

THE GRAND SCHEMER

A STROKE OF GENIUS THAT PUTS MILLIONS BEHIND HIM.

Major Crofoot Strikes a Genuine Good Thing and Divides, or Pretends That He is Willing to Divide, With His Chiropodist.

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It was the chiropodist from the floor above the major's office, and he passed the door two or three times before knocking, as if to get up his courage. "Come in!" called the major in a bland and cheery voice. "Come right in! By George, but what a coincidence—what a coincidence! Not a minute ago I sat down to write you a note asking you to step down here. There is surely such a thing as mental telegraphy."

"You have owed me \$1 for the last four months," stifferly replied the chiropodist as he lugged out a bill.

"Just so—exactly—just so!" smiled the major as he rubbed his hands together. "Yes, sir, about four months



"I WANT THAT DOLLAR!" ago you removed two corns from my right foot. The circumstance is perfectly fresh in my memory.

"And you said you'd pay me next day."

"I presume I did. Yes, I know I did, and I humbly apologize that it slipped my mind. My dear man, permit me to pay you \$2—\$3, \$4, \$5. I have a check here for \$250. You may hand me \$245 balance, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"I haven't got no \$245," replied the man, "and I only want what is due me. I'll go to the bank with you."

"Don't! Don't do it! I'd never forgive myself for putting you to that trouble. Yes, I was about to write you a note. It was surely a curious thing—your coming down as you did. Doctor, do you know where I stood financially four months ago?"

"Mighty hard up, I guess," was the wizen reply.

"You've hit it. Yes, sir, I was so hard up that I didn't own the shoes on my feet. It was the hardest kind of work for me to raise a dollar. The cold, cruel world sneered at me and called me a deadbeat, but there were a few exceptions. You were one. In my darkest hour you had confidence in me. When I wanted those corns removed, you didn't demand payment in advance."

"I wish I had!"

"No, sir. You trusted in my word, and you didn't seek to humiliate me, and you aroused my deepest gratitude. I have offered to pay you five for one, but I shall not stop there. It shall be 5,000 and more for one. Can you sell out your business or give it away to-day or tomorrow?"

"Are you going to pay me the dollar?" sternly demanded the chiropodist. "If you can't sell out, give it away, lock it up, throw it out of the window!" continued the major as he walked about the room. "My dear man, listen to me. Four months ago I was hard up for a quarter; today I have millions behind me—millions and millions. I may be said to swim in gold."

15 cents. Two weeks hence they will be on sale at every drug store in the United States, and all doctors will recommend 'em. You don't have to wait for breakfast or dinner to get your cutlet. Just drop a tablet into your mouth and let it dissolve, and there you are. Can be taken with you to church, lectures, balls, camp meetings or horse races; should be in the hands of all travelers, hunters, sailors and baseball men. In less than three months they will drive every other tablet out of

market. Invented, organized and named in less than ten hours and bound to pay dividends of 50 per cent. My dear man—

"Look here now!" exclaimed the chiropodist as he pounded on the table. "I've come for my dollar! Don't try to stuff me, but come down with the cash!"

"And the company had only been named when I thought of you for the position of secretary," mused the major without seeming to have heard the indignant protest. "You were a man who had trusted me. When others demanded cash down, you gave me a show. My heart swelled as I thought of this, and I set the salary at \$10,000 a year, payable quarterly in advance. Shall I draw you a check for the first quarter?"

The chiropodist looked at the major as if wondering if he had met a crazy man. "I said \$10,000 a year, but if that is not enough—if you feel that you ought to have \$20,000—speak right up. I want you to be perfectly satisfied, you know. Will \$20,000 a year be enough?"

"What about my dollar?"

"The tablets will be a go. They can't help but be. Let us walk out in the hall while I tell you that the public can't get enough of veal cutlets in their present form. They are always eager for more. They want the taste of cutlets in their mouths as they go about their daily routine. Fifteen cents a box in order to compete with potato lozenges, but a profit of 10 cents on every box! Take the sales at 10,000,000 boxes a year, and what do you get? You want stock. You want at least—"

"Not a blamed cent's worth! I want my dollar!"

"—at least \$20,000 worth of stock. You shall have it. You have paid me \$1 to secure it, and don't you worry. It will be made in your name, and later on—Excuse me."

The major stepped into his office and shut the door.

"Here, what's this?" called the chiropodist.

The major locked the door. "Look here, you old deadbeat! I want that dollar!"

The major sat down at his desk and lighted the stub end of a cigar.

"You come out of that and pay this bill, or I'll bust the door down!" shouted the creditor as he gave two or three kicks.

The major calmly puffed away and gazed out of the window, and the look on his face would have reminded a holder of buckwheat cakes and molasses.

"Then I'll lay for you out here and punch your old head! Do you hear me?"

RELIC OF EARLY KANSAS

Ancient Norse Mill in Town of Lawrence.

Another Landmark Is Old Stone State House Now Occupied by Coyotes, Snakes and Owls.

Our great western prairie states, rich though they are in many forms of wealth, are poor in building material. This accounts in part for the paucity of memorials of olden times, so that a bona fide relic of even a half century ago is a rare sight. The progressive farmers of the west are just awakening to the necessity of preserving the few relics that they have, among which none possesses a greater degree of interest than the old Norse windmill at Lawrence, Kan. This old mill, erected nearly 50 years ago by three Swedes, stands on a hill and is a conspicuous feature of the landscape.

The builders of the mill went out west with the idea of reaping a fortune from the winds of the prairies. To that end they brought workmen from Norway and Sweden and erected their mill in European style, with wide-spreading arms and an opening in the stone base through which horses could be driven. The huge arms of the old mill are 40 feet in length. The machinery is mostly of oak, and, though it seems rude and clumsy, it did good service for the early settlers of the prairies. For several years the old mill has been deserted, for modern mills, with their newfangled machinery, have robbed it of its trade. It has long defied wind and weather, but the tooth of time has been so long gnawing at it that the effects are becoming visible. During the civil war Quantrell and his raiders attempted to destroy the old mill, but their efforts were in vain. The people of the town of Lawrence are trying to save it by popular subscription or hope to have the state buy the old structure for a museum that shall be memorial of the old days of the state. Besides, ruins are rare in Kansas, and this is such a noteworthy one that it well deserves preservation.

Kansas has one or two other reminders of the old days of the state which are well worth saving. First and last the Sunflower state has had seven capitols, commencing with a stone structure two stories high, 40x80 feet in outside dimensions, and ending with the present handsome building at Topeka. The first capitol of the state is still standing at what was once Pawnee, the one-time capital of Kansas. The statehouse stands out on the plain, deserted, its roof gone and the interior a hiding place for rattlesnakes, coyotes and owls. The state has been asked to preserve the old ruin as an interesting memorial of the early struggles of the settlers to establish a commonwealth.

Another Kansas relic which is well worth preservation is the John Brown statue at Ossawatimie. It was reported once that it had been struck by lightning, and the entire state mourned it. The report, however, proved false, and all the damage that the statue has suffered has been at the unfeeling hands of relic hunters. Kansas has no fitting memorial of her great citizen, and it is proposed to make the old monument a nucleus for the proper commemoration of the sturdy old enthusiast's deeds for his state. The State Historical Society hopes to secure from the next session of the legislature such action as will aid the state in making proper preservation of some of its rare reminders and relics, as it should do.—Ex.

London Criticism.

London, Dec. 29.—Misgiving rain, fog and dirt made Christmas week an evil memory for England. Depressing gloom, in thorough harmony with the weather, settled over the country. The coasts were strewn with wrecks, commerce was out of joint and the public was bitterly digesting the criticisms of the army. The demand for Major-General Sir H. E. Colville's resignation only served to whet the ravenous appetites of those who were howling for the responsibility of the reverses in South Africa being brought home to individuals. More heads are demanded. Where so many must be blamable it is felt that the selection of Gen. Colville is woefully inadequate, if not unfair. Indeed, it is already said that had not the yeomanry force at Liendley, which Colville failed to relieve, included some of the nobility and other influential persons, Colville would never have been recalled. The bitterness felt by those yeomanry at being compelled to surrender because, as they allege, Col-

ville refused to render the aid within his power, has never died out, and will probably result in one of the most interesting court martials in the annals of the British army, upon the result of which will depend the fate of several other high officers, who have proved unequal to the occasion.

The Liberal papers comment severely upon the acceptance, by the war office, of a contingent of Maoris from New Zealand. The Star says the effect of this blunder on the Dutch will be terrible. After declining to employ Indian troops, we are taking a paltry hundred Maoris. This will not only infuriate the Dutch, but it will insult the Indian troops, who will regard it as a declaration of their inferiority to an inferior colored race. "Go on, oh, government of muddlers. Even the gods could not save you from your own invincible folly."

Alleged Burglars Captured.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 1.—Richard Rex and Thomas Kelly, alleged to be the two men who have been terrorizing Vancouver by numerous holdups and burglaries recently, were captured this afternoon by Detectives Butler and Wylie. Both are well known in criminal annals on the coast, and served time in British Columbia and Washington state.

Kelly is a middle-aged man, who is said by the police to be an expert safe blower, while as an all-round crook Rex, who is a Mexican, has a long record in Vancouver. He is a cook, and has only been three months out of the penitentiary, where he served a year for the wholesale robbery of the McPhee Opera Company's special car in Vancouver. Rex had \$297 and a large number of valuables, all alleged to be stolen property, in his possession when arrested.

Fishery Cruisers.

Ottawa, Dec. 28.—Sir Louis Davies awarded contracts today for two cruisers for the province of British Columbia. Tenders were asked some time ago for these cruisers. One of the boats is to be used at the mouth of the Fraser river and the other for fishery protection service on the Pacific coast.

The contract for the large cruiser, which is to be used on the Pacific coast, has been awarded to A. Wallace, Vancouver, B. C. This steamer is to be 136 feet long over all, breadth 24 feet, hold 10 feet, depth moulded 11 feet, three-masted and classed "A1" at Lloyds. It will carry 150 tons of coal. There will be three officers, three engineers and 15 seamen. The price is to be between \$60,000 and \$70,000.

The small cruiser is to be 60 feet long, 11 broad and 6 feet depth. The contract goes to the Albion Iron Works, Victoria, B. C. The price is between \$7000 and \$8000.

A condition of the contract is that the fair wage resolution will be embodied in it.

Eloped With Coachman.

Winnipeg, Jan. 2.—Mrs. W. R. Savage, wife of the mayor of Wellington, Kansas, who eloped with her little daughter and her husband's coachman, Frank Cyler, has been located in this city, where she has been living with Cyler for the past nine months. Mrs. Savage's sisters arrived here last week, and with the aid of detectives, located the erring woman and finally induced her to return home.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Goods sold on commission at Meeker's.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowrey's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity.

city; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

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

For Rent.

Office room in McLennan-McFeeley building. Heated with hot air. Apply McLennan-McFeeley store.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Linen and official envelopes at Zaccarelli's Bank Cafe corner.

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street.

Hay and grain at Meeker's.

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry

Fresh Meats

Bay City Market

Chas. Rossell & Co.

THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joslyn Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 7

The O'Brien Club

Telephone No. 87

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Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunter Creek, on Klondike River.

BLUCE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER

Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim, in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general, we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper

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