

### PRIM LAURETTA WAS WON

By a Pot of Easter Lilies Found on Her Table.

She Melted Toward the Man She Thought Sent Them and Married Him Before Learning Truth.

Lauretta was my third cousin on my mother's side. She was a real pretty girl, one of the prettiest girls that ever lived. I don't care where, but she was very prim. As I remember her, Lauretta was about the primmest girl I ever saw. All the village girls were modest and well-behaved, but Lauretta went a step beyond everybody; she would do this, and she wouldn't do that, and she didn't act fairly natural about beans. When Lauretta was 18 years old she had never let a young man go home with her, and I can see her face now when her sister Louisa told her how John Mitchell had seen her home from meeting and kissed her good night. Louisa married John Mitchell afterwards, but that didn't make any difference. "O Louisa, you don't allow such a dreadful thing!" said Lauretta, and she colored up as if John Mitchell had kissed her instead of Louisa. Louisa didn't like it very much. "Yes, I did, and I am going to marry John if he asks me, and I can't care as I've done anything, very dreadful," said she.

"I don't see how you could, Louisa," said Lauretta, and she still had that kind of look, and her face and neck were red. Lauretta had the softest, finest skin, and colored red as a rose in a minute, and her blue eyes would widen and grow round. I can see them now. "You are too particular to live," said Louisa. She told me afterwards that she didn't believe Lauretta was like other girls. "I've seen her coming out of meeting actually hanging on to another's arm, for fear somebody would go to home with her," said Louisa. "You had always a great many admirers, and did not resort to subtleties to keep them at bay."

"Edward Adams would be glad to go home with her, I guess," I said. "He's just dying to," replied Louisa. "I can see him hanging around every Sunday night after meeting, but he can't go home with Lauretta unless he goes with mother, too. I never saw a girl like Lauretta. I don't believe she ever will get married. She won't give anybody a chance."

I felt sort of sorry for Edward Adams, because he was a good fellow and real intimate with Joseph Green, the man I married three years afterwards. Joseph used to tell me about how Edward felt. "I never saw a man so used up as he is over Lauretta," said he, "but she won't look at him."

"She won't look at anybody else, any more," said I. "No, that's some comfort," said Joseph; "but what is it, what has she got against Edward?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said I. "I told Joseph I would try to talk to Lauretta, and see if I could find out what the trouble was; and so I did, but I didn't make out much. I got a sort of idea that perhaps it wasn't so much because she was prim as we had always thought, as because she didn't really believe any young man wanted her, or loved her as much as her mother did; but I wasn't sure that I was right. She did bring up Hattie Jones getting jilted, after Amos Stetson had been keeping company with her for two years, and Caroline Anderson, after Jim Ladd had been ready to marry her, for five. 'I don't believe there are apt to care very much about girls,'" said Lauretta. "They go home with them, and they go to see them, and I don't believe they care so very much more for one girl than another; and I don't see what people want to get married for anyway. I like my mother better than any man I ever saw."

"I got sort of indignant at that. 'I don't believe men are just as good as women,'" said I. "I didn't say they weren't," said Lauretta, in her scared, meek kind of way. "I just said I didn't believe they cared so much about girls as their mothers do."

really so prudish that she didn't want any attention, or was afraid of being jilted, and did not believe that any one cared for her. Lauretta always was a very modest, meek little thing; she never pushed and scrambled for anything. I don't believe that even when she was a child she ever thought of the biggest piece of cake or pie, and she gave away all her apples and candy, and never teased for ours.

Well, time went on, and Louisa and I were both married, though Lauretta was older. She lived with her mother, and clung to her just as tightly as ever. Edward Adams wasn't married either, though he had paid attention to several. He acted as if he had given up Lauretta.

Lauretta was 28 years old when the new school teacher came to Ferrisville. She was a beauty, and no mistake. I don't know that she was any prettier than Lauretta; but you could see her further, and she came from the city, and knew how to dress. Edward from the first acted devoted to her. He was on the school committee, and so had a good excuse to visit her school often; and he used to walk home with her from meeting, and take her sleigh-riding, and Mrs. Lansing, the woman where she boarded, said he called on her real often. Folks began to think it would be a match. That was the winter when Lauretta's mother died, and she was left all alone. Louisa couldn't come to live with her, because her husband had his business in Morristown and couldn't leave; and Lauretta, though she had enough to live on herself, couldn't afford to hire help. She settled down to live alone, and it did seem real pitiful, she was always such a timid little thing. For a little while I used to go over and stay all night with her; but, of course, I couldn't keep it up always. I said to Joseph that it was such a pity that she and Edward hadn't got married, but he said he guessed he'd got it over it, that the new school teacher suited him pretty well.

"I don't know," said I, "I've always thought Edward Adams wasn't one to shift about very easily from one to the other; and Mrs. Lansing says he hasn't been to call on the teacher quite so often lately. I know he didn't go home with her from meeting last Sunday night, and I saw him looking at Lauretta. I don't believe he has a good deal of feeling for her, left alone the way she is."

"More feeling than she would have for him, I guess," said Joseph, rather grimly. He was a little inclined to be severe on Lauretta; he had always thought so much of Edward. "I guess Edward is pretty well suited with the school teacher," he said again; "and she's handsome as a picture, a sight prettier than Lauretta."

"I don't know," said I; "and I don't know about her being handsome. You men always think if a girl has blazey red cheeks her beauty is settled. Lauretta is more delicate looking, but it seems to me she is much prettier."

"Not according to my way of thinking," said Joseph. Joseph is a good man, but he never trusts one woman's opinion of another's beauty. It was some three months after Lauretta's mother died, and the poor girl had lived alone through one of the hardest winters we had ever known; snowstorm after snowstorm, and bitter cold, and she did have a lonesome time of it. I went in there all I could; but much of the time it was too bad for me to walk. I lived half a mile away, and we didn't keep a horse, and it was before the electric cars were put in.

Well, poor Lauretta got along somehow; she never complained, and she was always just as sweet, and meek, and gentle; but she grew thin, and there was a sad little droop at the corners of her mouth, and her blue eyes seemed to be always looking past you, though she was prettier than ever. Black was very becoming to Lauretta.

It was Easter Sunday when that happened which no one has ever been able to explain. I, for one, have never tried to. It has always seemed to me just as well to leave some things unexplained. Easter Sunday was a beautiful day, the first real mild day we had had. The air was soft as June, the snow had gone except for patches here and there, the trees began to look green and flimsy, and once in awhile you could hear a bird. I may as well tell it just as it happened, as Lauretta told it to me. That Easter Sunday, when Lauretta came down stairs in the morning to build her kitchen fire, she noticed a very strong, sweet fragrance all over the house, and she could not imagine what it was; but when she opened the sitting room door she saw. There, on the table, stood a great pot of Easter lilies. The lamp was on the table, and the Bible, and her sewing, and the pot of Easter lilies scenting the whole room and the whole house.

She just stared at it. She did not know what to think for a minute. Then she saw that the window was open—the window close to the table—and she reasoned it out that somebody must have opened it and set the pot of lilies inside. Then all at once it flashed upon her that Edward Adams must have done it; for he had a little greenhouse, though he did not sell flowers. He was in the savings bank. She was sure that Edward did it, and I was, too, when she called me in and showed me

the flowers. I went to church that Sunday and had to pass her house, and she stood in the doorway and called me. "Won't you come in just a minute?" said she; "there's time enough."

So I let Joseph go on, and I went in. "What have you got here so sweet?" said I, the minute I stepped inside.

"Look here," said Lauretta, and she led me into the sitting-room and pointed to the pot of lilies. I had never seen such beautiful lilies. I can't begin to tell how many blossoms there were, and the quantity of buds, and anything like the fragrance. "Why, who sent them?" said I.

"I found them here this morning," said Lauretta.

"Why, who sent them?"

"Who do you suppose?" asked Lauretta.

We looked at each other; then I began to laugh. I remembered Edward Adams' greenhouse. "I guess it doesn't require a very sharp wit to tell," said I, and Lauretta colored beautifully, and I saw that she thought as I did.

"Don't tell anybody," said she. She put her arms around me when she said that and hid her face on my shoulder.

"Don't you worry, dear child," said I, and I stroked her pretty light hair. Lauretta was older than I, but she always seemed younger.

"Well, I had to hurry out, and catch up with Joseph, but when I saw Lauretta come into church a little later I thought I had never seen her look so pretty. Her long black veil swept back from her fair hair, and her face was as delicate as a lily, with just such clear curves, and she moved with such a shy grace that people turned to look at her—and I didn't wonder. To my mind, the school teacher, in a new Easter hat, all covered with roses, was tawdry beside her; and I once caught Edward Adams looking at Lauretta, and I had my own opinion.

It was such a beautiful Sunday, full moonlight, that Joseph and I went to meeting in the evening, and Lauretta was there. When meeting was over I expected that she would do what she had always done whenever she had happened to be at evening meeting since her mother died—edge up to me and cling to me going out, as she used to do to her mother; but that night she did not. I looked around for her, and never was so astonished in my life I could not believe it was Lauretta. She was actually moving in that gentle, imperceptible, gliding fashion of hers, close to Edward Adams, and she actually moved on ahead of the school teacher. The school teachers' roses brushed Lauretta's back veil, they were so close together. Then I heard Lauretta say: "Good evening, Mr. Adams," of her own accord; and I could not believe my eyes when the school teacher passed me, walking very fast with Mrs. Lansing; it turned out afterward that she had been engaged to somebody in Boston all the time and never told; and Lauretta followed behind us, leaning on Edward Adams' arm.

I looked around and nudged Joseph to look. "Good Lord!" said he, so loud that I was afraid that they would hear him, and I had to hush him up.

Well, it wasn't a month before it was all over the village that Edward Adams and Lauretta were engaged; and they were married in the course of the summer. Lauretta let her house and went to live in Edward's. But that isn't the strange part of it at all. Lauretta did not say much to Edward about the pot of lilies for some little time; she had a sort of feeling since he had brought them so secretly, as she supposed, that there was something sacred about it that she would not even thank him. So all she did was to say how beautiful the lilies were when he came into the room, which was so sweet with them; and he said yes, as well he might. There never were such lilies. But after a while, when the blossoms had all faded, and the buds had bloomed and died, she wondered what to do with the plant, so she said something to Edward about it. She thanked him for sending it, and asked if it would not be best for him to take it back to his greenhouse and keep it over until another year. Then it transpired that Edward had never sent that pot of Easter lilies; that he had none like it; that the pot was unlike anything he had ever had; that he had never seen the plant until that Easter Sunday when he came into Lauretta's sitting room.

They never found out where that great pot of lilies came from. Edward tried to keep the plant, but it died before the next Easter. He questioned all the florists for miles about it; but none of them knew anything about it. No one knew, and so, one ever will know. We can surmise and question, but we shall never know; but there is no doubt that those lilies have sweetened Lauretta's whole life, for she would never have married Edward Adams had not someone set them on her table. Mary E. Wilkins in Globe-Democrat.

The Guller's Girl.  
The fellow was thirty.  
The maiden was thirty,  
And she had her eye fixed on his point.  
Such short wists she thought  
As would look—and why not—  
As it made by her dear little self.  
—Detroit Journal.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

### BREVIES

#### PERSONALITIES.

Maurice Grau, the grand opera manager, is to write a book of reminiscences of the famous singers and composers he has known.

The only woman rabbi on record is Miss Rachel Frank, who had conferred on her this distinction by a Jewish church in San Francisco.

John J. Fremont, supervisor of the harbor of New York, who has just been transferred to the Asiatic squadron, is a son of J. C. Fremont, "the Pathfinder."

Lieutenant Hugh A. Drum is the youngest officer in the United States army. He is only 20 years old, and some of his fellow officers in the Twelfth Infantry are gray headed.

Ex-Governor George W. Peck of Wisconsin finds it impossible to live down his reputation as the author of "Peck's Bad Boy" and at the Democratic convention was popularly known as "The Boy."

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, the new premier and treasurer of Cape Colony, was born at Ipswich and was the son of a Baptist minister. As was the case with Cecil Rhodes, ill health drove him to South Africa in 1858.

Henry B. Metcalfe of Rhode Island, prohibition nominee for vice president, was born in Massachusetts 71 years ago. He has been the nominee of the prohibition party for governor of Rhode Island several times.

Dr. E. A. E. Petzel of Cleveland recently wrote a poem on Germany. "To My Fatherland," in both English and German, which, when copied by the Berlin papers, brought him a congratulatory letter from Emperor William.

The late Professor C. A. Buchheim, professor of German at King's college, London, was one of those who made Dickens' name familiar in the fatherland. His translations of some of Dickens' novels into German have had an immense circulation.

When John G. Gowdy, consul general to Paris, was about to depart to enter upon his duties, he asked Senator Hanna for some suggestions. "Shave off that goatee," was the senator's earnest reply. Hence the beard which was once famous is now no more, and Mr. Gowdy wears a smooth chin.

Oberammergau's oberbürgermeister, Johann Lang, is dead, after holding the office 24 years. He took a leading part in preparing and managing the Passion play and was Calaphas, the high priest, in the 1890 performance and every subsequent one till this year. His successor will probably be Johannes Meyer, the Christus of 1890.

The death of the grand vizier, Sir Hamed Bed Musa, has caused in northern Morocco at any rate, no disturbance whatever among the natives. His successor is his cousin, Hadj Mukhtar Ben Abdallah. The new grand vizier, who is the son of a once well known governor of Fez, is a typical Moorish government official, in character as well as by descent.

Lost  
A miner's license and grant issued to William Thompson, also miner's license issued to Dan Stewart. Finder kindly leave same at H. H. Hooper's office at the Forks or Dawson. cir

Oranges, Lemons, Selman & Myers.

#### THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Linen and pique gowns are trimmed with machine stitched ribbon bands. White corslet belts of plaid ribbon are worn with either black or white gowns and are finished with saab ends or not, as you like.

Black and white lace gowns are coming rapidly to the front for the nation's full dress, leaving the spangled nets quite out of the race.

Suede kid slippers in a variety of colors to match the gowns are worn this season. Some of the more fancy kinds show a trimming of gold braid.

A novel feature of parasol handles in England is the head of some general fighting in South Africa, either carved in wood or wrought out in silver or gold.

Handsomely embroidered crepe bustles made up over pink silk constitutes one of the prettiest bridesmaid's gowns seen this season. Insertings of lace may be added for greater elegance.

The crasse for fancy handkerchief squares of silk has assumed a new form since the fad for waists made of these squares broke out in the spring, and they are used as a hat trimming, being draped softly around the crown with the corners falling in short ends over the brim at the back.

Russian linen in the ecru shades is used for yachting and golfing gowns, which are made without any lining. The short skirts have stitched hems, tucks down either side of the front and one box plait in the back, and the jackets are Eton in shape, with short bell sleeves, worn over a colored shirt waist.—New York Sun.

#### HARD TO DISCOVER.

Where can we find—  
A ring that will fit the finger of fate?  
A woman to mop the brow of the mountains?  
A ladder that will reach the top of the morning?  
The grindstone that will remove the nick of time?  
The whetstone that will sharpen a dull appetite?  
A frame for the mirror that is held up to nature?  
The correct measurement of the foot-prints of time?  
The number of inhabitants in the matrimonial state?  
Experience to ripen those people who are green with envy?  
Something to soothe the itch of fame and relieve some of the awful strains of music?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

# Steam Hose

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#### COSTLY DOORPLATES.

Many Were of Silver and Went Over the Hundred Dollar Mark.

"People who get about town much must have noticed one change that has taken place in the past few years," said the man with the red mustache, "and that is the abolition of doorplates for all except business purposes. There was a time, and not so very long ago either, when everybody that aspired to any kind of social prominence decorated his front door with a plate on which his name was engraved. These plates were made of all kinds of metal, ranging from plain tin to solid silver, according to the prosperity of the owner. Some of them were very expensive. I happened to be in the engraving business when the doorplate craze was raging in its most virulent form, and I know for a fact that we turned out a number of plates that mounted up to and even beyond the hundred dollar mark."

"One of the most expensive plates we ever made was for a man who lived over on East Twenty-second street. This man was a Russian who had embraced American customs, and he had a name about seven feet long. I can't remember now what it was, but I do know that it used up about all the plate we had in the shop to fit him out and that when we were finally through with him his front door resembled nothing so much as the billboard of a vaudeville show. There was a peculiar thing about another block over in that part of the city. There were 40 houses in that block. Each was ornamented with a doorplate, and on 31 of those houses the name was 'Green.' I went over to that neighborhood the other day out of curiosity. There are no doorplates there now, and I had no means of ascertaining whether the Green colony still sticks to its old haunts."

"In one way these doorplates were a mighty fine thing. They gave a stranger within our gates invaluable assistance in sating up the nomenclature of the city, but they savored too much of self advertising to suit the tastes of the more conservative element, and gradually the custom went out of fashion, until now a private house that sports a doorplate is a curiosity."

—New York Sun.

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#### SOCIETIES

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