

ROMANCE OF MISSEVERTSON

It All Came About by Moving From the Old Home.

And Being Blinded by a Snow Storm in Hunting for the New—The Girl Blushed.

From Thursday's Daily.

She was an uncommonly pretty girl, and it was not mere beauty of feature and coloring, there was something more in the face. Perhaps it was the expression of the blue eyes that changed in sympathy with one's mood, or perhaps it was an indescribable something about the small mouth, which was smiling one moment and serious the next. At any rate, I went to Mrs. Parker's dance quite fancy free, and came away that night minus my heart.

Her name was Helen Everson. We had danced together three or four times, had eaten our supper in a dimly lighted corner of the great, square hall, and at parting I had helped her on with her long, fur trimmed cloak, and held her hand in mine for a moment. Then she had vanished into the carriage that was waiting at the door—and that was all.

I strolled home, determined that very shortly I would ask Mrs. Parker, who was an old friend of my mother's, to take me to call upon Mrs. Everson. Some two weeks later we moved from the home where my boyhood had been spent, my father having bought a house farther up town. Our new residence was one of a row of houses that extended over half a block, each one being the exact counterpart of all the others. This made it rather confusing at first, particularly as the numbers were on the lower panels of the doors, and, in consequence, quite useless after dark. The first few evenings, when returning home from business, I counted the houses to avoid any possibility of mistake, after which I came to know our own door instinctively and ceased to give the matter any thought. The Christmas holidays had come and gone and I had still no opportunity of following up my acquaintance with Miss Everson. I called several times at Mrs. Parker's, but had always been so unfortunate as to find her out. At last I wrote her a note, to which she replied, saying that she was just going to Washington for a few weeks, but would be glad to take me to call at the Eversons' on her return.

I left the office one afternoon in a blinding snowstorm, and lighting from the car at the corner of our street, hurried along through the gathering gloom, feeling thankful when I found myself at the door of my home. I turned the key in the lock, and entering the house closed the door after me, giving, as I did so, a sigh of satisfaction and relief. The house was all in darkness, but not knowing where to put my hand on a match, and taking it for granted that the maid would light the hall gas presently, I did not trouble myself about it, but made my way up to my own room, which was in the third story.

I had just reached the upper hall when the front door opened and then closed, after which came the sound of an unfamiliar footstep on the stair. It was lighter than father's and quicker than mother's, and could not possibly belong to either of the servants, who were both middle aged and moved slowly. Along the second story hall and up the next flight of stairs came the strange step, while I grew more and more curious. I had to hunt some time to find the matches, which were not in their accustomed place on the mantelpiece. I discovered them at last, and as I struck I heard a stifled exclamation from the head of the stairs. Hastily lighting the gas I turned around and at the same moment the door of my room was closed with what seemed to me most unnecessary violence, and the sound of the key being turned in the lock fell upon my astonished ear.

Down the stairs flew the feet which a few moments before I had heard coming up, and once more the front door was opened and then closed.

Wondering very much at these singular proceedings I rattled the knob and called all to no purpose. There was no bell in my room and it was evident that father and mother were out. It was useless to try to make myself heard by the servants.

At last, deciding that this must be a joke on the part of one of my young cousins, who occasionally visited us, and who had probably arrived that day during my absence down town, I took off my overcoat and sat down before the grate fire that I had lighted.

It was very soothing and comfortable to feel the warmth stealing over my well nigh benumbed limbs, and, lost in

day dreams, I soon forgot that I was a prisoner.

I do not know how long I had sat there half dozing, when I was aroused by the sound of voices in the hall.

"He is in there," came in an audible whisper.

"Oh, do be careful, I have no doubt he is armed!"

The next moment the door opened, and a tall, muscular Hibernian, wearing a policeman's uniform, entered the room.

He looked considerably astonished at seeing me sitting quietly before the fire, but quickly recovered himself, he laid hold of my arm, saying as he did so:

"Will you come along with me quiet, or will I have to make yer? It's under arrest ye are. What does a decent looking man like yerself want to be snakin' thavin' for an' scarin' young ladies out of their wits?"

I stared at the man in amazement. Looking about I assured myself that I was surrounded by my own familiar possessions, while my uninvited visitor's vice-like grip on my arm convinced me that I was awake.

"Officer," I finally managed to utter, "there is some mistake."

He gave a sarcastic laugh as he answered:

"That's what they always say, every toime. Come along wid me now."

"But this is my father's house, and this is my own room!" I exclaimed. "I don't know the young lady to whom you refer may be, but I should say she had come a considerable distance out of her way to get frightened."

"He is quite right—I am the real intruder," said a gentle, feminine voice.

A very much mortified looking young girl was standing in the doorway.

"M'as Everson."

"Mr. Clark, I do not know what I can say—how I can explain this mistake," she stammered. "We live in one of these houses, and my room is the one corresponding to this. When I came home a little while ago I let myself in with my key and came directly upstairs. Seeing you in what I supposed to be my room I thought of course that you were a sneak thief. I did not have time to recognize you, and the halls were dark, and the possibility of having gotten into the wrong house never occurred to me. When I came back with this officer I was guided by my own recent footprints in the snow, which accounts for my second mistake—I cannot tell you how sorry and ashamed I feel."

The good-natured Irishman indulged in a hearty laugh in which I joined, and Miss Everson, too, notwithstanding her embarrassment, could not help seeing the ridiculous side of the situation. We proceeded downstairs, where we met my father and mother, who had just come in, and to whom it was necessary to explain the persistence in their house of an officer of the law and a strange young lady. They enjoyed the joke, and seeing Miss Everson's embarrassment, endeavored to put her at her ease. And then, with no thought of cold or snow, I put on my hat and coat and escorted our fair neighbor to her door. One Sunday afternoon in the spring I was calling at Mrs. Parker's, and as I was about to take my departure my hostess said: "The weather is lovely, now. We must go and call upon the Eversons very soon." I felt conscious of coloring up like a girl as I answered: "You are very kind, Mrs. Parker, but I have been without waiting for you. In fact, I go there almost every evening, and Helen and I are to be married in June."

What to Eat.

The Story Grandma Told.

Mollie's father was a shipbuilder, and the next day one of the largest ships ever built in his yards was to be launched. The wonderful thing about this event, in Mollie's eyes, was the fact that she was to launch in the Ariadne and christen the great ship as it plunged into the water. The little girl had seen many a vessel sent down the long "ways" to take its magnificent plunge into the water, but there's lots of difference, so Mollie thought, between seeing a thing and "being right into it!"

"Did you ever launch in a vessel, grandma?" she said that evening. She was up in Grandma Pingree's room, talking over her coming experience.

"Why, yes, dear," said grandma. "I launched in a vessel all alone once when I was a little girl."

"Why-e-e, Grandma Pingree!" gasped Mollie.

Grandma smiled. "Yes," she said, "and the queer thing about it was that I didn't know it until the launching was all over!"

Mollie was too much astonished now even to say "Why-e-e!"

Then grandma went on. "My father built ships down on the banks of the river where we lived. In those days they built vessels in the late fall and winter and worked at tarring in the summer. When I was 7 years old, fa-

ther had a vessel ready to launch the 1st of April. I used to go down every day and play in the cabin in the shavings the carpenters had made.

"The day before the vessel was to launch I was playing in the cabin all alone, the workmen being employed in the yard outside. An unusually big tide came in that day, and father decided that as everything was so nearly ready they would better take advantage of the tide and launch at once. So the workmen began to wedge up the blocks, forgetting all about me, and pretty soon the vessel slid gently off into the river.

"Just as the big ropes began to tighten and hold it I went up on deck for something or other, and a more surprised little girl I guess never lived. Father came off in a boat to get me, and he called me 'cap'n' and asked where I was 'bound.' When we got ashore, he said they would name the vessel the Elsie, after me."

"Well," said Mollie with conviction in her tone, "if I had been having such a good time as that I should want to have known it."—Webb Donnell in Youths' Companion.

For Personal Reasons.

"I'm an anti-expansionist clean 't'roo," said Meandering Mike with great earnestness. "I hadn't given the question much thought, but I'm convinced now dat dis country's spread over too much ground already."

"I don't see as it makes much difference," responded Plodding Pete.

"American institutions is all right. But I would like some place left to travel to where from de last o' November till de middle o' January you don't git no hand outs except mince pie an' cold turkey."—Washington Star.

Willing Just Once More.

He found his hair was leaving him at the top of his head and took his barber to task about it.

"You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow."

"It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man. "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—London Weekly Telegraph.

Rough on the Reporter.

The late Sir John MacDonald once gave orders to the leading Ottawa paper that his speeches were always to be reported verbatim, as he prided himself on the perfection of his extempore style. But on one occasion, when he spoke after dining generously, the reporters' notes turned out so incoherent that the editor took fright and sent the young man to get Sir John's own revision of his remarks. That statesman gravely corrected the reporters' literal transcript of what he had said and as gravely said to him on taking leave: "Young man, let me give you a piece of advice, of which I fear you stand in need. Never touch liquor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Hamlet's Bowl of Gruel.

George Melville, an English actor, was fond of telling a funny story at his own expense. He was acting Hamlet in Bristol. It was the actors' rule to take a bowl of gruel in the course of the evening, and his landlady sent over the usual refreshment from the lodgings in Queen square. She happened to have a "new" servant girl, who was explicitly directed to get to the stage door by the entrance from Bank street, and then carry the gruel into the greenroom. She arrived at a moment when Mr. Melville was "on." Being unused to the ways of the theater, she asked a man at the wings where Mr. Melville was.

"There," said the super, pointing to the stage.

The actor was in the middle of the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," when the girl advanced toward him, bearing the bowl, and said, "If you please, Mr. Melville, sir, here is your gruel."

She Defied Tradition.

Princess Nazli Hanum has paralyzed Cairo society by giving a reception to which both men and women were invited. She is the niece of Ismail Jasha, and wife of the ex-minister of foreign affairs at Constantinople. The reception was elaborate and magnificent, and most of the distinguished people in Cairo of all nations were there. The princess is said to be deeply versed in Eastern and European politics, literature and art, besides possessing much charm of conversation and manner. No Moslem princess has ever before ventured to hold a mixed reception.

After the Horse Is Stolen.

Editor Daily Nugget: After the horse is stolen is a poor time to lock the stable door. This saying applies to other things as well as horses and stables.

If I remember rightly just after the fire last winter which originated in a theater and which destroyed several hundred thousand dollars' worth of

property, there was a movement put on foot to prohibit the upstairs of theaters being occupied by women as living rooms. The Board of Trade memorialized the Yukon council, requesting that body to pass such an ordinance or resolution. The council favored the move, and, if I rightly remember, promised to pass and enforce the desired measure. It is now learned that nothing was done in the matter and that, so far as any law is concerned, there is nothing to prevent people from living as thick as Chinese in the upstairs of all the theater buildings in town.

It is a fact that without exception all of Dawson's big fires have originated in playhouse buildings, and yet no steps have been taken to provide against conflagrations from the same source in the future. But now that a government building, the new postoffice, will surely go in the next theater fire, it is hoped our law-makers will arise to the occasion and no longer be subject to the charge of criminal negligence.

Don't wait until the horse is stolen before locking the stable door.

COMMON SENSE.

As to Prize Fighting.

Dawson, Y. T., Aug. 30. Editor Klondike Nugget:

In answer to several requests and in order to decide quite a few bets placed this morning I write you the following:

In your issue of the 29th inst. you state that I was beaten by Sullivan. This is an error, as I never had the good or bad fortune to meet the noble John L. It is also incorrect where you state that the English championship was won from Mitchell by Sullivan.

These pugilists only fought once for championship honors. That fight ended in a draw. They also met once in a four-round contest which was stopped by the police in the second or third round, so that no championship could have passed at that meeting.

When Sullivan fought Corbett, Sullivan was not the recognized champion of America or any other country, having been retired for quite a time.

I would be very pleased to furnish you with correct details of any of the famous boxing contests, as in the absence of the official records I think that I am able to correct any mistakes that inadvertently creep into discussions of this kind. Yours truly,

F. P. SLAVIN.

Long Distance Fighting.

"Unless they have had experience," remarked an army officer, "people are very likely to have a very imperfect idea as to distances in army and field operations and as a result get things considerably mixed. When they read that armies are engaged with each other at 2000 yards between them, they may think that they can see each other, but the reality is far different."

"At that distance, to the naked eye, a man or a horse does not look any larger than a speck. It is impossible to distinguish at that distance between a man and a horse, and at 800 yards less, 1200 yards, especially where there is any dust, it requires the best kind of eyes to tell infantry from cavalry. At 900 yards the movements become clearer, though it is not until they get within 750 yards of each other that the heads of the columns can be made out with anything like certainty."

"Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much easier than the cavalry or artillery, for the reason that less dust is raised. Besides that, infantry can be distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a marching column in dry weather raises a great deal of dust."—Washington Star.

Disease Among Natives.

Disease is rapidly carrying away the natives of St. Michael island. Since the first steamers arrived there this season 38 Indians have died. Pneumonia and bronchitis claimed a majority of the unfortunate natives, and the physicians resident of the place say there was little or no such sickness among the Indians until the whites began pouring onto the island early in June.

A physician who returned on the Roanoke stated last night that St. Michael natives were not only succumbing to disease, but starvation as well. They have little to eat and many of them are poorly clad. Their furs, it is claimed, have been sold and bartered to the whites, until now they have little with which to purchase or trade for food.

According to the census taken by Enumerator Samuel C. Dunham there were 240 Indians on St. Michael island with the opening of navigation. Dunham, in the pursuit of his labors, found eight natives lying dead at one place, and according to statements made by him to passengers of the Roanoke, an even worse epidemic of disease prevails on the islands of St. George and St. Lawrence.

The health conditions at Nome are materially improved. An official statement issued the day before the Roanoke sailed, gave 12 cases of measles, 18 of pneumonia and six of smallpox, the latter all convalescing. —P. L.

HARD LUCK NOME STORIES.

Two Well Known Young Men From Dawson Missing.

Frank J. Golden Sand-Bagged and Robbed of \$700—Other Beach City News.

A letter has just been received by the Nugget from Thomas Carroll who spent the winter and spring here and who went to Nome early in the summer. Personally Mr. Carroll has nothing but good to say of Nome, as he has done well since arriving, and believes that there is a great future in store for that place. He says that when claims which are now in litigation are opened up, there will be lots of gold taken out. With rockers, the beach, he says, is yielding from \$5 to \$8 per day to the man.

Mr. Carroll tells of two young men, Archie League and Bob Williams, who left here on the steamer with him and who, on arriving at St. Michael, started for Nome in a small boat instead of going with the others on a steamer. Some hours after they started a terrible storm came up and the two young men have not since been heard of. The letter says there can be no doubt but that they were drowned.

Both League and Williams came to Dawson last fall from Skagway, where the former who was a variety actor, singer and composer of no mean attainments, had resided for two years and where his wife was living at last accounts. Williams had been employed as brakeman on a passenger train between Skagway and Bennett. He was unmarried. His parents reside near St. Paul, Minn.

Another young man well known in Dawson, Frank J. Golden, probably wishes he had never seen Nome. Golden left Dawson for Koyukuk in June, but remained there only a short time, returning down the river and going on to Nome. A few nights after his arrival at that place, and while walking around the beach he was assailed by two men, sandbagged and robbed of \$700 in cash. The robbers escaped by mingling with the vast crowd on the beach and streets. Our informant says Golden is taking his loss very much to heart.

Regarding the claims which are being worked in the Nome district, Mr. Carroll says it is almost impossible to learn how much they are yielding, as the claim owners keep their business to themselves on account of claim jumping which necessarily entails no end of litigation. He says he saw for himself \$1000 worth of dust which was taken from Wyatt Bap's claim in one day by two men.

John Stanley, formerly a Dawson blacksmith, is now a deputy U. S. marshal here and is making a good officer. There is more whisky drunk in Billy McKee's saloon here alone than there is in the entire city of Dawson. McKee has six bartenders on each shift and they are on the jump all the time. There is considerable gambling here, but no very heavy plays. There are as fine bars here as I ever saw in Chicago or any other place in the East.

The report that Nome is a cheap camp is not exactly true, although there are many cheap places. But a good meal costs as much here as in Dawson. There are restaurants here which advertise meals for 25 cents, but one of their meals won't fill a hollow tooth.

Many people are leaving Nome for below, the fare being all the way from \$15 to \$100, although some of the steamers are selling first-class tickets for \$35. It is not likely that more than 5000 or 6000 people will winter in Nome.

BRIEF MENTION.

W. H. Keeler, of the Forks, is stopping at the Fairview.

The N. A. T. & T. Co.'s genial mining manager is down from 27 above, Bonanza, and is registered at the Regina.

Sheriff Ellbeck has decided that six polling stations will be necessary to accommodate the voters of Dawson at the coming election.

Harry Woolrich successfully wooed the gods of fortune this morning, and persuaded the dealer of the Exchange bank to yield up \$5500 in good money of the realm.

The Bank of Commerce, a day or two since received for deposit a small amount of gold recently taken from Jack Wade Creek. Upon assay it was found to be worth \$18.99 per ounce.

The Proverbial Straw.

"Here, waiter!" cried the camel, who had been vainly endeavoring to absorb his mint julep, "this straw has a flaw in it."

"Sorry," replied the monkey, "but you'll have to get along with it. It's the last one in the house." Then the camel, in his frenzied efforts to draw through it, broke his back. —Philadelphia Press.