

FAITHFUL BERT HOWARD.

What Was Seen by the Theatrical Ticket Seller.

The Sad and Eventful Outcome of the Marriage of Pretty Una Defoe in New Hampshire.

For two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of our particular star had preceded us to the Pacific coast, and the welcome we received was very enthusiastic, inciting the company to greater exertions and a deeper interest in the noble profession they had chosen.

"For heaven's sake, Graham, don't sell another ticket!" was the message sent up one night to the manager. "Every seat is filled, and there is no standing room."

I was about to close the office when a voice from the crowd attracted my attention. A tall, strange looking man was making his way towards me. His face was strikingly intelligent, but there was a look of sorrow and care that was quite affecting. His clothes, once fashionably cut and of good material, were now patched and threadbare, while his hat, all dusty and jammed, I never saw equaled. As he pushed his way through the crowd, heedless of the angry words and looks that greeted him on every side, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side. The way he used the whole arm, however, convinced me that it was abundantly able to do duty for both.

"I beg a favor of you," said he, "I want to enter the theater for just a moment. I care nothing for the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard."

"I am sorry, but Miss Howard cannot give you audience until tomorrow."

"No, sir. I do not wish to speak to her. I only want to see her—to look at her."

"And even that I cannot grant. Here are scores of people all about you whom I have refused within the last ten minutes. I cannot issue another ticket tonight. Come tomorrow evening."

He looked around him and then turned toward me as if to speak; but, seeming to suddenly change his mind, he turned abruptly away and was soon lost to sight.

The following evening his pale, careworn face was the first that met me when I threw up the sash. "Can't I go in now?" he asked eagerly.

"You are entitled to the first ticket, sir. One dollar."

"I have no money," he replied, in a whisper, "but I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket?"

I could not. The rules of the company forbade, and, giving a firm yet kind negative, I turned my attention to the eager crowd and soon forgot him.

When at last I had a moment's respite, I met his deep, black eyes once more.

"I must see Una," said he. "Cannot you for once depart from your custom? I am poor, as you may see, and be pointed almost contemptuously at his apparel. I have walked 300 miles to see her, and I must."

He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him. There were at least a score of persons who asked me the same and now stood waiting for my answer to him.

"I cannot blame you," said he sorrowfully, "but I must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one-half hour?"

I cheerfully promised, and I think if I had waited but a moment longer I should have given him a ticket, regardless of the displeasure of former applicants.

He returned sooner than he promised. All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he pushed his way to the delivery. Without a word he threw a half eagle upon the board and, snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change. Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and entered the theater.

This was the happiest hour to me of the whole 24. Night after night I sat there gazing at Una Howard. And, with the rest, I worshipped her, but without a single ray of hope.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall. With exquisite grace she acknowledged the tribute and bent her beautiful head as the showers of fragrant flowers and costly presents fell at her feet.

She raised her eyes, and I was startled

by the change that came over her face. Her gaze was riveted upon some object directly in front. There stood the one-armed man, his tall form towering far above the rest, his long, scanty, unkempt hair falling about his shoulders; his burning, devouring eyes looking full upon Una.

Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a faint cry she tottered and fell toward the blazing lights. With the strength of a giant the one-armed man dashed aside everything in his way and, leaping upon the stage, caught the fainting woman in his arms and snatched her away just as the flame began to lick up her light drapery.

"Oh, Una, Una, I have saved you!" he cried, frantically kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una, once more—only once more, and then I am gone forever!"

"Silence!" said a rough looking man who had just come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasping the only arm the poor man had. "Come with me, my man!"

Easily as one could shake off the grasp of a babe did the strange being shake off the grasp of the officer.

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I took the money—stole it, if you will—and I will go with you soon! But not now. Stand off, or I'll fling you off the stage!"

He kneeled by the side of the unconscious Una and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more." His prayer was answered. The beautiful eyes opened and a smile of recognition played about her lips.

With a cry of joy the strange man arose to his feet.

"There, sir, constable, I am ready. Do with me as you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, sir, I am harmless now."

Una had now recovered, and as the officer and the prisoner passed off the stage she whispered to me, "Follow them, and release that man at any cost."

I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

"Tell Una I thank her," said he, "and give her my best wishes for her happiness and my farewell."

That was the last of the strange, one-armed man, and no word of him ever passed Una's lips save when she thanked me for procuring his release.

Who was he? Whence did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard?

I have searched far and wide for the answers. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, on rail and on river, on land and on sea, have I followed this man, but can never overtake him. I have now given over the search, and once more I follow Una, the same beautiful, fascinating Una Howard.

In a quiet little village in old New Hampshire I spent a summer month. Among the rubbish that filled the old farmhouse attic I found a pile of village papers, printed years ago, and now my search is over.

"On the 13th inst., by Rev. John H. Bert Howard to Miss Una Defoe, all of S.

"While the people were leaving the church an officer arrested the bridegroom on a charge of murder. He escaped during the night and is still at large. The beautiful bride is prostrated by the blow, but every attention is paid to her by our townspeople, and hopes are entertained for her recovery."

I read no further. I knew enough. My questions were now answered. Poor, faithful Bert Howard!—Philadelphia Item.

Grammar.

A lady was heard to remark the other day: "One finds one's traps so much

in one's way in one's carriage. Doesn't one?" There is no doubt that the observation is strictly grammatical and in perfectly good English "as she is spoke" in the dialogues in English novels of alleged high life. Yet a person hearing such and similar phrasology is inclined to sympathize with the inhabitants of Rheims who, on sight of the famous jackdaw. "Regardless of grammar, exclaimed 'That's him!'"

"Are these those?" asked the very good boy in the old story book, and the flippant young girl replied, "Yes; them's 'em." Possibly it is the innate wickedness of mankind which makes the average individual think he would rather know the girl than the boy. Of course, "Between you and I" is villainous grammar, and yet we think more of the boy who, when asked if it was incorrect and why, said: "Incorrect. The lamp post is omitted," than we would if he had used the objective case of the pronoun. The truth of the matter is that grammar is a humbug, just as spelling is. It was Artemus Ward who protested that he "had no use for a man who was so blamed prejudiced that he always spelt a word the same way." No well regulated tyewriter (the machine, not the girl, is meant) is tied by hide-bound precedent in this regard, and will spell just as it likes, and the linotype machine is developing a spirit of independence along the same lines. In MMS. of the early part of the last century there is a delicious freedom as to grammar and spelling that is as refreshing to the soul as a breeze from the sea. The English-speaking world would have remained in the same happy freedom as our ancestors were two centuries ago, if it had not occurred to some one about 150 years ago that he had a heaven-born mission to compile a dictionary. What the world has suffered through his misguided zeal will never be known. Grammar is just as bad. Some fellow laid down the rule that: "The verb 'to be' takes the same case after it as it does before it." The statement is a bald libel on the useful little verb. Long before anybody ever thought of making such a rule, people said, "Its' me," and lived long and died happily. Why did not the fellow make a lot of other rules, which would have been just about as correct? A poet of more or less fame has asked:

"Tis said that the plural of ox is oxen; Then why is the plural of fox not foxen?"

And, when you come to think of it, why not? The same poet, after giving a lot of other examples equally inexplicable, concludes by saying:

"All these go to show that grammar a farce is. For what is the plural of rum and molasses?"

With this unanswerable conundrum we take leave of this perplexing subject.

If all the copies of "May" and all the rules and orders were lost, the business of the house would be got through with much more expedition and quite as regularly as it is when 38 gentlemen discuss the construction of rules and precedents.—Ex.

Following Instructions.

"Young Sammie Spender is carrying out his governor's wishes faithfully, isn't he?"

"How's that?"

"Why, the old gentleman left instructions in his will that after his death his dust was to be scattered to the winds."—Life.

How Legs Will Lengthen.

And now some one has discovered that cycling makes the legs grow longer. Of course it does. It would be strange if it did not. Any member that is much used will undergo the same experience. The left hand of a violinist

PUBLIC NOTICE!

Pursuant to the instructions of a mass meeting of the electors of the Yukon Territory, held on the 28th instant, there will be a convention of delegates from all polling sub-divisions of the Yukon Territory held on SATURDAY, the 8th day of September, 1900, at the hour of 10:30 a. m. in McDonald Hall, Dawson, for the purposes of deciding upon a platform upon which to appeal to the electors, and for the

SELECTION OF TWO CANDIDATES

To stand for the election to the Yukon Council, to be held October 17, 1900. The committee appointed to arrange this convention have decided that the territory shall be represented at this convention by seventy-eight (78) delegates, to be apportioned and selected as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Polling Sub-division, Name, No. Delegates, Date of Meeting, Place of Meeting. Lists various locations like Cariboo Crossing, Dawson, Lower Bonanza, Grand Forks, Eldorado, Upper Bonanza, Gold Bottom, Hunker, Upper Hunker, Upper Dominion, Center Dominion, Lower Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz, Bear Creek.

All electors in favor of an organized convention in favor of reforms are entitled and requested to assist in appointing delegates to represent them at this convention. All British subjects who have resided in the Yukon Territory for one year are electors, and therefore entitled to vote at this election. All delegates shall be properly accredited, by certificate of the secretary of the meeting appointing them, and this certificate should be in the hands of the secretary of the Citizens' Committee by Thursday, 6th day of September, 1900, at 10 p. m. All delegates are requested to meet sharp on time on Saturday, the 8th day of September, 1900, at 10:30 a. m., and the convention will probably be in session all day, in three sessions. Dated at Dawson, Y. T., this 29th day of August, A. D. 1900. JOSEPH A. CLARKE, Secretary.

is usually longer than the right, because of the increased exercise of the fingers. The fingers of a pianist will become longer if enough practicing is indulged in. But as regards cyclists, the stretching process is not carried as far as it was in the days of the high-wheel. Then every rider bestrode the largest wheel he possibly could, and cases have been known where an increase of two and even four inches in size was made possible by the elongation of the legs consequent upon reaching for a far away pedal.—Baltimore American.

Club Opening Saturday Night.

George de Lion has completed his club building and on next Saturday night the institution will be open to the general public. After that time it will require a regular club ticket to gain admittance. Mr. J. H. Houston assumes the management of the institution and will act as secretary. A match game of billiards between two local celebrities is on for Saturday night at the club tables, besides music and a general merry-making.

Only the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars at the Criterion.

Neatly furnished rooms. The Criterion. Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

It might pay you to drop in and see the new stock of drugs, stationery and sundries at the Pioneer Drug Store.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Notice. J. L. Sale & Co., the jewelers, have moved their main store to the Aurora building opposite Aurora dock. Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

Dry Goods and Millinery. At Our New Store, Next Door to Germain's Restaurant. SUMMERS & ORELL, Second Ave.

"White Pass and Yukon Route." A BOAT SAILS Nearly Every Day

White Horse and All Way Points! J. H. ROGERS, Agent.

Special Values! WE MUST HAVE ROOM. HERSHBERG THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS. DIRECTLY OPPOSITE C. D. CO. DOCK FRONT STREET.

Clean Up Before The Freeze Up CALL ON GUILDS & BROWN, Corner of Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

We Are Prepared to Make Winter Contracts for COAL. N. A. T. & T. CO.

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D. A. SHINDLER Hardware, Bicycles, Guns, Etc. Mitchell, Lewis & Stover Co.

TUCK'S ROUND TUCK'S SQUARE CARLOCK SPIRAL SQUARE FLAX PLAIN RUBBER SHEET RAINBOW SHEET ASBESTOS SHEET PLUMBAGO PACKING.... DAWSON HARDWARE CO.