

A PHOTOGRAPHED DROWNING

Taken of a Man in Whitehorse by a Friend.

Who Forgets to Attempt a Rescue— But He Gets a Fine Series of Photos All the Same.

The Canadian Development Company came near losing their Whitehorse agent one day last week. Mr. Abrahams, the aforesaid agent, had resolved upon making a name for himself by shooting the rapids in a Peterborough canoe. To convince the sceptical ones and prove the deed of daring to have been really accomplished, Abrahams provided for a witness which could not lie and would be accepted as proof positive during all future generations, when his children and great grandchildren should refer to the remarkable physical courage of their explorer of an ancestor. The witness was to be a photograph. This required the enlistment of another person in the enterprise. Now, Tom Sammons is an enthusiastic amateur with a kodak, and was easily persuaded to plant his tripod on the bank to focus it on the boiling water and await the coming of the would-be famous local agent of the C. D. Co.

On the start all went merry as a marriage bell. Abrahams stepped into his canoe above Miles canyon, seated himself gracefully in the stern, lit a fragrant Canadian Development Havana, and with a few deft strokes forced himself into the middle of the stream. With a graceful wave of the hand to his friends he entered the canyon. Calmly and "magically" he passed between those walls of rock like a Viking born to rule the waves. Before a half an inch of his cigar was gone he had surmounted the difficulties of the Squaw rapids and was turning into Whitehorse. The men on the tramroad saw him and cheered; but if an extra paddle had been strapped to his back, Abrahams could not have sat up any more stiffly or looked more haughtily, indifferent to the plebeian approbation of the vulgar rabble than he did as he took the center of the turbulent stream and headed for the final plunge, which was to mark him a hero and send his picture, taken in the act, broadcast over the earth—perhaps to be reproduced in the Police Gazette or Frank Leslie's Popular Illustrated Weekly.

But pride goeth before a fall—or a ducking as it proved in this case. Enthusiastic Tom Sammons, with his head under the cloth and his eyes on the ground-glass of his patent get-at-able, extensible, reversible, adjustable glass plate or film camera, suddenly saw the proud connoisseur come within the focus of his machine Snap!! and the first picture was taken with the canoe on the crest of the wave. No time now for tripod or ground glass work. The kodak was hastily detached and held in the hands of the enthusiastic photographer. Snap!! And he had him with just his cap showing above the waves. Snap again; and the canoe was turning over in the air. Snap!! and the canoe, upside down, together with the paddle, were the only objects seen floating disconsolately on the water. The excited photographer had never before had such a glorious opportunity for the exercise of his art and with camera in both hands ran rapidly down to the water's edge. Just then a head and one arm appeared above the surf.

"Cheer up, old man," shouted Tom, "I've got you splendid." Then looking over his shoulder to a tramway man near on the bank above, but not for a minute losing his focus on his drowning friend, he shouted angrily, "Hurry up, mister or by Heavens he'll drown!"

Time after time the little instrument snapped, clicking off the records of the progress of the tragedy with the precision of a clock. "I've got you going down the second time!" shouted Tom, with intense enthusiasm. "I've got you hanging onto the paddle!" he screamed a minute later. Once more the happy man looked over his shoulder to urge the tramway man to hurry to the rescue with a fence rail or pole, while he himself waded along the water's edge ready to focus the hapless Abrahams the next time he appeared.

By heroic efforts the drowning man worked his way near enough to shore at last to reach the friendly pole held out to him, and was photographed, of course as he struggled to land, with every trace of dignity lost and face as blue as indigo.

Tom eagerly squeezed his hand as he shook off the water like a spaniel and assured him, "I've got you, old man, going down the first, second and last time, and Oh! they're beauties. I've

even got you in the act of swallowing your cigar.

Abrahams does not swear, as a rule, but he turned a cold, shivery, scornful eye upon the enthusiast sufficient to cool a furnace. Slowly and sententiously he remarked: "Tom, you're a born fool. I wish you and your blooming machine were where I've been. Why on earth didn't you try to do something for me yourself?"

Tom looked startled at the suggestion: "Why, I—I—I beg your pardon old man, but I forgot about everything but the pictures, by Jove. 'Fon my word I'd have helped if I had thought." And now they don't speak as they pass by.

A Novel Enterprise.

Mr. H. J. Brand the proprietor of the Club Baths, on Second avenue, has almost completed a new two-story building on Third avenue, near Third street, which he is fitting up for a modern bath house to be conducted on the methods in vogue in the great cities of the East. The building is a two-story structure, with a 30-foot frontage and 100 feet in depth. The front of the building is to be utilized for Turkish baths, which will be complete in every detail. In the rear will be found a splendid gymnasium 30x50 feet containing all the apparatus necessary for the purpose for which it was built. Mr. Brand is now accepting memberships for the club bath and gymnasium. The cost is \$15 per month, which entitles the member to the use of the gymnasium and four Turkish baths a month or eight plain baths, the latter being identical with the Turkish bath save that steam is not used. Also lessons in physical culture by Frank Allen, a capable demonstrator. It is Mr. Brand's intention to inaugurate a Turkish club once a week, where members can, during the progress of their bath, gather together and while away the time in social converse, partaking of light refreshments during the interim. There will also be a social room, containing all the magazines, periodicals, papers, etc. Mr. Brand has issued invitations to the best people in town to attend a social hop to be given on the opening night, Thursday, Oct. 12th, where, without doubt, the fortunate holders of invitations will enjoy themselves thoroughly. Mr. Brand has had 22 years experience in this profession, he formerly managing the celebrated sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan.

Missing Persons.

The N. W. M. P. are seeking information of the following named persons, concerning whom inquiries have been made by friends and relatives on the outside: John Edward Norris, from Los Angeles, Cal.; Louis Cohen, Berni Cohen and Peter Kelly, from San Francisco, Cal.; W. J. Burnett, from Denver, Colo.; Charles W. Wood, from Longmont, Colo.; Robert A. Hoover, from Fredonia, Pa.; William Hutton, from Chicago, Ill.; William A. Sutton, from Worcester, Mass.; A. H. Solleby, from Nogales, Ariz.; Robert Ward, from Harrisville, Mich.; William H. Guinty, from Portland, Or.; James F. Brace, from St. Louis, Mo.; D. D. McLellan, from Gem, Idaho; Carl or Charlie Frischke, from New York city; John J. Smith, from Galt, On.; Tom Chamen, from Cape Colony, Africa; James Pickup, from Manchester, Eng.; T. J. Hannon, C. J. Gibson, The United States consul, at Vancouver, writes concerning the whereabouts of Thomas R. Pickering, and J. H. Pickering, Ephram Kaiser, of Walkerton, Ont., desires information respecting his brother, but does not give the latter's name.

Estates of Deceased Persons.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, acting United States consul, is endeavoring to ascertain information concerning the mining property of Harry Davis, deceased, which is located on the American side. The Mr. Davis referred to is the unfortunate man, who, on August 12th last, shot and killed Maud Roselle and then committed suicide.

Friends and acquaintances of Oscar Jacobsen, deceased, who know anything relative to property owned by decedent, are requested to call at the United States consulate.

Mr. Adams is collecting evidence verifying the death of Donald S. McDonald. Mr. McDonald died at the Good Samaritan hospital, on July 10th, from the effects of a broken spine, which injury was sustained some five weeks previously in falling down a shaft on his claim on lower Dominion. The deceased was insured in the Manhattan Life of New York for \$1000; he left a wife and daughter, who reside at Portland, Oregon.

Change of Address.

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