

by the courage and coolness of his countryman, and rejoiced that by some happy chance he was among the few who were saved.

His after story is brief, and as it has been told in all the daily journals there can be no indelicacy in reciting it here.

He was a marine orderly on the *Maine*, a gallant, generous, friendly young fellow, who had but one enemy—himself. He drank to excess. After

the destruction of the *Maine* he came to this country, and was received with praise and affection as a hero. His friends gathered around him; he married, and soon had another position. He loved his work, his friends and his wife, but not work nor friends nor home could drag him away from the fatal habit.

Not two years after that day when, a hero among heroes, he trod the deck of the sinking ship he sat alone in a public park in New York, a miserable outcast, who for liquor had given up all that made life dear. Mad with want and despair, he kissed the picture of his child, and put an end to his life—a life which God had fitted him to make happy and noble.

We tell this true story to American young men, as we would point out a beast of prey hidden by the path along which they must walk.

TOM: "You say the bride and bridegroom looked nice, what about the guests?"

WILL: "Oh, they took the cake."

A Klondike Dog.

DEEDS of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. *Truth* prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many

bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp, and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered until nature succumbed and they lay down weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the



THE YOUNGEST OFFICER IN THE TRANSVAAL ARMY—PRESIDENT KRUGER'S GRANDSON, FRITZ ELOFF, AGE 4.

bitter ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to camp. This was a forlorn hope, but their only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast round the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts