

AN ELEVATOR ROMANCE.

An Accident That Was Not So Disastrous After All.

Jack Grigsby Found His Fate While Caught Between Two Floors in a Runaway Elevator.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Jim Grigsby was making an improvement for mining machinery and needed an office, so he took one in a skyscraper. The day he took possession he stopped at the news and cigar stand in the lobby and bought a paper.

"Good mornin, sh," said the weazen faced boy who stood behind the counter. He was a lame boy, Jim Grigsby noticed. "If you've got any typewritin or shorthand to do, go to Miss Merriam, ninth floor."

"Friend of yours?" inquired Jim Grigsby in his brusque way.

"Friend of everybody's," replied the lame boy.

"Good indorsement," said Jim Grigsby.

A few days later he had some specifications to typewrite. Ordinarily he would have gone to a man and had the work done. He wasn't used to women. He wasn't quite sure that he approved of women doing work of a public nature. But that morning the lame boy had called to him, "don't forget Miss Merriam."

He came down one story—he was on the tenth floor—and sought Miss Merriam's room. He found it without trouble. Her name was on the door with the names of two other women. One was a stenographer and one an expert accountant. Jim hesitated a little; then he turned the knob and entered.

Miss Merriam was a neat little woman with remarkably fine gray eyes. She wasn't particularly young, 30 at least, Jim concluded, and she was strictly business like. She looked the work over and told him when it would be done.

Scarcely a day passed thereafter that he didn't find occasion to make use of her nimble fingers.

A very queer, a very unusual, struggle was going on beneath the inside breast pocket of Mr. Jim Grigsby's sack coat.

One afternoon he had detained her a little longer than the usual hour of quitting, and when the work was finished he dashed upstairs with it, locked his door quickly and caught one of the elevators going down. He meant to ride down with her; perhaps walk with her to the turnstile exit doors. Sure enough, she stepped on board at her floor, and Jim Grigsby, with a bow, took off his hat.

Then there was a jerk, a grinding crash, a shriek from the boy, something fell heavily on the roof of the car, the lights went out, they were falling, falling, then with a horrid jerk they stopped. The air was full of dust. They were in almost total darkness.

As the car floor seemed to slip from under them the woman felt a strong arm pass quickly about her waist, and with a natural desire to grasp something helpful she caught and held fast to the man's stout shoulder. When the car stopped, he slowly withdrew his arm.

"Are you all right?" he gently asked.

"Yes," she answered. "What has happened?"

"We seem to have fallen and stuck between floors," he answered. "Sit down on the seat and don't worry. They'll soon get us out."

"Where is the boy?" she asked.

"I'm trying to locate him," he answered. "I'm afraid he's hurt. Here he is." There was a little pause.

"He's alive."

"Here," she quickly said, "place him on the seat and let me hold his head on my lap."

A moment later Jim softly laid the unconscious lad beside her.

"He seems to be bleeding from a cut on his head," said Jim. "Do you mind that?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "Poor boy!"

"We must have a light!" cried Jim.

"Why doesn't somebody come?"

"Hello, hello there!" came a muffled voice from above.

"Yes!" shouted Jim.

"Who is there?"

"Miss Merriam, Mr. Grigsby and the boy. The boy is hurt. Send down a light. I think you can get an incandescent through the opening. A flat bottle of brandy too. Hurry."

"Yes, yes. But, say, don't move around. The cable has broken and fallen on the car roof. The car has caught in the safety clutches on one side only. A slight jar would send it to the bottom. We have sent for men and are

doing all that is possible. Keep up your courage."

"All right!" cried Jim, with a steady voice. He turned to the girl in the darkness. "You heard," he said.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

Jim softly whistled. Here was a woman in ten thousand.

"How's the boy?"

"He's warm and breathing easily."

As she spoke a gleam of light struck the white, fireproof wall at the car front. It was the incandescent bulb.

Jim carefully drew it through the wire meshes. "All right!" he called. He took the light across the car and hung it above the lad's head; then he went down on his knees and pushed aside the matter hair.

"A nasty cut," he said and deftly bandaged it with strips of his handkerchief. Over all he tied the neck scarf Jane quickly handed him. Something clicked against the wall. It was the bottle of brandy. Jim forced a few drops between the boy's lips. He put his hand over his heart; then he took off his coat and laid it over him.

"You seem to know just what to do," said Jane Merriam.

"We learn a good many useful things on the plains," said Jim.

"Hello, below there!" came the muffled voice. "Mr. Grigsby."

"Yes!" cried Jim. "What is it?"

"Don't get discouraged. We are doing our best to make you safe. It may take some time. Perhaps it would be better to keep as quiet as possible. Somebody will be here on guard. If you want anything, call out."

"I understand," said Jim. "When you are ready to take us out, have a carriage for the lady and an ambulance and stretcher for the boy."

"Yes, yes; everything will be looked after."

"For Miss Merriam," shrieked a boy's voice. Something attached to a string bobbed in front of the cage. Jim drew it in. It was a little bunch of flowers. He handed it to the girl. "That was Joe's voice," she said. Joe, as Jim remembered, was the lame boy.

Then Jim lowered his six feet of stature to the floor beside the girl and sat at her feet.

"We might as well make ourselves comfortable," he said. "I fancy we are in for quite a siege of it."

The boy moaned and feebly tossed, but the girl's soothing hand quieted him.

A dull clang, clang, from a distant gong reached them in the silence.

"Must be calling out the fire department," said Jim Grigsby. "We are evidently creating quite a sensation."

"I don't like that," said the girl.

"It will be an old story in a day or two," he laughed.

"How can you laugh?" she asked.

"Why not?" he asked. "It's all I can do. If there was anything else, I shouldn't be lounging here. I wish I could make you more comfortable."

I'm afraid I seem to you a little hardened and thoughtless, but it's all the fault of my early experiences. I've gone through something like this before. I was once locked up in a mine for six hungry days. Do you mind having me talk?"

"I'm glad to hear you," she said simply.

Before he could speak again the elevator swayed a little, settled slightly, caught again, there was a hoarse shout from both above and below, and then all was still again. At first movement she had caught at his hand with her trembling fingers. He took them in his firm clasp and did not let them go.

"You are cold," he quietly said and fell to softly chafing her hands. Then as if there had been no interruption he went on to tell her the story of the mine. He talked simply and well. It was a graphic tale, and made her forget for the moment their own perilous situation. Then he went on to other adventures and finally drifting back told her of his early life, of the mother he had lost when a boy, of his flight from cruel relatives, of his struggle for bread in the rugged western country. Then he told how step by step he had climbed upward to independence. He talked of himself freely, of his hopes, of his ambitions, of his long deferred plans for happiness. She felt the pressure tighten on her hands. Then he suddenly stopped short.

"Hold on," he said brusquely; "I'm tiring you. And, see here, you mustn't let yourself get cramped. Try and shift the boy's head a little. Swing your arms and move your feet. Have some brandy?"

"No," she said, "thank you; I'm quite comfortable. How long have we been here?"

He held his watch to the dim light.

"By George!" he cried, "it's three hours and ten minutes! What a talker I am! But that's what it is to pass one's time in good company," and he laughed like a boy.

"I don't know what I should have

done if it hadn't been for you," she almost whispered, and put her hand to her eyes.

"Here," he quickly said, "give me your handkerchief." He took it and holding the light close to her face carefully wiped it. "A little sanguinary in spots," he said, with a quiet laugh.

"Don't put your fingers to your face again. There, now your hat is straight. We must look our best when we face the big reception committee that is pretty sure to be awaiting us."

For the life of her she couldn't help smiling at the contrast between his lively air and his sorry appearance.

"Hello, below there!" came the muffled voice from above.

"Hello!" answered Jim.

"All right?"

"No change," said Jim.

"We have rigged a temporary cable and some grappling lines and are going to let you down. Don't be alarmed."

"Go ahead," said Jim.

There was a creaking of blocks and many hoarse orders, and somebody was lowered to the roof of the car. There were sounds, too, from below—murmurs and sharp cries of warning. The car rose a little, and then began its slow descent. As it neared the ground floor Jim gently picked up the boy and Jane spread the coat carefully over the quiet form.

"Tete-a-tete is over," said Jim.

The gate was pushed back and Jim stepped out. There were policemen and firemen and ambulance men, and back of them many people waiting in the lobby, and a muffled cheer arose as they stepped out.

"Clear the way to the ambulance," said Jim sharply to the police sergeant, and the stretcher men and the surgeon fell in behind him as he stalked to the street. He was a sorry looking fellow, hatless, coatless and blood stained, but as he laid the lad on the mattress and stepped aside the great crowd that had been patiently waiting in the street for the rescue gave him a rousing cheer. He hurried back into the lobby, but Jane had been spirited away.

It was just a week later that Lame Joe beckoned to the elevator starter.

"Hear about Miss Merriam?" he confidently asked.

"No," said the starter. "Moving out, ain't she?"

"Yep," said Joe. "Goin to marry that Mr Grigsby. Goin to live out west too. He's got mines out there to burn. Says he'll look around an see if there ain't some kind of chance for me too."

"That is good," said the starter, with a laugh. "Guess that match must have been made in the elevator."

"No," said Joe.

"That ain't so, I thought it was, but it ain't. You know she an me is pretty good friends, an I says 'Guess Mr. Grigsby must have axed you to marry him in the elevator?' She laughed. 'No,' she says, 'he didn't.' But he loved you then?" I says. An she nodded. "Then, I says, 'why didn't he?' She blushed a little. 'Because, Mr. Grigsby says it would not have been fair; it would have been taking an advantage of me,' she says, and blushed again. That Grigsby is a square man, Jack."

"Guess he is," said the starter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Serious Mixup.

There was a row in one of the private rooms of the Holborn restaurant Saturday evening in which it is claimed that W. T. Boon took a shot at a man by the name of Steele. Boon was arrested and is now in jail awaiting his hearing which will take place tomorrow. As the parties interested decline to discuss the matter, it is hard to arrive at the facts, but the latter will be brought out at the preliminary trial tomorrow.

It is said that Steele was eating supper at the restaurant with two women, one of whom is Boon's wife; that the husband was supposed to be up the creek, but had arrived with his brother in the city in the evening, and was searching for his wife, stopping sufficiently long at various saloons to cultivate a bright and lurid jag. On finding the dinner party at the restaurant he and his brother assaulted Steele and in the melee Boon is said to have fired the shot. Steele's face shows the marks of battle.

Eagles Social.

The Savoy theater was decorated in a magnificent manner last evening which date had been selected for the first annual reception of the Eagles.

The big auditorium was one solid mass of bunting and flags. The national emblems of Great Britain were gracefully intermingled with the Stars and Stripes, over which soft lights gave a most effective coloring.

The theater was crowded when President Leroy Tozier opened the reception with a short but happy address. He welcomed the guests who had assembled

and explained at length the objects of the Eagle organization.

Following Mr. Tozier's address Mr. Edwards was introduced and sang a couple of coon songs which pleased the presiding officer to such an extent that he fined the singer \$1 on the spot.

Miss Celia DeLacy sang in her usual charming manner and was followed by May Stanley. Bob Lawrence was next introduced and established his reputation as a recitationist and character artist. "Bob's rendition of Whitcomb Riley's 'Take Keer Yourself Jim'" was splendid. Madame Lloyd was next on the program and acquitted herself excellently.

Others on the program were Edith Montrose, Annie Merrill, Marion Tracie, Madge Melville, Walther and Forest, Messrs. Stanley, Breen, Bryant and Onslow. The two last named made a distinct hit.

Freddie Breen's '97 song captured the sour doughs but cost Freddie 15 hard dollars by order of the hi yu chief.

The program ended at midnight and the occasion was voted by all a success.

The Blaze This Morning.

At about 3:30 o'clock this morning an alarm of fire called the fire department out to fight a fire which had made considerable headway near the Klondike bridge.

Three cabins were in a blaze when the alarm was given, and could be plainly seen from the lower end of town. Both chemical engines were out of their houses and on the way in something less than 30 seconds after the gong struck, and upon arrival at the scene of the fire controlled the blaze until a line could be run from the electric light and power house and the pump started. Fearing that this would prove insufficient, Chief Stewart ordered another line to be run from the water works, and in a few minutes two streams were being played upon the burning cabins, and 3000 feet of hose were in use.

The buildings were owned by S. Pelland, who conducted a bakery in the middle building. He claims a loss of \$5000 due principally to the damage done to his stock of goods by fire and water. The officers of the fire department, however, think this estimate is rather in excess of actual loss, for the reason that all the goods damaged are not injured to such an extent as to make their loss more than partial.

Besides the loss in damage to stock and buildings the owner lost \$350 in cash which he kept under his pillow and when he became suddenly aware that he was being burned out, he was so startled that he did not think of the money again till it was too late to save it.

Chief Stewart is confined to his bed as one of the results of the fire, he having got tangled up in a barbed wire fence in the vicinity of the burning cabins, and punctured his knee cap with a couple of the barbs. Although he is unable to get out of bed this morning, no serious results are apprehended, greater than an enforced quietness for a few days.

The Key to Washington Society.

The words army and navy are an open sesame to the best elements of social life everywhere in our country, and among the leaders of Washington society are found many whose husbands are in one or the other. Washington is the natural rallying point of the army, and even after the active professional life is ended they find there the pleasantest resting place. Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Logan have chosen their homes there and hold sway over a large circle of friends. The widows of other prominent officers drift to Washington from time to time, and in the inner circle of Washington's pleasantest social life Admiral Dewey has found in General Hazen's widow a gracious woman to hold sway over herself and his home. At the last New Year's reception Mrs. Custer, known for her own charming personality as well as because of her gallant husband's fame, stood beside Mrs. Miles and received with her during the afternoon—Mary Breckinridge Hines in Woman's Home Companion.

A Vacant Garter.

According to the London Chronicle, there is now a Garter vacant, and if a plebiscite decided on whom it should be bestowed there is not a doubt but that K. G. would be placed after the name of the field marshal commanding in South Africa, who most certainly merits the distinction quite as much as Lord Elgin, on whom it was so properly conferred by Lord Salisbury. In the last two centuries the Garter has only been three given for military services—to Marlborough, Wellington and Lord Anglesey—and, strange to say, no naval commander appears to have had it, not even Nelson.

Special Delivery Letters.

During the past year the government sold \$3,200,000 worth of special delivery stamps, and special delivery messenger boys traveled 2,525,000 miles, or as far as 1,100 times around the world.—Iowa State Register.

GRAFF FROM ST. MICHAEL.

Very Few Passengers Coming Up the River.

All Steamers Heavily Laden With Freight—Many Passengers From Whitehorse.

The A. E. Co.'s steamer Mary Graft, H. L. Hatch, master, A. W. Clement, purser, 21 days from St. Michael, arrived this morning. She brought 40 tons of general merchandise for the A. E. Co. This boat started up river early in the season with stores consigned to the U. S. commandry at Fort Egbert, but broke her shaft in the lower river and her freight was transferred to the Powers, the Graft going to St. Michael again, where, after repairing, she was loaded and cleared through to Dawson.

The Leon and Campbell are following, the Leon being due in two more days and the Campbell in four. Both boats are towing barges, the Campbell having an unusually heavy load. After the arrival of these boats all freight for the A. E. Co., which was ordered for this season will have been cleared up. There were but nine passengers from St. Michael, and it is said by officers of the boat that there will not be many more on any of the other boats as the people leaving that camp nearly all go out by ocean steamer. New strikes are reported there, but details were not ascertained.

A number of returning prospectors from the Koyukuk came up on the Graft and they display a quantity of dust taken from the district which assays, it is said \$18 to the ounce. A large number of people will winter there and many are going back again.

On the way up the Susie was met at Andreafski on the 22d, the St. Joseph, a missionary boat, at Holy Cross on the 24th, the Gustin at Anvik on the 24th, the Rock Island at Blackburn on the 25th, the Linda at Nulato on the 25th, the Arnold and Alice on the 26, at Nulato, the Barr and Hamilton on the 29th, at Fort Gibbon, the Hannah just below the flats on the 1st, the Sarah at Halfway on the 1st and the Powers, location not noted, on the 8th.

The Bella, Monarch and Lavelle Young are expected in a short time. The Lavelle Young is a new boat on the river and is coming up to run on the upper river. She was looking for a load when the Graft sailed but without success. She will probably come up light.

The following passengers were booked on the Graft: Miss T. White, Mrs. St. John, Miss Beaumont, Capt. I. N. Hubbard, Francis Bridges, F. E. Manchester, B. R. Dusenberg, Fred Price, F. Jones, A. M. Barber, D. Holden, H. Schloss, Fred Welch, D. Sullivan, McElroy, V. Lowney, R. King, A. Smallenberg, B. Voeshall, Jas. Murphy, F. Brown.

The Victorian pulled into her dock at midnight last night. She brought but few passengers owing to a washout on the W. P. R. R. near Whitehorse, which delayed the trains from pulling into their destination several hours. The damage reported is not of any considerable extent and was quickly repaired. The Columbian will bring down the passengers who were delayed. A few sacks of mail came in on the Victorian and the following passengers: Mrs. J. Battinger, Mrs. J. W. Moore, Maud E. Tennant, Chas. Morse, R. Simons, A. M. Rosseau, Wm. Castleton, I. H. Jennings.

The Ora got in yesterday morning with 14 tons of freight. She leaves this afternoon for the upper river. Following is her passenger list: Jno. O'Keefe, Jas. Bartlett, R. Regens, J. McMillan, J. Gore, Geo. Clair, Wm. Chow, Mrs. Clegg, Miss Clegg, Mrs. Faulk, Gus. Johnson, Mrs. MacDonald, W. F. Povah, J. J. MacArthur.

The following was received by wire: Steamer Yukoner arrived at Whitehorse yesterday evening. The Bonanza King and Nora were at the same point. Steamer Gold Star, coming down, passed Selkirk at 3 this morning. Steamer Bailey passed Selkirk going up at 5:50 this morning.

The Anglian, Columbian and Gold Star, all coming down, passed Selkirk at 6:30, 6:45 and 7:15 respectively this morning.

BRIEF MENTION.

Walter and A. J. McDonald are among the guests registered at the Donovan.

Around the lower engine house of the fire department this morning, evidence that Chief Stewart had been to a fire were not lacking.

Grading on the new road which is to connect with the iron bridge to be put across the Klondike at the upper ferry is being pushed rapidly.