

BROUGHT TO HER RIGHT MIND

The Young Lady of Meadowtown Ashamed of Her Lover

Until Her Rich Cousin From Newport Fell in Love With Him—A Country Romance.

I was just 18, and I was unquestionably pretty. Our home at Meadowtown was the quietest of country homes, but it did not prevent me from meeting there what I felt wholly justified in calling my "tate."

Robert Carroll was a young artist who had come up one summer for the purpose of filling his portfolio with sketches under the most economical circumstances as regarded his board per week, and Robert and I in the early part of the summer had met in a mutually love at first sight sort of way, which soon resulted in our engagement.

Robert's ignominious prospects as concerned personal support were several water colors of by no means remarkable value and an oil painting which he found it impossible to sell. But he whispered to me confidential things before long about a comfortably off grandfather of 82 and a neglected yet half presumptive grandson.

But in the middle of the summer the unexpected happened. I received an invitation from my aunt, Mrs. Grosvenor Abercrombie, to come and visit her at Newport.

I accepted the invitation in fear and trembling. I made no attempt at anything like a strain in the matter of costume, for my simple dresses I well knew would stand me in better stead than all the country made finery which I might have hastily stitched up. At least I was sure of one thing about myself—I had not a suggestion of vulgarity in appearance or manners that could shock these high bred relatives.

I think Mrs. Abercrombie recognized this fact in five minutes after meeting me. She was a superb looking woman, with great gray puffs at either temple, a delicate peachy complexion, strangely untouched by time and manners that were quietly with quiet dignity.

Aunt Cornelia had one daughter, Helen. Very much of her mother's state's grace belonged to Helen Abercrombie's style. Her small head, where thick masses of blue black hair lay coiled and twined in glossiest abundance, was exquisitely set upon her swanlike sloping shoulders. Her face, thoroughly brunette in type, had a dreamy sweetness of expression that struck you at a glance as most winningly lovely. She was a great belle, whose presence, in Newport society.

Aunt Cornelia's house and its appointments were regal in my rustic eyes. The luxurious ease in which she lived seemed almost marvelous—servants bowing at every turn, no task to be done by your own hands except just what they wished to do; splendor, wealth, grandeur and refinement everywhere. Ah, me, what wonder that my head was turned to it all!

I rapidly accommodated myself to this new life. Helen was charming to me without any irritating touches of coquetry, and Aunt Cornelia was full of the most genial hostess.

I was made in the most delicate way to understand immediately upon my arrival that my few simple dresses would be wholly unseemly for the gayeties of Newport and very soon I attending high dinners, kettledrums and heaven only knows what else in costumes that Aunt Cornelia's charming method of dressing made it no embarrassment to wear.

The change from Meadowtown to Newport, from rural immurements to perpetual round of merry-making, was a change intensely radical, as all will admit. After three weeks of this utterly new life, when the time came for me to go home, I remember having a dreary depressed feeling that not even the thought of seeing Robert once more could do anything except mildly alleviate.

But, ah, until I was really back in Meadowtown once more I never knew how radical my mental change had been. I fought against it as I would, discontent and dissatisfaction besieged me at every turn. Our modest household customs, arrangements and conveniences struck me as ridiculous, vulgar, contemptible, after the glories of Aunt Abercrombie's Newport mansion and the wealth stamped surroundings of her fine friends.

Four mother! She came with me very patiently, as it was her sweet nature always to bear with everybody's snatches and shortcomings. Robert came with me patiently, too, at first, but I really believe that his love was strong enough to make nearly my worst faults take a borrowed ideal light of virtue.

Now here is a specimen of how I would sometimes treat him during the month that followed my return: "You have come for me to take a walk, Robert?" "Yes, Ada," with the pleasantest smile in his large, soft brown eyes. "Careless!" I rather pettishly. "It

is altogether too early in the afternoon. This blazing sun will ruin my complexion. Cousin Helen and all the ladies at Newport would never think of walking out at this hour."

"I thought it rather cool, Ada. But just as you wish. We can sit here and talk for awhile on the piazza, if you prefer."

"Positively, Robert, I'm almost ashamed to sit with you while you have on that horrid, careless looking arrangement which you dignify by the name of a coat. None of the gentlemen at Newport!"

"Well," Robert here interrupted, with just the least tinge of pronounced pique in tone and manner, "what about the gentlemen at Newport?"

"Oh, pshaw! Don't show jealousy, it is such dreadfully bad style, you know."

"Is it? I wasn't aware of being jealous, Ada. I hope there is no reason for any such feeling."

"All I meant, Robert, was that the Newport gentlemen," with a faint, fluttering, retrospect so t of sigh at this point, "are so very neat in their costumes."

This amiable little confab is only one of the many which took place between Robert and myself during the month that succeeded my eventful visit. Did I finally see signs of impatience in his manner, touches of manly intolerance at my treatment, periods of coolness in his general demeanor? Well, if I saw them, I chose not to see them, and so the days passed.

At length, one autumn morning, I rushed into the room where mother was seated, holding an open letter in my hand. "Oh, mother, mother," I cried, "what do you think?"

"Well, Ada," was the placid question. "You remember," I sped on, "how in my last letter to Cousin Helen I jokingly invited her to Meadowtown? Of course I never dreamed of having her come and just put in the invitation as a means of filling up my stupid letter, and now she writes me that she will take up in my word—that she is very anxious to visit a real bit of country life before going back to next winter's gayeties in New York, and—oh, I shall die of mortification at the thought of having her here!"

But have her I was forced to do, and mortification spared me any such terrible result as that prophesied. She came, looking the thorough lady she was, dressed with suitable quietness and accepting all our homestead hospitality with a sweet, thoroughbred lack of surprise.

"I want you to appear your very best," I said to Robert in the morning before her arrival. "Cousin Helen is very particular and fastidious about gentlemen. She is a great belle—and, for that matter, a great beauty—and the least coarseness in a man's manners or dress always shocks her keenly."

Robert's brows darkened. I had gone too far. For the first time since knowing him I saw his handsome mouth take a bitter, sneering curve. "Perhaps a clod like myself had better not appear at all," he said, "while your paragon is here."

But he did appear that night. Helen was very affably cordial to him. She knew nothing of our engagement. I had never mentioned a word of it either to herself or Aunt Cornelia.

When Robert had left us that night and we were alone together, she astonished me by saying: "What a charming man Mr. Carroll is! Why have you never mentioned him to me, Ada? Has he been long in Meadowtown?"

"Oh, yes! Nearly all summer."

"He comes of the Carrolls of L. does he not?"

"Yes," I said, a little confused, a great deal astonished. "That is, his grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, lives in L. This Mr. Robert Carroll is an artist, as he told you, and—quite poor."

"Oh, I know nearly all about his family!" Helen said. "His grandfather, Mr. Everhard Carroll, treated him shamefully on account of embracing art as a profession. The old gentleman is one of the greatest millionaires in the country, and he has given out I believe, that he will bequeath all his fortune to this Robert, his only heir, though he refuses to notice him while he lives—and for that absurd reason too! It is not wonderful what simpletons some people can make of themselves!"

"Very," I murmured. I was more confused than ever.

During the next four or five days Robert came constantly to the cottage. Helen showed the most marked attention and rapidly growing preference for his society. His manner was very courteous to me—nothing more. I could not complain, for I had more than once pointedly hinted to him that I desired no mention of our engagement to be made during Helen Abercrombie's visit.

Two weeks passed on. At the end of those two weeks I was sick, tortured, agonized with jealousy. It seemed to me that in every motion of Robert's and in every sound of his voice I saw proof that he had transferred all his old allegiance from myself to Helen.

And for my own feelings, every vestige of my own slumbering, maltreated, half despised love revived under the present shock of circumstances. I blamed myself for the past—I hated myself for it—I told myself that I deserved terrible punishment.

And the punishment came. Helen staid with us three weeks. The night before she left they took a walk together among the paths that skirted our cottage. It was a night of perfect autumn moonlight, and now and then I could see their dark forms sharply outlined in the silver air as I watched them from the window of the sitting room, where I sat alone, with a miserable, throbbing, foreboding heart.

At last they entered the house. Then I heard them pass into the little library where mother often sat and was sitting now. Presently I heard Robert ask: "Where is Ada?"

"He had never called me 'Ada' before in her presence. I knew what was coming then. I heard mother's answer, 'In the sitting room, I think,' and waited and shuddered.

The door was half closed. Presently there sounded a little knock upon it. I rose as if stung. "Come in," I said. Robert entered.

I can't write out his words. They were very mildly spoken. He said that he had thought I cared nothing whatever for him.

And then, though my heart was nearly breaking in my breast, woman's pride came to my rescue. "You are right," I said, "I do care nothing for you. I suppose you have come to tell me that you wish to break your engagement with me and marry Helen Abercrombie?"

"I do," he answered simply, "if you will release me."

"Very well," I managed. "You are perfectly free." But the sitting room light was dancing before my eyes as I said it, and my poor heart was wildly galloping. I had got my punishment. Was it over severe? Often, often I think so during the lonely, eventless years of maidenhood which have followed.

They have been married almost more years than I can count over. I rarely see them, but I know they are very happy. Do you call this a miserable sad story, reader? Well, remember that, as I said at first, it is "sad, but true."

THEY ARE UNITED

All Nomeites Demand Removal of Judge Noyes.

The lawyers at Nome have sent a petition to Washington asking for the removal of Judge Noyes.

The merchants, business men and miners of Nome are not to be behind the Nome bar in the movement for the removal of Judge Noyes and the assignment of a man in unison with the popularity, as United States district judge. Not only have they in mass meeting adopted and signed a petition for the judge's recall, but they have delegated a representative to go in person to Washington City and lay the matter before the president.

This delegate will most likely arrive at Seattle on the Santa Ana which was to have sailed the day preceding the departure of the Senator, and which reached Seattle on the 28th.

J. P. Brewster, who has the cigar stand in the Hotel Northern at Seattle, returned on the Senator, and brings a report of the big mass meeting of the merchants and miners, held at Nome on Saturday evening, the 17th. They passed the resolution asking the removal of Judge Noyes. Captain Baldwin, of the Giese Hardware Company, presided, and the resolution passed unanimously, as did those of the lawyers the official actions of Judge Noyes in strong terms and embody a memorial to President McKinley asking him to recall the judge and assign another to act, that the many cases awaiting trial may be disposed of before time for work to begin next spring.

The petition was signed by nearly all of the merchants in the city and practically all of the miners present. A committee was appointed to select a delegate to convey the petition to President McKinley in person and make a statement to him of the actual feeling existing against Judge Noyes' manner of administering justice.

"This action of the merchants, following so closely the protest of the lawyers, practically puts every business man and miner present in the city at the time on record against Judge Noyes, and they have every confidence that President McKinley cannot refuse to listen to their appeal," said Mr. Brewster.

Referring to the mining situation, he said: "Iron and Canyon creeks are showing up particularly good and I

hear one man offer to bet \$100 that the former will produce at least \$250,000 this season. These creeks are in the Kougarak district, but they are to be cut off and renamed the Golden Gate, as they are far removed from what is now called 'Kougarak' and really form no part of it."

Looks Bad for Hoey. Nogales, Ariz., Aug. 29.—William Hoey, United States collector of customs at this port was arraigned today before United States Commissioner R. D. George on several charges on information that he conspired to admit Chinese into this country from Mexico in a fraudulent manner. A number of witnesses were examined, the principal one being George W. Webb, known as a ling rider. Webb testified that among other things that he advised Hoey that Chinese were being brought through the lines and made an engagement with the collector to meet him at his room. He put a man named Dickey in a cupboard, and left the door ajar. Continuing he said:

"I talked with Hoey about a Chinaman named How, and proposed to go in with him. I said that How had promised me \$100 a head. Hoey said all right and told me how he had fixed it with them to use the letter A on the certificates of those who paid the fee, and that I was to let such Chinamen go, but was to arrest all others."

The examination will be continued tomorrow.

Will Pay No Reward. San Francisco, Aug. 29.—President Ralston, of the Selby Smelting Works, announces the reward of \$25,000 which was offered for the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves who stole over \$300,000 worth of gold bullion on the night of August 5 will not be paid as such, though the detectives and others who were instrumental in recovering the treasure and sending the robber, John Winter, to jail, will be liberally compensated for their services. Winters was under arrest when the reward was offered and President Ralston says his conviction was expected. The company, however, thought he had accomplices, and also feared that the gold had been taken out of the country, and for these reasons offered the big reward. It is stated that several of the officers who worked up the case have been settled with, but the amount paid them is not known.

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