

Private Lawson's Rose..

Lawson could "cut a furrow" as any other man in the company, and he kept the coats of the sturdy-limbed horses glistening like the iris on the raven's wings. He, a newcomer, did not know these paramount traditions of the community, he was welcome to the neighbors referred to him as "Dick Caldwell's hired man." It didn't matter so much to him as to his antecedents. He had a life in Indiana might reeling in a closed book unless he chose to open it otherwise. Folk of Round Bay knew he was up with the sun every morning and they heard his whistled songs as he tramped the dew-spangled pasture for the first one of them to all out-appearances.

Tom Lawson was not the kind of a fellow that they believed in. He did not reveal his inner self to these practical, matter-of-fact fillers of the soil it was because they did not understand him and did not care for his confidence. He was one of those souls that seemed to sympathize, for kindness and friendship and found them in the life of Round Bay. There is no keener sense of isolation than that.

Thinking of all this as he sat on the dusty beam of the porch and looked out vacantly at the acres of brown earth that were long ribbons before him. Some of the gathering twilight saddened him. Maybe it was the thought of isolation, maybe a vague longing for a different life, maybe the much more likely—the dream of a fair-haired lass he had left behind in Indiana.

There, Lawson! working late, ain't you?" shouted a voice from the road. "Better unhook your horse."

"Was just thinking so myself," Lawson answered. "It's been a long Frank."

"What news?"

The governor's called out all the militia to help fight the bloody Spaniards down in Cuba. The Canton company's goal is to Springfield tomorrow morning and wants forty men to make it a hundred."

That night Lawson tossed on his bed until long after midnight. Why couldn't he be one of the forty? Maybe he would be killed if he went to war and maybe he would come back a captain. These and a hundred other possibilities crowded upon his mind. He scanned them all as they flashed against the background of his lonely life in Round Prairie.

The little farmhouse was still empty other soul in it was sound asleep. He crept out of bed, quietly dressed his only suit of clothes, felt his way to the door and passed out into the night. Canton was five miles away, but his footsteps were set toward a distant glow on the horizon. There he knew nestled the city, asleep, and waiting the reveille that would call "the war for the first time in a hundred years."

No need here to tell of the excitement that attended the mobilization of Company M and its marching to the train already panting at the station as if eager to begin the scenes of parting. A drama was enacted that morning in 1898 in two scores of Illinois. It is sufficient to say that not one of the thousands gathered at the station grasped the hand of Tom Lawson and said "good-bye."

Not a tear was shed as the train pulled out, not one word of farewell, but the hope that he would come back alive, and yet—he was one of the forty who had volunteered to bring Company M to the aid of the strength.

As the train reeled off its miles and the farmhouses and villages faded Lawson felt that he had been torn from the old life, but there was a spirit of comradeship aboard that already bound him to his new friends with a tie stronger than any he had known in Round Prairie.

Back to himself a share of the company of the throngs along the way. He listened in his heart—that Lucy was his name—how fondly he might give him the hand which he had withheld in a one-time parting, a rose that would stand for something more.

The train swung around a long curve and a monster dome heaved itself up from its top a flag shook in the wind. Another starry beacon beckoned from a lofty tower.

"The Tanner" was the cry that

spread from coach to coach. Ten minutes later Company M was inside the post. Hundreds of men just like themselves had preceded them. Hundreds more followed, and when taps was sounded that night 11,000 men slept the sleep of a soldier.

Lawson began the rudiments of drill in the awkward squad. The guns of the novices were sticks, their belts pieces of rope or strap, their hats a motley array of derbies and fedoras. They were awkward enough, but—men do not laugh at the stumbling volunteer when war looms above the horizon.

What a day it was—that first Sunday in camp. Fifty thousand fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts came to say another good-bye. They brought books and flowers and great boxes of sweets and poured them around, thick and redolent as the apples in grandfather's cellar.

There was something for every man—save Tom Lawson. Nobody had come to see him, nobody had thought to send or bring him a souvenir, a token of love and friendship. For an hour he looked on the joy of the others in silence, then he turned away and crept into the shadows of the tent.

The regimental captain saw him go and guessed the truth.

Significant whispers traveled from man to man, from company to company. Somebody secured a large wooden box. On it were scrawled in big black letters the words:

PRIVATE TOM LAWSON,
Company M, Fifth Regiment,
From His Comrades.

Before the last letter was in its place there was material enough on the ground to fill a half-dozen such boxes. Comrades came singly and in groups with contributions—the very choicest bits from their own packages. If a single man in the whole regiment was not represented he never had the face to own it afterward.

Two sturdy fellows carried the box to Lawson's tent. Company after company fell in behind and marched along as escort. Such a bubbling up of soldier zeal never before was seen.

There was no presentation speech. Somebody reached into the tent and literally dragged Lawson out of it. Somebody else thrust into his arms a bunch of flowers big enough to start a greenhouse. Then they set the box at his side and cheered until the whole post echoed with the sound.

When Lawson saw the black letters on the box—he was still a soldier, brawny and strong and brave as any of them, but his lips trembled and a lump was in his throat, a lump that got in the way of every word he tried to utter.

"If that bunch of fellows hadn't caught me and tossed me in that blanket just then," he said, afterward, "it's a cinch that I'd have been blubbering like a schoolboy over that box."

Of course the newspapers got hold of the story and published it the next day. For a week thereafter Lawson received from half a dozen to a score of boxes every day from men and women he had never heard of. There were flowers and edible delicacies, there were books and papers, phials of medicine and articles of clothing. Bibles there were enough to stock the company. From motherly women were letters of sympathy and advice, from young girls perfumed notes, telling Lawson that their hearts went out to him because they had brothers in the service. From isolation and loneliness he suddenly became the most thought-of man in camp.

He shared with his fellows the contents of the boxes and read to them most of the letters, but there was one he kept to himself. It came from Indiana. It was signed "Lucy." With it was a faded rose. It was the rose that stood for hope—and something more.—John Howard Todd in Chicago Record-Herald.

Sadie Gets \$10,000

Seattle, July 16.—Miss Sadie Donovan obtained a verdict by default for \$10,000 against Dr. Wilfred J. Laurie, a well known dentist of Seattle.

Miss Donovan brought suit against Dr. Laurie alleging breach of promise. He filed a cross complaint, in which he accused her of being other than a chaste woman, giving this as his reason for breaking the engagement.

Yesterday when the case came up for trial Dr. Laurie was not present and a judgment by default was entered.

Pretty Dorothy—Tell me honestly, professor, what made you propose to me?

Professor—Dear girl, it suddenly struck me that you would be a handsome addition to my library.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PURSER'S WIERD STORY

Tells of Steamer Portland's Experience

Battled With Ice From May 7th Until June 30—Royally Received at Nome.

"When we set sail from San Francisco, by way of Seattle, for Nome last April, we had little idea of what was portending on the voyage," said Purser T. L. Murphy, of the steamer Portland last night.

"Everything looked fair and promising. Old time weather prophets predicted an open winter and an early break of the ice up north and we steamed out of Seattle with seventy passengers.

"On the seventh day of May, we struck our first ice, and from that day until June 30, we were never out of it. At first it was little more than a slushy scum of thin ice and the Portland steamed along, but until we made our escape from the huge floes, not many miles south of Cape Lisburne, on June 30th, it was ice, ice, all the time.

"As the steamer proceeded north her speed gradually lessened and her powerful engines were but toy mechanism as far as propelling her through the ice floes was concerned.

"On June 16 for the entire twenty-four hours of that day, the Portland only steamed at the rate of six feet a minute, and mind you, we thought we were doing pretty well at that. For the three succeeding days, after we first encountered the ice, that would be May 9, 10, and 11th, the steamer was able to steam along quite easily, but about the end of the eleventh day she began to drift.

"On the twelfth day of May, the Portland was within sixty miles of Nome. Just imagine our disappointment and chagrin; almost within reach of our destination and in the

cruel grasp of the Arctic ice-floes.

"On June 3d we saw four vessels behind the Leonide islands. One of them was the Nome City. We sighted the Jeanie for the first time on the eighth day of June. At that time, we were fast in the ice and actually drifting fourteen miles in the twenty-four hours.

"On the sixth day of June, we saw the midnight sun for the first time and never lost sight of it again until we were far to the south on our return trip.

"On June 27th we again sighted the Jeanie and attempted to steam to her. We had seen her several days before that. The first part of the day we did not gain any on the Jeanie and we saw that she was steaming too. But about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, we got near enough for the passengers to visit one another.

"Captain Mason of the Jeanie, and Captain Lindquist, of the Portland, nearly broke each other's ribs in the warmth of their embrace. Some of the Jeanie's crowd started to sing "The Hot Time" and everybody felt cheery. It was a scene I'll always remember. From the 7th day of May until June 27th, I should judge we must have drifted in the ice fully eight hundred miles and during all that time the passengers' bill of fare was not out a single article on the steamer. It was just as complete as the day we started out from San Francisco even to the apple pie and custard pudding dessert.

"We reached Nome just five hours ahead of the Jeanie on July 3d and received a royal welcome. It seemed as if the whole town turned out to receive us."

Crown Prince Coming

New York, July 13.—It is learned from authoritative sources that the Crown Prince of Siam will come to the United States in the same simple manner that he has visited King Edward and the various continental rulers, accompanied only by his brother, the next in succession to the crown prince, and two aides-de-camp, officers in the Siamese army.

The crown prince is in his twenty-second year and for more than eight years has lived in England, speaking and writing the language. He has been educated in Oxford, is president of the Cosmopolitan Club of that university and is most simple and unaffected in his manner. He is said to

be thoroughly imbued with western civilization, as is also his father, the King of Siam. He will call on the president and secretary of state while in Washington, or such other places as the American authorities may desire.

John Bull—That war came high. Joe Chamberlain—Well, you see, John, we have been paying the expenses of both sides.—Life.

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Answers to name of Prince.
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The Nugget Printery

DAY, JULY 21, 1898

44, 2:10, 2:15. Not the first and fourth boats by F. Leyburn, was the third boats in 2:11

purse \$1,500 — Roamer 2, fourth and fifth boats 2:11; Rosebud won heat in 2:11; Winfield the first heat in 2:08

in a stormy interview a donna who wanted the impresario would

et him with the news lady had struck and pper awaited him. He threw himself on the

girls," he groaned, "will of me yet."

—Ma!

—Don't say "ma," mama." What do you

—Did you see anything?—New York Sun

g at Nugget office.

s, New Ties, New Belts

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