

BUILDER OF NEW TRAIL

Engineer Thibaudeau's Account of it

Better Roadhouses Every Twenty Miles, and Better Accommodations Generally.

I haven't seen a daily newspaper for five months, said Territorial Engineer Thibaudeau soon after his arrival on the mail stage yesterday afternoon.

"Tell me how things are going?"

"Have you heard nothing about the situation?"

"Oh, yes, the fellows we met on the trail had little else to talk about. But the news was some days old, of course, when it reached us."

"Well, they will be able to get in the newspapers this winter pretty regularly, now we have a supplementary winter mail service."

"I had not heard about that, but I have Governor Ross was working for it some time ago and am glad to hear that he has succeeded."

"I went out first in May and located about fifty miles of this end of the government overland trail to Dawson. Then I left here about the 15th or 16th of June, taking eight men with me, and have just got back. We began work at this end and ran it right through to the Fourmile hill, that distance, from Carmacks, or about 200 miles from this city, where we finished. This hill was a very bad place. It is where Mr. Ross was upset when he went out last winter. It has been thoroughly cleared and is now in fine shape."

"From the Dawson end of the trail to Mackays the road is through a new location. It is through timber all the way and is therefore well sheltered. From Mackays, or Fourmile hill, the road is partly a new location and partly on the old C. D. trail. But what is known as the Mackay hills, which were a difficult part of the old road, one of the worst pieces on it, have been cut off. From there to six miles above Montage the road follows the old trail, when there is a new location running by miles until the old trail is again struck at McArthur's cut off. But practically from ten miles above Montage to Whitehorse the trail was relocated by Mr. McPherson and was made under his direction."

"We have also built a road from the south fork of Big Salmon, from it below discovery on Livingstone creek, to Masons landing on the Boatalliqua, a distance of seventeen miles. I do not think there will be a very large number of miners wintering in the Big Salmon country this season, but they needed a road and Mr. Ross decided that they must have it."

"We had plenty of game while we were out at all the camps we made and suffered no hardships. But the man who goes out or comes in this winter will have nothing to complain of. None of the hardships of the old time. The roadhouses every twenty miles are very different to the old ones. They are mostly 40 by 25 feet, of two stories, well furnished, well heated and lighted, and you can get just as good a meal as in any place in town."

LA BELLE KICKS

Complains of Fournier's Cussing and Blasphemy.

A greater contrast in the natures and characteristics of two men could scarcely be imagined than those of La Belle and Fournier, both in prison under sentence of death. The former is deeply concerned in the welfare of his soul, has been visited several times by one of the priests connected with St. Mary's church and spends much of his time in telling his beads and in silent meditation. Fournier, on the other hand, if one were to judge by his actions, seems to think he is about to depart on a grand picnic. He swears like a pirate when he feels like it, sings ribald songs, chaffs with his guards and is ever ready to crack a joke on his approaching death. Thoughts of the hereafter are never entertained and his particular delight is to disturb La Belle when he is at his devotions. At such times he will grind out the most blood curdling oaths in French and mock with the greatest irony those things which to many are sacred. La Belle has complained to the provost that Fournier disturbs him in his meditations and wants to be removed out of his hearing, but the way in which the death cells are now being arranged it will bring them even closer together, though they will still be unable to see one another. Fournier says he will gladly give the ten days extra he has to live and die immediately after La Belle if they will but allow him to put the rope around La Belle's neck.

Don't fail to attend the Grand Masque Ball tonight—Orpheum.

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The Cure of Jack Cameron

The young doctor looked up suddenly. He fancied he recognized the man who was approaching in an automobile.

"Hi, there, Cameron," he cried, "give me a ride, won't you?"

The young man checked the auto and looked around with a quick smile.

"I thought I recognized the dialect," he said, as he turned the machine towards the curb. "What can I do for you, doc?"

"I want a ride," said the doctor. "My brand new auto shed a tire last night, and has gone to the tinker for a new one. As I have no horse this throws me on the mercy of my friends—or my legs. And for a man who walks as little as I do the exertion is a somewhat painful one."

"Jump in," said the other man. "Glad of your company. There, we're off. How's the health of the city?"

"Aburdly good. How are you?"

"Up to the average, I guess."

"No, you are not. You are way below it. What's wrong with you?"

"Blues, I fancy."

"Blues! Nonsense! The trouble with you is too much money and too little to do, Jack Cameron. Oh, I know the symptoms."

"And what's the remedy?"

"The remedy is simple. You have only to forget yourself."

"You don't call that simple, do you?"

"Well, call it heroic if you like. It's a sure cure."

"Thank you, doc. I'll trade you the auto ride for the advice and add my gratitude for good measure."

He paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"You're all right about the symptoms, old fellow," he said. "I've been having a fit of the blues for the last few days. Life has lost its charm. I am out of sorts—restless and uncomfortable and unhappy. I fancy it's a heritage from my mother. She was very unhappy at times."

"See here," said the young doctor in his sharp, quick way, "can't you see the absurdity of a big healthy fellow like you, without a wish that you cannot gratify, talking about life-losing its charms? You don't know what life is. You should make a few rounds with me and forget your petty troubles. Why, man, there isn't a solitary soul in this city that has less cause to complain."

"Where do you want to go, doc?"

"Straight down to the front of the street and then turn to the left. If you have nothing else on hand you can't do better than help me do a little good. It's all gratuitous, you understand, and we'll share the credit between us."

"But I never supposed you did anything in that line," said the other man.

"Oh, didn't you? Well, I can tell you that we do a great deal. I don't accomplish as much as I would like, but it is mainly because I haven't the time. There, turn to the left—and now to the left again. It's the little frame house at the right. Yes, this one."

The auto touched the curb and the doctor alighted.

"I'll not detain you long, Jack. Keep up your spirits. Remember, you get half the fee."

And he hastened to the door of the grimy dwelling and almost immediately disappeared within.

looking than you are," said the child with her head very much on one side.

"And you wear ever so much nicer clothes. Is this your automobile?"

"Yes," said Cameron.

"Rebecca is much interested in autos," explained the doctor, "and this happens to be the first one she ever saw. That's why she wanted me to carry her out and introduce her."

"You know you offered to," cried the child in her sharp, quick way. "I wouldn't have been so bold for anything. It doesn't shy a bit, does it?"

"Not a bit," laughed Cameron. "I can drive it right up to a locomotive and it doesn't even snort. And it stands as quiet as a sheep without hitching."

"It must be lovely to ride in one," said the girl wistfully.

Cameron's eyes met the doctor's, and the doctor simply nodded.

"If you will lean back comfortably and rest yourself against me," said Cameron, "I will show you how well broken this steed of mine really is."

The girl gasped a little as the automobile slowly moved away from the curb, and then a rapt expression came over her face.

"Go slowly by Maginley's house," she shrilly whispered, "I want them all to see me."

She did not speak again until—after twice covering the length of the street—Cameron brought her back to the doctor.

"Did you notice me, doctor?" she hysterically cried. "Did I look scared? Did you see me tremble? Oh, wasn't it great?"

"Of course you wouldn't care to go again?" said the doctor with a scarcely perceptible wink at Cameron.

"Oh, no, of course not," said the child with a fine air of sarcasm.

"And it's a pity, too, ain't it, doctor, 'cause I'd trust myself anywhere with your friend. Isn't he a beautiful automobile?"

Again a swift glance passed between the men, and again the doctor slightly nodded.

"I miss Rebecca thinks she would enjoy the trip," said Cameron, in his most courteous style, "I would be pleased to take her to the parks tomorrow afternoon, say at 3 o'clock."

"Parks!" gasped the girl. "Did you say parks? Why they're thousands of miles away. Oh, I've heard of 'em, though I never saw any. Everybody else goes to the parks but me."

"Then you will go?" said Cameron.

"Sure," cried the girl. "Mother is out working, but it will be all right anyway. She'll get me ready 'fore she goes in the morning. Do you think you can stand the hat?"

"I'm afraid I don't know one hat from another," laughed Cameron. "Will it suit the auto?"

"Oh, go long," cried the girl. "I bet you've seen it. It's got red ribbons, but I'll retrim it this afternoon. Don't you forget to come, but, of course, you won't. You must rap on the door, you know, and then come in."

"But are you sure that I can carry you safely?" Cameron asked.

"I ain't afraid of anything," said the child, "except that the automobile might run away while you're in the house. Goodby. I'll expect you sure, 'less it rains."

And then the doctor picked her up and carried her back into the dingy house. In a moment she reappeared at the window and waved her hand to Cameron and blew him a kiss. She was still waving and smiling as the auto turned and sped away.

chug' of the automobile. It's beautiful music when it's comin' to take you away. Are the parks still there?"

"I'm pretty sure they are," laughed Cameron.

"And it didn't rain, did it? I put a spell on it, you know. It just couldn't rain. There, I'm most ready."

She was sitting in a comfortable chair, the only bit of good furniture in the room, with a little table before her that bore many things. There were picture papers and books, and her sewing, and her simple toilet accessories, and on a shelf below were a pitcher and bowl that suggested bread and milk.

"You must tell me how to lift you," said Cameron, "and when I've learned I'll promise not to forget."

"Mercy," cried the child, "what am I to think of a promise like that! You wait till you see how heavy I am, Mister Man. There, now I'm ready." And she tied her hat under her chin with a quick little jerk.

"It isn't so awfully heavy, is it?"

"Oh, the hat?" laughed Cameron. "Why, no. It's really tame. I'm sure there'll be no runaways because of it."

"What a splendid joker you are," said the child. "There, now you may take me. Put one arm here, and the other around there and lift. Why, you're stronger than the doctor, and just as careful."

Cameron put his burden on the cushioned seat and wedged her up with a cushion at the side, and then they started.

The day was quite warm, but with a delightful breeze to temper the sun's rays, and in the mellow air the child's sunny disposition grew more marked. She chattered, she laughed, and then at times she was silent, but she was silent only because the charm of the wonderful ride quite overwhelmed her.

Cameron's friends who saw him as he passed looked a little surprised at his companion, but they all smiled and nodded in a very friendly way.

"People seem to like you," said the child.

"Better than I deserve, no doubt," said Cameron.

"No, indeed," cried the child. "Everybody is sure to like you when they find you out."

"Not everybody," said Cameron, so gently that the child looked up at him with a little start.

The parks never looked brighter and greener and cleaner, and when the wayfarers passed where the ripples of the lake came up on the white pebbles, the child clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how lovely it must be to have a window with a lake in front of it!"

"Then they rolled across the smooth boulevard, and Cameron stopped at the spring, where everybody stops, and gave the child a drink of the refreshing water. And then, as the afternoon was fast waning they turned towards her home."

"Is she always like that?" Cameron asked.

"Always," replied the doctor. "We had her in the hospital for a while. That's where I met her two years ago. I've taken an interest in her ever since. The hospital didn't help her any, but I'm trying an experiment in bandaging that is doing her good, and I'm beginning to feel hopeful that it will make a woman of her yet."

"And doesn't she ever complain?"

"Never heard her. She sits all day by that window and reads a little and sews a little and watches life through the dingy panes."

"Seems hard, doesn't it?" said Cameron.

"She doesn't say so. She's bright and cheerful and as playful as a kitten."

"But think of always sitting by that window and looking out into that dismal street," said Cameron. "Isn't there something she wants?"

"Yes," she said, as Cameron carefully placed her back in her chair at the window, "I am a little tired, but it's the kind of tired that does you good, you know. And, oh, I've got something to remember now! Wasn't it heavenly?"

"I can't come again tomorrow," said Cameron, "for I must go out of town, but I'll be here the next day. And on Sunday, if you like, we'll go up and steal the doctor and take him along to a picnic out on the lake shore, with a big basket of good things to eat and a hammock when you are tired and just nothing to do but loaf and rest."

"Oh, my!" cried the child in an ecstasy. "But I'm almost sorry you told me. Between thinkin' of what I've seen and what I'm going to see I'll get all mixed up."

On the way back Cameron caught sight of the young doctor as the latter turned to enter his office.

"Hello, Cameron," he laughingly cried. "How are the symptoms?"

"Abating."

"Trying my prescription?"

"Yes."

They both laughed.

"By the way," said the young doctor, "Alma Grayling is home. Have you seen her?"

"No," replied Cameron shortly.

"Good night."

The young doctor looked after him and softly whistled.

So the weeks sped away, and almost every pleasant afternoon Cameron took the child for a ride. Nothing could do her so much good, the doctor said, and her appearance was certainly greatly improved. And Cameron enjoyed these little journeys. It was a pleasure to him to know that he was doing good. The child's lively chatter entertained him, and her patience and cheerfulness were a constant lesson.

One afternoon she gave him a great surprise.

"I had a caller this morning," she said. "A lady, and she knows you. A beautiful lady, who came in a fine carriage and wears lovely clothes and has music in her voice. And what do you think? She cried over me! She cried over me. Wasn't that silly?"

"A lady?" repeated Cameron.

"Yes, a lady; a real lady, just like the ones we see in the park, only much nicer. And she brought me some roses and I hid 'em under the table 'cause I thought you'd be jealous. And she brought me some white grapes, and I put a paper over 'em 'cause I knew you'd eat them."

And she laughed merrily.

"What did the lady say?" inquired Cameron softly.

"She listened most of the time," replied the child. "And I told her all about you. How kind you'd been and how gentle, and how you wasn't a bit too proud to go riding with a shabby little girl like me. And she nodded and said pride was a hateful thing, and that some people made themselves and other people very unhappy because they were proud and

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at George II.'s a few wildly extravagant folk gave a half guinea each. Large sums were given for the first time when George III. was crowned, 100 guineas being paid. At Queen Victoria's coronation seats sold at prices ranging from 10 to 30 shillings to 2 guineas each. Among curious advertisements which appeared in the public prints of 1761 relative to the coronation of George III. is the following: "To be let, for the coronation, a whole house in New Palace yard, which has a full view of the champion and procession; with beds in it, and all other conveniences; to bring their own servants for their attendance." An instance of infant coronation was that of Matilda, daughter of Henry I. of England, who was asked in marriage at the age of 7 by Henry V., emperor of Germany, a monarch old enough to be her father. When a year older she went to Germany. The ceremonies of the betrothal took place at once, followed soon after by her coronation at Mayence, the Archbishop of Treves reverently holding the child in his arms, while the Archbishop of Cologne placed upon her brow the imperial diadem of the Caesars. Another instance of infant coronation is that of James V. of Scotland, who, on the death of his father at Flodden Field, was crowned. It was called the "mourning" coronation, for on the crown being held over the baby brow of the royal infant—he was then 11 years old—most of the company burst into tears. SULLY TALK Washington, Oct. 23.—The stand taken by the president for tariff revision is still the topic of interest in political circles. His bold stand is whipping into line many of those who have followed the Senator Hanna policy to "let well enough alone." It is thought that should the Republican be victorious in the election to retain a majority in the national house of representatives, the president will call an extra session of congress in March for the purpose of revising the tariff.

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