Glorious December Deeds of Life Savers

(By Max Littlefield, life saver of the Pacific.)

In the summer time the life savers look on crowds of rest, worry, over-refreshing and healthful. He walks the coast, chats with the summer air and reports at his station. Lucky is he if he can get a chance to rescue some fair bather from the grasp of Neptune.

There are several hundred life-savers along the Pacific coast, and twice as many on the Atlantic as the Pacific for navigation is more dangerous and excursions more numerous there, but none had enjoy their summer work. The life-savers of the lakes have it a little harder for the lake storms come late, but there is the long summer when work is light for all.

A great many persons confuse the life-savers with the light-house keepers, but they are entirely distinct. The light-house keeper has a station, that of keeping his lamp lighted. It may be a signal lamp, an oil light, or like the Lighthouse, an electric light of great candle power. But whatever his light, his mission is the same—to keep it lighted. His turn for life-saving comes only when he sees distress, then he jumps into his boat and goes to the rescue. It is not any part of his work, only that of natural humanity. Often from physical cause he is powerless to help!

HIS REQUISITES.

The life-saver, on the other hand, has a work before him—that of rescuing life. He passes a physical examination as to his qualifications on this score. He must be strong and able, a water athlete, courageous and of good judgment. One point may throw him out. Like a soldier of the army a detective eye, a nervous hand, a disordered eye may cause him to be rejected. The life-saver must be an amateur physician, full of rules for "First Aid to the Wounded." He brings in not half drowned women with the breath beaten out of them, people with broken arms and whose crews leave them to the mercy where they turned themselves. The life-saver works all night on them, and treating minds than comfortable, he fresh himself to go forth and get more capsize and.

AN AWFUL CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas night, three years ago, that I had my first rough experience with the waves. I was stationed at a northern port and was on watch. There were only three of us at the station for we were near a light-house and were expected to get extra aid from there in need.

My watch was near over and the hour was gray dawn as cheerless over the ocean.

Suddenly I spied a vessel off in the fog banks and the rocks perilously near her. There was a light on the rocks, but the fog, by a curious cloud drift, had shut down hard in front of it. The vessel, he ship, was going down. I felt sure at a glance, and, then I knew there must be men getting out into boats and clinging to the water is almost anything—and it is cold.

THE RESCUE.

I called Pete and Jim, my two companions, and we started in the boat, pulling and struggling, for it was all we needed to do. When we got nearly there we began to meet the people struggling in the water, and trying to grasp our boat. We had to strike out lively to prevent them from sinking us. Pete dragged them in while Jim and I navigated the oars. We had to knock one old fellow senseless with an oar or he would have dragged us all. The crew was still aboard lowering the boats.

We sent two of them to manage our boat and take it to shore and then with our preservers and our line we got the rest into boats, not a soul missing. I believe we saved about forty that night, and the Government of Canada gave us each a medal, for it was an English vessel.

We look for storms around Christmas coming from the west and north. They travel fast and are colder than the eastern storm waves.

A life-saver gets only $8 a month for his trouble, and "pickings," which do not mean anything. A life-saver at Cold Spring on the Hudson saved a doctor and, since then, has had his family declared free, one off Buzzard's Bay rescued a grocer and a butcher who had gone out fishing in the same boat. Every Christmas he gets a big dinner in a barrel the day before. The Government doesn't want a life-saver to take money.

The life of a life-saver is a hard one, never monotonous. He is furnished with a library, but he seldom reads. He gets in the habit of watching the sea and when he picks up a book he hears its voices calling him. His tales are stranger than fiction.

The best life-savers of the United States were stationed at Cape Cod, the deep sea pilots of Delaware who went out to the wreck to meet the Baker boats.

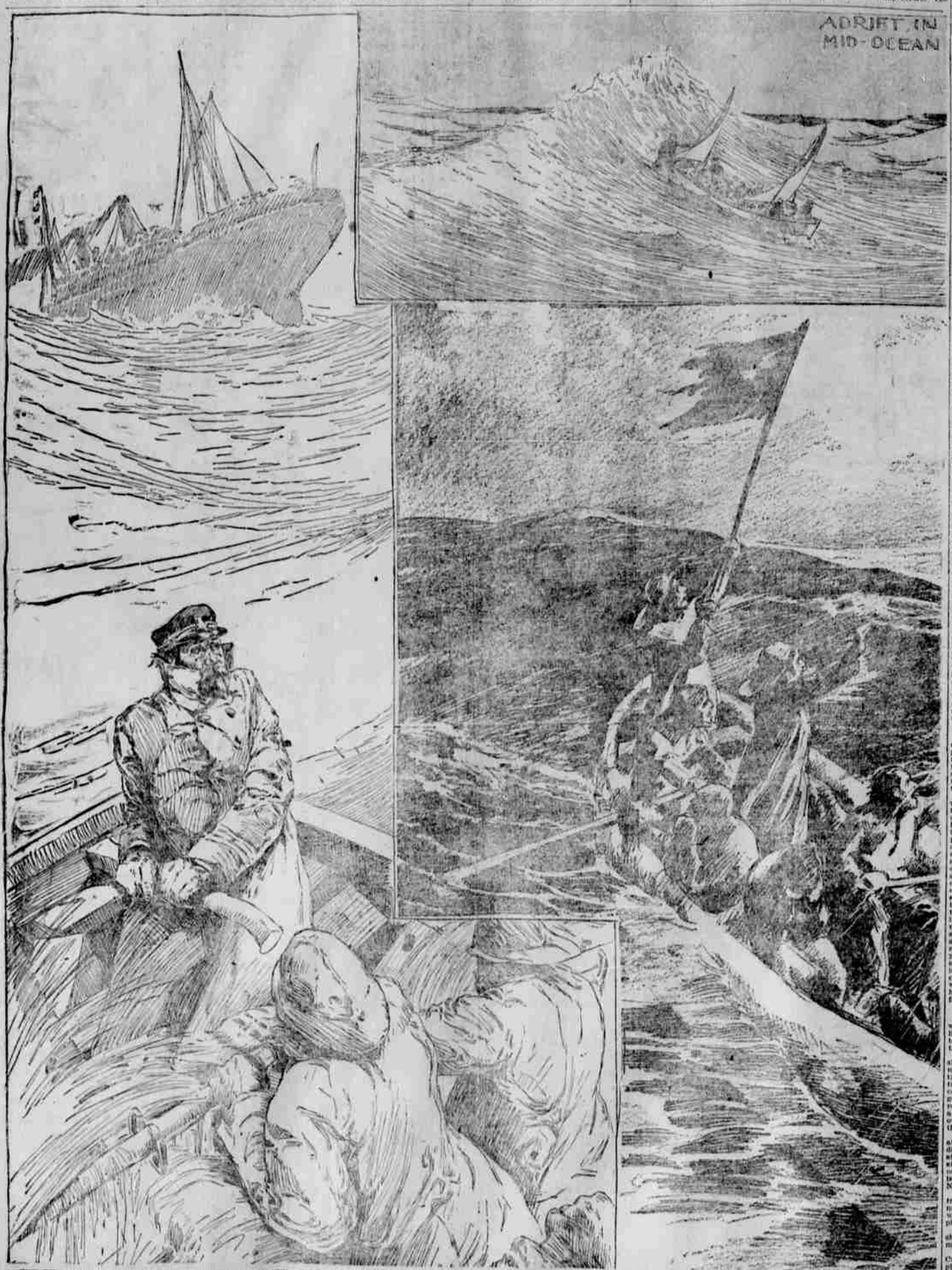
THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Sandy Hook crew rescued many lives while on duty but they were medals and testimonials long before there was a life-saver organization.

The present system was not complete before 1871, when it was in pretty good shape, with men stationed according to numbers, who were well-manned and paid on salaries with separate houses and stations, boats, etc. There are now 256 life-saving stations, each with its corps of savers.

The American system is so perfect that it is being copied in England and the Life Saving Board of England, one of the channel and, very a few weeks ago, an official here to an official capacity to observe the workings of our savers.

There has never been a "rescue" on our immediate coasts which is as great as the excellently drilled crews to which they are subjected.



THE THRILLING DECEMBER EXPERIENCE OF A LIFE-SAVER OF THE PACIFIC COAST. THIS LONG COAST LINE, USUALLY PEACEFUL, HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF MOST AWFUL STORMS IN THE EXTREME NORTH.

ALASKA AS "A FATED GOLCONDA."

A Missionary is Abroad Preaching Against the Evils of "Praising" the Country, and Points to Cripple Creek as "A Prosperous Lesson."

(Special Dawson correspondent of the newspapers.)

DAWSON, Dec. 1.

A special missionary, rising to the appellation of John Talbot Brown, has started out to preach not the Gospel of Salvation, but the gospel of saving.

Being a trustee statistician he has computed that Alaska, with its ten years, be as bare of gold and treasure as Golconda. He bases his figures on:

The size of Alaska.

The number of apparently workable claims.

The increase in miners each year.

The amount of money taken out annually.

Using these as his working figures he says that in 1900 there will be less than a good living in Alaska.

With the money gone he argues that Alaska will disappear also, except as a site of historic interest. Too cold for vegetation, it will be a second Gomorrah—deserted, save for some stray guest.

The Golconda of to-day, when men go out of curiosity and come away in disgust, is not more vivid to this man than Alaska, "The Golconda of the Future."

THE GOLD FARMS.

His remedy is for workers of claims to work moderately and temperately and to live to old age upon their "gold farms." They can will them to their children who will, in turn, live upon them and dig out a living. In the bitterness of winter they can leave and come South, but the gold farm will be there if moderately worked now, to reward them for all perpetuity.

The text of the Alaskan missionary is always the Golconda of history, still a watchword for gold and success, but now as barren of riches as a sheep pasture.

Nearly every one has heard of the wealth of Golconda, but how many Americans know where Golconda is and what the wealth of the place was? If the map of Southern India be consulted it will be seen that the territory of the Nizam occupies a very fair share of Madras Presidency, and that the principle city is Hyderabad. This city is a walled native town. The British population, including British troops, are quartered about ten miles from Hyderabad.

To visit the fort of Golconda where the wealth once lay, you must obtain passes and start in a native conveyance called a tonga. The temperature of Golconda, even in winter, is warm.

GOLCONDA NOW.

After a long ride you see the towers of Golconda Fort rising from the jungle—mere ruins! But when you reach the fort, built originally to protect the mines, you have the greatest shock of all. It is unguarded and the mines are now free to you and to all the world.

The fort itself has been entirely uninhabited for years. It is built upon the top of an immense hill, the sides of which are occupied by the ruined houses of the former inhabitants. Having passed the outer wall, the whole place is open and you are perfectly alone in a small, deserted town. Here and there you passes heaps of old iron shells, stone cannon balls and an occasional displaced cannon. The shells are the size of large cocoanuts, and the cannon balls a foot in diameter, consist of solid granite. The sides of the street are merely the remains of the basements of the old stone houses, and the road to the top of the hills winds in a corkscrew fashion, gradually mounting upward and helped out by stone steps. Here and there you meet a digressing sidepath which leads to some tank or well fifteen or twenty feets in diameter, and half full of slimy water and crawling things. It is a deserted mine, perhaps it once contained a fortune in diamonds. Halfway up you pass a native hermit in his hole in the rock, who follows you for alms.

STORY OF GOLCONDA.

Many years ago the Great Mogul, who ruled the whole of India and lived at Delhi, sent down his generals to conquer this country, which operation they successfully accomplished.

They found great riches in the shape of gold and precious stones—mostly diamonds—which had been obtained from mines in the vicinity. The treasure, stored up in the fort of Golconda, fell into their hands. The generals, who were really the Viceroys of the Great Mogul, came after a time to be regarded as Kings on their own account, and from one of them the present Nizam is descended.

The treasure, broken up and spent at different times, has now practically disappeared. There is supposed to be still a small accumulation of wealth stored away, which is only broken into on some very special occasion. This is said to have been done when the Nizam organized his present army.

It is very doubtful, however, if any treasure remains, and the Nizam, a native ruler, merely keeps the name to work upon the superstition of the people.

Alaska, the missionary claims, should take warning and be worked moderately.

It is interesting to note that he cites Cripple Creek prosperity as an example of moderate treatment, and points out the quiet, steady life of millionaires that is being lived there all the time.