

# Whacker Bill's Confession

The Rev. John Rollins did not notice that his wife was holding out his bearskin coat with both hands. He continued to stare into the depths of the open fireplace.

The nickel alarm clock ticked noisily on the high mantelshelf, the only sound in the cabin tucked under Bilger's hill. The minute hand touched 12, and Mrs. Rollins coughed apologetically.

The Reverend John came out of his trance and slipped into the waiting coat. His wife cast an adoring look up at his square shouldered six feet one.

"I hated to interrupt your thoughts, Jack, but the stage is due in a minute. Were you thinking of your sermon?"

"Not much, my girl," replied Rollins. "I was thinking of that twenty-four mile ride with Whacker Bill. It is honestly the worst feature of this charge. I like to go over to Las Vegas. They're a friendly set, and they're always glad to see me. But the ride—that foul-mouthed Bill with his swearing at every rut in the road! But I'll cure him yet. I feel somehow as if I'd been sent to this place to save Whacker Bill's soul and I'm going to do it."

John Rollins set his mouth in the firm curve that his wife could remember from the old football days, long before he had taken orders in the church.

The little woman clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"I hope, Jack, dear, you'll be very very careful in dealing with Bill. He's an awful character, they say—and—"

"Yes, he claims to be the champion bad man in the Las Vegas valley, but you remember a certain little sling dance did the business with another braggart, and I'm loading up with stones for the same trick."

He smiled cheerily into his wife's anxious face, kissed her tenderly and crossed to the door.

"Don't worry, little woman. I won't hurt him or lay myself liable to the law."

The Reverend Rollins threw open the door and gazed down the winding mountain street. The commotion in front of the postoffice told him that the stage had arrived. He stalked down the flower edged path to meet it.

When the stage plunged and swayed past the cabin, Mrs. Rollins waved her hand to her husband, sitting straight and smiling beside the rough driver. Then she ran into the house, where, burying her face in her husband's big chair, she had a hearty cry.

On and on swung the stage, Bill chatting amiably of his former triumphs when the vigilantes represented the law and life was worth living. Nothing happened to disturb his serenity until they had passed Las Cruces, when they suddenly came upon a patch of road that made the stage jerk and plow from side to side like a ship in the teeth of a gale.

What Whacker Bill said about the road commissioners of the country would not bear publication. As he stormed and raved in the maddest of profanity the Rev. John Rollins squared round and looked Whacker Bill fairly in the eye.

"Here, you triangulated sine quadrangle of a perambulator, shut up!"

Bill stopped in the middle of a mighty oath and stared at the missionary in amazement. So preachers lost their temper, and such a quiet chap as Preacher Rollins too!

Bill forgot the condition of the road while he ruminated over this fact: Then they struck an ugly hole, a mailbag flew through space, and Bill came back to earth by a most profane route. Rollins held the reins while Bill went back to gather up Uncle Sam's possessions. The offending bag went up with a crash and an oath, and Bill was following with a still mightier accomplishment of profanity when he felt the young missionary's grip of steel on his wrist.

"You bifurcated prismoidal of a ne plus ultra iconoclast, stop that noise and tend to business!"

Whacker Bill climbed into the seat without a word. Rollins calmly lit a cigar and studied the scenery, and they rode five miles in eloquent silence. Then Bill could stand it no longer.

"Partner, what did you I'arn it?"

"At college," came the terse reply.

"Lordy, an' I've heard 'em called religious cemetaries!" murmured Bill, and silence once more settled between them.

Rollins was smoking his third cigar and feeling a bit nervous as they covered the last two miles into Las Vegas. Just as they caught sight of the town's lights twinkling in the mist one of the lead horses stumbled

## Alexandra's Kindness

During the nearly forty years of her life in England, the queen has been instrumental, directly or indirectly, in obtaining subscriptions to philanthropic and charitable work to the extent of \$250,000,000. Her sweetness, generosity, sympathy and thoughtfulness are proverbial and are reflected in her face as they are radiated by her life. She is deeply religious and is charitable and careful in her judgment, rarely expressing condemnation of any one. She loves informal ty and is always to be seen by those in trouble. As Princess of Wales she regularly visited the hospitals and made the poor her special charge.

A story told to illustrate her kindness of heart is that of an elderly lady in waiting to her mother, the late Queen of Denmark. In one of King Christian's weekly letters to his daughter he wrote that the old lady was dying and that her one last wish was to speak again to her "dear Princess Alex." At that time it was impossible for Alexandra to leave England, but she spoke a long, tender message of love and hope and remembrance into a phonograph and sent it by special courier to Copenhagen.

It arrived only a short time before the old lady's death, but it made her last hours serenely happy.

## Must Have Been Asleep.

Mr. W. P. Pirth, the artist, once related this anecdote of a picture collector, of his acquaintance, an irascible country squire: The old gentleman frequently dined with his country neighbors and drove home, often several miles, late at night. Once, after dining heavily, he fell asleep and did not wake when the carriage drew up before his home. The coachman made the usual half-it was the old man's custom to let himself out—and then, supposing his passenger had alighted, drove to the stable.

Some time later, while enjoying a late supper, the butler inquired his master's whereabouts. Was he spending the night out? A brief dismayed colloquy ensued, but they divined the situation and rose to it. Tip-toeing stealthily out to the coachhouse, they peeped into the carriage, beheld its slumbering occupant, cautiously led out and rebarbered the horses and drove him, still snoring, back to his own front door, where the butler ventured to awake him and obsequiously ushered him in.

"Bless my soul, I must have been asleep!" he muttered drowsily as he stumbled up the steps, but he never guessed that he had spent a part of the night in his own coachhouse, and the two clever servants kept their own counsel—and their places.—Manchester Times.

## Must Pick the Bone.

As is well known, slavery existed in a small way in Massachusetts in the early days. Slaves were often freed by will at the death of their master, and not infrequently aged and unhealthy servants were released in order to save the expense of their maintenance. The unfortunate freedman then became a charge on the town. So frequent did such cases become that the general council of 1803—4 passed an act which prohibited the freeing of servants except upon giving bonds to save the public from future charges. The historian of Malden cites an incident: One of the old esquires of Malden had a slave who had been in his family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much more work left in the old man, his owner sent for him one day and addressed him in pompous fashion.

"You have been a faithful servant to me and my father before me," he said. "I have long been thinking what I should do to reward you for your services, and I have decided to give you your freedom. You are your own master; you are your own man."

But the old negro shook his grizzled head and, with a sly glance which showed that he saw through his master's intentions, quietly replied: "No, no, massa; you eat de meat, and now you must pick de bone."

## British Notes

From 1801 to 1881, parliament passed 27,000 measures.

Sixty men emigrate from England for every 40 women.

Seven in every 10,000 people who die in England are murdered.

English apple orchards cover 180,300 acres, against 560,000 acres in France.

The average weight of salmon caught in British waters is eight pounds.

Sir Robert Hart says that the Boxer trouble in China will continue for years.

Twenty-four per cent. of British emigrants travel cabin, and 76 steerage.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

# NO CHANGE IN MARKETS

## Prices Remain Same as a Week Ago

### So Far as Retail Trade is Concerned—Salmon Fishermen Make a Combine.

So far as the retail trade is concerned there has been no change in the Dawson market prices during the past week except in the one article of fresh salmon taken from the Yukon river which up to last Saturday was being sold by the fish to the markets at as low a price as six cents per pound and in turn to the trade at from 10 to 15 cents. Monday morning the fishermen got together and established a standard price to the markets of 1 cent per pound and the consumer now pays 25 cents.

The supply of mutton being very large the wholesale price has dropped from 27 1/2 to 26 cents per pound.

General quotations are:

### STAPLES.

Flour	.....	\$ 2.50	\$ 3.00
Sugar, per 100	.....	8.00	9.00
Beans, per 100	.....	8.00	8.00
Beans, Lima	.....	10.00	10.00
Rolled Oats, per 100	.....	8.00	9.00

### MEATS.

Beef, pound	.....	20	25@50
Veal, pound	.....	35	35
Pork, pound	.....	20	50
Ham, pound	.....	25	30
Bacon, fancy	.....	30	40
Mutton, pound	.....	26	35@50

### BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.

Agon's butter, 60-lb.	\$27.50	\$ 1.00can	
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	27.50	1.50can	
Coldbrook	.....	22.50	25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	.....	30.00	1.50can
Eggs, fresh	.....	11.00	10.50

### MILK AND CREAM.

Eagle, case	.....	9.50	\$10.00
Highland, case	.....	8.50	72.00
Carnation Cream	.....	8.50	10.00
St. Charles	.....	8.00	9.00

### CANNED GOODS.

Roast beef, doz	3.00	3 for 1.00
Mutton	3.50@4.50	2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00@15.00	1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	4.00	2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case	9.00@11.00	1 for .50
Sliced bacon	3.00	4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	7.00	1 for .75
Corned beef	3.00	3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	3.50	2 for 1.00
Salmon, case	11.50	3 for 1.00
Clams, case	11.50	3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	5.50	3 for 1.00
Corn	4.25	3 for 1.00
String beans	6.50	2 for 1.00
Green peas	6.50	2 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.50	2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00	2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	9.00	2 for 1.00
Choice California Mission Fruits	8.50@10.00	
Silver Seal	11.50	2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00	3 for 1.00
Lubeck's pota- toes per tin	8.00	
Beets	9.00	2 for 1.00
Asparagus	14.00	1 for 1.00
Celery stalks	14.00	1 for 1.00

### CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.

Poultry, pound	.....	40	45
Broilers, pound	.....	50	60
Greyling, fresh	.....	40	40
Halibut	.....	30	35
Whitefish	.....	50	50
Pickrel	.....	40	50
Salmon	.....	15	25

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Potatoes	.....	7	8.50
Onions	.....	12	20
Cabbage	.....	35	35
Turnips	.....	30	30
Lemons, case	.....	10.00	12.00
Oranges, case	.....	10.00	12.00
Rolled oats	.....	9	9
Oats	.....	5 1/2	6
Hay	.....	4 1/2	6
Soap	.....	12.50	
Tobacco, Star	.....	1.00	

## Lord Salisbury's Forgetfulness.

Of Lord Salisbury's curious detachment from current affairs and occasional lapses into forgetfulness many stories are being told. One relates to the extraordinary attack which he made last year in the House of Lords upon the Treasury and his subsequent apology. Sir Francis Mowatt, the head of the British treasury, very naturally took the attack as a personal matter and sent in his resignation accordingly. Lord Salisbury, it is said, was never more surprised in his life. He had no desire to make a personal attack upon anybody, and least of all had he any intention to make any reflection upon

Sir Francis Mowatt. What he thought—as the story runs—was that the permanent head of the Treasury was still Sir Reginald Welby. When informed that he had for some years been sitting directly opposite that gentleman, who had left the treasury and taken his seat in the House of Lords, Lord Salisbury expressed the utmost surprise.

## Should Not be Taxed

Davenport, Ia., July 7.—The first subject presented at today's session of the convention of the North American turnerbund was a renewal of the property for the exemption of the property of the turner societies from taxation. A resolution covering the plan of procedure was presented by Leopold Neumann of Chicago and it was supported by strong speeches by Neumann and other delegates. The contention of the speakers was that the turner properties, valued at \$4,500,000 and devoted to physical and mental training, should not be taxed more than schools, charities and Christian association properties.

## Early Methods of Curing Skins

The original process of curing skins was probably the simple one of cleaning and drying them. Removal of the hair by maceration in water seems to have been common among the very early tribes, and one writer has suggested that the idea was ob-

tained from the natural process of desiccation. They must certainly have been familiar with it in the case of drowned animals, where maceration can be plainly observed. Following this smoke, sour milk, oil and the brains of the animals themselves were found efficacious. Many of these primitive methods are employed at the present time.

—THE—

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