "I don't want your professional services, sir! I called to see if I could borrow a jack and wrench——"

"If it is the license you are troubled about, my young friend," continued the clergyman briskly, "I assure you it can be obtained just as well after the ceremony, as I have a friendly understanding with the town clerk to that effect, in view of the quite pardonable confusion and absent-mindedness of young men at such times."

"See here!" exclaimed Tom, wrathfully and very distinctly, as if he were talking to a telephone that just wouldn't understand. "I—tell—you—we—don't — want — to — get — get —married."

"Oh, Tom!"

The voice was choked and tremulous and barely audible, but it brought Tom down off the top step, where he had perched himself to shout at the deaf clergyman, with an eager, bending swiftness that must have rejoiced the heart of Hymen's perplexed local agent.

"Do we?" demanded Tom, stooping over the blushing girl with a look in his eyes like that of a condemned criminal who sees from the gallows a horseman thundering up the hill with a possible pardon from the governor.

"Do we?" he repeated pleadingly.

"It's such a chance, Tom!" faltered Lucy, with a woman's passion for a suspended and never-to-be-repeated opportunity shining in her eyes.

Tom straightened up and extended his hand impulsively to the clergyman. The latter took it, with some slight show of professional surprise, but utilized the momentary advantage by drawing the young man into the house. Then the door closed upon the radiant pair and the dripping horse looked after them in vain.

Twenty minutes elapsed before the minister came out in a rubber coat, jacked up the set wheel and, with Tom's tremulous and uncertain assistance, poured oil upon the troubled axle. The young people went on their way with faces brighter than the fitfully returning sunlight; and the Rev. Mr. Albee re-entered the house and smilingly handed to his wife two crisp $10 bills.—"Orange Judd Farmer."

They Buy Platinum.

Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 14. — An official in the Canadian government assay office informed the Times correspondent taday that there had been quantities of Klondike platinum brought to them of late. He said a recent story that vast fortunes are being thrown away and that platinum was mixed in large quantities with gold brought in was exaggerated.

It had, however, come under their notice that platinum was being bought up in the Klondike at $4 an ounce and sold here all the way from $15 to $20 an ounce. On the strength of this semi-official statement, the times' correspondent made further investigation with the result that he secured the information that a ring or gang of men had been for a long time imposing on ignorant miners throughout the Klondike, buying up the platinum on different pretexts, the principal one being that it was a metal of little use in the market, but they had made special arrangements to dispose of it at a slight profit.

The assay office authorities would not commit themselves as to the exact amount of platinum which passed over their counters. It was suggested, however, by what was said, that the swindle was a pretty extensive one. Some informants placed the amount involved at hundreds of thousands of dollars, and others at a much less figure.—Seattle Times.

Prominent Physician Dead.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 14.—Dr. John L. Million, one of the most prominent physicians in this city, died today, aged 75 years. He was a surgeon in the Thirty-first Illinois Infantry — Gen. John A. Logan's regiment — during the Civil War. For thirty years he was chief medical examiner of the Ancient Order of United Workmen and was a member of the board of pension examiners under Presidents Cleveland and McKinley.

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