

LEGEND OF SABLE ISLAND.

Its Wreck-Strewn Shores Are Terrors to Navigators.

A Woman in White, a Bleeding Forefinger—The Ring Was Sold in Halifax.

Sable island belongs to Nova Scotia, is 145 miles from Halifax and 85 miles east of Cape Canso," writes Gustav Kobbe in *Ainslee's*. "It is a treeless, shrubless waste, seamed by wind and wave and of ever changing aspect. A cone shaped hill near the east end, once a mere undulation of sand, is now over 100 feet high and is still growing. Other hillocks are gradually being mowed away by storms. The hillocks are liable to be undermined so swiftly and swept out of existence that they are carefully watched from the various stations on the island, there being no certainty how far an inroad of the sea will extend after each successful attack. Even the coarse grass of the island grows in a different manner from that of the mainland. It does not bear seed, but shoots up from roots which run along under the sand. During the winter the sand is blown over the grass and buries it sometimes three or four feet deep, but the hardy blades grow up next season, as if the island sands had protected them from the cold of winter in order to make them all the stronger. The island itself is fighting for self preservation. It seems as if it drew ships into its fatal embrace as rallying points for its loose and shifting sand, thus to protect itself by a bulwark of wrecks against annihilation by the sea. Tradition says that when Sable island was discovered by Cabot in 1447 it was 80 miles long and 10 miles wide. In 1802, when a rescue station was established there, it was only 40 miles long. Since then it has shrunk to but little more than 20 miles in length, and in width it is only a mile at its widest. Within 28 years the western end lost seven miles. Shoals over which the ocean now surges are pointed out as former sites of lighthouses. One of these was so swiftly undermined by the sea that it had to be abandoned with the greatest precipitation. The spot where once stood the superintendent's house is now under two fathoms of water.

The island, rapidly diminishing at its western end, is slightly gaining at its eastern. Slowly, like a ship dragging its anchor, it is moving eastward. Will it ever reach the edge of the shoals, stand tottering on the brink of the abyss till it receives its coup de grace and plunge over the submarine bank forever into the depths? Unfortunately its end will probably be less dramatic. There is good ground for believing that this gray sand bar will slowly wear away until it becomes another submerged shoal added to an ambulance already some 60 miles in length, for a line of breakers extends 16 miles from one end of the island and 28 miles from the other.

In the space of a single year Sable island has med more than 200 lives. In fact, so many wrecks line the shoals of this ocean graveyard that the new pile up on the old, like bodies heaped in one ditch. The Crofton Hall, an iron sailing ship wrecked a few years ago on the northeast bar, broke in two about amidships. The pieces have drifted together again, and the islanders suppose that she struck crosswise upon an old submerged wreck and is settling over it, which accounts for the two parts coming together. Nor is the island satisfied with the awful tribute which it exacts from the living. The same informant who writes me about the Crofton Hall adds that the bark John McLeod which was wrecked off Devil's island at the entrance to Halifax harbor, drifted ashore on Sable island bottom up, a wreck of a wreck!

One of the grimmest legends of Sable island dates from the wreck of the *Amelia*, and there is enough evidence of truth connected with it to show what bloody deeds were added on that occasion to the terrors of shipwreck. Capt. Torrens, who commanded the gunboat which was dispatched to Sable island after the wreck of the *Amelia*, was one of the survivors of the second disaster. A passenger on the lost transport was Lady Copeland, on her way to join her husband. The captain of the gunboat had been told that she wore on her forefinger a ring of peculiar artifice.

The story has it, that Capt. Torrens, wandering over the island one night in search of possible survivors, was attracted by the piteous whining of his dog in front of a small, open shelter known

to have existed at that time, but long since toppled to pieces. Approaching the shelter, he was startled to see the figure of a woman all in white and holding toward him the bleeding stump of a forefinger. While he was gazing at the apparition it rose, silently glided past him and dived into the sea. But time and again thereafter the white woman with bleeding forefinger was seen wandering over the sand hills.

"It is probably only part of the weird legend that Capt. Torrens, feeling sure that a shocking crime had been committed, tracked the guilty pirate until he discovered his family on the coast of Labrador and learned that the ring had been sold in Halifax. It is a fact, however, that many years after the disaster Lady Copeland's ring was discovered in a jewelry store in Halifax and was returned to her family. From that hour her ghost has ceased to haunt the island."

Striking a Match.

The truth of the saying that little things may oftentimes play an important part to men's affairs when the men least expect it was illustrated one day recently.

"See that young man over there," remarked an insurance friend of his, pointing to one of his clerks working away industriously at a desk in another room. "Well, he got his place in my office through the striking of a match, although he doesn't know it."

"I was standing at the entrance of this building about a month ago waiting for a friend to come down the elevator, when that young man approached me with a letter of recommendation and an application for employment. I had made it known a few days before that I needed another clerk, and he had heard of it. However, I had almost made up my mind to take on a young man who had been to see me the day before and was about to tell the last applicant so, when he pulled a match from one of his pockets to light a cigar he had been smoking, but which had gone out."

"Sorry, sir," he said, balancing himself on one foot, while he lifted the other so as to admit of his striking the match on the heel of his shoe. "Sorry, for I would like very much to work for you, and I think I would have made you a good clerk."

"The match striking incident made me think so, too. Right at the young man's elbow was a great Italian marble column upon which were the marks showing where many matches had been struck by vandals too utterly indifferent to the rights of others to refrain from indelibly stamping their vandalism upon property to restore which would have cost hundreds of dollars. It would have been the most natural thing in the world for many a man to have scratched that match on the marble column, and the fact that this young man chose to use the heel of his shoe instead showed that he was thoughtful, and conscientious, two very excellent traits. I was so impressed that I told him to come and see me, and the result of the visit was his securing the position. And his month in my office has shown that I made no mistake in sizing him up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Unfortunate Initials.

Miss Nellie I Taylor and Paul D. Quiggs were engaged, and Nellie was out of town for a few days. They exchanged the following telegrams, and thoughtlessly signed them by their initials only:

"Dear Nellie: Come home to me."
"P. D. Q."
"Dear Paul: Am coming, my love."
"N. I. T."
—New York Journal.

A Young Swiftwater.

Word was brought to the city today that on Monday, the 23d, an heir was born to W. C. Gates (Swiftwater Bill) at his claim, 23 on Qu. z creek. The man who brought the news to town, in reply to the question as to the sex of the child, said:

"Everything is so swift out there they didn't stop to learn whether the child is a boy or girl."

A New Baby.

For the first time in his life James Moore, who resides in the northeast part of the city, experienced the sensation incident to being a papa yesterday evening, his wife having presented him with a Justy son. A careful canvass of the neighborhood resulted in bringing to light a pair of scales which indicated that the exact weight of the arrival who didn't come over the ice is just eight pounds. The mother and son are doing well, but the father's case is doubtful.

Notice.

The stockholders of the Yukon Telephone Syndicate are requested to meet at the office of N. A. Fuller May 1st, 1900, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and to transact any other business that may come before them.

Signed,
N. A. FULLER, Sec.

Same old price, 25 cents, for drinks at the Regina.

REPORTED NEW GOLD STRIKE

On One of the Tributaries of the Tanana River.

Reported by Miners Who Came to Circle City for Provisions—Said to Be Rich.

The United States mail from Nome, St. Michaels and all lower river points reached this city about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon en route to Skagway and the outside world. Mr. Del McCord, of the mail carrying company, accompanied the consignment from Eagle to this city, the party having made the trip from Fortymile yesterday, arriving, as before stated, shortly after the middle of the afternoon.

The mail came through as directly as it was possible for it to come, close connection having been made by the carriers at relay stations. While the carriers who arrived yesterday did not come from further down than Tanana, they obtained the news of the lower river from the other carriers, and they did not hear of disaster having overtaken anyone en route from Dawson to Nome. When told of the report taken to Victoria by an outgoing Nomad that 30 persons had perished on the river trail, the carriers pronounced it a base falsehood for which there was no possible ground.

From the recent arrivals it is learned that the river is very bad in several places, the "flats," as they are termed, in the neighborhood of Fort Yukon, and at various other places being open. At various points between here and Eagle the river is also open, and all along there is more or less water on the ice.

In conversation with a Nugget representative at the postoffice yesterday evening Mr. McCord spoke of a reported new strike on a stream which is tributary to the Tanana, the report having been brought to Circle by prospectors who had spent the winter back in the interior and who recently came out for supplies.

Mr. McCord did not care to enlarge on the subject of the new discovery as he is not at all desirous of being the medium by which any excitement might be created over a country which might, on investigation, not prove to be what it was previously reported. He admitted, however, that the few people remaining at Circle after the Nome exodus had become sufficiently excited over the reports brought in and the gold displayed by the prospectors as to cause the entire population to start for the scene of mineral wealth. The best portion of the report is that the district where the gold was found is very large and not hard to reach from the Yukon; and it is supposed that as a portion of the district is known to be rich that gold will be found to greater or less extent all over it.

Owing to the rapidly failing trail on the river, Mr. McCord does not think much more mail will be moved on the river until after the opening of navigation, and until which time he expects to remain in Dawson.

What to Bring.

During the past few weeks hundreds of letters have been received by residents of Dawson from parties on the outside, and these letters mostly contain something like this:

"I expect to go to Dawson when navigation opens, and desire you to write and tell me what to take along to sell that will enable me to clean up a few hundred dollars."

At the present time these are hard letters to answer without conveying to friends the impression that you are not anxious for them to come, as, if you tell the truth, there is practically nothing that they can be safely advised to bring with them that much profit could be realized on.

And if you write a friend to the effect that the best thing he can bring with him on coming to Dawson is plenty of money, he thinks you are making sport of him and he will get mad on the receipt of your letter.

On the other hand, it is risky to suggest any article or number of articles on which even small profits could be insured by the time navigation will have been opened a short time.

About the best thing to do under the circumstances now existing is to forget to answer the letter.

Developed mining property for sale. Its merits can be determined by personal investigation. N. A. Fuller, Grand Forks.

"Mainland" and "British Lion" cigars 25 cents. Rochester Bar, cor. Second ave. and Third st.

Chloride of lime. Pioneer drug store.

Boats For Sale. For boats of all descriptions—scows, river boats, poling boats, Peterboro canoes, call at Bartlett Brothers'.

Mrs. Dr. Slayton Will Tell Your Past, Present and Future. SEE HER Second Avenue, Cafe Royal Building.

N. A. C. & Co. Special Inducements For the Week Beginning Monday April 23rd. Ladies' Tailor-made Suits Black, Navy, Tan & Grey \$18, \$20, \$22 \$25, \$30 Ladies Tailor-made Jackets Black, Navy, Tan, Gray \$15, \$20, \$25 Ladies' Spring Capes Cloth, Silk and Velvet \$10, \$12 50, \$15, \$20 TRIMMED HATS \$5 \$6, \$7, \$8 SAILOR HATS \$1 50, \$2 00, 2 50

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