

GLADSTONE'S GUIDING STAR

Throughout His Long, Useful and Brilliant Life

Was the Woman He Wooed and Married in Girlhood and Who Proved His Life Counselor.

Mrs. Gladstone's manner was full of grace and charm. The genuine amiability of a completely unspoiled nature showed itself in every word and look. Hope-Scott has left it on record that she was a potent canvasser, and no one entered more naturally into the frolics of the young or the little interests of the poor. But she was also essentially a "grande dame." Her walk and bearing as she passed the royal presence at the drawing room were long the admiration of those whose duty obliged them to stand by the throne or in the "general circle," and in her habits, manners and style of speech she was a great lady of the old school. This quality gave a peculiar effectiveness to her dealings with pertness, forwardness or undue familiarity, and when she thought it her duty to administer a snub no one snubbed so aptly. It was impossible for the subject not to feel the process and equally impossible for him (or her) to rebel against it. But these exercises of social discipline were rare, and, for the rest, Mrs. Gladstone diffused geniality, good temper and cheerfulness wherever she went.

Few women of her generation had so wide a circle of attached friends. She was an indefatigable letter writer, and her correspondence, accumulated through 60 years, contained letters of the highest interest from the most famous personages, royal, political and ecclesiastical, of the present reign. But it was in the home that she excelled. She had been a devoted daughter and sister; she was the last an exemplary mother and head of a family, and when we think of what she was as a wife Mr. Gladstone's words about the queen's marriage may, with perfect exactness, be applied to his own. "Even among happy marriages it was exceptional, so nearly did the union of thought, heart and action both fulfill the ideal and bring duality near to the borders of identity." From the earliest days of their married life Mrs. Gladstone made her husband's health, not always so robust as in later years, her prime care, and her skill and watchfulness drew from him the characteristic compliment, "My wife is no inconsiderable physician." An even more valuable contribution to his happiness (if not to his success) was the sedulous care with which she warded off whatever might tend to disturb the "vulnerable temper and impetuous moods" which, 40 years ago, he acknowledged as his own. Their married life was one long honeymoon, and, though indeed fully charged with solemn interests and issues, it had also a jocose and genial side which was inexpressibly attractive. No one who ever heard it will forget the quaint enjoyment with which Mr. Gladstone used to sing the refrain of his favorite "Tinker's Song."

A ragamuffin husband and a ranting wife, We'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life.

The slightest sketch of Mrs. Gladstone's character would be glaringly incomplete if it disregarded her religion. This was not a mere aspect or attribute of her character; it was the basis of her nature and the mainspring of her life. Her views were those of the traditional high Anglican school, which she illustrated in its characteristics of reverence, gravity and unobtrusive devotion. But her heart knew no distinctions of sect. She "walked in wisdom towards them that are without," and her lifelong works of mercy were literally all embracing. The House of Charity in Soho, the Newport Market Refuge, the Woodford Convalescent Home, the House of Mercy at Clewer, the Orphanage at Hawarden are only a few of the good works with which she was intimately connected. On the occasion of her golden wedding Cardinal Manning wrote:

"I have watched you both out on the sea of public tumults from my quiet shores. You know how nearly I have agreed in William's political career, especially in his Irish policy of the last 20 years. And I have seen also your works of charity for the people, in which, as you know, I heartily share with you. There are few who keep such a jubilee as yours; and how few of our old friends and companions now survive! We have had a long climb up those 80 steps—for even you are not far behind—and I hope we shall not 'break

the pitcher at the fountain.' I wonder at your activity and endurance of weather. May every blessing be with you both to the end!"

That activity and that endurance were maintained almost to the close, though the great occupations and interests of life were gone. In 1889 Mr. Gladstone said: "It would not be possible to unfold in words the value of the gifts which the bounty of Providence has conferred upon me, however unworthy I may be, through her." And in his will he wrote, "I desire to be buried where my wife can also lie." It was the tribute of a grateful love nobly and richly given. Mr. Gladstone's political career awaits the verdict of history, but wherever he is remembered there will also be remembrance of that pure and courageous spirit which was the guiding star of his tortures and the good angel of his house.—London Times.

A NOME DEN OF THIEVES.

One of the toughest joints in Nome is the Montana saloon on Front street, just beyond the tracks of the N. A. T. & P. Co. It is the rendezvous of the most dissolute of both sexes in the entire community, and has been the scene of a number of occurrences that have resulted in complaints being registered with the authorities. Among its other unenviable claims for notoriety is the reputation it possesses as a fence, or place where criminals may dispose of the spoils collected in their midnight prowlings.

So many reports concerning this place have come to the military headquarters that Capt. French at last decided to raid the saloon and see what he could find there that might belong to others.

Saturday evening was the night decided on for the expedition. Promptly at 10 o'clock six privates, under the command of an officer, assembled at the office of the Pacific Steam Whaling company, from which place they departed for the saloon, spreading out so as to come on all sides at once and prevent the escape of any of the hard characters who might be in the building at the time. The surprise was a complete success and the saloon, a number of suspected tents that surrounded it and one shack belonging to a man by the name of Kuling, were all surrounded and thoroughly searched together with their inmates.

Nothing was found in the saloon, but in a shack a barrel of beef, which had been stolen from the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, was unearthed together with four loaded six-shooters, one rifle, one shotgun and a vicious looking bowie knife.

The beet and firearms were taken charge of by the soldiers, and Kuling was arrested and brought before Commissioner Stevens, who held him in \$2000 bonds to appear and answer before the district court.

The prompt and firm action of Capt. French is commended by the whole of the better portion of the community. Favorable criticism is heard on all sides and the universal hope is expressed that the captain will continue in the good work and clean out a few more such places. One portion of the town which would be benefited by a visit from the military is that portion back of Front street occupied by the swarm of dissolute women who make their living by preying on those drunken unfortunates that drift their way. These women get money through their charms if they can and through their muscle and that of their lovers if they must. Hardly a night passes but some accomplished or attempted robbery by force is reported from that section. The military exercise a wholesome influence of the criminal element who dread the direct manner the soldiers have of dealing with them as they dread nothing else, and one visit from the blue coats is generally sufficient to insure good behavior for some time to come.—Nome News.

Fun on the River.

The passengers on the Lightning gave their malamute howl too soon and that is why they were not wearing happy smiles on their faces when they landed here on Thursday afternoon. The smiles were all on the faces of the passengers of the Canadian who had arrived earlier in the morning. Here is the story of how it all happened.

The Canadian left Dawson last Saturday evening a few hours in advance of the Lightning and kept nicely ahead until Wednesday night when compelled to tie of for repairs just the other side of Hootalingua. Then the Lightning came along and as she steamed by the motionless ship her passengers filled the air with triumphant noises which sounded like the chorus of a hundred malamute dogs. After a delay of five hours the Canadian was on her way again and at 1 o'clock the next morning the Lightning with her lamps burning brightly was sighted in Thirtymile river. She was at a standstill and as the Canadian came up, her passengers

all gathered on the deck to hurl back howls and shouts of triumph. Out went the lights of the Lightning and through the darkness some people could be observed making a quiet sneak from the deck to their staterooms. The howls and shouts were returned with a vigor that would make 200 malamute dogs ashamed of their lung power.—Whitehorse Tribune.

Down to Earth.

They had just become engaged and acted like husband and wife basking in the honeymoon.

"I tell you, pet," he said after a long and pleasant sojourn in the parlor, "tomorrow we will go down to the finest hotel in the city and have dinner. You wear that gray dress that has such a pile of fluff stuff. I'll put on my best bib and tucker, and were bound to make a bit."

"Oh, you dear old darling! Do you know, I have a mania for swell hotels. When we get rich, we'll live in them, north in the summer and south in the winter, won't we?"

"Yes, of course. Certainly. What you prefer will be my delight, you know. But let's think of tomorrow now. We'll make it a red letter day and a celebration."

They went into the dining room after scores of guests had assembled, and they make a stunning appearance. The hum of conversation was stilled, diners nudged each other, and she felt that her heart was growing faint while he enjoyed the unmistakable evidence that they were taken as bride and groom. They were received at a separate table with a flourish. The waiter in charge looked important, put on the high touches of a cake walk as he seated them and then leaned over her shoulder as though her order was a matter of the strictest confidence. Poor girl, she knew as well as did the waiter that their table had concentrated all eyes. The menu showed her as much as a blank piece of paper. It was rich in good things, but it did not convey an idea to her perturbed brain.

"What shall I bring you, fus, m' lady?"

She swallowed rapidly, blushed rapidly, wished that she was at home and then in a low but steady voice: "I'm not quite in appetite today. Bring me some ham and eggs."

Klondiker Loses Money.

Elmer Emerson, a returned Klondiker, was swindled out of \$205 last night by two bunco men. Emerson, whose home is in Lakeview, Or., returned from Dawson recently and was intending to take the train last night for Eugene, Or., where his father-in-law lives. As a result of the swindle he is still in the city patiently waiting for the police to catch the two thieves.

Yesterday morning Emerson met a man who knew all of Emerson's friends in Oregon and related several incidents about them which the victim knew to be true. The bunco man asked Emerson to help him in carrying some bales of silk down to the train. Emerson consented. When they were going to get the alleged silk they were stopped at Second avenue and Cherry by another member of the bunco fraternity, whom the first bunco man addressed as "the major." "The major" demanded the payment of a debt of \$400.

The first bunco man had only \$19. The first bunco man requested of Emerson the loan of \$205. It was granted.

"Wait for me here," he said to his victim, "while I go up to the major's office and get a receipt." Emerson waited.

The two swindlers disappeared up the side entrance of the Washington Territory Investment Company building. The Klondiker grew suspicious and followed. As he ascended the stairs the bunco men left the building by the front entrance. Emerson reported the matter to the police.—P.-I. Aug. 15.

Probably Frozen to Death.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 14.—The members of the Charleston party engaged in stringing the all-Canadian telegraph wires to Dawson, returned today from sections of the Klondike country where it was thought the foot of white man had never trod before.

Near Pike river, in a dense forest, they found the skeletons of twelve horses in a clearing. Further on there was a complete sawmill and several houses. In the cabins there were no human bones, but all were stocked with provisions, and besides there were lying around overalls, grindstones and axes.

With Disappearing Guns.

London, Aug. 14.—Gen. Chaffee's message announcing his arrival August 9 at Hosiwi stands as the latest official intelligence of the march of the allied forces on Pekin. The English papers say it is rather annoying that their naval and military officers cannot communicate with the high officials, while

Admiral Remy and Gen. Chaffee can do so by the Shanghai-Canton wire.

Secret inquiries at Canton show all the forts have been newly armed with 7-centimetre disappearing guns, and that the garrisons number 18,000 men in all, armed with Mausers and Winchester. The Chinese have apparently been trying to engage a foreign electrician to lay mines in the Bogue, or entrances to the Canton river.

Dr. Marks, Li Hung Chang's physician, informed the correspondent at Shanghai this morning that Li could not go north on account of the weather and the unsettled state of the country. The doctor is removing his family from Canton because he believes there may be an outbreak there.

Whiskies at wholesale at the Northern Annex. Rosenthal & Field, proprietors.

Heavy underwear at Oak Hall.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

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Neatly furnished rooms, The Criterion.

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