

young Cape Nome fellow had picked up so badly frozen, but he looked pretty healthy now and kept things lively wherever he appeared. He claimed that there was plenty of gold up to Cape Nome, while the young lame fellow said there was none. The latter told the truth—there was none.

The former man was evidently paid by the steamboat company to tell this story and he was telling it. I had no conversation with him for I did not believe in him. The fourth day from St. Michaels we came out of the fog and entered Dutch Harbor. Yes, this was the place where I had stopped on the Haydn Brown one year ago. It was not as lively now as then. There were no steamboats building now, and the place had the appearance of being very dull. We went into the wharf and began to take in coal. I did not land, for there was nothing there to interest me. We took in five hundred tons and left for Seattle.

We had four head of live beeves for the use of the passengers, and at intervals the butcher would bring out one of these steers and dress him for the table. We had boiled potatoes, fresh salmon, salt salmon and a dish they called Mulligan. I was under the care of the ship's surgeon and was getting along pretty well.

One fine morning as I was sitting on a coil of rope forward, smoking, Harry came up to me and asked—"Ain't you Capt. Winchester?" I said "Yes," and then it came to me who he was—the second cook on the Haydn Brown. He was grub staked by a man named Dixon, who was working in the interest of Humphrey at Gorofnin bay, near Cape Nome. He told me he left Dixon and started out for Cape Nome without any provisions and, with tears in his eyes, he said, "I know what it is to live on seal blubber, and would have frozen to death but for the timely arrival of a party of men that took me in and did for me. Now I am going home and hope never to go back to that God-forsaken place again."