

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

In the Shape of a Man-Eating Shark He Escaped.

Thrilling Adventure Which Made a Boy's Hair Turn Gray and Caused Him to Quit Whaling.

"It was in 1875," said the old sea captain, "and I was an able seaman on the whaler Rivenok looking for blubber in the south Atlantic, with a seat in the second mate's whaleboat. We had the boats ready to lower and the mastheads manned for over three weeks before we sighted grease, and when the cry, 'There she blows!' rang out from the fore skysail yard the old man went wild with delight. 'Sperm-whale sure!' he bawled. 'Down on aloft, every one! Stand by to lower!' We got the boats off in good shape, and our boat took the lead, which we held till we came up with the whale. The boat header let go his harpoon, sending it out of sight into the side of the monster, which started off at a rate of speed that made the boat hum through the water. She kept this up for 20 minutes, and we soon lost sight of the Rivenok and the other boats. And then, as though tiring of pulling us along, she suddenly showed flukes and began to make for the bottom like a load of pig lead. The rope, one end of which was attached to the harpoon in the whale's back, ran out of the boat so fast that it looked like a thread of blue smoke.

"Cut that rope if it fouls," cried the man tossing me a hatchet, "and lose some time about it! If you don't, God help us! The beast is going to sound 100 fathoms, sure!"

"I had just leaned forward to pick up the implement when there was a sudden jerk, a crashing, whirling sound, and I knew that the rope had fouled. The next minute I felt myself drawn down through the ocean like a shot from a gun. I caught a brief glimpse of the longboat flashing through the water, a number of struggling forms, and then I began to come up. It seemed ages before I reached the surface and those blue skies never seemed so welcome before. Only one of my comrades succeeded in getting out of the boat, and he was floating about on a long plank which had been stored in the bottom of the boat for just such a purpose. I swam up and caught hold of the other end of it. Luckily the water was calm and the plank kept our heads well out of water. Not a sign of our ship or small boats did we see, however, and the thought came over me that we might just as well have been pulled to the bottom by the whale as to die by inches. The hours wore on, however, and we began to grow weak and it got to be a question of how much longer we could hold out.

"Just as we were about to despair of ever being rescued, my companion, Bill Boyce, gave a shout of joy and pointed out over the ocean towards a big steam frigate which was pointing in our direction. We were quite sure she saw us as we must have been plainly marked against the angry colors of the sunset. The vessel looked like a man-of-war, for her spars were clean cut and rakish and we caught the glint of polished brass work. The smoke was pouring out of her funnel and in a few minutes she was within a quarter of a mile of us. I remarked to Royce that we were very lucky, and receiving no reply I turned to look at him.

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before nor since. It was as white as a sheet, his eyes seemd to bulge out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets. He caught my look and in reply pointed off in the direction opposite to that from which the frigate was approaching. 'Sharks,' he whispered. 'They've been attracted by the whale's blood. It's all up now, for sure!'

"I saw but one shark. He was quite a distance off and was making for us in a leisurely way. The men on the warship saw it too and realized our danger. A single dull boom was heard, and a solid shot struck about 50 feet to one side of the man-eater, which paid no attention to the compliment, but continued to make for us with a slightly increased speed. Behind him, about 50 feet in the rear, was another shark. Both were quite near now. So was the warship.

"We could hear the crew manning the davits and falls; we could hear the splash as the small boat took to the water. Again the gun boomed from the warship, but this time the shot went clear over the shark and struck the wa-

ter a quarter of a mile beyond. Nearer and nearer came the first shark, and we now saw that the small boat could not reach us in time.

"The beast made straight for Royce, who screamed with terror. Over on his back turned the shark, with his cavernous mouth open and his long, cruel teeth reeking with froth. The boat was still 20 yards off. Royce in sheer terror let go his hold on the plank and tried to swim for it. The next instant the shark was upon him. I closed my eyes, heard a shriek from Royce, and when I looked the water was stained with blood, but Royce was gone. It was my turn now. The second shark was almost upon me, and I caught a glimpse of his little swinish eyes as he turned over on his back. The yards of the warship were thronged, and nothing could be heard but the splash of the approaching boat. I was paralyzed. I could not have left the plank to save my soul. Nearer came the shark, and again I shut my eyes. I could even hear the snuffing of the beast, and then came the clear, cool command: 'Steady, men! Aim! Fire!' A volley of musketry awoke the stillness, and then I lost consciousness. When I came to, I was on deck of the United States ship. The jackies in the rowboat had shot the shark when it was within three feet of me.

"Since then, gentlemen, I have never been in a whaler, and I bear an everlasting grudge against sharks, not only because of my close call, but because it made my hair turn as white as you now see it, which was not becoming to a boy of 25."

A Third Reader Story.

This is a story taken from the Third Reader. It may not be just like the conventional Third Reader stories. The only difference is that this is a probable tale, while the usual story in the schoolbooks is not like anything anybody heard before.

This story is about two boys. Third Reader stories are always about boys. In novels and in polite literature there are stories about girls, but in Third Readers they are about boys—generally about schoolboys. Third Reader boys always go to school.

These boys were named George Jones and Charles Barlow. If their names had been anything but Charles and George, they might have been just as good boys, but they would not have been suitable for Third Reader purposes.

George Jones was an idle boy. He would never study worth a cent in school. All day long he would sit in the schoolroom catching flies. It was winter, and there were no flies, but that cut no ice with George.

His teacher frequently told him if he didn't study more he would grow up without any education, and he would then become a lawyer or a journalist and bring shame upon his parents, although George was an orphan with only one pa and one ma. George would take his books home every night, but he never studied them. But at playing baseball and football and all kinds of athletics there wasn't a boy in school who could touch him.

Charles Barlow was another kind of boy. He was just as industrious as George was idle. Lots of days at recess, when the rest of the children went out to play "Blackman" and "Go, sheep, go," he would remain in the schoolroom and talk about the Copernician system and the nebular hypothesis and the transmigration of souls and many other things about which neither he nor the teacher knew anything.

Charles had a sallow complexion and no appetite. He had to be that way or it would spoil the story. He studied theorems, and George studied new rushes and curves and athletic slang.

Finally both entered college, and George had made such poor use of his time that he would not have passed if his uncle, who kept a grocery store, had not been a member of the board of directors.

After he had got into college he made so many blunders that the rest of the class all laughed at him. They could not help it. Charles stood at the head of his class. He won every prize that was offered as easily as George ate pie or threw curves.

But when George got into the ball nine the scholars in his class began to laugh out of the other side of their mouths. Their school won all the games, and their intellectual achievements "didn't do no good."

When graduation day came, Charles made a fine speech, but his parents and relatives were ashamed of him. He couldn't run half as fast as a horse, and his hair wasn't any longer than other people's. He had a high forehead, but his muscles were not knotty, like a carrot.

George won the prize for being the best all round athlete in school. He

didn't know an isosceles triangle from the specific gravity of a pot of hot mush. But he brought fame and renown to the college by being able to kick harder than one of Andy Hauenstein's big mules.

The last we heard of them George was a director in a college at \$500 a year. Charles was a preacher on a country circuit at \$600. He preached three times Sundays and had trouble with the choir. He had nine children and a fuss with the board of trustees. They didn't like a preacher who brought politics into the pulpit, nohow!

No Caucus Necessary.

A prominent Kansas politician who has been happily married for over a year sent the following unique proposal to the object of his adoration:

"My Dear Miss — I hereby announce myself as a candidate for your hand, and I shall use all fair and honorable means to secure the nomination. I know there are many candidates in the field, and I hesitated long before entering the race, but now I'm in it to stay. My views on love and matrimony have often been expressed in your hearing in an emphatic way. If you decide to confer upon me the honor I speak of, please fix a date for a caucus with your mother. I have no objection to her acting as temporary chairman provided it is clearly understood that I am to be chairman of the permanent organization. Should the result of the caucus prove satisfactory we can hold the primaries and select the date and place of convention. I never believed in campaigns, so if you decide to honor me I will ask you to make the convention date as early as possible. Devotedly yours,

The following telegram was sent in answer by the young lady:

"Caucus—unnecessary; nomination unanimous; come at once and fix the date of ratification."—Ex.

A Creek View.

Last Chance Sep 19, 1900.

Mr Editor Dawson

Dear Sir—I see on your paper you gone send one mans to parlomont on Ottawa an I want told all my friends for who to votet for Spose you told me in the paper what mans are gon to run theree I told to my firinds for who to vot. I like if you told in de paper if dere going be de tird mans in de fiel for I like to pass on Doson an make the speak ike I malke some time on Quebec.

Now I like you to pass this letter on your papr to let my friends no where am I stop at By gilaa mister I never see moare dam good creak like this alrady she have it very rich on the side hill just de same like the Banansa My Broder Felix he lave one good clame he take out one pan too one twenty-six peny wate on an twenty nine gravel think if he not be careful he gone be rich soon.

I receive it from my gurl to day one letter an paper. I gone send you one news from it Next time I gone to rite you long letter for your paper an told you bout my gurl to Quebeck Is on your paper dat Lord Pinto he pass on Doson Ise soory I not be dere too received him. Purty soon I think you see pass on las chance one large boom now if you pass this on your paper you do me one oblige. yours respitfully

JOE MOPHREAU.

Thieves on the River.

Some excitement was caused on board the steamer Eldorado while en route from Dawson to Whitehorse, last Wednesday night, by a report that a heavy robbery had been committed.

From passengers arriving in Skagway last night it was learned that a fireman on the boat, whose name could not be learned, missed a roll of bills amounting to \$250. All search for the money proved unavailing until the steamer reached Whitehorse, where, after a portion of the passengers, had been searched as they went ashore, the missing cash was found, having been hidden on a shelf in the boiler room. No arrests were made.

Another passenger missed about \$750 on the same trip, two days out of Dawson. It, also, was recovered.—Alaskan, Sept. 14.

He Got the Glad Hand.

Harry Hershberg is again in town shaking hands with his numerous friends. He has spent several months on the outside and returns with another invoice of goods for his store. Mr. Hershberg reports lively times on the outside with intense interest being taken by the people in the coming presidential election. The impression prevails that McKinley will be elected by an immense majority. The Democrats, however, are working tooth and nail to put Bryan in power and if defeated it will not be by reason of lack of effort on their part.

Seattle is crowded again, this time with returning voyagers from Nome, who, in many instances, have lost all

Special Values

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THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS.

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DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

He'll get through all right. He bought his outfit at

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FOR MEMBERS

A Gentleman's Resort,

Spacious and Elegant

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Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

their possessions in their mad rush to the north. "This town looks good to me," said Harry. "The buildings erected since I left here last summer is almost beyond belief. I am glad to get back and get down to business again."

J. E. Booge's Bereavement.

Yesterday J. E. Booge of the Yukon hotel, received a telegram freighted with sorrowful news from Chicago. The message told briefly of the death of his wife almost immediately upon the arrival in that city from Dawson. Mrs. Booge spent last winter and the greater part of the past summer with her husband here, where she made many friends and pleasant acquaintances. She left here but a short time since in company with her daughter, and the wire of this morning, bringing the news of her death is the first news received from her by her husband.

A Candidate From Pohick.

I'm feelin patriotic, an I want it understood that I am willin to be active to promote my country's good.

They say they want a president who never had a faint Of politics about him, who has wakened no complaint Because he 'sociated with a syndicate or trust An such wicked institutions of our social upper crust.

I talked to 'Mandy' 'bout it. She advised me fair an straight; So start your printin presses. I am now a candidate.

She took me fairly by surprise when, after I'd explained, She showed enthusiasm which could scarcely be restrained.

Says she: "If they are lookin with an ardor so intense For a man to run for office who has no experience, Who is innocent an guileless as a robin rapt in song

An is ready fur to buy the first gold brick that comes along, Why, git your speeches ready jes' as speedy as you can.

There ain't no doubt 'bout it. You're the long expected man."

Fling out your starry banners! Start your torch-lights on parade!

Fur 'Mandy says it's all O. K. You needn't be afraid.

There is eastern aspirations, there is booms out in the west, But I'm the only feller that kin truly meet the test.

Of course, I don't know what it is a president must do, But I'm willin fur to learn it, if it takes a week or two.

So gather round, good people—I'm a prize—an grab me quick!

You want to get a candidate from Pohick on the crick.

—Lewiston Journal.

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale.

Fine old Scotch at wholesale. The best quality. Northern Annex.

Fresh Vegetables and Meats.

N. P. Shaw & Co. have just received a fresh stock of choice vegetables of all kinds. Also a full line of fresh meats. Second ave., near Bank of B. N. A.

Seattle is crowded again, this time with returning voyagers from Nome, who, in many instances, have lost all

Hay and Feed

500 TONS.

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery. The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD,

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We Are Prepared to Make Winter Contracts for

COAL

And to insure your supply would advise that contracts be made early. Our COAL is giving the best of satisfaction, and will not cost as much as wood, having the advantage of being less bulky than wood—no sparks—reducing fire risks; no creosote to destroy stovepipe, and the fire risk you take in having defective flues caused by the creosote is great. Call and see us.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

ORR & TUKEY'S

STAGE

Daily Each Way

To Grand Forks

On and after MONDAY, September 18th, will leave at 2 p. m. instead of 3 p. m. On completion of Bonanza Road a double line of stages will be run, making two round trips daily.

FREIGHTING TO THE CREEKS.

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Str. Gold Star

CAPT. NIXON, Owner.

Leaves Yukon Dock, Making Regular Trips to Whitehorse.

A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Court-cous treatment.

Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

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