TRIP TO CAPE NOME

FRED LOCKLEY REPORTS THE TRIP THROUGH BERING SEA.

Experience of Salem Gold Hunters in Running into Ice Fields—Rescuing Castaways.

IN THE ICE PACK, BEHRING Sea, about 175 miles from Nome, Wednesday, June 13.—Editor Statesman: Ere now you have doubtless received letters written from Dutch Harbor, descriptive of that point, and telling of the funeral of J M. Brown, one of the passengers aboard the Senator. It was a very impressive funeral service. A long procession of boats, headed by the launches and row boats of the gunboat Wheeling, headed up the harbor to Unalaska, where the burial took place. Eugene D. White had charge of the ceremonies on behalf of the Masons, under whose auspices it was conducted. Several hundred of the Masonic fraternity were in line, while it was estimated that several thousand witnessed the burial service. The body was deposited on the crest of the hill overlooking the peaceful waters of Dutch Harbor and the Behring Sea.

After the coal-heavers had finished their labor of coaling the ship, we weighed anchor and bade farewell to the Aleutian Isles. Leaving Priest Rock, which stands a lonely sentinel at the harbor's entrance, with the water laving and splashing at its feet, to its faithful but unrewarded vigil, we were soon out in the open sea. Music, cards, mock trials, reading, watching for a sail, the smoke of a steamer, seals, whales, or anything else of interest, is the way we pass the time away. One well known Salemite passes his time in a different way. He was issued a ticket to eat at table No. 1. He found one for table No. 6. He does not fail to use both tickets, and usually has six meals to his credit at the close of the day. How he can do it remains a standing marvel.

Services were conducted on Sunday morning by Rev. Lindsey, of the Baptist church, formerly of Salem, and in the evening by a Mormon elder. At the conclusion he offered the audience an opportunity to ask questions or make remarks. A bright young fellow who seemed conversant with the subject accepted the invitation and soon had the Mormon elder out-generaled, out-maneuvered and flying a signal of distress. The young man proved to be the correspondent and representative of the Salt Lake Tribune.

Monday night, after we had retired to our peaceful couches, which is synonymous with Kelly's sardine boxes, and after the plaintive and penetrating snore of some of the occupants of the bunks gave audible proof that they were reposing in the arms of Morpheus there came a sudden crash, followed by bumping, grinding and crashing. It brought the passengers up the hatchways in a hurry to find that in the heavy fog the vessel had run into a heavy field of ice at full speed. But the Nome City is a staunch little craft, though slow, and no damage was done except scratched timbers and loss of paint. We soon made our way through the pack into which our boat had bumped. We went at half speed during the night, encountering considerable ice, since which time we have not been out of sight of ice. It stretches mile on mile and is really a very beautiful sight. You see on the horizon a jagged, misshapen, irregular outline of snow whiteness, in the middle distance it resolves into individual blocks and masses, while beside the boat you see it rising from the water from a few inches to ten or twelve feet. At the water line the splashing of the waves and the melting action of the water hollows it out so you can see caves and grottos, from the roof of which hang long icicles. The ice assumes strange shapes. No very great stretch of the imagination is required to see fairy caves, castles with turrets and towers, and donjon-keep. They are on all sides of us in ever-shifting kaleidoscopic combinations. On one large cake that came by were two walruses, on another block was a mild-eyed fur seal which gazed wonderingly at us and then slid off into his native element. We are meeting many Nome-bound vessels. We counted eight in the ice today. We spoke the Valencia, and the sailing vessel Wanderer. The steamers were off toward the Siberian shore, trying to find a channel out, but the sailing vessels were lying "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," not a breath of wind stirring their sails. The Behring Sea, when in its peaceful mood, is as smooth and unruffled as the Willamette river.

It seems strange to go to bed by daylight. The other night someone said, we are having a pretty clear sunset. I looked at my watch, it was 12:30 by Salem time. I have not changed my watch since leaving Salem, or 9:30 by ship time, which, of course, is changed daily when the observations are taken. It does not really get dark at night at all, and at 2:30 or 3 in the morning it begins to get light again. You can read on deck at 12 o'clock at night. Jack, one of the steerage waiters, is crippled. He is "broke." He is working his way to Nome. The passengers made up a purse of $21.75 and gave it to him, and by the by, the committee selected me to make the presentation speech. It was a pleasant affair, especially so to Jack.

Speaking of the steerage waiters reminds me of what happened a night or so ago. Ben and I had just eaten a pie, which we had "rustled." (Details are often belittling to a story, so I will not further particularize as to how we acquired it). It was too early to go to bed, so I sat reading a volume of the Spectator of 1712. I was reading an essay by Addison. One of the steerage waiters passed by and said: "What are you up to?" I told him I had struck a Latin quotation which I was trying to translate. "Up against the real thing are you?" he said; "let me see it, possibly I can help you." Very incredulously I handed it to him. To my amazement, he read it at sight. I showed him another, and he translated it without hesitation. I said: "How do you do it?" He answered: "Oh, I'm a bit rusty on languages, but when I graduated from Princeton I read at sight without trouble." He is working his way north. This is his third year in Alaska. He lost nearly all he made by a long sickness in the hospital at Circle City.

It is a liberal education to talk with some of the passengers. You can learn at first hand from those perfectly familiar with them, of almost any civilized port and many a bit that is very uncivilized. You will hear an old miner talking familiarly with a sailor, of experiences in Melbourne; in a moment the talk switches to South Africa they are still at ease; then to Alaska, they know many mutual friends there, and so on until you begin to realize what wanderers and world-conquerors the Anglo-Saxon race is. In the evening a crowd of passengers will get together and swap yarns about the time they were cow-punchers in Montana, running a saloon in Idaho, prospecting in Colorado or New Mexico, or hunting big game and being hunted. Whenever you find yarns being swapped you will find me there with my ear propped forward listening.

Wednesday we found the pack-ice across our path; we anchored and soon a breeze sprang up and blew the ice aside, leaving a channel through which we made our way. The Rainier came up alongside and hailed us: "What is your reckoning; I haven't had a chance to take an observation for three or four days," the Rainiers captain shouted through his trumpet. Our captain told it him as nearly as he could approximate it. "What land do you make that?" he next asked, pointing to a scarcely discernible speck of blue on the horizon. "Cape Dyer, I think." Then after a little chat about what boats each ship had passed, depth of the water, condition of the ice pack, etc., the two captains decided it would be easier getting through the ice to "go around the end" for a few yards gain than "bucking the center," so around the end both ships went.

About 9:15 I turned in. My bed fellow, Gus Kaiser, was speculating about what our respective wives and families were doing, wondering whether Charley Murphy got in all right on June 4th, whether the Boers and English had had any decisive battles since we had heard three weeks ago, when suddenly Ben poked his nose down the hatchway, and shouted. "Roll out quick, Fred, we've sighted a wreck." In a moment the aisles were alive with half-dressed men grabbing their clothes and dressing as they ran. We were on deck in short order. The sun had not yet set, nor was there any fog. Far away we saw a little speck tossing upon the waters. With a glass it was made out a small boat with something in tow. After considerable speculation it finally approached and was found to be a small steam launch. She hailed the Rainier, who threw her a line. We went on at half speed. During the night we found very shallow water, the lead at one time showing only 19 feet. So we turned back and stood out to sea.

During the day (Wednesday) we witnessed a strange scene. A mile or more ahead, the blue green of the sea seemed to cease and the water become brownish yellow. Soon we came to the line of demarkation. The two waters did not merge or blend in the least. The blue sea water ran up to the yellow and the two kept as distinct as oil and water. The muddy yellow water was from the Yukon river. All day we traveled through the yellow brown water. One does not realize the vastness of the mighty Yukon, which is navigable for 3000 miles, till you see the whole sea for scores of miles discolored by its turbid waters, bearing upon their surface mile on mile of heavy, snow-covered ice.

Thursday, June 14th.—I was awakened by hearing someone say: "The boat was smashed and half full of water, but they took her aboard." I rolled out and putting on as small an amount of clothes as propriety and the state of the weather necessitated, I went on deck. They had just hoisted aboard a lead-colored dory, badly smashed and marred. She had six sacks of potatoes, an ax and a barrel aboard. Hardly had the excitement died down when the little 30-foot launch which had hailed the Rainier the evening before, came up alongside. She asked for fresh water and meat. Capt. McKenzie, of the barque Hunter, with four or five of the crew, were aboard. On top of her deck house were stacked flour, coal and canned goods. The captain came aboard and appealed for help in rescuing his crew and passengers, who were left with an allowance of two ship biscuits a day each, on the Alaskan shore at Cape Romanzof. The crew of the launch, while the two captains were consulting, told us they had started off with only a few ship biscuits. The first day out they came across the wreck of the schooner Eclipse, abandoned, fast on a reef about eight miles off shore. They boarded her and got coal (they had been burning wood to make steam), canned goods, flour, bacon and other provisions. They did not know the fate of the crew of the Eclipse. They also reported the large steamer Tacoma fast aground. They had been throwing coal and freight overboard for two days when sighted. She finally got off after throwing three or four hundred tons overboard. The launch had appealed to the Rainier and the Signal, but unsuccessfully. Our captain took the launch in tow and started back for Cape Romanzof, ninety miles distant, the scene of the wreck.

About 9:30 we hailed the Valencia, bound northward toward Nome. We were going south with the steam launch in tow astern. The commanding officer of the Valencia asked us why we were headed south. Our captain told him, to rescue the passengers of the Hunter, who were ashore at Cape Romanzof. The ships were getting out of hailing distance, so the Valencia's captain said: "Lay to, I'll come alongside." When they had turned around and come alongside, our captain told him the ice formed a solid barrier across our path northward, and that he didn't think it would break up for two or three days. "Don't you want to go with me and get the people who are wrecked?" our captain asked. "Yes, lead away, I'll follow," was the prompt respohse. The sides of both ships were lined with passengers. At the captain's reply a cheer arose on both vessels that nearly lifted the hurricane deck. We started our engines and the Valencia fell behind to accompany us on our errand of mercy and humanity.

We traveled all day and at 6 o'clock p. m. both boats anchored, deeming it unsafe to approach nearer to shore. The wreck of the Eclipse was in sight. A few miles off the cape, hard and fast on the reef, was the wreck of the Hunter. We lowered our largest lifeboat and the steam launch cast loose and took her in tow. They did not return till 2 a. m. this (Friday) morning. The Valencia took twenty-six of them and we took twenty-two, eight of whom were the crew of the Eclipse, who had joined the party from the Hunter on shore. I have talked with a great many of the crew and passengers, and the account below I believe to be substantially correct:

The Eclipse, which is an old tub built in 1853, with a crew of eight men, left Seattle April 29th, for Nome, with a cargo of lumber, liquor and general merchandise. Her loss is attributed to her rotten condition and to the ice. When the crew came aboard they were loaded internally, externally and infernally with liquor. She struck ice on the fourth day of June, and was stove in. She settled and would not obey her rudder. On the sixth day of June she drifted on the reef and the crew abandoned her. They stayed on a sand spit the first night, nearly frozen by the cold and a snow storm which came up during the night. The next day they secured abundant provisions, wet and dry, especially the former. The Hunter started May 5th, from Seattle, with about a $40,000 cargo of general merchandise. She is an old whaler, built of oak, staunch and solid. Her owners were aboard. Being delayed by ice, they decided to do some prospecting on Cape Romanzof. They lost their boat and were absent several days. The captain of the Hunter stood in shore. He had already given the vessel some pretty rough treatment in the ice, but not damaging her materially. They struck a reef of sand several miles from shore. They were soon off, but a strong landward breeze drove them onto another reef. The vessel pounded for hours before breaking up. They took to the small boats and got ashore with scanty provisions. This occurred June 8th. After the launch had set out in search of help, the sea moderated so they were able to go out to the Hunter and secure abundant supplies, tents, canvas, ropes, and their personal baggage. The Indians, of whom there was a considerable number, their camp being on Coon river, visited them, bringing goose and duck eggs by the basketful; also herring, salmon, wild geese, ducks and grouse. They offered liquor to the Indians in exchange, but much to their surprise, the Indians would have none of it. Tobacco and sugar they eagerly accepted—a basket of goose eggs being given in exchange for one chew. The Indians are dressed in furs and skins. They put out in their boats to the two wrecks and secured canned goods, hams, bacon and other stores, and, to the disgust of the sailors, threw barrels of whisky and cases of port wine overboard. The crew of the Eclipse saved some port wine and brandy, which they brought on board with their blankets. Their generosity with liquid refreshments soon demoralized several of the Nome's employes, so the captain of the boat confiscated some of it and consigned it to the denizens of the briny deep. One of the passengers of the Hunter who, with a partner had $2400 worth of freight on board the Hunter, says, if the liquor had been thrown overboard before they reached the Behring Sea, the wreck would never have occurred. We hailed the Charles Nelson this afternoon, who reported the ice barrier, about 63 degrees, 15 minutes, as unbreakable, and also reports a large steamer (Rosencranz) aground and jettisoning her cargo. We are now at anchor waiting for ice movement in hopes a channel will be formed by the wind.

I am writing this letter under difficulties. A stowaway who has been pressed into service as a stoker is telling me of his service in the "beautiful Isle of Luzon"; also in the Zulu war and on Her Majesty's troop-ship "Powerful." He has been everywhere, can talk many languages, but as he is very drunk, his talk is somewhat incoherent and rather distracting, so I will let the end of this page be the end of this letter.

Later.—Picture to yourself a room, gloomy at its best dismal at its worst; a row of portholes admitting a scanty supply of light; down the length of the room runs a rough pine table, flanked on each side by low benches, on which the waiters are placing granite iron plates and cups, knives, forks and spoons, and foodstuffs. The table will seat thirty-six, and there are 204 to be fed; at each end of the table a pushing group of men is waiting the signal for the onslaught. Steward Kelly takes his bell. There is a rush from each end of the table, men come crawling out of the bunks which line the table on both sides, and the endrushers find themselves outwitted and out-maneuvered. The querulous tones of Kelly, the steerage steward, break in upon the harmony of the occasion after this fashion: "Get up from that table, you blankety blank wild animals. You don't get your swill till this bell rings, blankety blank, blank you." Then from the table comes a chorus of "——; ——; ——; ——!" which marks stand for curses loud and deep. They get up and Kelly rings the bell. A sound of shuffling feet and clatter of dishware, like the pounding on the rocks of a vessel loaded with tinware, a disappointed mob surging back to await the next table, and the meal is in full swing.

"Pass the sole leather." "Where's them spuds?" Send up the Milligan," and above the din rises the plaintive tone of one of the waiters: "Gangway there; coffee b'yes. Here's your coffee, b'yes." "Why in blankety blank can't them beans come this way?" "Here's the dish, but the beans are gone." The disappointed seeker for beans surveys the table, spies a man with his plate heaped high with enough beans for several men, and pointing to the offender, says: "Looke there, boys; get on to that plate of beans." The guilty wretch with the heaping plate of beans tries to appease him by telling him they are very poor. "Listen to him, boys; he says they are poor. He takes the whole quantity and now he is kicking at the quality." "Well," apologizes the bean fiend, "I haven't had any for a week." "A week, is it," says a son of Erin, at the end of the table, "I'm thinking by the looks of your platter you won't need any for a month." A laugh comes up from the table.

"Look out for the coffee, boys," some one cautions, "it's that bitter it will take the skin off the inside of your hind legs."

The food supplies start toward the center from each end of the table, but they frequently run out before arriving at the center of the table. An old miner from Cripple Creek remarks mournfully: "No use prospecting here. The ledge runs across each end of the table, but it peters out before getting this far." "Don't take it too hard, maybe we'll have pie for dinner,' says someone. "Pie," grumbles Cripple Creek, "pie, your foot. The pay streak don't pay to work and the hanging wall has caved in; don't try to work off any worked over tailings from the first cabin as pie to us. It might go as relics, or curios, but not pie."

We have but one plate and no saucer so soup, steak, beans and pudding have to struggle for supremacy in the one receptacle. Sometimes the worm turns. I sat in the aisle and the impetuous Kelly pranced on my foot. I turned to him for an apology, when to my surprise he said: "Blank you, you want to keep your blank foot out of my blank way after this."

He spilt a ladle of apple sauce over my shoulder and because I remonstrated, he declared I was a natural born kicker and there was no satisfying me. Not being an adept in profanity nor a convert to its merits, I was shocked speechless. Kelly came by dishing out what was represented as pudding, but what the boys, after much argument, decided was a cross between sea biscuit and a tub of bill-stickers paste. He has seen twenty-two years' service as a steward or steward's flunkey, and though his tongue has gained by his long apprenticeship, his eyes are not what they used to be, so he plumped a ladle of pudding into a man's plate. Unfortunately, the man had just taken a generous serving of soup, and the combination was enough to stagger the most rugged appetite. The man got angry and said: "Do you think you are running a hog ranch, and you have to throw our grub on our plates?"

Kelly's disfigured countenance paled at such mutiny and he "lit in" on the man. After they had made the atmosphere blue the matter was compromised by the obnoxious mixture being removed. "You've had your puddin', and no more you'll get out of me. It's your own lookout if you want to throw it away, and you can go without for your blankety blank squeamishness," announced Mister Kelly, and he retired to the kitchen with a victorious strut.

This sounds like a take-off, but it does not begin to do justice to the real facts. Ben tells me to "give 'em hell, though it's twice as bad as that," but the utter absurdity and uniqueness of the thing is more or less amusng, and I am enjoying the experience.

Sunday, June 17.—We sighted Nome at 6 p. m. today in a snow storm.

FRED LOCKLEY JR.

LULLABY OF THE NORTH LAND.

Thy father has gone to the far North-land,
He's digging for gold in the ruby sand.
With rocker or pan, by the Bering Sea,
He's working, dear one, for you and for me.

CHORUS

Bye low, O bye low! He'll come o'er the sea,
With nuggets of gold for baby and me.
Bye low, O bye low! He's thinking of thee
By the ice-bound shores of the Northern sea.

In that far-off land of the mid-night sun,
From tundra and beach, vast fortunes are won.
But dearer art thou, than all of Nome's gold;
More precious, by far, than riches untold.

CHORUS

Bye low, O bye low! He'll come o'er the sea,
With nuggets of gold for baby and me.
Bye low, O bye low! He's thinking of thee
By the ice-bound shores of the Arctic sea.

God speed the day when no more he will roam.
Ye winds and ye waves! Oh, bear him safe home.
Then in his strong arms he'll take you and me
Happy, Oh, happy that meeting will be!

CHORUS

Bye low, O bye low! He'll come o'er the sea,
With nuggets of gold for baby and me.
By low, O bye low! How glad we will be
When father comes home to baby and me.

FRED LOCKLEY, Jr.

At Sea on Board the Nome City June 1, 1900.

TRAINED LIKE FIGHTERS

Boxers Meet in Secret to Toughen Their Skin Against Sword and Bullet.

The Rev. W. H. Sears, of Thomas Hill, Randolph county, is one of the prominent missionaries who have just been in attendance at the meeting of the Baptist Young People's union of Missouri, at Macon. For the past nine years Mr. and Mrs. Sears have been residents of China, says a correspondent of the Chicago Record. Mr. Sears was sent over by the Southern Baptist convention headquarters at Richmond, Va., and is supported by the First Baptist church, of Augusta, Ga. He was located at Ping Tu, a town of about 40,000, a couple of hundred miles south of Tien Tsin. A telegraph line runs from Sha Ho, by way of Ping Tu (level country), but the citizens of the latter place have no connection with it.

During his residence in China Mr. Sears was successful in establishing four churches, with a native membership of 226. When he left there, two months ago, the Boxers were beginning to show their teeth, having slain a missionary just west of Mr. Sears' charge in a peculiar atrocious manner. The missionary was riding along to his church one morning when he was ambushed by a gang of outlaws, a spear run through him from behind and he fell from his horse to the ground, where his pockets were rifled and his clothing stripped from his body. The missiopary was not killed outright, but died soon after he was discovered. No attempt was made to hunt down the outlaws. The Boxer movement originated in the territory assigned to Mr. Sears as his missionary field.

"There are three branches of Boxers in China," said Mr. Sears to a Record representative today. "The first class, which was the more numerous in our section, was of a nondescript variety, inspired purely by motives of plunder. There had been a great famine the year preceding and this furnished a sort of excuse for outlawry. The second branch is composed of soldiers who, having been discharged without pay, turned freebooters. The imperial troops would be unwilling to fire on this second class because of former ties of comradeship. The third branch of Boxers claimed that they had been the victims of law suits brought against them by a certain sect of foreigners who had strongly intrenched themselves in the country. All three classes unite in asserting that they are inspired by patriotic motives in their desire to wreak vengeance on the hapless foreigners, and all of them represent the worst that is in China. There is not one redeeming trait among the Boxers. They are not even brave.

"There is no doubt the empress dowager encourages them, or winks at their excesses. I have talked with many in high official station, generals and the like, and they do not hesitate to express this belief. The government of Peking is rotten to the core. It is administered by officials who have held their public position solely as means to enrich themselves. The Boxers are just following the example set, and add to their natural propensity to steal the crime of murder when an opportunity occurs to commit it without taking chances.

"The term 'Boxers' is used because the marauders go through a daily training similar to that employed by the average prize fighter. They meet in secret places and pretend to render their skin tough and impervious to bullets and sword thrusts by beating themselves in the head, breast and legs with all their force. The ignorant natives believe it would be a waste of ammunition to shoot at them, and they live in mortal terror of the fanatics.

"As to the charge that the Chinese army shares the Boxers' antipathy to foreigners I will say that I was well acquainted with General Sen Wan Lin when he was quartered with his 12,000 soldiers in our district, and I was never treated better in my life by any one. When the soldiers were drilling the general would send for my wife and me, provide us with camp stools and arrange a good position for us to see. They showed us their respect in every way imaginable, and yet they knew we were Christians and struggling with all our might to convert their brethren. During all the time the Chinese troops were stationed at Ping Tu they never indulged in target practice but once and their shooting was very indifferent. I was told that ammunition was very expensive and the soldiers had orders not to use it unless there was something to shoot at. Every soldier carries an umbrella and a fan, and between drills he uses the latter vigorously.

"As a curious illustration of their lack of discipline and soldierly qualities, when my wife and I first rode out on our bicycles where the troops were maneuvering, several of them dropped their old antiquated muskets, left the ranks and ran towards us like children delighted over a new toy. They clapped their hands, laughed and cackeled like so many geese, the officers joining in the movement with the same interest. It was very pleasant to us, of course, but one could hardly help thinking what poor material such soldiers would be—and they were a fairly representative lot of the imperial troops—to meet an enemy that meant business.

"My opinion is that the Boxer uprising is not near so dangerous as the correspondents would have us believe. That is, it will not be important if a slight show of force is made by the powers. Why an ordinary troop of American cavalry could easily put to flight an army such as the Boxers could raise. After two or three of them had fallen and the people found out they were not bullet proof all fear of them would vanish and none would be so poor as to do them reverence. "The revolt is something without head or front. It is simply an outcropping of unorganized discontent occasioned by famine and misrule. What China needs today is the iron hand of authority, a cleaning out of incompetent officials, aid in the famine-stricken districts and employment for the idle. There are good people there, but they need a head, a wise, loyal ruler who is inspired by a sincere desire to elevate his people."

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

What are parents and teachers thinking about the disclosures lately made by President Thwing of the Western Reserve university at Cleveland, about the defects of the rising generation in knowledge of the Bible? Dr. Thwing writes a great deal about college men and college women and what they know and what they ought to know, and he takes pains to make his statements accurate, says E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly. He suspected that they did not know as much about the Bible as they should; and to find out how defective their knowledge was, he made an examination paper with 22 simple Bible allusions from the poems of Tennyson, which he submitted to the freshman class of his own college and afterwards to the freshman class of a woman's college in the east. The allusions were to things very familiar, such as the manna in the wilderness, the striking of the rock, the branding of Cain, Jeptha's father, Jacob's struggles with the angel, the miracle of Cana, the crown of thorns, and the angel at the tomb. Yet not half the answers were right. Forty out of 85 persons examined knew nothing of the story of Esau or that of Ruth, and 60 had never heard of "Joshua's moon in Ajalon."

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

FRANK KAISER DEAD

HE EXPIRED THE DAY AFTET REACHING NOME CITY.

Buried on a Hill overlooking Behring Sea in Sight of Sixty Vessels Moored There.

(From Daily Statesman, July 5)

Mrs. M. J. Kaiser, of Salem, was yesterday in receipt of a letter from her son, John Kaiser, writing from Nome City under date of June 23d, conveying the sad news of the death of Frank S. Kaiser, another son. Following are some extracts from the letter:

"Frank was sick all the way from Portland. He was not strong enough to live. He lived only one day after we landed here. We had all the medical skill in attendance on him that could be had anywhere. There were two doctors aboard ship, and we had them all the way, and when we brought him ashore we got another doctor, Dr. Derbyshire, and he was a good physician, well recommended by lots of the boys we knew, so you see we did all we could, and we nursed him ourselves, and "Gus" is just as good a nurse as there is on earth, and he did his very best; besides we had a lady nurse who has had years of experience, and she did everything she could, but he could not be saved. All the Salem boys and everybody else that could do anything to benefit him did their best.

"But now it is all over. We buried him up on the hill overlooking Behring Sea, where there are at least sixty ships moored. I would like to have got a picture of the place, for it was pretty. But no one knows how I felt to leave him there."

"Walter and Rosa have done all they could. The reason we did not write to you about him being sick, we thought there was a show for him to get well, and did not want to worry you and Mabel and the rest of the folks.

"We sat up nights and slept whenever we could get a chance, and that has not been very often."

Walter and Rosa, referred to in the letter, are Walter Kaiser, another brother, and his wife, who arrived in Nome City a few days before the others, having gone on another vessel.

Frank S. Kaiser, who rests in his grave in the Far North, overlooking the frozen sea, was aged 43 years. His home was four miles below Salem, where he had a farm and hop yard. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss. The widow and fatherless children were at the residence of Mrs. Thos. Hubbard in this city last evening, as was also the mother, mingling their tears of sorrow over the news that came so suddenly. Mrs. Hubbard is a sister of the deceased. He went to the Far Northern Eldorado on the steamer Nome City.

Mr. Kaiser says in his letter to his mother that the beach is all worked for miles, and a good many of the people who went there have gone home "broke." But he says they got all their stuff ashore, and intend to stay until the end of the season. He reports all well, and the weather fine.

WILHELMINA'S MINIATURE FARM.

Queen Wilhelmina's of Holland has a miniature farm, the produce of which goes to the poor or the hospitals. Her Swiss chalet is stocked with the toys of her childhood, and here she has learned to "keep house" in the most approved Dutch style.

"Mr. Blinks, your silly puns are unbearable; you are hereby and forthwith discharged, fired, whatever you like."

"But I thought," said the humble clerk, "that this was a fireproof building?"

"You shall have proof that you are fired," said the beetle browed employer, as he reached for an ax in the glass case labeled, "To be used only in case of fire."—Kansas City Star.

Office and the Man.—"In England they say a man 'stands' for office. In this country we say a man 'runs' for office. Why is this?" "Well, the principal reason is that if a man 'stood' for office over here he'd never get one."—Chicago Herald.

Sunny Slope—So you wuz in de reg'lar army fer three years? How did yer like it? Northern Litze—Oh, it wuz simply great! Only fer de grub, de drills, de clothes, de officers, de barracks, and de pay, it would lay way over de average state prison.—Judge.

Ezra J. Warner, of Chicago, class of '61, has added $20,000 to his previous gift of $50,000 for a science hall for Middlebury, Vermont.

And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.—Bacon.

DIED.

CHAPMAN.—At the family home, No. 367 Capitol street, Salem, Oregon, July 4, 1900, at 8:25 p. m., Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, aged 80 years, 6 months and 19 days, of complications arising from la grippe, after an illness of 8 weeks.

Mrs. Chapman was a native of Bedford county, Virginia, born December 15, 1819. She was married in that state to Rev. Caleb Chapman, and together they crossed the plains with ox teams in 1848, arriving in Salem September 20th of that year, and settled three miles east of Salem near the present location of the Rickey school house. Later they located on Howell prairie, where they took a donation land claim, and here they remained until 1863, when the family moved to Salem. Here Rev. Chapman, who was a minister of the Christian church, died eight years ago, after a service in the ministry for fifty-three years.

Deceased was a member of the Christian church nearly all her life, and died in that faith. She leaves, to mourn her demise, two sons, Caleb Chapman, of Waitsburg, Washington, and John A. Chapman, of Middleton, Oregon, and two daughters, Mrs. Hattie M. Jackson and Mrs. Sadie McFadden, both of this city. The two daughters were at their aged mother's bedside when she breathed her last.