

The Sailor's Night Vision

One day 30 years ago it was reported to the Trinity board, which has charge of all the lights on the coast of Great Britain, that a smog had made in the English channel about nine miles due east of the Lizard. At the spot indicated there had been 30 fathoms of water ever since a British ship went to sea, and the board of course argued that there had been a mistake. It was a fishing craft which reported the shoal and found only 14 feet of water over it, and a craft was sent out at once to make an official investigation. What happened was this: It was a diver's wreck, and two or three old wrecks had drifted together and piled up on each other until a dangerous obstruction had been formed. It was as if a great rock had suddenly been heaved up from the bottom, and the board must guard against the danger without delay.

Thirty years ago the diver's dress was not what it is now, nor could men handle explosives under water as today. After two or three vain attempts to clear away the wrecks the work was left for a storm to accomplish, and meanwhile lightship No. 4 was moved around from the spot and anchored near the wreck. Captain Cox had been in command of No. 4 for two years, having three men under him, and no change was made in the crew. He was called a reliable, steady going man, and his men were steady, sensible fellows. The change was not one to rejoice in. No. 4 was a stout hulk of about 800 tons burden, with a comfortable berth for a crew, but out here the water was in constant motion, and the danger of collision at night or during a fog was something to harass the mind. It happened to be a fairish weather for the first three days, but on the fourth a gale sprang up, and the hulk was set bouncing in a terrible way. It wasn't that the sea was so heavy, but that the waves whirled around the old wrecks in such a way as to produce a cross sea and a terrific swell, and the groaning, straining hulk seemed to be bobbing about on a bed of yeast.

The watches were divided so that two men were on duty for four hours while the other two slept. That night was the captain's watch from 8 till midnight. There was but little to be done after the lights were discovered. A lookout was kept, and fires and rockets were at hand to warn vessels away and signal the hulk. The gale had piped up strong, and a drizzle of rain and a dark sea, and one could not have been comfortable off the cape in a gale. It had come 10 o'clock when a sudden hail reached the lightship. The captain was at his mate's forward, but he knew at once that the hail came from seaward. It was not so dark but that one could have seen a ship 300 feet away, even though she had no lights aboard.

As soon as port fire was ignited the sea lighted up for hundreds of feet around in a ghastly way, and both men looked for the craft they supposed to be near by. They looked in vain until the signal was nearly finished. Then a ship's yawl, drifting right up in the teeth of the gale, came into view. She was without mast or sail or oars, and the only light in her sat in the stern sheets, and her arms and legs were bound around with ropes. The man was hunched and dressed as a handsman, and as he drove past within 20 feet of the rail they had a look into his eyes, and the agony on his face made them shudder. They started to throw him a rope, but as he swung in the air they remembered that, being bound, he would make no use of it. The yawl then went straight to windward, and in a couple of minutes was out of sight, and the men found themselves all a-tremble. Captain Cox was full of indignation over the crime of sending a man adrift in that manner, and of pity for the victim when his mate touched him on the arm and shouted in his ear:

"If I was ashore, captain, all the money in England would not bribe me to set foot on this deck again."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I was called in reply. 'It's only a bit of shore villainy that we must report to the tender.'"

"It's nothing that's happened ashore, sir. Did you take notice when the craft was driving right in the teeth of the gale? It wasn't a man in that boat. She was going to windward with a ghost, and I'd give the bit I have in the bank if I'd not seen her."

The captain would have given the man a good dressing down for his silly notions only that the boat had actually been heading to windward in the teeth of a gale, which no ship could have made an inch of way

against. Being positive of this and not being able to explain it, he could say little or nothing. It was agreed between them, however, that nothing should be said to the other watch when it turned out, and they went on duty without knowing that anything out of the way had happened. While carrying the affair out with pretended indifference, Captain Cox was, as a matter of fact, pretty thoroughly upset over it, and on turning in he found that he could not go to sleep. He had been lying in his bunk and turning the matter over in his mind for an hour or so and the gale was still howling and the lightship bouncing about when he realized from the movements of the watch that they had been hailed. He was out of bed and on deck just as one of them had lighted a port fire, and you can judge of his feelings when he saw the former scene repeated. There were the yawl and the man, and the boat slowly forged past and disappeared to windward. Three pairs of eyes saw her this time, saw the bound victim and the terror and despair on his face, and it was absurd to think it a delusion. The lightship had been hailed, as before, and one of the watch had thrown a rope which landed fairly across the yawl.

There was no more sleep for any one aboard No. 4 that night, and next day when the gale broke and the tender came alongside, all demanded to be put ashore at once. The captain was as badly rattled as any of the others. They were grieved and ridiculed, of course, but they stood so firm that the tender brought off another crew, and they were relieved from duty. They were no sooner ashore than they got the bounce. Trinity board wanted no old women or children in its service. The story got into the papers, and the men were a laughing stock for a week. At the end of that time there was another gale, and the man and the boat appeared to the crew twice in the same night and drove them ashore, as they had the old.

A third crew went out, and for two weeks the weather was fine, and the board began to prepare to remove the wrecks. Some progress had been made when a three days' gale set in from the north, and there were more wrecks than had been known for ten years before. For two days the lightship hung to her anchors, though having a signal of distress out after the first day, but when the gale abated she had disappeared. She had been swept down channel and out to sea and a week later was passed bottom up more than 300 miles away. The same storm broke up and removed the wrecks, and there was no longer need of a light at the spot. Trinity board would have none of the men back, though there were eight of them to tell the same gawson story, but none of them repined overmuch. They had been driven ashore by a specter, but it had been a warning to save them from the fate that took the last quartet.

M. QUAD.

High Road to Happiness

In order to avoid certain misunderstandings which are due to intrude at this season of the year, it might be a wise plan for the fashionable bride to make an amendment to the usual marriage resolution and say:

"I promise to love and honor and cherish this man for three fourths of the year, but the summer is my own and while it lasts I shall be in heart and in plumage a butterfly with no mission in the world but to find the garden of roses."

Then when spring comes and the preparations begin, the clouds of billowy fabrics which are brought in to the house will not be so likely to darken the brow of the good man, even if he is obliged by business to stay in town during the blazing July and humid August while she dances and dreams by the sea.

From the accepted point of view, that a man cannot be left to himself for fear he will get into mischief, it seems a curious thing that at the very times when life runs at full tide, and Nature, always at heart a pagan, lays by her pretenses and packs up her creeds, homes and churches are alike locked up and abandoned.

I am not saying this is a bad thing for I believe the man who has to be watched to insure his correct and loyal conduct is a pretty poor sort of a man and not really worth bothering about, and no woman should feel herself responsible for his soul. It has been the fashion to lay the failures of men to women. But it is a cowardly charge and one seldom proved. There are a thousand things for us all to learn which will add to the happiness and well being of those we love. But it is not fair to the average man, who is the honest man,

to say that he must be amused and tricked into ways of respectability. If he lives up to the name of manhood he does not need to be propped up by favorable influences all the while. We can all be good if we have the chance, but if we want to tuck the plume of victory in our bonnet, it must be won against difficulties; it is cheap quality of virtue which falls without support.

A woman can remain at home during the summer for a dozen good reasons. And if she remains there are a dozen ways by which she can make home a summer paradise for her husband and her household. But let her not insult the man she has sworn to honor by saying that nothing would make her leave him to the allurements of the town.

It is astonishing how a mistaken sentiment makes husbands and wives "play possum" about the little matter of leaving each other. It is the sane and natural thing for people to desire changes in the order of their days. It is a dull prospect to face one another's face face for three meals a day, year in and year out, and to drag out the routine of domestic life without the ripples of new experiences. Love grows speechless and yawns prodigiously if he does not fly away.

A pretty woman of my acquaintance had a delightful experience last season. She had been married so long that her husband had quite forgotten the language of love, although no doubt it was as deep in his heart as it was on the day they had become one. But they had not been separated since that time and each was terribly weary of the other. She wanted to go away and he wanted her to go; but neither would admit this desire for fear of hurting the other. Finally she gathered her courage and said:

"Of course I hate the thought of leaving you, dear, but I do need a change."

"So do I," he began eagerly.

"But you will not have any, because you'll be right here."

"Yes, that's so. But that'll be a relief—I mean a change, you know—being alone. Of course, I'll be mightily lonesome." He sighed and she said contritely:

"Dear, I won't leave you."

"O yes. Go right along, don't mind me. Some of the fellows will come in and cheer me up a bit. You

can leave things ship shape for us, can't you?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll leave orders with the grocers to keep you supplied with fresh fruits and salads, and leave directions about the ice, and there will be lots of cigars and tobacco in every room."

He tried to conceal his joy and said:

"All right. I'll pull through I guess." Then being an actor man he sighed. But she made her preparations for his comfort and went with a clear conscience, and he danced solemnly in the middle of his drawing-room in the joy of being alone. That was all he wanted at first. But after that the fame of his salads and rarebits went out to other "deserted" husbands and bachelors by choice and he had all the jolly company he wished. There is really nothing a man likes so well as to cook when all things needful are ready at his hand. He did not look worn with his loneliness when he went down to see her, and he saw with surprised eyes how round and girlish was the cheek brushed by the straying tendrils of shining hair. He discovered that she was pretty; and that night, as they walked in the moonlight by the murmuring sea, he thought found words, and in the shadow of every rock and tree he bent to kiss her.

It was like winning her over again to him and she smiled at him as a girl to her lover.

"It was the absence which made him seem dearer to me," she explained. But he said:

"She was such a jolly little girl to leave things in such good shape for us at the house, I fell in love with her over again."—Ex.

Makes No Bequests

New York, July 2.—"Having during my life given largely of my means to deserving charities, I make no charitable bequests, leaving it to my children to make such gifts out of the estate which they receive under my will as they shall deem proper."

In this paragraph of his will, Leonard Lewisohn, the copper magnate of this city, who died in London on March 5 last, left it to the discretion of his nine children as to what sum should be set aside from his estate for charity.

Following the suggestion contained

in their father's will, the nine children have agreed, it is announced, to contribute \$100,000 each to charity as a memorial to their father, making a total of \$900,000 to be devoted to charitable purposes. The details of the distribution of this sum are now being considered. It is understood Mr. Lewisohn's estate is worth between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000.

\$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince.
F. J. HEMEN.
Klondike Nugget.

The Nugget's stock of job-printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Prominent Man Suicides

Chicago, July 2.—Siegmond Guthmann, vice president of the wholesale shoe firm of Guthmann, Carpenter & Telling, and a well known clubman, shot and killed himself at his home today. The other members of the firm could not explain the cause.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Alaska Flyers

...OPERATED BY THE...
Alaska Steamship Co.

DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days

SCHEDULE
DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, June 12th, 22nd, July 2nd, 12th, 22nd.
HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, June 17th, 27th, July 7th, 17th 27th.

Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. 605 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

FOR
Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport

OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Taylor Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street.

Japan American Line

Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points.

Steamer Every 2 Weeks

For Japan, China and All Asiatic Points.

Ticket Office - 612 First Avenue, Seattle

\$3.00 Will Do It!

Keep posted on local and foreign news. You can do this by subscribing for the

DAILY NUGGET

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for

\$3.00 Per Month!

Did It Catch Your Eye?



A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.

Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson.

How Are You Fixed

If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call, we can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book.

Remember, Rush Jobs Are a Delight
Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery