



THE CAPTAINS DAUGHTER A STORY OF HALLOWEEN

CHAPTER I.

She was a bonnie lass, and many an admiring glance fell upon her as she stood on the Broadway that beautiful summer morning, with the sunlight falling around her and lighting up her golden hair. The scene was one of bustle and activity. Enormous vessels, almost countless in number, and from nearly every nation under the sun, were busy loading or unloading. The great quay was crowded with pleasure seekers going "down the water," and the Clyde steamers of the finest fleet in the world were pulling out from their docks thronged with Glasgow citizens bound for the many delightful resorts of which the Clyde alone can boast.

The subject of my sketch stood apart from the surging crowd, and was looking wistfully into the dark eyes of a young sailor who had just sprung ashore to bid her a last good-bye. The great ship in which he was about to sail lay tugging at her moorings. She was bound for Sydney, and the usual excitement at the going out of such a vessel prevailed. Young Colin Campbell was the quartermaster on the magnificent steamer. He was proud of his position, and would guard it with the utmost fidelity. How handsome and brave he looked as he stood beside the fair young girl, who had come to see him sail! His dark blue, neatly-fitting sailor suit set off the figure to advantage; the deep sailor collar rolled away from the bronzed neck, the dark curls clustered thickly round his shapely head, were rested the jaunty sailor cap, with the name of the vessel inscribed in gilt letters around the band. He was, indeed, the typical Scotch sailor in all the glory of young manhood. Janet loved him in her shy, self-contained, Scottish fashion, and Colin understood her. The look in her flower-like face and in her beautiful eyes, where the shadows were lurking at present, expressed what the red lips faintly would utter.

"Wish me God speed, Janet," said Colin as he took her white dimpled hands in his strong, warm grasp. "If we have fair weather and a prosperous voyage I will return by Halloween, and we will keep the happy time together."

"Ay, Colin," sobbed the girl, "but something tells me you will never come back; the voyage is long, and the sea is treacherous and deep, and I feel as if I would never look into your dear face again."

"Keep a brave heart, Janet," said Colin, "and never fear. God guides the mariner into ports of peace in times of danger, and when I am pacing the lonely deck with the stars for my companions my thoughts will be of you when the storm is at its height, and the waves lash about in their fury, and your presence will never forsake me."

"All hands on duty!" shouted the captain. A hurried kiss, a last good-bye, and he was gone. Janet stood alone, weeping silently. Sweethearts and wives are waving a tearful good-bye as the gallant ship is cleared from her moorings and swings slowly round, and is steaming majestically down the river. The loved ones on the shore gaze tearfully after the departing vessel, and at length sadly disperse to their homes to watch and pray for the ship's safe return.

CHAPTER II.

Donald Cameron was a retired sea captain who lived in a beautiful villa in Dumbarton, near the banks of the Clyde. For years he had followed the sea, and many an interesting yarn he could spin of shipwreck and adventure, and of the different countries he had seen. He had grown tired of "knocking about," as he termed it, and he believed in "reading his own toasts," let the wind blow high or low. Janet was his only child, and his idol. Her mother died when she was but a wee bit lassie, but kind Aunt Jean had taken the "motherless bairn" to her heart and had carefully watched her lovely charge; and now the three lived happily together in their beautiful villa overlooking the Clyde.

Captain Cameron could not have chosen a fairer spot for a residence. A few miles above the prosperous, energetic Glasgow, with its miles and miles of shipping from all over the world. The fine fleet of Clyde steamers daily went by, thronged with tourists in search of scenes of beauty and cooler air. All this Donald could see while he sat on the pebbly beach in the long, bright summer months, smoking his pipe and watching stately vessels to and from distant lands. His own town was full of his admirers and admirators. There stood the rock of Dumbarton, rugged and grand, upholding its formidable fortress. In the keep of the castle might have been seen the sword of the dauntless Wallace. This is where he struck the first blow for the injured, unhappy Scotland, and from the summit of this stupendous rock he found down the dragon of England and planted the lion of Scotland in its stead. Below is the peaceful valley, and a splendid panorama is here spread before you of beautiful, pastoral scenes, encircling hills dotted here and there with white villas and bountiful green woods, with misty mountains towers away in the background.

This is where Donald Cameron had chosen to live the remainder of his days with his lovely daughter Janet, the pride of Dumbarton. Janet was the village belle, and no one could compare with her in beauty and goodness. She was sought by many a brave lad, but could not remember the time when she did not love him, for they had grown up together. Poor Janet, she was doomed to disappointment, and grief. Halloween came, with its games and charms, and the merry children marching through the streets with their candles and caskets; but Colin did not come, nor could any time be learned of the vessel long past due.

Week after week rolled on, and all they found of the precious steamer for Sydney few ounces. Colin, unused to such hardships and pining for home and Janet, fell ill of a fever and for many weeks his life was despaired of. His friends nursed him well, but he could in such a rough place, and had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to health once more. He again resumed his duties at the mine, digging and panning in his search for gold. One day as he was working busily he saw a glint of gold in the sand, and he thought was a large stone and broke his pick; stooping down to investigate he saw something glitter. With his spade he dug around it, and there before him lay a great shining nugget of gold. But they rejoiced in the little bit that night! Their dreams were at last realized; their fortunes were made. As soon as they could they sold their claim at a splendid figure, and with their proceeds they disposed of it, divided the proceeds, and with joyful hearts sailed for home. And there he was, stalwart in form and bronzed in feature, but the same true-hearted lad. He had seen Janet go into the garden, and guessing what she was about to do, resolved to follow her. The Halloween ended happily for Janet after all, and a prayer of thankfulness arose in her heart to the One who had guided her loved one safely back to this quiet life on the land, but no tidings had ever been heard of Colin. Janet mourned for him in secret. The roses in her cheek had faded. Her step was less sprightly than of yore and her happy songs had ceased. Her father had asked in her young companions and a few of his own cronies for this night of all nights. He wanted to see his "lass," as he fondly called her happy; she was too young to give way to sorrow. And Janet tried her best to please him.

Fires were burning brightly in the grate and lights shone brilliantly from the windows. The great kitchen was the scene of merriment. In one end of the room a large table was set out with the glowing coals singing a merry tune. In the middle of the floor stood a large tub filled nearly to the brim with clear, cold water; beside it stood a hamper full of rosy-cheeked apples. Across the room a group of young men and maidens fair to see waiting their turn to duck for apples. On the white tables was the great bowl of the steaming toddy—no wonder the kettle sang! Curious food, fairs of nuts and a big "whang" cut from a big cheese graced the board, which, together with the toddy, helped constitute the good cheer. The merry-making now began in earnest. Aunt Jean brought out a bag full of nuts and a great scramble ensued to see who should burn their first. Their fates were soon decided by that charm, and then away they all scampered to try something else. Janet tried to enjoy the evening, but her loving thoughts of Colin would creep into her mind; if she only knew whether he were still in the land of the living or rolling at the bottom of the sea!

"Let us try some charms," said a young lad. "Come, Janet, and help us 'pu' the stocks." Out they go hand in hand, with eyes tightly closed, and slowly grope their way to the kailyard, pulling the first they come to. Some are tall, some short, some are sweet, some sour, some have lots of gold hanging to the roots—indicative of a large fortune. With shout and laughter they scampered back to the house to place their kailrags above the door. The searchers were all so excited that Jack, who was to be the glass to eat an apple, but hearing a gruesome noise somewhere, she starts back in fear. Let us sow the hempsed!" cried Willie. "Ye darters," said Jack, "the bag of hempsed is brought out, and each one takes a handful and with beating heart and shaking limbs goes to some lonely spot to sow it."

A little bit of the Scotch superstition clings to Janet. She had the hempsed in her mind and resolved to try it. She has no fear as she goes into the garden and takes the ground. She scatters the seed, and as it falls to the ground she repeats to herself: "Hempsed, I sow thee; hempsed, I sow thee; and him that is to be my true love, come after me and pu' thee." She looked over her left shoulder and saw some one at the end of the garden in the attitude of pulling hemps. Janet stood as if petrified for a moment, then uttered one long scream which brought the old folks running out of the house, to find Janet in the arms of a man.

"What's a' this?" "It's the dell!" exclaimed an old lady in tones of horror. "Gude preserve us; it's Colin Campbell or his ghost," said Aunt Janet. It was indeed Colin in the flesh, with the same joyous dancing in his "eye."

What a welcome he received. They dragged him into the cheerful kitchen, seated him by the fireside, where they gathered round him while he related to them the story of the adventure and dangers he encountered during the two years he had been away.

CHAPTER IV.

Colin had arrived in Sydney all safe. They had shipped their cargo, and were homeward bound, when nearing the Cape of Good Hope one of the stowaways of the ship suddenly burst upon them. Every man was called on deck, but before they had time to shorten sail the storm had reached the heart of the night. The captain shouted his commands, but not a word could be heard in the roar of the tempest. Darkness and terror reigned, a vivid flash of lightning would now and then leap forth from a volume of black cloud and light up the ghastly faces of the sailors in the shrouds. Buffeted and tossed about for hours the ship at last sprang a leak. The pumps being useless the lifeboats were lowered and passengers and crew jumped in and pushed away from the sinking vessel. It was well they did for in a few moments she whirled and sank before them.

After the storm had ceased Colin and some of the crew found themselves alone in a small boat without food or covering, drifting aimlessly about on a trackless sea. Tortured with the pangs of hunger, and no hope of rescue, death seemed to stare them in the face, when the third day a ship was sighted, which seemed to be bearing down on them. Nearer and nearer it came and soon they were hailed by friendly voices and taken on board, where they were soon made comfortable. The vessel was bound for Geelong and thither our hero had to go. The wind being against him it was many days before they arrived in port. Poor Colin! He was in a strange land without money, clothes or shelter. He had a party of young men going from Geelong to the gold diggings, who, after hearing his story, provided him with money and invited him to go with them and share their fortunes; so, purchasing a few necessary articles, he started at once with his newly-found friends for the region of gold.

After days of travel through the bush they reached the place in safety, staked out their claims and proceeded to business. They worked diligently from day to day, but fortune smiled seldom.

THE NEW ELDOURADO AND THE YUKON.

Geography, Climate and Resources of the New Famous Region of the Far North—Great Extent of Ground to Be Prospected.

Purchased from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000, Alaska was a portion of the United States for 30 years without attracting the attention, its resources and wealth merit. Everywhere apathy and ignorance prevailed in regard to this latest territorial acquisition. Suddenly this was changed. In a single day the eyes of the entire world were turned to Klondike, and there they remain fixed. On the 17th of last July the steamer Portland sailed into port with \$800,000 of gold on board, and to the ends of the earth was telegraphed the story of the rich placer diggings discovered along the Klondike and its tributaries. Then began that rush to the new mines which has filled the news columns of the press with its varied experiences for four months. Ten thousand men joined in it. Some are now at the mines; others are scattered all along the trails from the coast to the Klondike; still others are at Juneau, Dyea and Skagway, awaiting a more favorable time for the journey, while not a few have returned to civilization, satisfied with their experience or to make a fresh start under better circumstances. Great and exciting as was this first rush, it was but the advance ripple of the great wave of gold hunters that will roll in upon the Alaskan coast the coming spring. Probably not less than 50,000 men will start for the Yukon next year, and possibly four times this number may go. For this reason a clear and succinct description of Alaska and its resources, with a brief review of the progress of the discovery of interest even to those who have no intention of seeking the northern wilderness.

In the first place, it must be understood that the Yukon river flows partly through Canada, and partly through the United States, and that the Klondike region is on the Canadian side of the boundary line, though good placers, possibly as good as those of the Klondike, exist on the American side of the line. Beginning at the Arctic ocean, the boundary line runs due south along the 141st meridian as far as Mt. St. Elias, 10 marine leagues from the Pacific, whence it follows the coast line, preserving a distance of 10 miles from the coast, in a southeasterly direction to the latitude of 54 degrees and 40 minutes, which becomes the southern limit. All east of that line belongs to Canada, part being in the Northwest Territory, and part in the province of British Columbia, the dividing line running east and west across both lakes Bennett and Teslin. The present gold discoveries are all north of the British Columbia line, but some tell-tale signs are revealed in the future.

That portion west of the boundary line and belonging to the United States constitutes Alaska proper, and contains a total area of 617,703 square miles, of which 37,306 square miles consist of islands along the coast. It is only on these islands and a narrow strip of the adjacent mainland that settlements have been made and industries developed, except the gradual development of the Klondike and the Yukon. The towns of Alaska consist of but half a dozen of any prominence, besides the new places on the Yukon. They are Seward, the capital, Juneau, Wrangell, Metlakatla, Kodiak and Dutch Harbor. Sitka is on Baranof Island, off the southeast coast, and has a population of about 200. Juneau is on the mainland, about 10 miles further north. It is the chief commercial city, and during the winter its population exceeds 3,000. Metlakatla is a mission and trading point on the southern extremity, and Wrangell is a trading point on the Yukon, the mouth of the Klondike and reached by river steamers.

The Yukon gold fields extend for a thousand miles along the stream, with a width of 500 miles. In this vast area there are a number of smaller gold fields, offering ample room for the thousands of gold seekers to prospect for new diggings. The new discoveries reported this year are on Dominion creek and on the tributaries of the Stewart river on the Canadian side, near the Munnook and Birch creeks, and its tributaries on the Alaska side, near the mouth of the latter the new town of Rampart City having sprung up.

All of the thousands who go to Alaska next year will seek fortune on the Yukon. Some will go further north to the streams flowing into Kotzebue sound, where discoveries are reported. Others will go to Copper River, flowing south into Prince William Sound, and heading in the same region as the Munnook and Birch creeks, and still others will prospect along the streams flowing into Cook's inlet, where rich placers have been worked for several years, and the prospect of finding will be done as large as the rocky Pacific coast west of the Rocky mountains, and should many new discoveries be made a population of half a million people may be expected in a few years.

The coast mountains divide the climate of the region into two distinct classes. A branch of the warm Japan current skirts the coast, its influence modifying the climate of the islands and adjacent mainland. The average temperature for July at Sitka is but 55 degrees, while in mean winter 18,000 feet, and Wrangell, further to the north, said to be still higher. Down the canyons of these coast mountains many tremendous living glaciers flow steadily to the ocean, filling the bays and gulches, and creating floating islands. Beyond this coast range the mountains are lower, but almost continuous as far north as the Arctic, and as far east as the great plains of Mackenzie river region. Yet there are many fine mountain valleys, with occasional stretches of rolling table land, in summer time brilliant with a carpet of grass, mosses and flowers.

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The mean temperature of the interior during the summer months is 60 to 70 degrees, and during many very warm days. The Yukon region, being so far north, has the long summer days and long winter nights of that latitude, though, being south of the Arctic circle, it misses the continuous day and continuous night of the Arctic summer and winter. Aside from gold, the chief resources of Alaska are timber, fish and fur-bearing animals, including the famous fur seals which are giving the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan so much trouble. Salmon are plentiful in all the streams of the

islands and mainland, and millions are annually packed for market. Halibut and cod, herring and smelt, or salmon, abound and have become of great commercial importance. The seal and sea otter in the water, and the fox, bear, lynx, deer, moose, and caribou, contribute thousands of their skins annually to the world's fur supply. The fur trade is handled by the Alaska Commercial Company and the Northern Trading and Transportation Company, both of which have headquarters on St. Michaels Island, near the mouth of the Yukon, while the Hudson's Bay Company operates on the Canadian side of the line.

Coal and coal oil have both been discovered and may be of future value. The timber of the coast and islands grows very large, owing to the humid atmosphere. It is chiefly cedar, spruce, hemlock, cottonwood and willow. Several small mills have been taken in for cutting this timber. Agriculture is as yet an experiment, but little having been attempted. Conditions on the islands are favorable for grass and such vegetable crops as are suitable for stock. Even along the Yukon region summer vegetables may be grown and possibly wheat. A few years will show what can be done in agriculture and stock raising.

The great interest in Alaska at the present time centers in the Yukon placers on both sides of the boundary line. Prospecting on the Yukon began in 1881. In the fall of 1883 the first gold was brought to Juneau from the interior. The next year 300 men were at the mines, and the number of miners steadily increased each year. The first work was on Stewart river, then Big Salmon, both in Canada. In 1884 the Klondike placers were discovered in Canada, were discovered, and the next year the famous Franklin diggings, on the same stream. In 1892 the Miller diggings were found, also a tributary of Forty-Mile, and on the Canadian side of the line. The next year there was a large influx of miners, fully 300 working in the Forty-Mile district.

In 1893 the first important discoveries on the American side of the line were made at Birch creek, and the town of Circle City, in the region of houses, was started on the Yukon as a supply point. The next year over \$400,000 were taken out along Birch creek and Forty-Mile. In 1895 Elsie and the Klondike placers began to produce in the Birch creek district. The total output of that year exceeded \$700,000. In August, 1896, it was reported that Forty-Mile and Circle City that would richly placers had been discovered on the Klondike, a small tributary of the Yukon entering that river about 50 miles southeast of the international boundary and on Canadian territory. There was a great rush to the new diggings, the placer being nearly depleted. In a few days \$1,000 were taken out on Bonanza creek, a tributary of the Klondike. By January 1, 1897, 400 claims had been located on Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, and 200 on Hunker creek, and later many more on Bear, Gold Bottom and Top-Much-Gold creeks and their tributaries. Fully \$1,400,000 were taken from the Yukon placers in 1896.

Not so much the amount of gold brought out by the first steamer to Alaska, but the number of Americans that this was the result of but a little work in a few claims only, and that there would have been many times as much had the hundreds of other claims been worked last summer, as the gold, which caused the excitement. The method of working these mines is to sink a shaft into the frozen ground in winter, taking out the rich gravel near bed-rock and piling it up to be washed out when the water runs in summer time. For this reason the gold washed out last summer could not be sent away, and will not be brought down until next July, when it is expected that several millions of dollars worth will come out as the result of the first year's work along the Klondike. The commercial point for the Klondike district is the new town of Dawson City, situated on the Yukon just below the mouth of the Klondike and reached by river steamers.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

A Farmington, Me., man 92 years old took a 10 and 84 year old woman and the other day behind a horse 34 years old.

It is said that were it not for our atmosphere, the oceans would be boiling hot from the rays of the sun in the course of a year's time.

In a railway collision in North Carolina, a four-year-old child ran at an open window was thrown out of the window by the shock and escaped injury.

Experiments have proved that if fish get beyond a certain depth in the sea they die from the pressure of the water, which they are unable to support.

Ten judges of the English supreme court continue on the bench, though they are by law entitled to retire on a pension.

In a total population of a little over 8,000,000, Switzerland now has over 1,000,000 depositors in savings banks, with an average for each family of \$275 in cash deposits.

A whale recently captured in Arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon belonging to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.

The emblem of the French empire was a golden bee, chosen for the reason that more than 100 of these busy little creatures were found in the tomb of Childeric, king of the Franks, when it was opened in 1658.

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