

# Inborn Fear of Oceans

A lot of surprise was expressed about a month ago when young Cochran, the jockey who had been engaged to ride a rich American's horse on the English tracks at a salary of \$15,000 for the season, refused to make the voyage at the last hour on account of his dread of the sea. The dock superintendent of a transatlantic line of steamships the other day. "But there was no reason why anybody should have been surprised."

"Fear of the sea is pretty nearly as common as the whooping cough. Of course, the jockey's case was rather unusual, as the lad had been taking his life in his hands by riding racehorses almost since his infancy. But I've seen some mighty reckless chaps, fellows who'd been in peril of their lives any number of times, get into blue funk over the prospect of a ride across the pond, and chuck the idea at the last minute."

"One of the most noted elephant trainers in this country, or in the world, for that matter, has never seen Europe because of his abhorrence of the sea. He has had plenty of chances to take charge for big money of the elephant herds accompanying American circuses that have successfully invaded Europe, but he could never fetch himself to the point of stepping over the gangway of an ocean-going steamer."

"He was laughed at and derided by his employers and associates for his timidity in this respect, but his dread of the deep water appeared to be something so deeply rooted in him that he couldn't help it. Yet, in the course of thirty years of handling elephants, this man has been risking his life constantly."

"He has been slammed and banged around by the big brutes in his keeping, trampled on by them and picked up in their trunks and hurled against buildings, fences, tent-poles and wagons, and everybody in the animal-handling business knows him for a perfectly fearless, not to say reckless, man, who had never let out a whimper when suddenly caught in pinches so tight that death looked to be only around the corner waiting for him."

"But when it came to going to sea, he balked. Twice I've seen him pass it up right on this pier just when the steamers were ready to shove off."

"The first time he never got aboard the ship at all. He poked around the pier with some friends that had come down to see him off, rubbing his chin a whole lot, and not doing any of the talking."

"His friends knew of his dread of the sea, and they tried to humor him. They didn't say anything about the voyage he was about to undertake, but talked of other matters, until the 'All Ashore!' word was passed, and then they gave him the nudge."

"Well, so long, Jim," they said to him, holding out their hands. "Time you were getting aboard."

"He didn't accept their proffered hands, but, without a word, walked out to the end of the pier and took a good look at the water, leaving them standing. In a couple of minutes he returned to them and invited them to take lunch with him at an uptown restaurant."

"They kidded him terribly, but he wouldn't so much as reply to their gibes. He wasn't going aboard that boat, and that was all there was about it."

"His friends were surprised to see that he was actually pale and trembling, and so they let up on him. His baggage went over on the steamer and had to be brought back on the next one."

"The second time he got aboard the steamer. He had deliberately acquired a decided jag before coming down to the pier, so as to work up his nerve."

"When the 'All Ashore!' word went he was standing up for'ard a bit unsteadily on his pins, surrounded by his associates of the circus to which he was attached, including one of the owners of the show. When he heard the word he took a sudden brace, his face became pallid, and the perspiration began to appear on his forehead in big drops."

"Well, this will be about all for me," he announced hoarsely. "I'll be hanged if I go!" and he made a break for the gangway."

"Hold him, yeh fellows!" shouted the part owner of the show, and the elephant trainer's associates closed on him and essayed to grab him."

"Stand clear, yeh fellows or I'll beat you to death!" yelled the elephant man, and, by this time his eyes were sticking out of his head.

"He was a man of gigantic strength and he tossed them aside like so many dead cornstalks. When they saw how it stood with him

they took to cover. They didn't want any of his game.

"He strode to the gangway and hustled down to the pier just in time. His face was ghastly, and I never saw a big man and a game one so near the point of collapse."

"I was standing at the gangway when he came down."

"Nothing doing this time, either?" said to him.

"No, and there's never going to be no next time neither," he replied, mopping his forehead.

"That ship's as safe as a church," said I.

"She is hey?" said the elephant man, starting to walk off. "Well, I ain't taking no chances on neither of them games, but if it ever comes to a show-down, me for the Gospel tent, and away he went."

"Now, the fear of the big water was unquestionably a matter of heredity with that man, as it is with so many folks. The elephant man's mother had come to this country from Ireland in a sailing packet a year or so before he was born."

"The packet on which she made the voyage was discovered to be on fire in midsea, and it wasn't until four days after this discovery when the flames were ready to burst through the hatches, that the passengers were taken off. The elephant trainer told his pals that when his mother arrived in this country her horror of water traveling was almost an obsession with her, and never afterward to the day of her death could she be induced to take a chance on a ferryboat."

"I've seen no less game a Frenchman than the late Marquis de Mores in a state of pallid trepidation on several occasions when about to board a steamer. He had an inborn dread of the deep water."

"Now, most folks will remember that De Mores was a fire-eater and a daredevil from away back. He wasn't any village-cut-up, but the real thing. He was a noted swordsman and duelist, a crack shot, and all-around athlete, the best amateur exponent of the savate, or art of boxing with the feet, in France, and they tell me that as a bronco buster on his Montana ranch he had all of his cowboys skinned to death. And yet he had to be all but lashed to a stanchion, when he undertook an ocean voyage."

"Oddly enough, more men than women seem to be afflicted with this deep-water dread. That's the way it has appeared to me, at any rate, but perhaps the reason for this is that the sea-fearing women don't often take a chance on coming down to the pier, for fear of being smuggled aboard, with nilly."

"Plenty of women side step the ocean trip that has long been planned at the final moment, of course, but I've noticed that there are about three men who do this to about one woman. I've seen some funny collapsing on the part of men on this dock."

"One of them happened a couple of summers ago. A wealthy old retired German merchant had, after a good many years of coaxing, it seems, finally been induced to take passage for the trip to the old country with his wife, whom he had married in their native German village before coming to this country."

"His wife and children had made frequent trips to the Fatherland after the old man had begun to acquire riches, but his dislike of the bounding billows was so strong that his wife and family could never get him to accompany them, much as he longed to make a triumphant return to the place of his nativity."

"A couple of summers ago they got the old man worked up to it by swearing to him that at that season of the year the Atlantic Ocean was calmer than Newton Creek, and after much wrestling with himself he had finally got to the point of engaging a stateroom for himself and wife."

"On sailing morning he stood on the pier surrounded by his jolly party of married sons and daughters, prosperous looking folks, all of them. But they couldn't pick much talk out of the old man."

"He wasn't in a talkative frame of mind at all, and every time he shot a look at the ship out of the slants of his eyes he became more preoccupied."

"Wait here till I go by me some cigars," he suddenly said, dashing toward the pier entrance.

"They called after him that he could buy bushels of cigars on board the steamer, but he kept right on and didn't look back. They had no idea that he wouldn't return, and when, twenty minutes before sailing time, he was still absent, his worried sons and sons-in-law went in search of him, fearing that he'd been

run over by a water-front truck or something like that.

"They didn't find him though, as he didn't mean that they should, and so the steamer pulled out into the stream without the old couple. One of the sons told me afterward that they'd found the old man sitting in his library, calmly smoking his pipe, when they rushed up to his home, and that he'd endeavored to crawl out of explaining his sudden funk by telling them that, when he'd gone after the cigars, he had suddenly recollected that he had some very important business to attend to up-town."

"There are always a lot of funny cases of sea-lunk among the chorus people of the grand opera company when, after the season is over, their sailing hour comes around. None of the opera principals that I know of has any fear of the deep water, but the queer men and women of the chorus begin their lamentations over the voyage confronting them the minute that they strike the pier."

"It may be that only a few of them possess an inherent fear of the ocean, but their dread of it seems to be infectious, and when they reach the collapsing point all hands go right up in the air, and most of them have to be shovelled aboard the ship."

"Men and women moan and groan over their impending watery graves in all languages, and the stronger ones among them have to grab their waiting brothers and sisters and hang on to them like grim death to keep them from executing sudden sprints from beneath the shelter of the pier shed."

"I don't believe the black man and brother has got much use for the salt water. I guess most of them entertain the same idea as the old darky who, in discussing the relative safety of land and water travel, put it in this way:

"W'en yo' all gits joggled off'n a train o' kyahs, w'y, t'eah yo is! But w'en yo' all gits dumped off'n a boat, w'y, wheah is yo'?"

"A young clubman, pretty well known in this town, went to Europe last fall. He brought his man-servant, a jewel of a middle-aged black man that he had picked up down in Washington, down to the pier with him, having arranged to take him across."

"The negro went aboard with his employer somewhat haltingly, and it was plain that he wasn't enthusing much over the voyage in prospect. When the 'All-Ashore!' trumpet went he came a-bounding down the gangway. His young employer appeared at the rail and called after the darkey."

"Mose," he demanded, "you come back aboard, and right quick, or you'll be left."

"Ah'm so'hy, suh," replied the valet, politely, as he stood on the pier mopping his brow, "but Ah ca'n't beat Ah'm a-lookin' fo'. Ah' suah 'fends t' git left; suh, beggin' yo' pardon. Ah don't b'lieve this yeh splohizin' was evuh intended fo' 'igghus nohow," and he shook his head gloomily."

"The clubman started down the gangway, laughing, to grab his black valet, but the black man saw him coming and loped out of the shed at spring speed. He was down at the pier to receive him employer when the latter returned three month later, and he got his job back, too, with the stipulation that the ocean going, so far as he was concerned, was to be cut out."—New York Sun.

## Sheep Shearing Over

Colfax, May 26.—Sheep shearing is practically over in Western Whitman county, and the sheep are now being driven to the summer pastures in the mountains of Northern Idaho and on the St. Marie river and the headquarters of the Palouse. The crop of lambs is about like that of last year—the increase in the flocks, averaging about 115 per cent., while the young lambs are strong and healthy. The yield of wool was good, and sheep men are holding for 10 cents per pound, but some lots have been sold for 9 cents.

Phil. Cox, the sheep king of Hay station, passed through Colfax today with 3,000 ewes and lambs, which he is taking to the St. Marie river. These sheep averaged eleven pounds of wool per head, and Mr. Cox sold his clip of 21,000 pounds for 9 cents per pound at Hay station. Mr. Cox says the sheep he had with him today are 2 and 3-year-old ewes, and have not yet got their growth. His flock increased about 110 per cent. His yearlings and other sheep are following, as it is not considered advisable to drive them in too large flocks while passing through the agricultural districts. The sheep industry is fast becoming one of the most important and profitable in Whitman county and is rapidly increasing.

Many good people prefer to take all the risks themselves rather than let the church catch any disease from the root of all evil.—Ram's Horn.

# MARKETS UNCHANGED

## Except for Two or Three Articles

## Sugar, Flour and Potatoes Lower Than Ever Known In Yukon History

While through navigation is now open and a number of steamers have already made round trips between Dawson and Whitehorse, the expected big arrivals of new stocks in the line of eatables have failed to materialize and it is reported that there is comparatively a small amount of stock en route. A few potatoes have arrived and are not much sought after at 7½ and 8 cents per pound. Eggs still hold up to \$25 per case and \$1 per dozen, retail.

Cream that was up to \$18 per case three weeks ago has sold during the past few days at \$8.50, less by a dollar or more than it costs to deliver it here. Oats are down to 57 per hundred.

Flour, the Ogilvie brand, is selling at \$2.75 per sack, the lowest price by 50 cents ever known in the Yukon.

Fresh fish which up to yesterday retailed at 50 cents per pound are selling today at 40 cents and will go still lower.

Almost outside prices rule the sugar market the price having dropped within the past week from seven pounds for a dollar to fifteen pounds for a dollar. This applies only to cubes.

General quotations are as follows:

STAPLES.

Flour	.....	\$ 2.75	\$ 3.50
Sugar, per 100	.....	7.00	10.00
Beans, per 100	.....	8.00	8.00
Beans, Lima	.....	10.00	10.00
Rolled Oats, per 100	.....	8.00	9.00

MEATS.

Beef, pound	.....	40	60
Veal, pound	.....	30	35@60
Pork, pound	.....	30	50@75
Ham, pound	.....	30@40	40
Bacon, fancy	.....	30	40
Caribou, pound	.....	35	30@50
Mutton, pound	.....	25	35@50

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.

Agens' butter, 60-lb.	.....	\$ 1.00/can	\$ 1.00/can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	.....	27.50	1.50/can
Coldbrook	.....	22.50	25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	.....	30.00	1.50/can
Eggs, fresh	.....	25.00	1.00/doz.

MILK AND CREAM.

Eagle, case	.....	\$10.00	11.00
Highland, case	.....	8.50	10.00
Carnation Cream	.....	8.50	10.00

CANNED GOODS.

Roast beef, doz	.....	3.00	3 for 1.00
Mutton	.....	3.50@4.50	2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	.....	12.00@15.00	1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	.....	4.00	2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case	.....	9.00@11.00	1 for .50
Sliced bacon	.....	3.00	4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	.....	7.00	1 for .75
Corned beef	.....	3.00	3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	.....	3.50	3 for 1.00
Salmon, case	.....	11.50	3 for 1.00
Clams, case	.....	11.50	3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	.....	5.50	3 for 1.00
Corn	.....	4.25	3 for 1.00
String beans	.....	6.50	2 for 1.00
Green peas	.....	6.50	2 for 1.00
Cabbage	.....	7.50	2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	.....	14.00	2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	.....	9.00	2 for 1.00

Choice California Mission Fruits ..... | 8.50@10.00 |  || Silver Seal | ..... | 11.50 | 3 for 1.25 |
Succotash	.....	7.00	3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes per tin	.....	8.00	
Beets	.....	9.00	2 for 1.00
Asparagus	.....	14.00	1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	.....	14.00	1 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz	.....	12.00	1 for 1.00

CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.

Poultry, pound	.....	37½	40
Broilers, pound	.....	50	60
Greyling, frozen	.....	40	40
Greyling, fresh	.....	75	75
Halibut	.....	30	35
Whitefish	.....	50	50
Pickrel	.....	40	50
Salmon	.....	20	25

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potatoes	.....	10	10
Onions	.....	75	35
Cabbage	.....	35	35
Turnips	.....	30	30
Lemons, case	.....	\$25.00	
Oranges, case	.....	25.00	
Rolled oats	.....	9	9
Oats	.....	8½	9
Hay	.....	4½	6
Soap	.....	12.50	
Tobacco, Star	.....	1.20	

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

# Dining Customs

A student of social customs has called attention recently to the fact that man eats today practically the same viands he did in ancient times. However far back we push our researches, the foundations of all dishes are the same—the same birds, the same meats, the same fish—though perhaps the list of the ancients' fish is somewhat more extensive. Modern man has forgotten the flavor of the porpoise or dogfish, and in the north, at all events, has earned to shudder at the suggestion of a dish of octopus. The meats, the courses, the principals and in some cases even the names remain the same.

In spite of Alexandre Dumas' assertion that mapkins were first used in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries they must have been of much more ancient origin, since the Roman cuisine necessitated their use much earlier. Giles Rose, master cook to

Charles II., gave methods for folding them in a variety of ways, but the general adoption of forks among the middle classes did away with the serviette to a great extent. At dessert when the cloth was removed, a bowl of water was presented to each guest, and this stood on a plate covered with a square cloth, our present doily.—Chicago News.

## Changes Announced

New York, May 26.—Directors of the National Railway Board, according to the statement of W. H. Raoul, president of that railroad, have made these changes: E. N. Brown, from third to second vice-president, in place of Gabriel Morton, resigned; J. M. Fraser, treasurer; Wm. Burckel, secretary. The offices of the first vice president and assistant treasurer in this city will be discontinued.

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