

HAPPENED IN PHILADELPHIA

When the National Republican Convention Was Held.

It Was Not on the Reception Committee's Program, but Was the Work of One Small Boy.

"I saw one small boy get his," as the saying goes, over in Philadelphia last week," said a Washington man, who happened to be in the big sleepy town during the Republican convention. "This small boy was probably a Bryanite. At any rate he appeared to have so little respect for the delegates that he set out with a determination to have fun with them. His method was an old one, but it worked splendidly. The boy got hold of a huge imitation cannon firecracker. It looked just like one of the real things, but it was hollow. Then the boy bought himself a goodly stock of fuses, such as usually stick out of the one end of the real cannon cracker, and started in to do business with the delegates to the Republican national convention.

The business that he did may not be classed as strictly legitimate, and it was certainly not timely, nor on the program of the Philadelphia reception committee. It was not timely because it savored much of either April 1 or July 4, and the one was long since past and the other had not arrived. That it was not on the reception committee's program was evident from the fact that the City of Brotherly Love gave the delegates nothing to complain of so far as the official features of the program were concerned. But whatever was the cause of it, it is certain that at least one small boy had his share of fun out of the convention—and paid for it, and that two delegates carried home with them pleasant recollections of their stay in Philadelphia.

"I chose as his field those hotels along Filbert and Walnut and Arch and Sanson streets, in front of which the delegates were wont to sit picking their teeth after dinner. The boy would stick a fuse into his property cracker, furtively light the fuse, place the cracker beneath the chair of one of the visitors and then run and yell. His yelling would attract the attention of all hands, and then the sizzling of the fuse would catch the ear of one of the strangers, who would shout a warning and then the whole bunch would bound from their chairs as if the ground was about to open up beneath them and start to run from the scene like quarter horses, in a momentary expectation of hearing an explosion that would injure the drums of their ears and smash all of the front windows of the hotel to flinders. The explosion, of course, never followed, but in the absence of all hands the boy would sneak back and pick up his property cracker and then scoot off with derisive yells. It was a great scheme, that, and it caused more incipient heart disease and general discomfort among the brigade of fat delegates who were victims of it, and no doubt injected more deep, heartfelt joy into the bosom of the small boy who worked it than a few.

"One of the men who got bit by the performance, and who came near bursting numerous blood vessels in order to get away from the explosion that never came, was a ponderous delegate from Minnesota whom I happened to know, and with whom I flocked a good deal during the convention. He was sitting in front of his hotel on Filbert street, not far from Thirteenth, when the small boy showed up with his little contraption, and he ran about half a block before the laugh behind him put him wise to the fact that he'd been uncoiled. He mopped his forehead and thought about it for awhile, and then something struck him. He saw the small boy making down the street, and he took up a good pace after the boy and pretended to be greatly amused as he walked up behind the shaver.

"Let's see the thing, bub," said the Minnesota man, laughingly, to the kid, and the boy, seeing that the stout man was good-natured about it, handed over the imitation cracker. The delegate laughed immoderately over the thing, and he did a little mental measuring that the boy didn't notice. Then he handed the cracker back to the youngster, saying: "You certainly are an ingenious little cuss for fair," and went his way. His way took him to a big fireworks store, where he bought a genuine cracker of the exact size, as near as he could remember the measurements, of the imitation affair the small boy was having so much fun with. Then he strolled over to Walnut street, where

he figured he might find the kid continuing to divert himself.

"He figured correctly. The small boy was doing his little stunt with tremendous effect and great glee in front of the hotels along that thoroughfare. The Minnesota man got up just after the boy had turned the trick with vast success, and he was again laughing with great good nature as he asked the boy to let him look at the imitation cracker again. The boy had it all fixed up by that time for another scare. The boy handed it over with a grin, and then his attention was momentarily attracted by a scrap between some vagrant dogs across the way. The delegate took advantage of this to 'switch the dice,' as it were, upon the boy, who walked off with the real thing in the way of a cannon cracker in his pocket. The Minnesota delegate followed the kid up to see what was going to happen.

"The boy walked a couple of blocks down Walnut street until he came to another hotel, in front of which a number of delegates were sitting, and then he edged up, put his cannon cracker beneath the chair of one of them, yelled in the same old way and ran. Every man holding down a chair jumped up and ran except the boy under whose chair the cracker was sizzling. This man only grinned in a complaisant manner and yelled after the chaps who were in full flight.

"What are you running for? It ain't loaded. I was fooled by that kid yesterday afternoon. It's only a dummy. It's got nothing inside of it but—"

"Bang! The thing went off with a report like that of an eight-inch rifle on a man-of-war, and the complaisant man was lifted about two feet in his chair, but not otherwise damaged except as to temper. I don't think I ever saw such a surprised expression on a man's face as he wore, but the expression of surprise on the flecked face of the kid as he ran with all his might down the street was a good second. The Minnesota man was leaning up against the rail of an area holding his sides when the complaisant man who'd been victimized whizzed by him in chase of the small boy. He was a big man, but he could run like sixty and he got the boy, and the neat manner with which he proceeded to polish off that boy's knickerbockers at the fullness thereof caused my Minnesota friend to actually gurgle with ecstatic rapture. When the small boy was finally returned to a standing posture by the infuriated delegate the Minnesota man extended the imitation cracker to the weeping kid, but the boy wouldn't take it. He probably knew when he had enough. But he backed away, digging at his drenched eyes, and he bawled at the Minnesota man and the man who had just warmed his knickerbockers:

"Jes' youse people wait till nex' November, dat's all!"—Washington Star.

The Girls Won.

While, strictly speaking, it was none of Dawson's business, yet there was considerable interest felt here in the Seattle telephone strike and general sympathy appeared to be with the strikers, nearly 100 young women, who, tiring of the galling yoke of oppression, and refusing to longer submit to increasing injustice, made bold to strike and strike they did.

Soon all Seattle was drawn into the affair, but the girls held the sympathy. Business men stood by them with the result that several hundred telephones were ordered out and the system was very materially crippled.

Finally the company "squealed" and came to time, giving in to the demands of the girls in every respect and taking them all back to work on their own terms. The following is from the P.-I. of the 5th instant:

All is again harmony in the Seattle office of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company. Twenty-five of the striking telephone girls returned to work yesterday, and others will be taken back by the company as soon as vacancies occur. The service yesterday was greatly improved in consequence of the increase in the number of skilled operators, and the local officers of the company promise that the standard of efficiency will not only be fully maintained but raised in the near future.

Assistant Superintendent Millard, who, prior to the strike, had charge of the operating room, has severed his connection with that department, and now has only general oversight of its workings. Service Manager Lehigh, late of San Francisco, assuming direct control of the operators. C. B. Hopkins, of Spokane, who has been here for a week or more assisting in the adjustment of the difficulty between his company and the operators, states that the position of service manager is a new one, and was created for the especial purpose of maintaining the highest quality of service.

The following notice was posted on

the bulletin board at the office of the telephone company yesterday:

"San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 4, 1900. Now—that the differences between the telephone company and some of the operators have been adjusted, the undersigned desires to especially thank, individually and collectively, all who have worked so hard in the interests of the company for the last four weeks, and wishes to say to all, including the operators who are returning to duty today and those who may come in hereafter, that we desire to give the best possible service and deal liberally and justly with those who assist us in giving said service.

"I am satisfied that our patrons in Seattle will be more inclined in the future to recognize the difficulties of a telephone operator's duties, and I ask you to do your very best for them.

"I will consider it a personal favor if you will all agree among yourselves to let bygones be bygones, and we will try and work together in harmony; that is, the subscribers, the operators and the management.

"I recommend Mr. Lehigh to you, who, while he will always treat you with due consideration, will insist upon every one furnishing to our subscribers the class of service to which they are entitled.

"JNO. I. SABIN, President."

When Sine Died.

Over the portals of the supreme court in Brooklyn hung this legend.

COURTS ADJOURNED SINE DIE.

Some rollicking wag, with a sense of humor dating back to the bluff old English school of the 17th century, conceived the side splitting idea of affixing the letter D to the word "die." Holding his side and trying to restrain his buttons, this peerless humorist then disappeared, leaving no trace by which lovers of airy persiflage could track, identify and acclaim him.

Later in the day a person whose customary haunts are the public buildings of Brooklyn and who affects a knowledge of every statesman from Red Hook to Greenpoint drifted into the equity term and addressed himself to Clerk Farrell.

"Say, Farrell," he said, "when did Sine pass in his checks?"

"What's that?" demanded Clerk Farrell.

"When did Sine die?" repeated the inquiring one. "I see the courts are closed on account of it."

Clerk Farrell recovered.

"He died yesterday," he answered solemnly. "Did you know him?"

"Know him?" repeated the inquirer.

"I've know him for years. I knew his father. Too bad, ain't it?"

Clerk Farrell said it was a grievous misfortune, and the old comrade and bood companion of the lamented Sine passed mournfully out. — New York Times.

Trying on a Bonnet.

"I would rather wait upon a dozen men than upon one woman," exclaimed a young lady clerk in a downtown store the other day. "It is almost impossible to please a woman, especially if she wants to buy a hat. They find defects in a faultlessly made article that even the most expert milliner could not discover, and use all sort of devices to beat us down in price."

"The complaint is well taken," said a well known milliner upon being informed of the clerk's remark, "and that is not the worst phase of the matter. There are women—and you would be surprised if I should mention their names—who come into my shop each season and try on all the hats I have in stock. After occupying a great deal of my time they will perhaps order one of two hats sent to their homes on approval, and the next day or a day or two later send them back with pinholes in them, and with a note saying that Mr. Blank didn't care for either, but that they'll call later—which they never, by any chance, do.

"Then, a week or two after, I'll see them with a home made copy of my French model on their heads, and you can guess at the rage I feel. Well, the other day one such feminine schemer came into our room. We all knew her, and so one of the clerks attended to her rather reluctantly and gave a very significant shrug of her shoulders when she ordered a \$25 hat sent up on approval. I was amused also, of course, but I said nothing, and the bit of headgear was carefully packed and sent to her that afternoon. That night I went to the theater and, sitting right in front of me, was my customer of the morning, wearing the hat she had on approval. I took care that she should see me; indeed, as we passed out, side by side, whispered that I thought she had never looked better. Her face was really a study, but the next day we got a check for \$25, and so for once her ladyship was bested. We are well rid

of her now, I know, for it's quite certain she'll never come to our shop again. The feminine schemer dislikes very much to be made to buy anything."—Chicago Chronicle.

It might pay you to drop in and see the new stock of drugs, stationery, and sundries at the Pioneer Drug Store.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Prices reduced. Shirts now 50c, collars 15c, cuffs, per pair, 25c. Cascade Laundry.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

Shindler has bicycle sundries; wood rims, inner tubes, ball bearings, spokes,

bells, cyclometers, toe clips, graphite, etc. Wheels to rent by the hour. cr

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Notice.

J. L. Sale & Co., the jewelers, have moved their main store to the Aurora building opposite Aurora dock.

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

REMOVAL SALE OF

Millinery and fancy Goods.

OWING to the lack of space at our present location, we are compelled to move to a new store on Second avenue, opposite S-Y. T. Co. prior to our removal we will offer special inducements to customers. Present location: Second avenue, near Third street.

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