

GLADSTONE'S GUIDING STAR

Throughout His Long, Useful and Brilliant Life

Was the Woman He Wooed and Married in Girlhood and Who Proved His Life Counselor.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Mrs. Gladstone's manner was full of grace and charm. The genuine amiability of a completely unspoiled nature showed itself in every word and look. Hope-Scott has left it on record that she was a potent canvasser, and no one entered more naturally into the frolics of the young or the little interests of the poor. But she was also essentially a "grande dame." Her walk and bearing as she passed the royal presence at the drawing room were long the admiration of those whose duty obliged them to stand by the throne or in the "general circle," and in her habits, manners and style of speech she was a great lady of the old school. This quality gave a peculiar effectiveness to her dealings with pertness, forwardness or undue familiarity, and when she thought it her duty to administer a rebuke no one snubbed so aptly. It was impossible for the subject not to feel the process and equally impossible for him (or her) to rebel against it. But these exercises of social discipline were rare, and, for the rest, Mrs. Gladstone diffused geniality, good temper and cheerfulness wherever she went.

Few women of her generation had so wide a circle of attached friends. She was an indefatigable letter writer, and her correspondence, accumulated through 60 years, contained letters of the highest interest from the most famous personages, royal, political and ecclesiastical, of the present reign. But it was in the home that she excelled. She had been a devoted daughter and sister; she was to the last an exemplary mother and head of a family, and when we think of what she was as a wife Mr. Gladstone's words about the queen's marriage may, with perfect exactness, be applied to his own. "Even among happy marriages it was exceptional, so nearly did the union of thought, heart and action both fulfill the ideal and bring duality near to the borders of identity." From the earliest days of their married life Mrs. Gladstone made her husband's health, not always so robust as in later years, her prime care, and her skill and watchfulness drew from him the characteristic compliment, "My wife is no inconsiderable physician." An even more valuable contribution to his happiness (if not to his success) was the sedulous care with which she warded off whatever might tend to disturb the "vulnerable temper and impetuous moods" which, 40 years ago, he acknowledged as his own. Their married life was one long honeymoon, and, though indeed fully charged with solemn interests and issues, it had also a jocose and genial side which was inexpressibly attractive. No one who ever heard it will forget the quaint enjoyment with which Mr. Gladstone used to sing the refrain of his favorite "Tinker's Song."

A gamuffin husband and a ranting wife,
We'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life.

The slightest sketch of Mrs. Gladstone's character would be glaringly incomplete if it disregarded her religion. This was not a mere aspect or attribute of her character; it was the basis of her nature and the mainspring of her life. Her views were those of the traditional high Anglican school, which she illustrated in its characteristics of reverence, gravity and unobtrusive devotion. But her heart knew no distinctions of sect. She "walked in wisdom towards them that are without," and her lifelong works of mercy were literally all embracing. The House of Charity in Soho, the Newport Market Refuge, the Woodford Convalescent Home, the House of Mercy at Clewer, the Orphanage at Hawarden are only a few of the good works with which she was intimately connected. On the occasion of her golden wedding Cardinal Manning wrote:

"I have watched you both out on the sea of public tumults from my quiet shores. You know how nearly I have agreed in William's political career, especially in his Irish policy of the last 20 years. And I have seen also your works of charity for the people in which, as you know, I heartily share with you. There are few who keep such a jubilee as yours; and how few of our old friends and companions now survive! We have had a long climb up those 80 steps—for even you are not far behind—and I hope we shall not break

the pitcher at the fountain. I wonder at your activity and endurance of weather. May every blessing be with you both to the end!"

That activity and that endurance were maintained almost to the close, though the great occupations and interests of life were gone. In 1889 Mr. Gladstone said: "It would not be possible to unfold in words the value of the gifts which the bounty of Providence has conferred upon me, however unworthy I may be, through her." And in his will he wrote, "I desire to be buried where my wife can also lie." It was the tribute of a grateful love nobly earned and richly given. Mr. Gladstone's political career awaits the verdict of history, but wherever he is remembered there will also be remembrance of that pure and courageous spirit which was the guiding star of his fortunes and the good angel of his house.—London Times.

A NOME DEN OF THIEVES.

One of the toughest joints in Nome is the Montana saloon on Front street, just beyond the tracks of the N. A. T. & T. Co. It is the rendezvous of the most dissolute of both sexes in the entire community, and has been the scene of a number of occurrences that have resulted in complaints being registered with the authorities. Among its other unenviable claims for notoriety is the reputation it possesses as a fence, or place where criminals may dispose of the spoils collected in their midnight prowlings.

So many reports concerning this place have come to the military headquarters that Capt. French at last decided to raid the saloon and see what he could find there that might belong to others. Saturday evening was the night decided on for the expedition. Promptly at 10 o'clock six privates, under the command of an officer, assembled at the office of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, from which place they departed for the saloon, spreading out so as to come on all sides at once and prevent the escape of any of the hard characters who might be in the building at the time. The surprise was a complete success and the saloon, a number of suspected tents that surrounded it and one shack belonging to a man by the name of Kulung, were all surrounded and thoroughly searched together with their inmates.

Nothing was found in the saloon, but in a shack a barrel of beef, which had been stolen from the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, was unearthed together with four loaded six-shooters, one rifle, one shotgun and a vicious looking bowie knife.

The beef and firearms were taken charge of by the soldiers, and Kulung was arrested and brought before Commissioner Stevens, who held him in \$2000 bonds to appear and answer before the district court.

The prompt and firm action of Capt. French is commended by the whole of the better portion of the community. Favorable criticism is heard on all sides and the universal hope is expressed that the captain will continue in the good work and clean out a few more such places. One portion of the town which would be benefited by a visit from the military is that portion back of Front street occupied by the swarm of dissolute women who make their living by preying on those drunken unfortunates that drift their way. These women get money through their charms if they can and through their muscle and that of their lovers if they must. Hardly a night passes but some accomplished or attempted robbery by force is reported from that section. The military exercise a wholesome influence of the criminal element who dread the direct manner the soldiers have of dealing with them as they dread nothing else, and one visit from the blue coats is generally sufficient to insure good behavior for some time to come.—Nome News.

Fun on the River.

The passengers on the Lightning gave their malamute howl too soon and that is why they were not wearing happy smiles on their faces when they landed here on Thursday afternoon. The smiles were all on the faces of the passengers of the Canadian who had arrived earlier in the morning. Here is the story of how it all happened.

The Canadian left Dawson last Saturday evening a few hours in advance of the Lightning and kept nicely ahead until Wednesday night when compelled to tie of for repairs just the other side of Hootalingua. Then the Lightning came along and as she steamed by the motionless ship her passengers filled the air with triumphant noises which sounded like the chorus of a hundred malamute dogs. After a delay of five hours the Canadian was on her way again and at 1 o'clock the next morning the Lightning with her lamps burning brightly was sighted in Thirtymile river. She was at a standstill and as the Canadian came up, her passengers

all gathered on the deck to hurl back howls and shouts of triumph. Out went the lights of the Lightning and through the darkness some people could be observed making a quiet sneak from the deck to their staterooms. The howls and shouts were returned with a vigor that would make 200 malamute dogs ashamed of their lung power.—Whitehorse Tribune.

Down to Earth.

They had just become engaged and acted like husband and wife basking in the honeymoon.

"I tell you, pet," he said after a long and pleasant seance in the parlor, "tomorrow we will go down to the finest hotel in the city and have dinner. You wear that gray dress that has such a pile of fluffly stuff. I'll put on my best bib and tucker, and were bound to make a hit."

"Oh, you dear old darling! Do you know, I have a mania for swell hotels. When we get rich, we'll live in them, north in the summer and south in the winter, won't we?"

"Ye-es, of course. Certainly. What you prefer will be my delight, you know. But let's think of tomorrow now. We'll make it a red letter day and a celebration."

They went into the dining room after scores of guests had assembled, and they made a stunning appearance. The hum of conversation was stilled, diners nudged each other, and she felt that her heart was growing faint while he enjoyed the unmistakable evidence that they were taken as bride and groom. They were received at a separate table with a flourish. The waiter in charge looked important, put on the high touches of a cake walk as he seated them and then leaned over her shoulder as though her order was a matter of the strictest confidence. Poor girl, she knew as well as did the waiter that their table had concentrated all eyes. The menu showed her as much as a blank piece of paper. It was rich in good things, but it did not convey an idea to her perturbed brain.

"What shall I bring you, fus, my lady?"

She swallowed rapidly, blushed rapidly, wished that she was at home and then in a low but steady voice: "I'm not quite in appetite today. Bring me some ham and eggs."

Klondiker Loses Money.

Elmer Emerson, a returned Klondiker, was swindled out of \$205 last night by two bunko men. Emerson, whose home is in Lakeview, Or., returned from Dawson recently and was intending to take the train last night for Eugene, Or., where his father-in-law lives. As a result of the swindle he is still in the city patiently waiting for the police to catch the two thieves.

Yesterday morning Emerson met a man who knew all of Emerson's friends in Oregon and related several incidents about them which the victim knew to be true. The bunko man asked Emerson to help him in carrying some bales of silk down to the train. Emerson consented. When they were going to get the alleged silk they were stopped at Second avenue and Cherry by another member of the bunko fraternity, whom the first bunko man addressed as "the major." "The major" demanded the payment of a debt of \$400.

The first bunko man had only \$195. The first bunko man requested of Emerson the loan of \$205. It was granted.

"Wait for me here," he said to his victim, "while I go up to the major's office and get a receipt." Emerson waited.

The two swindlers disappeared up the side entrance of the Washington Territory Investment Company building. The Klondiker grew suspicious and followed. As he ascended the stairs the bunko men left the building by the front entrance. Emerson reported the matter to the police.—P.-I. Aug. 15.

Probably Frozen to Death.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 14.—The members of the Charleston party engaged in stringing the all-Canadian telegraph wires to Dawson, returned today from sections of the Klondike country where it was thought the foot of white man had never trod before.

Near Pike river, in a dense forest, they found the skeletons of twelve horses in a clearing. Further on there was a complete sawmill and several houses. In the cabins there were no human bones, but all were stocked with provisions, and besides there were lying around overalls, grindstones and axes.

With Disappearing Guns.

London, Aug. 14.—Gen. Chaffee's message announcing his arrival August 9 at Hosiwu stands as the latest official intelligence of the march of the allied forces on Pekin. The English papers say it is rather annoying that their naval and military officers cannot communicate with the high officials, while

Admiral Remy and Gen. Chaffee can do so by the Shanghai-Canton wire.

Secret inquiries at Canton show all the forts have been newly armed with 7-centimetre disappearing guns, and that the garrisons number 18,000 men in all, armed with Mausers and Winchester. The Chinese have apparently been trying to engage a foreign electrician to lay mines in the Bogue, or entrances to the Canton river.

Dr. Marks, Li Hung Chang's physician, informed the correspondent at Shanghai this morning that Li could not go north on account of the weather and the unsettled state of the country. The doctor is removing his family from Canton because he believes there may be an outbreak there.

Seeks Refuge in America.

London, Aug. 14.—President Kruger addressed a formal application to the United States to grant him a sanctuary in case the necessity for it arose. This occurred, according to Secretary Reitz, the day Lord Roberts entered Pretoria. The details of the event has been related to a reporter of the Associated Press by F. W. Unger, who has just returned from the Transvaal, and who secured the information from Secretary Reitz and others.

After quoting the secretary as saying President Kruger would never take to the mountains on account of his age, but would retreat down the line, finally escaping to Portuguese territory, Mr. Unger says that the day before the British entered Pretoria President Kruger sent for Mr. W. Stanley Hollis, the American consul at Lorenzo Marques, and Mr. Hollis was taken to Machado-dorf in a special car. President Kruger asked him if his government would grant him (Kruger) an asylum in the Lorenzo Marques consulate until he, Mr. Kruger, made other arrangements for his departure.

President Kruger expressed fears concerning his treatment by the Portuguese government, and wished to guard a way to escape. Mr. Hollis asked for time to consult with his government, and President Kruger assured him he would receive a week's notice before putting the plan into execution.

In consequence of this visit to the Transvaal and the transmission of President Kruger's request to Washington, Mr. Hollis received instructions from Secretary Hay not to leave Portuguese territory again. He was thus compelled to neglect the interests of the British prisoners at Nooit Gedacht, where there was great suffering. Mr. Unger, in conclusion, said:

"I make this explanation in justice to Mr. Hollis, whose action has been misunderstood in America and Great Britain."

Travelers in Trouble.

A number of women who arrived Sunday from Seattle had purchased in Seattle through tickets from Skagway to Dawson over the White Pass & Yukon railroad, and the steamers of an independent line. The railroad, not being protected with a guarantee from the independent line that it would carry the baggage through satisfactorily as regards the customs, and not having arranged for joint through rates, at first refused to take the baggage offered.

There were several excited women in town when they learned of the conditions. After some parley the railroad got a guarantee from the steamer company for the forwarding of the baggage of the passengers, and they will be allowed to go forward as first expected.

However, one of the railroad officials said the steamer line could have been prosecuted for selling through tickets over the road without agreement. He intends to look up the responsible persons at Seattle and cause a shaking of dry bones.—Alaskan.

Stage Glints.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley's latest play is called "My Lady Dainty." It will be produced in London.

John Coleman's adaptation of "Pericles," which has not been seen for years in London, is soon to be acted there.

Miss Maude Adams has returned from her trip to London and Paris and has gone to the Catskill mountains for a summer rest.

Marie Wright has engaged Justin Huntly McCarthy to write for her a one act comedy which she will next season exploit in the vaudeville.

Marie Hinton, the American soubrette of "Geisha" fame, made a great hit at the Berlin Theater des Westens in a new comic opera called "Rhodope."

James A. Herne has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., in the hope of removing from his system by a course of medicinal baths the last traces of rheumatic gout.

The Gerry society is more active in New York than ever and has just stopped the performance of two Japanese acrobats, arresting them on the charge of teaching young children their acrobatic tricks.

James Young is negotiating with Mary Johnston for the right to produce "Prisoners of Hope." If the arrangements are consummated, he intends making a big spectacular production of the piece next season.

LEADS IN THE PROCESSION.

The Nugget Adds to Its Large Stock Already on Hand.

The Most Complete Line of Stationery and Printing Material Ever Shipped to Dawson.

On every hand is manifest universal confidence in the future of Dawson and the mining districts of which she is the business center. Not alone is the Klondike dependent on Dawson, but the Fortymile, Jack Wade, Tanana and Koyukuk as well. Dawson is the metropolis of the Yukon and as such she will remain for many years to come.

That there is confidence in the future of Dawson is apparent from the unprecedentedly large stocks of goods and supplies which have for three months and which continue to pour into the city from both up and down the river. Every enterprise here, no matter of what magnitude or proportion, is preparing for heavy business in the future, and in all branches and departments of trade the outlook for future business prosperity is most flattering. The dealers in hardware, dry goods, groceries, provisions, hay and feed, machinery, in fact, dealers in every branch of goods sold and utilized in the country have been laid in more extensively this fall than ever before in the history of the country.

The Nugget is not behind in the march of progress and business enterprise in the matter of preparation for supplying its many customers with their needs in its line. A large stock of printing material received earlier in the season was supplemented last Friday by the arrival of 16 tons of stock, the largest, most complete and varied assortment of paper and job printing material ever received by any printing and publishing house north of Seattle.

Comprised in the stock is every item in the job line from material for a full sheet hanger down to the latest and most beautiful designs in wedding, ball and society invitations, programs, etc. The Nugget's stock of commercial stationery comprises everything ever used in business houses, and with its skilled and efficient workmen is better than ever prepared to execute all orders in a manner which defies competition in the Yukon.

In addition to its stock of the class of goods above mentioned, the cargo just received by the Nugget comprises machinery and fittings for the improvement and enlargement of its steam plant which was heretofore the most complete in the city, but which is now greatly increased in capacity, thus enabling the Nugget to turn out more and better work in the future than it has been able to handle in the past. A cordial invitation is extended to the many patrons and friends of the Nugget to call and examine the choice new stock, knowing that after doing so they will know where to place their orders when in need of anything in the line of printing material.

Not were the interests of the Daily and Semi-Weekly Nugget overlooked in the matter of selecting supplies for the office for the coming eight or nine months. Several hundred pounds of new body type for use in the Thorne type setting machine, new and attractive advertising type, borders, ornaments, and new head letter, complete in every detail, were received. The Nugget congratulates itself that it is eminently prepared for the approaching winter and to continue to give to its many friends the most complete news service supplied in the Yukon.

A Bonanza Resort.

J. H. Falconer, formerly a well-known Bennett hotel man, has purchased the mineral springs at 72 below on Bonanza and will shortly do some very extensive building there besides otherwise improving the place. Mr. Falconer's idea is to turn the place into a resort, by building a large hotel there, which, when the natural advantages of the place are taken advantage of, the new proprietor thinks should do a good business. He will leave for the outside on the steamer J. P. Light to buy furniture and fittings.

The Lower River.

There is either a decided scarcity of water or else vast ignorance on the part of pilots as to the channels in the lower Yukon. From officers of the Leah which arrived yesterday from St. Michael it is learned that she and the Powers, which arrived two days before, passed each other several times on the trip up owing to the fact that the steamers alternated in getting stuck on bars both of them being on several times and for periods all the way from two to thirty-six hours. But they both arrived none the worse for their numerous delays aside from the time lost.