

Interesting Dog Stories

In his entertaining volume, "All About Dogs," which he calls "a book for doggy people," Charles Henry Lane tells a story of a gentleman stopping at a hotel in Boston who privately hid his pocket handkerchief behind the sofa cushion in the coffee room and left the hotel accompanied by his dog. After walking for some distance he suddenly stopped and said to his dog: "I have left my handkerchief at the hotel; go back and fetch it for me," giving no particular directions about it. The dog immediately returned at full speed, and entered the room his master had just left. He went directly to the sofa, but the handkerchief was gone. He jumped upon tables and counters, but it was nowhere to be seen.

It turned out that a friend of his master had discovered it, and, supposing it had been left by mistake, had taken care of it for the owner. But Tiger was not to be fooled. He flew about the room apparently much excited, in quest of the "lost or stolen." Soon, however, he was on the track. He scented it to the gentleman's coat pocket. What was to be done? The dog had no means of asking for it by word of mouth, and was not accustomed to picking pockets, and, besides, the gentleman was ignorant of his business with him.

But Tiger's sagacity did not suffer him to remain long in suspense. He seized the skirt containing the prize, and, furiously tearing it from the coat, hastily made off with it, much to the surprise of the owner. Tiger then overtook his master and restored the lost property.

M. B. Scott, a veterinary surgeon of Faribault, Minn., has a novelty in the shape of a wonderful pacing dog. So far as is known, this is the only instance on record of a pacing dog, though a trotting dog is not unheard of, and Harry Ketchum, a Canadian, once owned a trotter whom he called "Doc." This dog, which was a pointer, he exhibited at race tracks and fairs all over the country. He was said to have made \$10,000 out of the animal.

Dr. Scott's dog will run against either a horse or a bicycle, and seems to enjoy it, though he evidently regards it as a very serious matter. Gypsy, as the doctor calls him, can make very good time, and Dr. Scott has speeded him from a standing start to make a quarter of a mile in 45 seconds, and the first eighth in 20 seconds.

When he was teaching him to pace, Dr. Scott put small string hobbles on him in order to prevent him from breaking. Gypsy paced a little before the doctor bought him, though so little as to be of no consequence; but his new master thought he saw possibilities of the dog doing better and began a course of careful and systematic training, until he obtained the present result. The dog is a pure-blooded St. Bernard, and weighs 140 pounds, is three feet high, measures six feet from the tip of his bushy tail to the end of his handsome nose, and is about 4 years old. He races alone, without a driver, and, beside being a very fine animal, is a real curiosity.

A grizzly St. Bernard proved a good witness in the superior civil court two or three years ago. The dog was kidnapped from a Revere farmer, and subsequently sold to a Brookline livery stable keeper for \$50. The Revere farmer advertised but to no purpose. Business one day took him to Brookline. He was accompanied by his six-year-old daughter. They were driving slowly through the main street. Suddenly the child uttered a cry.

"Look, pa! Oh, look! look! Carlo! Carlo!"

There on the green, with tail extended and eye dilated, his great body trembling with the excitement caused by that voice he loved, stood kidnapped "Carlo."

"Oh, come, Carlo!" cried the child eagerly. There was a merry bark and the dog was by the side of the wagon in a twinkling, wagging his bushy tail and prancing in doggy glee. The farmer, of course, took possession of the dog.

The Brooklineite laid his grievance before the court. It took two days to hear the case. The complainant put in evidence to show that he purchased the dog of the man who reared him. On the other hand, the defendant described every mark and scar on the dog.

"I think I'll postpone the trial in order to have the dog in court as a witness," said the judge.

A deputy sheriff brought the canine to court the following day.

"Carlo!" called the livery stable keeper. The dog only sniffed and moved uneasily.

"Oh, Carlo, Carlo!" cried the farmer's child. The huge St. Bernard's tail went round. In another second he was bounding down the corridor to his mistress.

The case was then submitted to the jury, and after five minutes' deliberating the jury returned with a verdict for the farmer.

Mr. B. T. Harper, of Southbridge, Mass., gives the following interesting experience:

"The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where, during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly, where chickens and turkeys roosting on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of these bitter, cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and little terrier, asking admission to all appearances. In the face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

"If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night, when my three tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were certainly amusing.

"With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But with their irreproachable behavior and their many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more. Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?"

Dogs that are trained to catch fish are among the extraordinary features of everyday life on the barren shores of that distant portion of Labrador that belongs to Newfoundland. The valuable cod fisheries along the 1,100 miles of Labrador's coast yield about one-fifth of Newfoundland's total catch of cod and furnish employment annually to thousands of hardy fisherfolk. They fish with lines that are 150 to 200 fathoms long, two men to a boat, and each man uses two hand lines. The usual bait is capelin. When fish are at all plentiful it takes these two men but a very short time to fill a boat with cod.

A number of them have trained their dogs to assist in catching fish. The rapidity with which the fishermen haul up their long lines when they feel a fish robs the latter almost entirely of life by the time it reaches the surface of the sea. It comes to the top as completely exhausted as a salmon that has been played by an angler until he can "trail" it with his hand and so avoid the necessity of gaffing it. It is one thing, however, to bring a heavy cod to the surface of the water and another to get him into the boat. Gaffs and landing nets are unknown to these toilers of the sea. If he can lift the fish into the boat by the line all is well. But this is often where they fail. If the fish is large and but lightly hooked, as is very often the case, the hook breaks away from its mouth when the attempt is made to haul the cod from the water. The fish, still quite inanimate in manner and appearance, floats away from the boat on the surface of the water. This is only for a moment, however.

The fisher's trained dog, often without even awaiting a signal from its master, leaps over the gunwale of the boat, plunges into the sea, swims after the fluttering fish and seizes it in his mouth. Returning consciousness, hastened by the new sensation of being taken entirely from the water and gripped between the jaws of its captor, and joined to the instinct of self-preservation, often produces lively struggles on the part of the fish, which add considerably to the

difficulty of the dog in swimming back with its burden to the boat. It rarely happens, however, that the dog releases its hold upon its struggling captive until safe within the boat, into which it is assisted by its master.—Ex.

The Australian Speaker.

The Hon. F. W. Holder, Speaker of the Australian Commonwealth House of Representatives, has been a Wesleyan local preacher in Adelaide for many years, says the London Chronicle. He has, of course, to spend most of his time now in Melbourne, the Federal capital for the time being, and he has just made his first appearance in the pulpit of a Melbourne Wesleyan church. He had a really formidable task if he attempted to realize the promises held forth in the rather injudicious placards by which his advent was announced. It was proclaimed in large capitals that Mr. Speaker would conduct a "service for the people, bright, attractive, intellectual, spiritual, inspirational." Mr. Holder, ignoring this bombastic introduction, gave a plain, practical deliverance on the subject of "Evil" to a crowded congregation. Here is one of his typical observations: "Cowardice is often misnamed charity, when people know that certain things are wrong and fail to denounce them."—Ex.

Familiar Names.

"Who represents the defendant in this case?" queried Justice Hall of Chicago after he had announced that the case of the People against Aird had been reached on the docket, says the Chicago Record-Herald. "I do," replied Stephen A. Douglas, stepping before the bar.

"And the prosecution will be handled by?"

"Robert E. Lee."

"I'm more than glad to meet you, gentlemen," declared Justice Hall warmly. "Your names are quite familiar to me."

The spectators in the court looked amazed as they listened to the conversation at the bar. "I told them was both dead," remarked a small boy.

Lee, a distant relative of the Confederate general, is city prosecutor at the Harrison street police court, and Attorney Douglas, one of the "Little Giants," represented the defendant in a larceny case.

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WRECK BAY SAND MINES

To Be Exploited for Gold

Are Located Near Victoria—A Seattle Company at Head of the Scheme.

Victoria, April 4.—Van R. Pierson, John G. Pierce and C. M. Starbuck, all of Seattle, Wash., comprise a trio of mining men registered at the Victoria hotel. A deal which includes all the southern portion of Wreck Bay has been brought to a successful issue through Van R. Pierson, and Messrs. Pierce and Starbuck, two well known capitalists, are now in possession of a large part of the Wreck Bay placer mining claims of the west coast. There is also a great possibility that the whole of these claims will be operated during the coming season by these gentlemen, as another deal with the object of transferring the claims worked hitherto by the Wreck Bay Placer Mining Company also to Messrs. Pierce and Starbuck is under consideration and likely to be successfully brought about.

Mr. Pierson, who is acting for Messrs. Pierce and Starbuck, stated this morning in an interview that from present indications the latter deal would go through. In reference to the former transaction, Messrs. Jacobson and Tolmie were the former owners, and the deal was consummated on the 19th of last month. Mr. Pierson said that at present he was not in a position to make the sum involved known, but stated that the new owners intended this year working the beach with the most modern and approved machinery, and would, he expected, spend fully \$50,000 on the property.

Mr. Starbuck is busy this morning in purchasing horses and other equipment necessary for immediate operations, which will be sent up

this evening on the Queen City, in company with 10 or 15 men who have been hired to work on the claims. J. G. Pierce is representing his father, Mr. Pierce, of Seattle, in this business, and the latter gentlemen and Mr. Starbuck are supplying the capital necessary for the successful working of the scheme. Messrs. Pierce and Starbuck are experienced miners, and made a tour of inspection of the west coast in company with Mr. Pierson some months ago when the proposition which has just been successfully brought about was first considered. It is stated that Mr. Pierce and Mr. Starbuck made the money which they are investing in the west coast black sands at Nome, they being a couple of the few who struck it really rich at that place. Mr. Pierson says that as soon as possible gasoline engines, pumps and other machinery will be shipped to Wreck Bay, and operations commenced on a much more extensive scale than hitherto.

Mr. Pierson is also interested in the Helga Mining Company at Clayoquot, on which a gang of men are working night and day on a tunnel for the purpose of striking a ledge of ore which shows indications of being rich. He says that some very good ore has been reached. Already about \$15,000 has been spent on the property.

The Wreck Bay placer mines were

discovered by Messrs. Pierson and Starbuck in May, 1900, and later enterprise of Victorian was developed and operated in many discouragements encountered in the face of much skepticism in regard to their richness. Present deal emphasizes the value of their judgment.

Its Valuation of It.

There was a case brought to court the other day concerning a manuscript of a novel. In course of it a Scottish novelist had read the manuscript, was in the witness box. The judge asked him what value he would place on the book. "Well," the witness replied, "I do not know what the English custom is, but in Edinburgh we have to pay for the removal of a paper."—London Globe.

"Did you show Casey, the tractor, the Wash's?" asked Mr. Ralphy. "I did," answered Mr. Ralphy. "He wor deeply impressed." "What did he say?" "He said it wor the best story buildin' he ever saw."—London Star.

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