

VETERAN PRACTICAL JOKER

Whose Work Is Known the World Over, Turns Merchant.

Keeps a Modest Little Store on First Avenue and Never Refers to His Inventions.

In a modest First avenue store, well towards the South End, sits the author of more mirth-provoking contrivances than perhaps can be attributed to any other man on earth. There have been more laughs, more ruptured friendships and more fights over his inventions than those of any other one man in the world ever contrived to put into use and make money out of. His name is a queer one too—Haney Buglar—and he hails or did hail, in 1897, from Chicago, but when he heard the story of the gold finds of the Klondike the music of the siren voice caught his ear and refused to lose its hold upon his desires, till Haney, like many others, mentally saying "I'll leave my happy home for now," packed his trunk and Chicago knew him no more, for he had departed out of the land and wandered in the wilderness. The peculiar line taken by his inventive genius soon made his contrivances known throughout the United States, where the practical joke is appreciated and much indulged in, and even in Dawson only a few weeks since one of the children of his brain was placed upon the stage of one of the local playhouses where it made much fun for a week. That he is not personally known as well as his inventions must be set down to his modesty.

In this age of rapid progress it must needs be something out of the common which secures to itself the earmark of public approval in any marked degree, and Haney's inventive genius certainly took an uncommon direction, inasmuch as he only contrived tools for the practical joker, technically known as a fake saloon furniture.

The thing that was seen on the Savoy stage not long since of this nature, was a set of stairs, made in such a manner that by touching a spring they instantly became a perfectly smooth and slippery incline. Now, when this occurred it will be easy to see what happened to the luckless party who chanced to be upon the stairs at the time.

The general method of operating these is this, a party of friends having toward the one to be dealt with by practical methods, drop into the saloon where the stairs are, and an excuse is made to get him up to a room above, and then things are so managed that he will have to come down alone. Then he is upon the stairs the spring is touched and the victim slides smoothly and somewhat surprised into the middle of the bar-room floor, where, when he gets up, he does, one of two things. He either picks out some one to whip, or laughs with the rest and goes up the drinks.

Another scheme of this sort is the deep hole and the hidden tank, which has been more severe in its results than the other. A tank is sunk in the floor, and filled with water. A light, fake partition of the partition is inserted just where the tank comes, between it and the bar-room, and where the candidate is to stand, and in the partition at such a height that the average man will have to stand on his tip toes, and put some slight pressure against the wall with his hands in order to look through it is a small round hole. Above it in attractive letters is a warning to patrons of the house not to look through

The victim heeds not the warning, but looks and is lost. When he places his hands against the wall, raises upon his toes and looks through the hole, the light section of wall flashes aside and, thrown thus suddenly off his balance, he flings headlong into the tank of water.

In countries where it is customary to eat cheese, crackers and such lunch stuff to be placed upon the bar for the benefit of customers, there is some chance to be seen a cheese under a nice piece of cover. It is always well to be a little cautious, about this cheese as they once had an idea concerning it and since then men have sometimes discovered, too late, that the rich looking cheese they cut off and put in their mouths was not cheese but soap.

There are fake chairs made to collapse when sat upon, leaving the sitters in all sorts of undignified positions, and pretty much every kind and description of bar-room furniture made has been worked upon by this practical

joker, who has gone out of the business and is now a merchant.

French-Canadian Lore.

Less than 30 minutes below Quebec, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, is the American Lourdes. Famous as the shrine of St. Anne de Beupre, and often it has been described, comparatively few people in the United States know much about it. Since my first visit there, four years ago, I have found that most of those to whom I described the place in conversation had the vaguest notions about it. Yet thousands of American pilgrims and tens of thousands of American tourists visit it every year. On the side of the one time wooden chapel has grown a magnificent edifice of stone, built by the contributions of the pilgrims, and around it cluster a dozen hotels for the accommodation of those whose pilgrimage is prolonged.

There has been a railroad to Beupre for 11 years. This year a trolley line uses the same rails, and the accommodations for travel are somewhat improved. The railroad line has been blessed by the cardinal. This may not account for its prosperity, but it seems to be one of the best paying lines in America. Throughout the summer its trains are crowded, and the fare it exacts makes the pilgrimage a luxury to those to whom it is not a necessity.

An eminent authority vouches for the work of St. Anne at her favorite shrine at Beupre. Bishop Laval is quoted as indorsing an account of the early miracles in 1680, saying: "We have made of these facts so careful an examination that they may be made known to the whole world." And the founder of the Ursuline order in Quebec wrote in 1665 of St. Anne's church as one "in which our Lord vouchsafes to work great prodigies at the intercession of the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin. There may be seen the paralytic made to walk, the blind receiving their sight, and the sick, no matter what their malady may be, regaining their health."

To the more recent miracles those in immediate charge of the church give testimony. Mute witnesses are the heaps of crutches said to have been left by the lame, who have walked away from the church without their aid, after interceding with St. Anne to be restored to health. These crutches are arranged in two racks, one on each side of the main entrance to the church. They form tall pyramids, on which are hung braces and frames for deformed feet, elastic bandages and other evidences of the work of Divine intervention or of the work of lively imaginations on the human system.

There is another heap of crutches on the shrine—testimony of more recent date. With them are bottles of medicine, which sufferers have left here, as no longer needed after the intervention of the saint in their behalf.

It is a pathetic sight, this shrine, with the little groups of supplicants kneeling before it. The chief attraction for them is a relic of the saint which reposes in a small glass and metal box. This is described as "a notable fragment of a finger-bone of St. Anne." It has been here since 1670, and in that time, no doubt, has received the veneration of a million men and women. They kneel before it, praying a few at a time, and then kiss the glass front of the box in which the bone reposes. Some wipe the glass before kissing it, but most of them omit this sanitary precaution. When they have kissed the glass they drop a coin into a contribution box, which is a part of the shrine. These are the coins which have built the great Church of St. Anne.

Notable is the absence of open effort to make capital of the reputation of Beupre. The great exception is a huge cyclorama of the Crucifixion, which stands between the wharf and the railroad track, and invites you with the announcement that admission is free to those who buy 25 cents' worth of souvenirs at a bazaar in the village. Very crude and commonplace are most of the souvenirs, and the woman who sells them shakes her head in despair when you address her in English. French is a quick road to her understanding, though the Canadian patois is very far removed from pure French and possesses many words in common use which could not be found in a French dictionary.

The bazaar is one-half of a long series of buildings on the single narrow street used almost without exception as hotels. One or two claim to be "American hotels," probably basing that claim on the fact that the proprietor speaks broken English. All are bare wooden structures, looking as though they offered few comforts. Here and there are shops, and one drug store supplies prescriptions, as well as patent nostrums, to those whose prayers have not been answered. Quite as interesting and even more pathetic

than the cures wrought by the good St. Anne are the tales of suffering and privation endured by those who have come here in hope and gone away in wretchedness and despair. To the afflicted among the French Canadian peasants, whose faith is strong, no sacrifice of comfort is too great if it makes possible a visit to the shrine. Families deny themselves food and necessary clothing that one among them may make the pilgrimage. Often he returns no better than when he started. All of this pilgrimage money and the money spent by the tourists goes to make prosperous the little town and the big church. Each year the place is made more attractive to the eye.

A beautiful garden lies in front of the church. A broad walk leads from the railroad platform to the church door. There is constant movement here, people entering at all hours. Most of the tourists make a quick circuit of the interior, perhaps stopping for a few minutes to pray. Those who have made the pilgrimage usually kneel before the shrine for a few minutes, kiss the relic and retire to one of the long seats to continue their prayers. Sometimes invalids are brought in wheeled chairs, in which they sit before the shrine, prayer book in hand. Others are supported on the arms of their friends. The lame come on crutches, the sick with their bottles of medicine in their hands. On the day I last visited the church a medicine bottle, apparently just contributed, lay on the steps of the shrine.

Tradition has it that St. Anne's church was founded by some sailors, who, being in great peril, vowed that if they were saved they would build a shrine to their patron saint at the spot where they landed. They came ashore at Petit Cap, and there they built a little chapel in fulfillment of their vow. Nothing remains of this chapel (if it ever existed), but the old wooden church, which was one of the first ten churches in this part of the world, has been preserved and stands not far from the great church, an object of interest to visitors. Another attraction is the Way of the Cross, on the hillside opposite the church, the stations being marked by small crosses and a large crucifix standing at the head of the steep hill.

The shrine at Beupre has more than a local reputation. It is not infrequently visited by pilgrims from abroad, and eminent Catholics have presented to it some notable gifts. Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., presented to the church a splendid chasuble embroidered by her own hands, which is brought forth for the use of high dignitaries of the church when they visit Beupre. D'Iberville gave to the church in 1706 a crucifix of solid silver. A reliquary of silver is the gift of M. de Laval.

The piece of St. Anne's finger bone is not the only relic at Beupre. There is a fragment of her wrist, which was sent to Beupre in 1892 by Pope Leo XIII., which has been exposed in New York and attracted great crowds to St. Anne's church in that city. Then there is what is described as "a precious fragment of rock extracted from the room of St. Anne in Jerusalem." The pilgrims also attribute miraculous efficacy to the water of the fountain which plays in front of the church.

As the numbers of visitors to Quebec increases year by year the pilgrimage to Beupre grows in popularity and the prosperity of the little community increases. It still maintains all but its architectural simplicity and is worth a visit as one of the few remaining quaint and original features of French-Canadian life.—N. H. Herald.

A Merry-Making.

There will be a grand dance given at 60 roadhouse, lower Bonanza, next Thursday night, December 20th. Good music; excellent supper. Everybody is invited and a good time is assured for all.

The Criterion Hotel.

The Criterion hotel has been remodelled and is now to be run on the family hotel plan, where, with finely appointed rooms and an excellent dining room service the patrons of the house can be entertained. Manager J. H. Weiter has reduced the price of rooms and will make every effort to have a first-class family hotel in every respect.

Cyrus Noble whisky, Rochester.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meekers.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meekers.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Public Notice.

Under ordinance No. 38, of 1900, an ordinance respecting vaccination, two public vaccinators have been appointed, namely, Dr. Macfarlane, First Avenue, Dawson, and Dawson and neighborhood, and Dr. La Chapelle at Grand Forks, for Bonanza and Eldorado with their tributaries.

All residents in those districts who have not complied with the said ordinance in procuring declaration or cer-

tificates according to schedules A or B of said ordinance before the end of the year shall be dealt with according to the provisions of said ordinance. Dated at Dawson this 13th day of December, 1900.

J. H. MACARTHUR, M. C. H.
Dr. Macfarlane's hours in office daily, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

Still Holds Good.

"There was a time," exclaimed young spenders, who had gone through a fortune, "when people used to say I had more money than brains. They can't say it now."

"No?" queried the caustic cad.
"No. I'm down to my last penny."
"Ah! but you have the penny."—Philadelphia Press.

The Sleepless Seven.

"There were seven of the 12," said one of the discharged jurors in speaking of the matter next morning, "who didn't want to sleep themselves and wouldn't let the rest of us sleep. Whenever we dropped into a doze, they came around and shook us till we were wide awake again."

"And you had to submit, I suppose, for they constituted the majority?"

"Yes, they were the rousing majority," said the hollow eyed juror, with a pensive attempt to be facetious.—Chicago Tribune.

Corroborative Evidence.

Miss Summit—What a lot of old china Miss Spindle has! And she says it was handed down in her family.

Miss Pallsade—Then it is just as I expected.

Miss Summit—What is it?
Miss Pallsade—That her ancestors never kept servants.—Harper's Bazar.

Fresh Stall Fed BEEF

All Kinds of Meats
Game In Season

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THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

I am selling

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400 CASES 400

Four Hundred Cases

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ONE OR ONE HUNDRED CASE LOTS.

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TOM CHISHOLM or
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"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between
Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m., Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS,
General Manager

S. M. IRWIN,
Traffic Manager

J. H. ROGERS,
Agent

You Fellows From the Creek . . .

Want to drop in and see us when you come to town.

You know you were always welcome to sit on the counter and whittle in '97 times, and it's just the same old place now.

You can sit on the steam pipes and shoot out the electric lights, and be perfectly at home as of yore.

Incidentally we can swap yarns about how much cheaper goods are; and possibly fit you out for the season for about what you used to pay for a sack of flour.

Don't forget the Old Trading Post.

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