

THE MAN OF HER CHOICE

Story of a Pretty Chambermaid and a Star Boarder.

She Was Nice but Had to Work for a Living, all of Which Pleas'd Mr. Doan.

Mary Howard was the prettiest chambermaid in the hotel and Mr. Doan was the oldest boarder. Not oldest in point of years, but in point of occupancy, although he was not as young as he was when he passed his 50th birthday. He roomed on the floor that Mary had the care of, and after a year's acquaintance with her he had decided in his own mind that she was a very nice girl.

One Sunday when she was fixing up his room, which was the only time she ever saw him there, he began talking to her. "Do you know, Mary," he said, with evident sincerity, "that you are the prettiest girl in the hotel?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mary.

Mr. Doan was somewhat staggered by this unexpected frankness.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he responded, a little nettled.

"I ought to," she replied. "Every man I have seen in this hotel has told me so except you, and now you have, so they can't all be telling stories."

This explanation did not quite suit Mr. Doan, but Mary was quick witted and he let it go as she put it.

"I presume," he said apologetically, "I ought to have told you so before, because I have known it ever since the first day I saw you, but you seemed to me to be a lady, and I did not want you to think that I was not a gentleman."

"And I am a lady, Mr. Doan, as my mother was, and still is, but I am a lady in distress, as the story tellers have it. Two years ago my father died, leaving us nothing but a little home away out in the suburbs, where my mother and my brother live. He never was rich, but he was a gentleman, and when he left us so poor somebody had to do something, and I took this place. It was the only thing I could do for wages right from the start, and we needed something to live on. My brother found a place in a store and between us we manage to live."

"You're as good a girl as you are pretty," said Mr. Doan, "and I must go out and see that mother of yours."

So he did, too, and came back with a very agreeable impression of the sweet old lady of 60 that he had met.

"Mary," he said on the following Sunday, "how would you like for me to be your father?"

"You are quite old enough to be," she said sharply, "but you are not old enough to be my mother's husband, if that is what you are leading up to."

"I don't know about that," he laughed. "A woman's heart is always young."

But Mary did not like the subject and went out without continuing the conversation. Half an hour later as she was carrying a roll of quilts across the hall in front of the elevator, into which Mr. Doan had just stepped, that always uncertain method of locomotion got loose and started down she shaft for the bottom, seven floors below.

Mary knew what was coming, or going, rather, and with a scream she dashed the roll of quilts into the open door. The cage had only a slight start and the quilts were caught and wedged in between the floor and the elevator roof and the downward movement stopped with a noise like a wheel taking a rubber brake. Mary dropped in a faint. Mr. Doan almost had a spasm in the elevator, where he was boxed up, the elevator boy came running from a room where he had gone to deliver a message, somebody turned in a fire alarm and the whole place was in an uproar. The firemen were restrained from turning the hose on Mr. Doan and busied themselves rigging timbers in the elevator shaft below the cage to catch it when the quilts were withdrawn, and presently Mr. Doan came down with a thump and walked out scared almost white. The papers next morning had a whole column about it, with a large picture of Mary and big headlines about the heroism of a chambermaid. It happened on Friday, and on Sunday Mary was at her post again. When Mr. Doan saw her, he did not wait to ask her about the flowers he had sent to her house or about his having called to see her without seeing her.

"Mary," he said, in the matter of fact way of a man of 50, "you saved my life, and I want to do something to show my appreciation of it."

"Oh, Mr. Doan," she almost pleaded, "don't say anything about. I didn't do anything."

"You saved my life. Isn't that anything? It is to me if it isn't to you."

"I would have done just the same for Tom."

Tom was the elevator boy.

"Well, I am going to offer you something a kid like Tom couldn't offer you, and that is the heart and the hand of an elderly man."

"You mean you want to marry me for saving your life?" asked Mary, completely dazed.

"Not exactly, Mary. I—I—I—hesitated Mr. Doan.

"It's just the same thing, and I can't permit it, Mr. Doan," said Mary, resolutely. "You are rich and I am poor, and it would be just as if I saved you for what you might give, and I didn't do that."

Mr. Doan tried his best to argue her into consent, but the harder he talked the harder grew her pretty head, and he gave up finally in despair. He went to see her mother that afternoon, and the mother promised to do what she could, for she liked Mr. Doan. Still, Mary would not listen to reason. She said if she had money it might be different, for then people could not say she saved the man for his money. It was really a silly and foolish position she had taken, but young women do silly and foolish things more times than a few. Mr. Doan thought there might be a younger man, but said nothing.

One morning, a week later, Mary received a note asking her to call at Mr. Doan's office. Greatly puzzled she went and Mr. Doan and another man were waiting for her. The other man was Mr. Doan's lawyer.

"Mary," said Mr. Doan, after the usual salutation and an introduction, "can you give me a dollar?"

Mary took out her thin little purse and found three quarters, three nickels and a dime, which she handed over to Mr. Doan without a question.

"I'd like to borrow a nickel of it for car fare," she laughed nervously.

"You won't need it, Miss Howard," said the lawyer politely.

"Here are some papers, Mary," said Mr. Doan, handing her a large packet.

"You won't understand them if you look at them, so I will merely tell you that they are deeds to all the real property I own and include the certificates of all the stocks in my possession. Indeed, everything is there if you will look them over. They are yours."

Mary, in a dazed fashion, opened the packet, and the only thing that she could read was, "Know all men by these presents that for and in consideration of \$1 in hand to me paid," etc., and she didn't do a thing but drop the papers and begin to cry. The lawyer discreetly got out of the office and Mr. Doan stepped over to the window. The room was still except for Mary's faint snuffle and the twittering of a couple of sparrows on a telegraph wire in front of the window. The stillness seemed to soothe her perturbed spirit and presently she lifted her face from her wet handkerchief and glanced shyly up at Mr. Doan. He did not see her. She got up and went over to him, sobbing a little yet.

"Mr. Doan," she said, putting out her hand, only one hand, to him, "is it true that you have given me everything?"

"Everything in the world I own, Mary, and I am as poor as a church mouse."

"But, Mr. Doan," she protested.

"Not a word," he protested. "If it had not been for you, I should have lost it all by leaving it to a lot of people I don't like, and if you have it I know it will be where it will do much good. Don't you worry, my dear. I am not so old that I can't hustle around and make a pretty good living yet. I can do it a great deal better than you can."

Mary looked at him and again the tears filled her eyes.

"Mr. Doan," she said, "if I were to tell you that there was a younger man I loved, one whom I had known since I was a little girl and who had been waiting until he could earn enough to make us comfortable, would you still let me have this money? Aren't you giving it to me because you do not know this and hope to win me with it?"

Mr. Doan choked a little. He had not heard of this young man. Perhaps if he had he would have been less generous. He might have given him a position in his office or helped him along in some other way. It was hardly necessary to impoverish himself for the sake of letting the woman he wanted for his wife marry another man. But Mr. Doan had the right kind of stuff in his make up.

"I don't know what you want to do with it, Mary, and I don't care," he said bravely. "What I want it to do is to make you the happiest woman in

the world, and that will make me feel it is where it will do the most good. All I ask is that when I am too old to work any longer you will board and lodge me at a reduced rate and give me a fair funeral."

Mr. Doan laughed at his joke, but Mary did not. She put out both her hands to him.

"There is no younger man, Mr. Doan," she said, "and if you will have me for your wife you may."

Mr. Doan acted ridiculously for a man of his years. He shouted and made a wild grab for Mary.

"You bet I!" he began, when she broke away from him and warned him off.

"On one condition," she said.

"Name a dozen," he replied, with crazy liberality.

"One is enough, and that one is that you give me back my dollar."

He handed her over her money and shouted for the lawyer to come in.

"Think of it," he said to that gentleman, "she will marry me on the simple condition that I give her back the dollar she gave me."

"Which means," said the lawyer formally, "that as there is no consideration all the property and so forth previously made over to Miss Howard is yours."

"How the dickens did she know that?" inquired Mr. Doan. But the lawyer could not enlighten him, and Mr. Doan was not particular, seeing that everything was his anyway.—Detroit Free Press.

Harry Edwards Paints Again.

Harry Edwards has been painting again. This time the Aurora on the corner has received the fruits of his labor.

The canvas hangs behind the bar in plain view of the thirsty, where it attracts much notice and praise because of its truthfulness to the subject. The painting is a portrait of Tom Chisholm dressed in Scottish kilts, and carrying a basket full of golf sticks in one hand and a large scaly fish in the other. Everyone recognizes the likeness at first glance. The artist kindly showed a Nugget man a sketch which is to form the subject of a transparency which is to be exhibited by means of a stereopticon next week on First avenue.

The transparency will represent a well known local dentist in the act of pulling a grinder from the jaw of his victim. He has one foot upon the forehead and the other upon the chest of the unfortunate, and has the coming tooth securely gripped in a pair of blacksmith's tongs upon which he is pulling with both hands. The likeness in this case is also remarkable.

Presbyterian Services.

The services of the Presbyterian church of Grand Forks will be held tomorrow evening in the building formerly known as the Butler hotel. The church is undergoing repairs and is not in a condition for use. All are cordially invited to attend at 7:30 p. m.

Christian Science.

Christian Science services will be held Sunday 11 a. m. in Christian Science hall, Second avenue, between Third and Fourth streets. All are cordially invited.

Pabst beer and imported cigars at wholesale. Rosenthal & Field, The Annex.

Rosenthal & Field are selling case whiskies at wholesale. The Annex.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Flowers free to ladies Wednesday; candy free to children Saturday; pure home manufactured candies all the time. R. C. Cook's candy factory, 2nd st. cor

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale.

Fine old Scotch at wholesale. The best quality. Northern Annex.

Try Cascade laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

YUKON PARTY PLATFORM.

Addresses of Candidates Wilson and Prudhomme.

To the Electors of the Yukon Territory:

Gentlemen—We, the undersigned nominees of the convention held in Dawson on the 8th day of September, 1900, hereby appeal to you, the electors of the Yukon territory, for your support, influence and votes on the platform of the Yukon party adopted at said convention, which is as follows:

The platform is embodied in the memorial given the governor general with additions and amendments as follows:

First—A legislative council wholly elected by the citizens of the Yukon territory.

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Daily Each Way

To Grand Forks

On and after MONDAY, September 19th, will leave at 2 p. m. instead of 3 p. m.

On completion of Bonanza Road a double line of stages will be run making two round trips daily.

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CAPT. NIXON, Owner.
Leaves Yukon Dock, Flaking Regular Trips to Whitehorse.
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