

THE ROMANCES.

IN THE HISTORY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England—that rambling, ramshackle, loose-jointed structure of gray stone, blackened by centuries of London smoke, London grime, and London soot, and forring an almost complete square from Threadneedle street in the south to Coleman street in the north—does not at first sight seem a likely place for romance, and yet its history teems with stories of love, hatred, ambition, rascality and adventure.

William Paterson, who at one time of his life had controlled every privateer that ran the Spanish Main—a grim black-muzzled Scotchman—was the founder of the bank. He laid the foundation of his fortune in the buying and selling of slaves and the clearing of a hundred thousand pounds as his share of the gold found on a sunken Spanish galleon. It was with this one hundred thousand pounds and the profit derived from his buccaneering expedition that Paterson, banished to Holland by James II., and the implacable enemy of all the Stuarts, found part of the money for the Prince of Orange's expedition across the Borne.

Blood-red in the annals of the bank lives the story of Charles Walter Godfrey, partner of Paterson. Crossing the Channel in the face of a fierce storm and laden with £80,000 (200,000) in drafts for the aid of King William, at that time besieging Namur against the forces of the Fourteenth Louis, Godfrey insisted on his right to deliver the warrant for the money into the hands of the King, who was then in the trenches under a hot fire. And as, with humble obedience, he handed the paper to his taciturn Majesty, saying in response to the King's gruff remonstrance, "Am I any more exposed to danger than you, sir?" a cannon ball swept his head away.

Over the massive fireplace in the directors' room stood some years ago three rusty specimens of the old Brown Bess, together with a number of roughly shaped bullets. In these relics is embodied a picture of that dreadful night in the November of 1709, when the mob of Gordon rioters marched down from Newgate, setting fire to every Catholic chapel on the line of march and advancing with a force of 5,000 upon the bank.

Then was it that the clerks, armed with muskets, remembered that they were unprovided with shot. Before them lay rows of leaden inkstands, moistly suggesting the possibilities of a new use. In less than half an hour the inkstands had been melted and turned into bullets.

The muskets were loaded. At every window of the bank stood two marksmen; their guns trained on the crowd below. Yet the mob came on, never halting, never hesitating, until they were within ten yards of the bank gates, and then, sharp and clear above the pandemonium of yelling, was heard the order to fire.

From those windows poured a deadly volley, and when the smoke finally cleared away two hundred and fifty rioters lay still or writhing in the agony of mortal wounds on the open space now covered by the esplanade of the Royal Exchange.

The attacking army wavered, stopped, broke line and fled, and the Gordon riots were at an end.

The growing power of Childs's, a private bank, which at that time had the backing of all the English nobility, had become a matter of serious alarm to the Bank of England, whose notes were at a discount of 10 per cent. And so, little by little, through their agents, the managers of the Bank of England bought up every receipt bearing the name of Childs's Bank, permitting the collections to accumulate with each succeeding year until the time should be ripe, during a shortage of gold, to present the receipts in one vast mass for payment. It was figured to be a certainty that Childs's would not be able to meet the demand and would thus be crushed out of existence.

Happy for Childs's was it that one of the Bank of England's agents, over the bottle, let slip the secret.

And now at Blenheim they tell the story of that famous night one hundred and fifty years ago when the wild clanging of the bell at the great gate awakened the people of the village, and of a white-faced, travel-stained man staggering into the hall and brokenly entreating an audience of her grace the Duchess—none other than the famous Sarah Jennings—for in her the bank found its most powerful friend and patron. Down came the indomitable Sarah in her dressing gown to receive the visitor and demand his excuse for disturbing her peace.

"Your Grace," began the messenger, "the Bank of England holds our receipts for £200,000. Those receipts will be presented for payment at noon today; we have not enough gold to meet them. Unless we can answer the demand in eight hours we are ruined. There is but one person in this world who can save us—you, our patron, and to you we turn in our need."

Without a word the Duchess sat down at her writing table and wrote out a cheque and handed it to the bank's agent. It was an order on the Bank of England for the payment of £700,000 (\$3,500,000).

"Take this cheque to the Bank of England. Tell them that if they

hesitate for one single instant in paying it I'll proclaim them as defaulters. But you will see they won't refuse. The £80,000 may be useful as a margin in case of necessity."

The hour of noon saw the Bank of England's agent at Childs's counter, blandly presenting the bagful of receipts and deftly suggesting immediate payment. But even at that moment Child's clerk was in Threadneedle street receiving cash on the Duchess's cheque.

Childs's cashiers displayed all the premonitory symptoms of blindness, for it took them fully half an hour to scrutinize even the first batch of the receipts, and they were at the end of the first hundred when their messenger returned. They suddenly recovered their eyesight, and within ten minutes the Bank of England had been paid literally in its own coin. The net result of the whole transaction was that Childs's bank was many thousand pounds richer, since which time the Bank of England has not looked for a fight—New York World.

SITE TO BE SELECTED

Carnegie Funds Soon to be Available

Location of the Library Will be Determined Within the Coming Fortnight.

The question of the Carnegie library will soon be settled, the donor of the \$25,000 having advised the city through his secretary that the money he had contributed was available and ready to be turned over to the municipality as soon as he had received copies of the resolutions passed by the council which would indicate that the conditions imposed by the city had been fulfilled. All that remains now is the settling of the site for the building. This it is admitted will have to be purchased by the city though it is thought that it will be reimbursed by the territory. The latter has signified its willingness to donate a site and has all but tendered one of two localities but they are not considered sufficiently central and have been declined. There is reason to believe, however, that if a site is agreed upon and purchased that the territory will do the handsome thing when it comes to the final settlement. The word had from Mr. Carnegie was in response to a communication sent him asking how soon the funds he had consented to donate would be available. The reply came to City Clerk Smith and is as follows:

"Yours of the 12th received. Mr. Carnegie will make arrangements about payments when you advise him that the site is owned for the library and send him copies of the resolutions of the council thus carrying out the conditions of his offer."

The letter is signed by James Bertram, private secretary, and is dated at New York, March 2.

Some little discussion was indulged in concerning the best method to pursue in selecting a site and it was finally decided to call for tenders such to be accompanied by a cash price for which the lot or lots offered would be sold. The council does not bind itself to select any of the sites tendered and in order to prevent any sudden rise in real estate in any particular part of the city the location of the tenders is not restricted to any specified section; the natural conclusion is that a central location is what will be demanded by the council, but at the same time the members do not hesitate to say that they will not be held up in order to secure what they want. Upon the motion it was decided to advertise for tenders of sites, such to be handed to the city clerk not later than Monday evening, March 30, at 3 p. m. The council will hold a special meeting on the evening of the same date when the locations contained in the tenders will be considered. The size of the plot of ground has not been specified, but it is considered that not less than 100x100 would be suitable for a building that is to cost \$25,000. Grounds of such dimensions would be of a size sufficient so that the landscape gardener could make some attempt toward beautifying the surroundings. A larger plot would be even more suitable.

Mrs. Upjohn—"What beautiful floors! How do you keep them so nicely polished?"

Mrs. Gaswell (giving her the icy glare)—"I don't. I leave that to my housemaid."

Her friend—"Didn't you play an engagement at Saratoga last summer?"

Soubrette—"O, yes. That was with Archie Flipchap. Poor fellow! He thought it was serious."

SPEER.

"Hello, Speer, when did you blow ashore?"

"Just got off the Yale."

"Better come over to the shack and have supper before we turn in."

"No, thanks, I had something to eat on the boat and I'm going over to stay with the quartermaster of the Ninth Massachusetts tonight."

Speer was a Boston correspondent who was being moved around with the Massachusetts troops and he had just set foot on shore in Cuba, at Siboney, and, strolling past the lead mules and over the rickety railroad bridge to look at the camp of the engineers beside the little hillside graveyard, had stumbled into Clark of Cincinnati and Suttie of Chicago, whom he knew. He wore bicycle knickers, a Norfolk jacket and a small cap. His two friends, who had been ashore during the campaign looked like cowboys, hooded, stirred, with wide brimmed sombreros, much the worse for wear and revolvers hanging on their hips. Clark looked rather amused in a quiet way at the fashion of Speer's dress, but made no comment. Suttie said:

"We're going up to the front tomorrow, and if you like we'll take you up the trail with us. You might enjoy yourself if you go along."

"When do you start?" asked Speer.

"Come over here about 4:30 in the morning," continued Suttie, "and bring a blanket, poncho and two days' rations. That means bacon, coffee and hardtack. Better borrow a canteen and have it filled."

"All right," and the complacent Speer sauntered back to the hospital quartermaster on whom he billed himself.

Late the next afternoon the three correspondents crawled up the little hillside into El Caney. The town had formerly 2,000 inhabitants, being filled with refugees who had fled from Santiago, it was now jammed with 18,000, some starving, others so weak they were lying about in the plaza and still others clamoring at the cathedral door for the rice soup ration which Lieutenant Allen, in charge of the town, was shortly to dish out to them. The sights were heart-breaking even to Clark and Suttie, who had seen them before, but they made a deep impression on Speer. That worthy, by the way, had come to the other two in the morning and all he carried was a poncho wrapped under his belt and a camera. He said he could not get a blanket nor a canteen and did not had the rations were necessary. He had been drinking all forenoon from the canteens of the other two. They had said nothing, but had been thinking a good deal. When the cathedral was reached, Speer stood aside while the two interrogated Lieutenant Allen of the Second cavalry. Speer was completely played out. His face was drawn, his lips

were blue, for the tramp under the blazing sun was no idle stroll for him even if he carried nothing. The others were inured to it, despite their blanket rolls and other conveniences.

"Lieutenant," at last began Speer, "can we sleep here tonight?"

"There's no place I know of," he replied.

"How about the cathedral?"

"There's eight men and one woman in there now with yellow fever. That settled it for Speer, who could see that the town was overcrowded until he wondered the walls of the houses did not bulge from the mobs inside them. The trio lingered for awhile, drank straight coffee the lieutenant gave them from the boiler in which it was made for the refugees, and then they started for the trenches. Speer asked if there was liable to be any shooting.

"There's a truce until tomorrow at noon," was the answer he got from Clark. Thereafter on the road down to the trenches he kept his breath for walking purposes. The other two were friendly with the Sixth infantry, and for that part of the line of trenches they made. It was a muddy hillside they found just before dark. They had picked up some water on the way at the stone bridge on the Guantanamo road and had also a little damp firewood.

Suttie and Clark soon built a spritery little blaze at the foot of the hill, but Speer was so played out he threw himself down on his poncho and did not even have interest enough to crawl up and take a look at the trenches which stretched so far along the top of the hills. He hardly noticed the weary, ragged and dirty men who were lying around in shelter tents or on the hillside above him. When the coffee had been boiled by Suttie, Clark, blinking like an owl because of the smoke in his eyes, opened a can of bacon rashers. The captain saw them and his teeth watered at sight of the savory stuff compared with what he was eating. Clark gave him three thin slices and then proceeded to fry enough for himself, Suttie and Speer. The hardtack fried in the grease, made a palatable dish with an outrageous name. Speer ate all of his and demanded more. Clarke told him if he took any more he would have no breakfast but Speer insisted. He also drank more coffee, despite the fact that Suttie told him he had only two days' rations for two men and they had not expected guests. This thrust was at Speer, and would not have been made if the captain had been within hearing, they would have given it all to the soldier had he asked.

Suttie and Clark built a little shelter with damp boughs. Then they requisitioned the waterproof from Speer and managed to roll themselves in the blanket, which was a big, red double affair. It rained during the night, but the mud beneath them was soft and they made Clark and Suttie sleep well. They

found no hard knobs under them. Speer could hardly get up in the morning. He was doubled up like a half-opened knife and cursed the country, the weather and the folks who sent him there. Suttie and Clark managed to coax another five into being, although it was still drizzling, and while Suttie made "seconds" with the coffee grounds used the evening before Clark used up the last of the hardtack and the bacon. It gave one hardtack and a small and narrow rasher to each.

"I'm as hungry as a bear yet," grumbled Speer as he used his camera box for a seat. "I'm not only that but I'm wet and tired."

"Did you expect you were coming on a picnic?" calmly asked Suttie.

"You might order your carriage and drive back," suggested Clark.

"I'm going to the Second of Ninth Massachusetts if I can find them," spat Speer.

"What for?"

"I'll get some breakfast from them. I know every man in the regiment."

"These men have all been on half rations and less for a good many days," said Clark.

"It would be like robbing the dead to take it if they offered it," sneered Suttie.

"I don't care, I can't do anything down here if I am to go hungry all the time."

"Well, they're both on the north end somewhere. Maybe over the San Luis railroad cut, and that's pretty far from here."

"What time is it?" asked Speer.

"About 5 o'clock."

"I'll be back by 10."

"See here," began Suttie, but Clark glanced at him and he modified his tone. "We'll be about here about that time and take you back with us. But it's a long road and we can't afford to start later than 10 o'clock."

So taking his poncho and his camera, Speer departed to follow the trenches north.

They waited until after 10 o'clock and then, at Clark's suggestion, went as far as the railroad cut looking for him. But he must have gone farther for breakfast and they started on the weary walk to Siboney. At "Shafter's meadow" Suttie managed to steal four raw onions from a major whom he knew while Clark held the officer in conversation. There were lots of commissary supplies at the meadow, and the major was not going hungry. After dark and in a pouring rain they got into Siboney, and they were glad to plunge into large tin cups of "slungullion" at the correspondent's mess shack.

Late the next afternoon, as they were starting out for the front again, after getting off the staff to their papers, they found an ambulance coming down the ravine road from Las Gausimas. Sitting with the driver was Speer.

"Did you get that breakfast?" asked Suttie.

"Yes, they treated me royally."

"We'll see you when we get back tomorrow or next day," was Clark's parting shot. Speer sailed that night on a transport, and the next time they met him was when, fever-stricken, they got ashore at Montauk Point and managed to dodge the quarantine and so escape the detention camp.

"Hello, Speer," Clark knew him but he scarcely knew Clark.

During the conversation that followed in which Speer told of his trip home, Suttie's only inquiry was:

"Did your paper say anything?"

"Oh, they made a kick about me not sending enough stuff from Cuba. He was not working on the same paper at Montauk—John Angus MacKaye in Pittsburg Times."

The Chicago Bird

William C. Horgan expects within the next two weeks to make the first test of a flying machine which he calls the "Chicago Bird," and with which he hopes to be able to sail 100 miles an hour through the air. Without making use of gas, or the balloon principle, any form, but trusting entirely to a power, little gasoline engine and a dozen big eight-foot wings, he thinks that he has the flying machine problem well on the way to solution.

Horgan's machine is receiving its finishing touches in a machine shop at 253 Ogden avenue. It is the third machine he has built as the outcome of thirty years of study. The first, a simple affair of bamboo, operated by hand power, encouraged him, three years ago, to raise money to reconstruct a machine of aluminum. The second was built last summer, but just when it was ready for trial the ice storm of July 15 blew down the tent in which it was kept and completely wrecked it. It had cost \$1,500 but the inventor was not daunted, and has worked steadily on to replace it. Imagine a big cylinder twenty-six feet long and five in diameter, with pointed ends, six long wings on each side, and a ten-foot tail of peculiar construction hanging under it a light frame work which supports an engine and a man, and has bicycle wheels at each of the four corners, and you will get an idea of what the new air ship will look like when it is finished. At present it has only one row of wings, its body is not fully covered, and instead of resting on wheels it has half a dozen up-turned buckets to support it. The first merit Mr. Horgan claims for his machine is its simple construction. He uses aluminum throughout, and has spared no expense to get the best possible material. The main cylinder or body of the machine weighs only fifty-six pounds, and yet, he says, it is strong enough to support a ton. The ten-foot tail, or rudder, which is a framework containing two intersecting planes of aluminum, that widen from a few inches in breadth at the point of attachment to the cylinder to five feet at the farthest extremity,

is so light that a man can hold it aloft in one hand. The six horse power engine being built for him will weigh only forty pounds.

In the next place Mr. Horgan takes pride in the fact that he is working along the lines of nature. "No bird," says he, "is provided with a gas bag. Birds depend on the strength of their wings and the wind for flight. Even a fat, old turkey could fly to the roof of a house if he gets a running start. Now I use the same principles. My wing surface will be 350 times that of a four-pound duck, while the total weight of my machine, with two men in it, will be only 140 times as great. Indeed, I shall have a theoretical lifting power of 3,000 pounds, with only 550 pounds of weight to carry." Mr. Horgan will make the first ascent himself, and in order to hurry the test, he will not wait till he can secure aluminum sheeting to cover the cylinder and the wings, but will trust himself to canvas coverings on an aluminum framework, substituting the metal later on.

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