

## THE CASE KEEPER'S DREAM

Of Dawson's Awful Peril and How It Was Averted.

Pathetic Ending of the Order of Hogans—The Last Melancholy Scenes.

It was night and I slept. This may seem strange when it becomes known that I knew nearly every Hogan in the city, but I can only explain the fact by saying that in an evil hour in early youth I contracted the habit of working for a living, and consequently was not eligible for membership in the Order of Hogans. That is how it happened that I was asleep on the night in question.

Someone woke me by breathing on me through the keyhole, as the door was locked, and I in meditation got up, wondering if every house in town was shaken in the same way by the earthquake.

"Get up," said a voice I thought I recognized, "and come down to the shack. The big thing is on."

I knew what this meant, as I had been told only a few days before that the Order of Hogans would probably disband, and to do this in a manner befitting their reputation something horrid would have to happen. The reason for the dissolving of the order was pathetic but can be briefly told. The police had yagged so many of the leading members that a quorum could no longer be had, and besides Dawson was becoming too au fait for the order to exist longer.

I dressed, and after a hurried trip to the office, where I left the \$4.75 remaining out of my weekly salary, together with a note to the coroner in case of an accident, I proceeded to the shack of the Hogans.

I rapped softly on the door, three times, and gave the malamute howl, when a section of the door slid back and a voice whose owner could not be seen said: "Have you got anything?"

"Hit it and take it," I replied, and the door opened.

I found myself in a well lighted room across the further end of which a pair of heavy portiers were hung, and notwithstanding the fact that there was no draught in the room, these seemed to have a peculiar motion, as if breathed against by some monster of gigantic proportions. Besides the man who had let me in and myself, there was no one in the room, and I was a trifle surprised to see him locking the door.

"What are you going that for?" I asked, and he replied that no one else would be there.

"Why not?" I asked, beginning to be somewhat alarmed, notwithstanding the fact that I had left my money behind me.

"Case," said my companion, coming close to me and breathing upon me till the mainspring in my Waterbury watch went out of business with a prolonged whizz, "a dangerous duty lies before you tonight, and I, as the last Hogan living besides those who are sawing wood for the Queen, am here to ask you if you will face the ordeal so that the souls of the Hogans who have passed away this evening may rest in peace."

"All dead? Where. How?" I asked, turning pale and looking behind me at the waving curtain.

"Yes, that's what did the business for them," said the last of the Hogans, "but I think it'll be safe for you, because you're not a Hogan. All you have to do is to look at what is behind that curtain and if you don't die, all dead and gone Hogans can rest in peace, and the thing that is there will fade into thin air. If it overcomes you the last hope is gone and Dawson will become one great holocaust, and those who are left alive will be but few indeed."

Here, indeed, I felt that I was up against the real thing. Whatever the thing behind the curtain was, I determined to take a chance at it. If by looking upon some horrid shape I could save Dawson from becoming wiped from the face of the earth I would do it, no matter how many Hogans had succumbed previously. Like St. George must have felt when he slew the dragon, I said I would do it.

"First though, show me the bodies," "Can't you take my word for it, Case?" he asked.

"My postoffice address used to be Pike county," I replied, looking at him as if I had four of a kind.

"All right, if you have to be shown, look!" he said, pointing to a lot of little heaps of different colored ashes, at the bottom of the swaying porties.

"That's all there is left of them."

"Did the thing behind the curtain do that?" I asked.

"It did," was the answer, which I only heard indistinctly because of the noise made by my bristling hair.

"Get a gatting gun from the barracks," I murmured, "and let's shoot it full of holes."

"No use, Case," said my companion,

"the thing's not of this world, and a gatting gun wouldn't hurt it. The only way is for someone not a Hogan who has plenty of nerve to just look straight at it, and it'll be done for. Do you weaken?"

"Ring up the curtain and have the band orchestra play 'Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes,' and I'll save Dawson and put those Hogans to sleep," I said, reflecting that if I was cremated the crown and the public administrator would attend to my estate and notify my folks of my heroic death.

"Come," said the survivor of the Hogans, and he led me to the portiers which he pulled suddenly aside without more ado, and I stood, horror stricken, gazing with protruding eyes and a thumping heart at a horrid shape, or shade, the like of which no mortal ever saw before and lived to describe.

The light behind the portiers was somewhat dim at first, so that at first glance the body of the shape (I cannot otherwise describe it), resembled that of a large malamute, but the light growing stronger, I saw to my horror and surprise that almost with the indrawing of a breath it had swelled to the size of a mastodon with long gray hair all over it. Strangely enough its head appeared at first to be a syphon soda bottle from the nozzle of which spurted alternately blood and fire. Its hind legs had a familiar appearance, which I have since remembered to have seen on First avenue, incased in a pair of English riding trousers. The fore legs were those of a moose above the knee, but below that they looked like Jim Post's.

About half of the tail looked like an eagle's feather, but the rest of it was an olive branch with a prickly pear growing from the end.

As I looked a label grew upon the bottle head, and upon its front were three stars. These gradually changed to the eyes and mouth of a hideous Chinese god, the head changing also to that shape. The eyes rolled and leered horridly, and a forked tongue of blue flame darted in and out between the gnashing teeth of the hideous monster.

"In the name of the Hogan!" I quavered, "depart hence and be at rest, thou wandering phantom of departed jags!"

My knees smote together and the sweat which had run from my back mingled with the ashes of the departed Hogans upon the floor. I felt that my lips had stiffened into a foolish smile as they did the first time I ever addressed an audience.

The room began to assume a circular form, round which my companion, the thing which had killed them, the

ghosts of the Hogans and the lights chased each other with ever-increasing speed, and at last I must have fainted, because I remember nothing else till I regained consciousness here in the Good Samaritan hospital.

It was a near thing between me and the Thing, but I overcame it and Dawson is saved.

### More Inquiries.

Inquiries have been received at the U. S. consulate for information and particulars concerning one John A. McDonald who formerly resided at Chipewa Falls, Wis., and whom it is surmised is the same McDonald who disappeared from the Edmonton trail in 1898. Any one acquainted with the said John A. McDonald and able to give information concerning his present whereabouts or disappearance will please communicate with the U. S. consul at once.

The name of John T. Cosgrove is mentioned as having been a resident of Dawson and acquainted with the said McDonald.

Inquiry is also made concerning the particulars of the finding on the Chilcat trail some time ago of the dead bodies of Otto Nelson and Geo. Metcalf, partners.

### The Billiard Tournament.

Last Saturday evening at the Regina club, C. S. W. Barwell defeated J. P. Bell under a handicap of 100 points, the game being 190 to 90 in favor of Mr. Bell. At the close of the match the score stood 190 to 64 in favor of Barwell. The average was 2.02 as against .66.

The next game will be between E. C. Senkler and C. S. W. Barwell. The latter will be handicapped by 30 points.

Best meals and warmest rooms at Fairview hotel.

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Flashlight-powder at Goetzman's.

### For the Young Folks.

Milne, the outfitter on First avenue, has imported the finest assortment of bon bons and fancy candies ever com-

ing to this city. His store is well worth visiting if only to feast the eyes on the attractive display of holiday goods which are tastefully gotten up in all the bravery of gold and silver decorations.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Hay and oats at Meeker's.

### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken

up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner. Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Celery at Meeker's.

Case goods all descriptions for the holidays at the Pioneer.

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