

Cerrific Storm at Nome.

Nome, Sept. 14.—Last night at ten o'clock the big storm which periodically visits Nome about this date, suddenly swooped down from the northwest with a shriek and a howl, rattling windows, shaking houses, and in an inconceivably short space of time lashing the sea into fury. A gelling rain accompanied the wind, and the falling barometer made it evident that this storm would make up for all the omissions of the storming during the past part of the season.

It is just two years ago today since the big storm of 1900 that did so much damage. Many people remember the date, and in the beginning of this storm anticipated serious results. The weather wise natives encamped on the Sandspit hurriedly moved their effects yesterday.

This morning the sea was rolling over the Sandspit nearly at the foot of the Redding's lumber yard. The places where the Eskimos had been encamped were completely inundated, and Snake river had been forced up into River street.

The schooner Good Hope was wrecked in the storm this morning, and Captain D. B. Danieloff and John Slater were drowned. The schooner was anchored one half a mile off shore in front of the life saving station. Being without ballast, she was violently tossed by the heavy waves that the storm drove in with increasing fury, and at 5:30 she struck turtle.

Captain Danieloff and Mate Slater made shift to get onto the upturned wreck, which began to drift slowly before the southeasterly gale, being hampered by the dragging anchor. People followed the drifting boat up the beach, anxious and willing to render any aid within their power.

Captain Danieloff lashed himself to the schooner, but his companion held on until the boat got into the breakers near the shore about two miles off the beach, when he plunged into the seething surf and endeavored to swim ashore.

Friends of the man were on the storm swept beach when he made the desperate plunge, a line into the surf was quickly formed and a heroic effort was made to rescue him. But the sea was dangerous to the best swimmer, with the stoutest heart and in possession of all his faculties. A man who had been battling with the icy waves for two hours must have been numbed and half dead.

While the boat was drifting Slater was seen to frequently clap his hands to his sides, as though he were chilled to the marrow.

When he jumped into the sea the surf caught him and dragged him under the water, and by the time that he could be reached by willing hands he was drowned. Life was not entirely extinct, but he was so badly remonstrated.

Mr. C. D. Lane, who had been apprised of the situation, had hastily driven up the beach anxious to be of assistance. She took with her such necessities as could be quickly gathered. An attempt was made to give the man some whisky, but he could not swallow.

At this writing Captain Danieloff's body has not been recovered. It is believed to be on the vessel and the waves are breaking over him. An effort is being made to get a line to the vessel, in order to get the body, but there is no hope that it contains life.

KEPT IN CHAINS Boy Manages to Escape From School.

Seattle, Oct. 8.—Sobbing from pain and fright little Eddie Wochatz was taken to police headquarters in the patrol wagon yesterday afternoon from Schwabacher's dock and a heavy steel chain knocked from his ankles with a cold chisel. The boy was hospitalized at Maj. Cicero Newell's industrial school, located in North Seattle.

Chief of Police Sullivan and other members of the department are strong in condemnation of the treatment the lad was accorded at the institution and will draw the affair to the attention of the county commissioners.

This makes the third time the attention of the authorities has been drawn to the practice of placing boys in chains at Maj. Newell's school. Twice the county commissioners have condemned the alleged disciplinary method and ordered it stopped. Six weeks ago Humane Officer Ridgway preferred a formal complaint against the use of chains at the school and the matter was thoroughly investigated by the county commissioners.

Maj. Newell admitted chains had been used, but claimed the practice was not cruel and was necessitated by the circumstances. He was ordered to place chains on no more boys and the commissioners intimated plainly that if complaint against the institution was made a third time for the same reason they would do more than give Newell advice.

Yesterday afternoon a lady telephoned police headquarters and informed Capt. Laubscher that a little boy was in chains at Schwabacher's dock. Immediately afterward Corbett was sent after the boy. He was brought to the police station, where the chains were cut from his ankles by Corbett and Detective Kennedy by a cold chisel.

The little fellow's ankles bore the imprint of the fetters and were so sore that he flinched several times while the work of finding the latest arrivals.

"A better chance for what?" she asked shortly. "A better chance to marry a young and handsome man, whose gallantry to the sex is but one of his many noble qualities."

Ridley was quoting from his paper, though Miss Grant did not suspect it. "And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted Dot, sarcastically.

"It will not be long," continued Ridley, "until you will be out of the market, your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir!" "It won't be long till you will be on the shelf. You will grow old and gray, and—"

"Such rudeness to a lady is most atrocious," exclaimed Miss Grant, rising and flushing to her temples. "I'll give you a last chance, Dot. Will you marry me?"

"Not if you were Premier of England," interrupted Miss Grant, throwing down her work. "I am hardly accustomed to such insults, sir."

And with these words she passed into the house, slamming the door behind her. "By George, she is handsome when in a rage," thought Ridley to himself after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his newspaper. "I was a fool to tantalize her so. I shall never win her that way. But I'll have her," he said aloud, "as sure as my name is Ridley Walter Thorburn."

A different man was Thorburn of the present, pacing up and down the path leading to the little landing place, to that of a few moments ago receiving his refusal from the woman he loved. For he loved Dottie Grant with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he had suspected, was not so much with himself as with his limited bank account.

LOVE ON A LOG

The Canadian Indian summer had come. Torrance Grant's splendid northern home and garden looked their best. The Magnetawan with its wealth of logs flowed a few hundred yards from the door. A week of rain had swollen it to its highest mark and the rushing water could be plainly heard. A young man of perhaps 25, tanned by the northern climate, sat on the veranda, where he was joined by Torrance Grant's daughter, a splendid type of the athletic Canadian.

"Well, sir?" "Will you marry me?" "No, I won't!" "Very well, then, don't, that's all!"

Mr. Ridley Thorburn drew away his chair, and putting his feet on the rail, unfolded his newspaper. Miss Dot Grant went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be all he would say. She had felt his proposal coming for weeks, but the scene she had anticipated was not like this one. She had thought to refuse him, but it was to be accomplished gracefully.

"Where am I?" asked Dot, shivering and looking. "You are in the middle of the Magnetawan," replied Ridley Thorburn. "You are among the limbs of a pine tree, and you are on a voyage to Byng Inlet, and the Georgian Bay, just as fast as the river can carry you."

"How did you come here?" "Just the same way as yourself, Miss Grant. You, the tree and all, to say nothing of a portion of your father's lawn, which I'm afraid I've lost to him forever."

Dot was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident, but her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass. "How long were you there before this happened?" she asked.

"As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came." "You had no right to be there," she said, coloring. "A spy upon my movements."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You intruded upon my privacy, and while you were sleeping I watched over you like a sweet cherub aloft."

"Thank you for the service, so good of you," she replied shortly. "You snore so awfully—"

"Mr. Thorburn, remove your arm from my waist!" "Then, put your arms about my neck."

"I'll do no such thing, sir!" "Then you will fall into the river, that's all."

Dot was silent for several minutes, while the great tree rocked to and fro in its course, threatening every instant to turn completely over, and tip them off. At length he said: "What are we to do?"

"I think now that I am started, I will go on to Byng Inlet," Ridley replied. "To Byng Inlet?" exclaimed Dot. "It's a hundred miles."

"Yes, and the chance of a free passage such a long distance is an opportunity, not to be lost. You can go ashore if you wish it."

St. Paul Stock Issue.

New York, Oct. 7.—Roswell Miller, chairman of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, stated today that the proposed \$25,000,000 increase in stock had been authorized, but it has not yet been determined to what use the money shall be put. No details as to the terms under which this stock is to be issued are obtainable. The next regular meeting of the board takes place on October 23, but it is possible that a special meeting may be called before that date.

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