

FOLLOWER OF LOUIS KOSSUTH Held Positions of Trust in Toronto and Regretted by Many Friends.

Toronto, Jan. 17.—The news of the sudden death of ex-Ald. Newman L. Spencer came as a great shock to the wide circle of friends in every walk of life who were proud to acknowledge his acquaintance. He was one of the landmarks in the civic history of Toronto. Wholesouled, of a genial disposition and generous to a fault, he had not an enemy, and his friends were numbered not by the scores, but by the hundreds. His was an interesting career, illustrative of the possibilities which a young country offers to the industrious and energetic young man, who is inspired by lofty ideals and laudable ambition. He was a Bohemian by birth, of noble parentage, and descended from the branch of the Bohemian race who are German in sentiment, thought and language. At sixteen years of age, he left the family home to pursue his studies at the Vienna University. For a year he studied faithfully and with success in the medical course. It was a time of political unrest, and when Louis Kossuth raised the standard of revolt in 1848, burning with enthusiasm in the cause of freedom, the students joined his forces almost in a body. Young Spencer was among the patriots who flocked to Kossuth's standard, and the popularity which he had attained among his fellow-students and his enthusiasm in the patriotic cause won for him a commission as Cornet. He fought valiantly; and to his death carried a broad scar, which the sabre of an Austrian soldier left upon him. When the revolution collapsed a number of the unfortunate participants, Cornet Spencer among them, were condemned to death, but the extreme penalty was afterwards commuted to five years' imprisonment, working upon the fortifications. Mr. Spencer, however, succeeded in effecting his escape, and made his way through the Sultan's dominions to Smyrna. An exile from his native land, his eyes turned with longing toward the freedom and liberty of which he had heard on the American continent, and thither he determined to go, with the limited means he had been enabled to gather for his hasty flight. Setting sail from that port, 70 days after leaving Asia he landed in New York. Unable to speak a word of English and possessed of little wealth, but buoyed with the confidence of vigorous youth, he apprenticed himself to a marble and stone cutter, and for two years worked industriously at his trade. At the end of that period, however, his employer, becoming angry, tore up his indentures, and after brief visits to New Orleans, St. Louis and Buffalo the young exile came to Toronto, where he carried on business as a stonecutter and marble merchant, first on Parliament street and afterwards on King and Yonge streets. By strict attention he amassed a competency, and a number of years ago he retired from business. For many years he represented his fellow-citizens in the city council, and down to the day of his death took a keen interest in municipal matters. In 1887 he conveyed the address of the city council to Queen Victoria, upon the occasion of the jubilee, and presented it on behalf of the city. He on this occasion also visited Berlin, and presented Kaiser Wilhelm I. an address from the German citizens of Toronto on the occasion of his 90th birthday. He was decorated with the order of the Red Eagle of the third class for this service. He also visited his native land, an amnesty having in the meantime been proclaimed. He has recently served one term in the council as representative of the Third ward, and was presented with a congratulatory address from the city council upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in the city. Other important positions which he held were those of commissioner for Ontario at the Pan-American Exposition and honorary immigration agent for the Dominion government at Toronto. He was also the founder of the German Benevolent Society, of which he had been a president continuously. He was a past master of St. John's lodge, No. 75, A. F. & A. M., and was one of the most regular attendants at Grand Lodge, among the brethren of which he was deservedly popular, and at whose hands he had received distinction. He was an accomplished linguist, speaking five languages. Deceased married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Leon Sternberger of New York city, who, together with two daughters, Florence B. and Estelle S., and three sons, Herbert M., Arthur L. and Ernest A., survive him.

CASE OF JESSAMY WRIGHT By SCOTT I. LITTLEFIELD.

Slim, gray-clad Jessamy Wright heard the sentence in silence—to be sold into slavery in the colony of Virginia for the crime of witchcraft. Of what avail would be protests or bewailings? Had not the Hon. Major Golden, intendant of the magistrature of the colony, been chief witness against her? The sentence pronounced, the courtroom emptied rapidly, and Jessamy, surrounded by soldiers, turned in the direction of the town prison. No friendly face greeted her as she passed out of the courtroom, yet something had her hope. Not was she wrong. Through the gathering twilight a man was hurrying from her and yet for her. Only a pale shipowner was John Haggood, yet within his breast was locked the secret with which he hoped to force the infamous head of the Massachusetts soldiery to acknowledge that he had given false testimony. John Haggood loved Jessamy Wright as woman is seldom loved by man, and it was this which made him bold to raise the great brass knocker of the gloomy house in Cornhill where Major Golden and his staff were quartered. The door opened and a soldier in scarlet uniform frowned upon the man of unpretentious bearing who had dared to call upon his commander at the latter's supper hour. "I wish to see Major Golden, and that right quickly," said John Haggood. "What name?" "The name matters little, so I will not give it, but the matter is pressing." Something in Haggood's tones impressed the soldier, who led the way to a great room of the hall, where Golden, in his gaudy uniform, stood staring glomingly into the yawning fireplace. He gave Haggood a supercilious glance, but the latter spoke up briskly as the soldier retired. "Major Golden, I am here to make one last appeal to you to right the wrong you did this afternoon to Jessamy Wright. You know she is no more witch than was your good mother, and I demand—" "You are the lover. I have heard about, eh?" "I would not deny so great an honor, sir, and for that reason am I here. I heard your testimony at the trial, and I did you the justice to hope that it was occasioned by over-much zeal rather than to satisfy a private revenge."

the men bent over and felt for the heart, which still beat faintly. Mistress Spencer was no coward. He is sorely wounded. Bear him to the house and let us waste no time," she straightway commanded. "She carried the lantern while her two servants bore the senseless form of John Haggood into the governor's mansion. Then, with tender and not unskillful hands, she bound up his wounds, and, sitting by his side all through the early night watches, she listened to the words of delirium, which told her much. But it was not until his brain cleared in the early morning hours that she learned the whole bitter truth concerning the man to whom her hand had been promised in marriage. Her hand, but not her heart, and politics went down before this love story of another and a sadly wronged woman. Mistress Spencer was not one to hesitate when assured that she was right. The governor was gone, to be sure, so also was his good wife, but in the library, a dull and shadowy place, was that which she needed sorely, and which she meant to find. Like a ghost she fitted down the hall, through the door, which creaked warningly as she passed through, and up to the massive table, where, holding her candle aloft, she searched eagerly for a packet of parchment forms and the ponderous seal of her uncle, the governor. Then came silence, save for the quick scratching of her gull as she filled in the blank forms. Her uncle's name she signed with a great flourish, and then, leaning back, she surveyed her work with much satisfaction. "The good Lord knows that there is forgery and forgery," she murmured, without a qualm of conscience. But there was no time to lose. The vessel which would carry Jessamy into Virginia slavery sailed at dawn. Again attended by her faithful servants, Mistress Spencer sallied forth, this time toward the town gaol. To the warden she said: "It matters not how this came. Some one rode hard and fast that an innocent woman might be saved a terrible wrong. Set her free and have it known she is with me at the home of our most excellent governor." The warden read the paper she offered, bowed his head, and, not without evidence of pleasure, released the prisoner. There was a stormy scene that morning when the governor arrived at his home, but tired and sleepy though she was from her hard night and long vigil, fair Mistress Spencer carried the day. There was much wonderment and secret gossip over the sudden release and pardon of Jessamy Wright, the strange wounds of John Haggood, and the sudden sailing of Major Golden, late commander of his majesty's forces. But while tongues wagged, the hearts of two lovers, tried and true, sang a hymn of thanksgiving, and Mistress Spencer also gave thanks for that which she had been spared through finding poor John Haggood in her pathway that dark and colorous night.

Congressman Passes Away

Washington, Jan. 12.—Representative Thomas H. Tongue of the First congressional district of Oregon died suddenly at his residence in this city at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon of heart failure following an attack of dyspepsia. Mr. Tongue remained in bed longer than usual Sunday morning, not rising until about 10:30 o'clock. He ate only a light breakfast, and soon after symptoms of dyspepsia, from which he had suffered before, manifested themselves. His daughter, Miss Bertha, administered some domestic remedy, and Mr. Tongue lay down on a sofa. He failed to get relief, however, and the attack increased in severity. An effort was made to get a physician, but before any of the half-dozen who had been telephoned for reached the house Mr. Tongue had passed away. His death came as a great shock to his colleagues in the house, as he had been in unusual good health during the present session. At his bedside when the end came were his daughter, Miss Bertha, and an adopted daughter, Miss Ruane. Mrs. Tongue is in Hillsboro. Mr. Tongue's Oregon home, and to that place the remains will be taken for interment. A congressional committee will be appointed Monday to escort the remains to their last resting place. Mr. Tongue was in his 59th year, was a lawyer by profession, was prominent in Oregon Republican politics, and had served in the 55th, 56th and 57th congresses and had been elected to the 58th congress. Wed at First Meeting Parkersburg, W. Va., Jan. 13.—The romantic courtship of a Kentucky beauty and a business man from Elsenboro, W. Va., culminated in their marriage here at first sight. Miss Fannie Neely, of Harrisville, Ky., was the young woman, and T. G. Coep, of Elsenboro, W. Va., was the man. They had corresponded and arranged for a marriage after a written courtship before they had ever seen each other. They met by appointment, at a hotel here, and within fifteen minutes after they had first seen each other a messenger was on the way for a minister. They were married with a traveling man for a witness and have gone to their home at Elsenboro.

WHAT A WOMAN DID IN MINING Social Belle Turns Her Attention to Business and is a Mining Queen.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 17.—Twenty years ago and more, when Mrs. Mary E. Lately was a moving spirit in musical circles of Omaha and sang in the choirs of Trinity Cathedral and Kountze Memorial and First Presbyterian churches, she and her friends little thought the time would come when she would be one of the most progressive zinc mine operators in the United States, and perhaps in the world. Yet that is what time has brought about, and Mrs. Lately is now called the "Heroine of Jimmie Creek," because it was she who brought that unheeded place, in the fastness of the Arkansas mountains, into prominence and turned all eyes which for years had been focused on Joplin toward that locality. The experiences of Mrs. Lately read like a romance, yet they are true to life and portray the wonderful ability of this progressive American woman, who was reared in Omaha, where she first attracted attention by the sweetness of her voice. The largest mine operated by Mrs. Lately is called the Olympia, where she has erected a shaft house and put in all modern mining appliances. This is her headquarters, and she has laid out a town and called it, Kingdon Springs. She also secured the location there of a post office and had herself appointed postmistress. In fact, she is the moving spirit of the Jimmie Creek district, although there are many men of moneyed interests and mining experience in the same locality. "What we need down here," said Mrs. Lately to some of her friends one day, "is a railroad, and I am going to see what can be done." To think with this woman is to act and she at once communicated with George Gould and told him of the Jimmie Creek possibilities. Mr. Gould said the wisdom of what Mrs. Lately said and sent engineers into the territory to look the situation over. Then came a long period of waiting, but finally there was received a letter at the little post office of Kingdon Springs addressed to Mrs. Lately. It was from the great Missouri Pacific Railroad manipulator, and contained the information that a line would be run through Jimmie Creek district as fast as it could be built. Since then the line has been surveyed and work has commenced, coming up from a southern connection. But Mrs. Lately did not go into the mining region unprepared and untried in such matters. She had visited California, where she was called to sing in grand opera, and saw the gold mines there. She studied the method of sinking drill holes and shafts, and when she finally arrived on Jimmie Creek she knew what she was about. For several days she prospected in the mountains, and at last, satisfied that she had struck the right chord, she sent back to St. Louis and ordered drills and tools, which were soon on the ground, or as near as they could be without railroad facilities reaching the locality where she had decided to begin operations. Her next move was to sink drill holes at various points, all of which showed rich zinc in valuable quantities. The next move was to buy land in the neighborhood, which she did. At first she secured 240 acres, and later bought more until she possessed a total of 1,900 acres. It was two years ago that this woman miner began work in the zinc fields of Arkansas, and now she comes back to her home in St. Louis to visit, with the distinction of being the richest woman zinc miner in the world, and if the mines continue as good in the future as in the past she will soon be a millionaire several times over. The contemplated move is held in abeyance only that an opinion on the whole case may be had from Bishop O'Connell of Portland, to whom the matter was referred for a compilation of the facts concerning the previous marriage of the princess. After Col. Parkhurst had secured his divorce Mrs. Parkhurst, who is a beautiful woman, met at Bar Harbor the head of the house of Rospiogliosi, who is said to have followed her to Italy. Later Mrs. Parkhurst appeared at the Grand Hotel in this city, escorted by a German friend, and was called upon by Prince Rospiogliosi, who was madly in love with her. When the prince announced that he intended to make the beautiful American his wife there was a great outcry in clerical and lay society, investigated, it was alleged by Camille, the brother of the prince, who is commander of the papal guard. The prince declared that he would marry in spite of family and church and he did so, in Rome on August 26, 1901, according to the Italian civil law. There was no religious ceremony, which, regardless of other objections, put the marriage beyond the possibility of recognition by the church. In July last when the princess was about to become a mother, the prince engaged an English nun, a "blue sister," to nurse his wife. Cardinal Machi, secretary of apostolic briefs, hearing of this forbade the nun to act as the nurse. The prince tried to get other nuns but was unsuccessful and finally appealed to Cardinal Vincenzo Vannut-

VATICAN TROUBLES

Rome, Jan. 17.—The Vatican is again greatly exercised over the matrimonial affairs of an American woman, Princess Rospiogliosi, formerly Marie Jennings Reid Parkhurst of Washington, the divorced wife of Col. Frederick H. Parkhurst of Bangor, Me. The Prince, Joseph Peppino Rospiogliosi, to appease the church, which opposed his marriage to a divorced woman, renounced his birthright and estates, but later the American princess insisted on her husband setting his family castle and the family jewels. This act has been so bitterly contested by certain of the family of the prince, and a faction of the clergy, that the Vatican, which has always held that the marriage was nonexistent, is seriously considering the wisdom of making an official declaration of the invalidity of the "marriage through the propaganda." The contemplated move is held in abeyance only that an opinion on the whole case may be had from Bishop O'Connell of Portland, to whom the matter was referred for a compilation of the facts concerning the previous marriage of the princess. After Col. Parkhurst had secured his divorce Mrs. Parkhurst, who is a beautiful woman, met at Bar Harbor the head of the house of Rospiogliosi, who is said to have followed her to Italy. Later Mrs. Parkhurst appeared at the Grand Hotel in this city, escorted by a German friend, and was called upon by Prince Rospiogliosi, who was madly in love with her. When the prince announced that he intended to make the beautiful American his wife there was a great outcry in clerical and lay society, investigated, it was alleged by Camille, the brother of the prince, who is commander of the papal guard. The prince declared that he would marry in spite of family and church and he did so, in Rome on August 26, 1901, according to the Italian civil law. There was no religious ceremony, which, regardless of other objections, put the marriage beyond the possibility of recognition by the church. In July last when the princess was about to become a mother, the prince engaged an English nun, a "blue sister," to nurse his wife. Cardinal Machi, secretary of apostolic briefs, hearing of this forbade the nun to act as the nurse. The prince tried to get other nuns but was unsuccessful and finally appealed to Cardinal Vincenzo Vannut-



"ETHEL, WILL YOU GO HOME WITH ME?" WHERE IS ETHEL?

In yesterday's puzzle Arnold may be found by using the upper left-hand corner of the picture as base. He is then towards the right, formed in the border of the rag. Besides my last attempt was hardly a success. Just as I thought I'd dish out no splendidly, for Roosevelt to come in and spoil the whole game. Sharp fellow, he is the only man who's a match for me in the world, and then having to play second fiddle to a mere first-draw and humbly accepting the ward of a few insignificant professors doing in the sleepy capital of a fifth-rate county? I must do something more inspired to the "Potatoes and I shall burst!" (Seize the press. From an article in the West, someone and hesitated, breathless for a moment, then dashes into it, "Berlin." I take the follow: "Tell Schoder to capture at once, some more ships. What's that? No more left." Then tell him to capture anything he can, if it's only a bathtub. Ah, Himmell! It is yet ing machine. No, wait a minute more, it must be ten days. I almost begin to wish I hadn't begun doing. Aside—What would Roosevelt say anything startling, quite so often. Aloud—"Don't tell Schoder anything so difficult to find anything new thing." Lays down telephone.

EMPEROR WILHELM

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