

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

Reduced Rates

No Agreement! You do not have to contribute to a Public Benefit. No Combination!

Our Rates Will Be the Lowest
And you DO NOT have to buy your ticket until you are ready to go. STEAMERS SAIL EVERY DAY. Purchase Through Tickets and Save Money.

NO EXTRA CHARGE MADE FOR MEALS AND BERTHS ON OUR STEAMERS

THE BEST SERVICE

J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent.

J. H. ROGERS, General Agent

Fable of the Two Boys

In a Red School-House back in the Web-Foot District, it was the custom to have a Debate every Friday Afternoon. The much-mooted Question as to which does the greater Damage, Fire or Water, had been carefully gone over by the Squabs. Also who was the better Proposition—Napoleon or Washington? But the original Stand-By was as follows: "Resolved, that Education is better than Wealth?"

The Corporate Interests got many a Whack here in the Knowledge Works. Most of the Children wanted to grow up like Galileo. They claimed that mere Wealth could not purchase Happiness. The only genuine Peace of Mind came from being able to call off the Geological Periods with the Eyes closed.

Here in this little brain Hatchery were two Kids who were not Mates. One was named Otis and the other was Bradbury, or Brad for short. Otis was the Boy who took the Affirmative side on Friday Afternoon. Ote firmly believed that Learning was the most valuable Asset that a Man could tuck away. Brad was for the Money End of the Game but when he got up to make his Talk his Vocabulary would become jammed up and caught crossways in the Fine and teacher would motion him back to his Seat. Otis, however, could tell in well-chosen Phrases why the Scholar was a better and happier Man than the Millionaire and so he always received the Vote of the Judges.

Now, Brad was done up but unconvinced. He could not stand up before the District School and tell why it was good policy to corral the Coin, but he had a secret Hunch that it would be no Disgrace for him to go out and do the best he could. Brad had a bull-dog Jaw and large blood-shot Hands, and a Neck-Band somewhat larger than his Hat-Band. He jumped the Stockade when they started to teach him Botany. He weighed 180 and he thought he was too large to sit around and count the Petals of the Ox-Eye Daisy when he might be out selling Lightning Rods to the Yaps and making jug-handled Contracts. Accordingly he Dug.

"Bradford is making a great Mistake," said Otis, as he saw his Friend tear from the Institution of Learning. "In order to get a few worldly chattels right at the jump he sacrifices his Diploma. I shall be more Foxy. I shall go right on through the High School and then I shall attend College and get a Degree. When I have taken my Degree then I will be the human IT. My scholarly Attainments and polished Manner will get me past the Door and into the Inner Circle of the Hot Potatoes. As for Bradford, although it is possible that he shall have combed up a little Currency, he will be a mere ordinary, sordid Business Man—not one-two-seven when he tries to stack up against one who has just been delivered of a Thesis on the Correlated Phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration."

While Brad was out in the back Townships shortchanging the Farmers and buying 8 per cent. Mortgages, Otis was working his way through College and living on Oatmeal except on Holidays and then Prunes. He was getting round-shouldered and wore Specs and was all gaunted up but he never weakened. He was pulling for the Laurel Wreath of Scholarship, for in other words, the degree. After humping it

for four years he passed his final Exam and the Faculty decided that he was a Bachelor of Arts.

That was the Day when he had the Laugh on Brad.

In the meantime, Bradford had been choking various People and taking it away from them. He had four Salesmen under him and had butted into the Firm but he was still shy on Botany.

Inasmuch as Otis had been one of the brightest Men in his Class he was offered a position as Instructor in the College at a Salary of \$55 a Month with a promise of \$5 raise at the end of five Years, if he lived. Otis accepted, because the Outside World did not seem to be clamoring for his Services, even though he was an Authority on the Mezozopic Period and knew all the Diatoms by their First Names.

Often while he was burning the Midnight Oil and grinding out Jaw Breakers, so as to qualify for the Master's Degree, he reflected as follows: "It is true that Brad is making in Hand over Fist and wears \$6 Shirts and rides in a State Room on the Pullman, but he is not a Bachelor of Arts. And some day when he is a Multi-Millionaire I can still look down on him for then I shall be a Master of Arts. I have known since Childhood that Education is more desirable than paltry Gold. Although the Newspapers and the General Public do not seem to be with me to any Extent, it is better to hob-nob with the Binomial Theorem than to dally with the Champagne Supper."

In due time the Faculty gave the Degree of M. A. to what was left of Otis and still his Ambition was not satisfied. He wanted to land a Doctor's Degree. He knew that any one who aspired to this Eminent Honor had to be a Pippin. But he hoped that he could make some Contribution to the World of Thought that would jar the whole Educational System and help him to climb to the topmost Pinnacle of Human Greatness.

Professor Otis did the Dig Act year after year. At the age of 49 he was still M. A. and owned a House with a Mortgage on it. In the Meantime there had been revolutionary Changes in the World of Finance. Everything on Earth had been put into a Pool. Each Smooth-Citizen who had something that was of no particular use to him went to work and Capitalized it. Brad closed out his interests for so much Money that any one else would have been ashamed to take it. Then he and some other Buccaneers went down to Wall Street to have fun with several dignified Gentlemen whom Brad described as Them Fly Eastern Mugs. They succeeded in putting the Skids under a number of Persons who did not care to meet them Socially.

When Brad walked around in his Million Dollar hat, he had to step high to avoid stumbling over Bundles of the Long Green. But he never had made any further headway with his Botany.

It happened one Day that Brad was out Moting and he dropped in at the College where his Boyhood Friend was now the Professor of Dipiscology and Plamazus.

here in my Vest-Pocket a measly \$50,000 that I have overlooked in changing my Clothes. Give it to the Main Cheese and tell him to have a Laboratory on me."

When the News got out all the sis-boom-ah Boys gave a Parade in their Nighties. The Faculty called a Special Meeting and made Brad a Doctor of Philosophy.

Next year he put up for a Gym and they made him a Doctor of Divinity. The Year following he handed them a Telescope and became an LL. D.

Every time he coughed he was made some new kind of Doctor. In fact, for a Man with a 64 Hat who did not know the difference between the Pistol and the Stamen he was the most learned Thing in Seven States. Professor Otis was crowded into the Ditch. Sometimes he wonders which of the two has the nub end of the Argument that started in the Red School-House.

MORAL: The Longest Way Around is the Shortest Way to the University Degree.

GEO. ADE.

Election in Tennessee

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 7.—Returns received by the American from over the state show the election by large majorities of the Democratic candidates for supreme judges and judges of the court of appeals. The former are W. K. McAllister, M. McNeill, John K. Shields and W. D. Beard, and the latter are R. M. Barton; J. W. Taylor and S. H. Wilson. Democratic Congressional nominations, according to information received by the state committee, are:

Fourth district—Morgan C. Fitzpatrick over C. E. Snodgrass.
Sixth district—John W. Gaines over M. H. Meek.
Seventh district—L. P. Padgett over W. J. Withmore.
Eighth district—T. W. Sims over J. H. Trice and J. M. Trout.
Ninth district—R. Pearce over D. O. Thomas.

With the exception of Fitzpatrick, all are renominations.

MR. ARTHUR BOYLE

(Late Student.)

Royal College of Music, London, England

Under the following Professors: Singing—Mr. William Shakespeare, Herr Albert Blume; Pianoforte—Herr Ernst Puer; Organ—H. R. Rose, Esq., A. R. M.; Harmony—Sir Walter Parrish, Dr. Gladstone.

Gives Lessons in Singing, Pianoforte and Harmony.

Term commences Monday, Sept. 1.

Personal interviews any day at the studio between 11 and 2 p.m., or appointments can be made by letter. Address 5th Ave. and York St.

Signs and Wall Paper

ANDERSON BROS.

SECOND AVE.

Ladies Early to Wear

FALL HATS

SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

EMIL STAUF

REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER
Agent for Harper & Ladue Townsite Co. Harner's Addition, Menzie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.
Collections Promptly Attended to
Money to Loan. Houses to Rent.
Gold Dust Bought and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg. King-St.

Story of the Old Guitar

The guitar of Rosa Deane hung on the wall of the ranchhouse beneath a saber and a gun. The ranch house was out on the Calico trail, where the wheat land came to an abrupt end and the grass land began. That is, if you looked east heads of yellow grain waved and tossed before your eyes until the scene was a blur of gold; if you turned west there was the range, the lumbering cattle, the cowboy, forerunner of all farmers from the Egyptian days to now. And on the dividing line of wheat and cattle stood the home of Rosa Deane and there hung her guitar for ranger or farmer to twang.

"Jerusalem," exclaimed Whalen of the Buckle herd for the first time he saw the instrument, "that is a roarer. Let me keerslessly draw a few lines from its innerness."

Rosa Deane snapped her black eyes and handed him the guitar. It was old—very old. The inlaid mother of pearl, the ivory keys, the fantastically carved back, spoke of a day when the guitar was the sweet-voiced messenger of all young-loved and troubadours were lurking at every corner. But when the strings were touched—then—then Rosa Deane's guitar gave out its sound. Such sweetness, such softness, such depth of tone and feeling came forth that the rudest player was moved to gentleness.

"That insterment," remarked Whalen, "is sure human. I've heard 'em all from the Rio to the Muddy, an' they ain't in it with this one."
"My grandfather gave it to my mother in '60," said Rosa Deane, "and she gave it to my brother in '75, and when he died it went to another brother, and then he died, and it came to me. My grandfather was killed in the Sioux massacre—my oldest brother was shot on the Little Missouri, the other one died with Custer. The gun and the saber belonged to them. When my mother died father put them up there, and I hung the guitar underneath."

"Miss Rosy," said Whalen, respectfully doffing his hat. "I'm a plain critter and not easy with tongue slinging, but yer family sure hez hed trouble. The insterment tells all about it."
He slipped his fingers over the strings and played—Spanish things, dances, marches, all the musical favorites of the men that live by the herds—things that have not only the lullaby of the wind in them, but its sting and lash, when roused to fury; the songs of the night, of the trampling cattle, the call of the wolf, the meteor's flash, the whinny of the guarding horse.

But no matter how gay the melody he evoked the tones which came from the guitar always carried a minor sadness, something that seemed as if it had a consciousness of its own. Just as there is always in the voice of a woman who has suffered much and long a suggestion of sighs and tears. Have you ever analyzed the laugh of a woman who has borne the cross?

Whalen put the guitar back in its place and passed on his way. Rosa Deane took up her housework again, humming the tunes he had left in her memory. She had heard much of Whalen. Her father had said he was the wildest yet best cattleman in the country. There was a story that he had killed so many men in the southern country he had been forced to come north, and that he lived in constant apprehension of pursuit by avenging friends of his victims.
"Still," said Deane, "I understand

he never shot until he was attacked, and that the people he put out of the way ought to have died long before. He's mighty quick with a gun and good to everybody when the liquor is out of him. He has money, too—plenty of it."

Whalen returned to the Deane home often after his first call. He never entered the ranch house that he did not take down the guitar and play. He would sit for an hour in the doorway, one eye on the instrument, one on Rosa Deane. One day after he had hung the instrument under the gun and saber and about to leave one of the strings gave forth a long-drawn note, sad and sweet.

Whalen started and involuntarily dropped a hand to the butt of his gun.

"That oughtn't to frighten you, Mister Whalen," laughed Rosa Deane, "for the guitar does that often. Sometimes in the night it wakens me. It's just the tightness of the strings makes it so and changes in the weather. Sometimes I like to think it's talking perhaps to my brothers, and mother or perhaps their hands over the strings."

"I don't like spooks, Miss Rosy," rejoined Whalen, shifting uneasily on his feet. "I don't like things I can't see. The insterment is sure human. Hear it?"

Again a note, weird, rising and falling. Rosa Deane could not reassure Whalen as to the cause for this. He rode away, shaking his head and much disturbed. She told her father of the incident that night and he said that Whalen had been in a nervous mood for a week or more. A rumor was about that a half-breed Mexican from the Rio was on the range looking for him and trouble was expected. The half-breed's brother had been killed at Laredo by Whalen and the latter had been trailed to the north.

"There'll be a killing, sure," said Deane, "when they come together, and I guess Whalen will have the best of it. He's out looking for the Mexican now; he won't rest until the matter is settled. I suppose Whalen thought the guitar was giving him a kind of warning. The cow men are superstitious."

A day or two later Whalen came back to the ranchhouse and took his old seat in the doorway, with the guitar.

"Miss Rosy," said he, "I'm gettin' kind a tired movin' round without a rope on me. I'm jest hankerin' to be tied. I ain't done nothin' ever what I war 'shamed of, e'en ter killin' the greaser. I never hurt a woman, ner a kid, ner stole nothin', ner war ornery with a hoss. I never hurt a man, what war mindin' his own ranch. I hev money, an' I like yer gait. I'll be sure good to yer if ye wants me, Rosy."

And that settled it, for Rosa Deane had made up her mind long before that she loved Whalen, loved his music, his daring on the range, his courage. She gave him a quick answer.

"I'll take you if you cut out the liquor, except when you're with me. You can drink at home, not away." The cow man stayed to supper; he won the approval of Mr. Deane to the marriage; he sat out under the stars, and the guitar gave forth such music as had never come from its strings before. Rosa and Whalen walked down the trail, and he said to her:

"Sure, Rosy, what holds a man level is a woman. If he won't be and means to tote fair, it only needs

a woman to do the rest. I love you, Rosy, same as I loves my hoss."
The girl of the prairies, the western girl, put her arms about his neck and gave him a hug and a kiss for his words. She was satisfied.

The two were back to the door of the ranch house. Whalen's horse stood there saddled for the ride home, the guitar hung in its familiar place. The cow man's lank form was outlined against the night as the light from the house door shone on him. Over on the trail, crawling like an Indian, came the Mexican half-breed. He had journeyed far for such a moment as this. The call of the blood of his brother for vengeance tangled his ears.

He raised himself ever so little, his gun covered Whalen. He fired once, twice. One bullet sped through the cow man's body. The other went wild, passed through the open door, and struck the old guitar. Again the long-drawn note of weariness and death, the minor of life. Then the cry of a woman.—H. I. Cleveland in Chicago Record-Herald.

We can do your repairing on short notice. Geo. Brewitt, the tailor, Second avenue.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

PATTULLO & RIDLEY - Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

SURVEYORS

G. WHITE-FRASER—M. Can. Soc. C. E.; M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 1066. Cor. Church and Third avenue.

—THE—

White Pass & Yukon ROUTE

B. Y. N. CO.

Regular Service Between

EAGLE CITY AND FORTYMILE

...The Fast...

Str. Zealandian

Leaves Dawson for Fortymile Mondays, 2 p. m. Returning, leaves Fortymile, Tuesdays 9 a. m. Leaves Dawson for Eagle, Thursdays 10 a. m. Returning, leaves Eagle, Fridays 10 p. m. Fortymile, Saturdays 10 a. m.

J. F. Lee, Traffic Mgr. J. H. Rogers, Gen'l Agt. J. W. Young, City Ticket Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service the Rule....

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers