

SHE WAS HARD UP FOR CASH

And the Man in the Moon Came to Her Rescue.

Story of a Family That Was Wont to Indulge in Little Jangles Over Money.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. "It simply won't do," observed Mr. Portland-Rhodes, with emphasis.

"May I ask what you are talking about?"

"I am talking about your extravagance," said her husband. "If it continues, you will simply burst up the show," he added, relapsing into slang. "I'm afraid your theatrical friends are demoralizing your English."

"The English language has nothing to do with the conversation," he snapped.

"Not with your conversation, dear," said his wife sweetly.

"And I'm tired of these dark allusions to my theatrical friends. It's absurd to imagine that because I take a girl to supper that—that there's anything in it. She was an old friend."

"I should hardly call her old," said Mrs. Portland-Rhodes critically. "Suppose we say middle-aged."

"Anyway, we are drifting from the point."

"What is the point of this dialogue?" inquired his wife, with extreme affability.

"Your extravagance. I cannot stand the pace. What's to be done with these things?" indicating a little pile of bills.

"I'm afraid I have no head for business," said his wife, looking tired.

"But how are we going to meet them?"

Mrs. Rhodes sniffed her smelling bottle with an air of extreme patience.

"Why not write out a check?" she murmured.

"Write out a check?" he gasped.

"What the—"

"If you wish the servants to know all our private affairs, I'll ring the bell," said his wife. "But don't shout, dear, because it makes my head ache."

There was only one reply for an independent husband. Mr. Portland-Rhodes gathered up the pile of bills, housekeeping and otherwise, placed them by his wife's plate and stalked to the door.

"You've made a very poor breakfast, Charles," said his wife sympathetically.

"And you'll make me a very poor man," he muttered.

"I'm sorry, dear. I forgot how many calls you have upon your private purse."

This was the last straw. The husband banged out of the room, muttering expressions which would not be permitted even at a religious demonstration.

It was a pretty piece of acting on her part—the airiness, the nonchalance, the magnificent contempt for debt. It was all put on. She was in a complicated frame of mind. She was jealous of her husband on account of an innocent "speer" of his, which green glasses had made hideous. She was uncomfortably conscious that she was on the high road to make a fool of herself.

She was up to her pretty little ears in debt, and, above all, she was in a funk about it.

In short, Mrs. Portland-Rhodes had cast herself for an unsuitable role. At the bottom of her heart she was a romantic little creature, ridiculously in love with her husband, with philanthropic tendencies and a reasonable weakness for "dressing decently."

There is no more pitiable sight than that of a scrupulous person trying to be unscrupulous. She hated to owe money, but to keep level with the times she ran headlong into debt and suffered agonies. She adored her husband and quarreled with him. She despised married flirts and was carrying on three open flirtations, to say nothing of a mysterious one at the mere thought of which she trembled. In short she was a poor worried little woman who was waiting in slippery places and expecting to come a cropper every minute.

A week before she had attended a fancy dress masked ball given at the Ambidextrous. Mrs. Rhodes was robbed as the man in the moon. She believed her partner to be a certain Percy Ladbroke, whom she counted among her admirers. They became quite confidential, and Mrs. Rhodes rather let the cat out of the bag with regard to her financial scrapes.

"The man in the moon was sympathetic. He had had a 'straight tip.' Should he put a bit on for her? Mrs. Rhodes hesitated for

a variety of reasons, one being that she had no spare cash to lose, and was already out of her depth.

"I'll tell you what I shall do," said the man in the moon. "I shall have a flutter myself, and I'll buy a few shares for you too. If it turns out badly, I'll get it back for you some other time. But it's too good to miss. You must be in it."

This arrangement sounded very comfortable and Mrs. Rhodes assented.

Her first shock was received next day when she learned that the man in the moon was not by any means Percy Ladbroke, as that young gentleman was away in the country. The next shock was a polite letter of congratulation from the man in the moon, inclosing a note for \$1000. The dabble in Angelicos had succeeded beyond her expectations.

It was a curious position for a married woman. What was she to do? A man she did not know, for he had not even signed his name, probably thinking she already knew it, had sent her a round sum of money. He might be mad, but who would believe the story? Would any sane person, especially a mere husband, believe that a stranger would hand her a share of a speculation in which she had not staked a farthing?

On the other hand, she gave a sigh of relief when she recollected that, not knowing who he was, she could not return it. That fact, combined with the pile of bills and her husband's irritation on financial subjects, decided her, and she cashed the note, and utilized it to stop the mouths of her haggard creditors. But it seemed as if she was doomed to face the unexpected. It happened that night that, for a wonder, she and her husband dined tete-a-tete. He was gloomy and silent; she was airy and flippant as usual.

"I've had a lucky speculation in Angelicos," he said quietly when the servants had left the room.

"You don't look as if you had," she said, cracking a nut.

"And I hoped to give you a pleasant surprise," he added, "so I drove around to some of your people this afternoon to pay your bills."

She went white and nearly pinched a finger instead of a nut.

"I was rather surprised to learn that you yourself had been around this morning and paid them money on account."

There was an uncomfortable silence while his wife restrained a desire to use unladylike language on the subject of Angelicos and pleasant surprises generally.

"That was very kind of you," she said at last.

"May I ask where the money came from?" he asked.

"I never knew anybody to talk so much about money as you do," she said evasively. "Suppose you try another subject?"

"You have been telling me for several days that you are hard up," he continued in the same dry voice. "I should really like to know how you contrived to pay away the best part of a couple of hundred in cash when you are without funds."

"I had a little flutter in Angelicos, too," she said easily.

"Who put you on to it?" he asked sharply. "There were not a dozen men in town who knew anything about it."

"I met somebody at a dance, and somehow it leaked out that I was rather hard up, and—and he said he'd put something on for me," she replied. "Of course I didn't know he meant it, but I heard from him this morning."

Her husband whistled softly.

"This is a funny sort of story, Violet, for a woman to tell her husband," he said gravely, but not unkindly. "Who was the man?"

There was something in the tone of his voice which told her that further evasion would be worse than useless, so defiantly she told the whole story.

"May I see the letter which accompanied the note?" said her husband.

She produced it. It was written on club note paper.

"I shall have no great difficulty in finding out who this is," he said. "I shall send a check. I don't want you to take anybody's money except mine."

"Is that all?" she said coldly.

"Have you anything else to say?"

"It's not much good for me to say anything."

"I thought you might like to preach one of your lay sermons," she said.

"Not at all," he answered, with a provoking smile. "I'm not going to make a mountain out of a molehill. But, really, a masked ball at the Ambidextrous and a check from a stranger is almost as naughty as my taking an actress to supper. We seem to be both going to the bad."

This was humiliating. Mrs. Rhodes

expected a lecture, and was only being chaffed. Moreover, the chaff was kindly, and she found it rather a struggle to keep the tears back. But when he sat down to his desk and wrote out a check and said, "There, now, will that help you out of your pickle?" she broke down altogether and wept like an ordinary woman.

"Shall we cry quits?" he said. "You forget the supper, and I forget the man in the moon."

"Suppose we say a little goose?" he corrected.

After she had left the room he looked at himself in the glass and nodded at his own reflection.

"It's all right now," he muttered, "but she must never find out who the man in the moon really was."

And the reflection in the glass winked.—Modern Society.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

Not One of Fifty Robbed Men Ever Squeal.

"While it is a fact that when a man is robbed of his money and fails to report the same to the officers of the law he becomes an accomplice in crime, it is also a fact that not one man in every 50 ever mentions being skinned by the disreputable women so numerous in this country."

The speaker was a prominent Dawson man who prides himself in keeping "dead next" on current matters. Continuing he said:

"Now, take this Mollie Thompson affair. There is no question but that she skinned Nichols like an oyster, but not one man in four dozen would have squealed especially married men. They would have quietly taken their medicine in preference to publishing the fact that they had been played for suckers and landed. If you will keep close tab on these robbery stories you will find that three of every four squeals come from squareheads, and their sense of shame is not so acute as that of most men. It is an everlasting reproach on a man to have it known that he has made a fool of himself and been worked by one of these female sharks."

"I knew a fellow last fall who had fixed up everything ready to go outside to his family. He had been here two years, was a prominent broker and had quite a neat sum of money to show for his stay in the Klondike. He was liberal in his allowance to himself, so he put \$450 in cash in his pocket and purchased drafts with the balance. The night before he started out he dropped into one of the local theaters with the \$450 in the interior realms of his pants. Towards morning in a dazed and semi-conscious condition he dropped out without so much as a two-bit piece on his person. He had been given a drink of the "business" brand and later had been robbed of every cent he had on him. Well, he knew that if he made a roar and had the woman arrested he would have to stay over as a witness, and he had already written his wife that he would be home by a certain time, so he quietly gnashed his teeth and swallowed the pill. He said he would not be written up in police court report as having been robbed by a woman for \$500. He knew if he was, it would be off with him as soon as his wife heard of it. And this is only a sample of dozens of cases I have known in the past year. Men go up against it and are robbed, but the fear of publicity and the shame attached keeps their mouths hermetically sealed on the subject. So far as I am concerned, I would like to see every thief, male and female, in the territory, on the woodpile, and working right along beside them I would like to see the poor fools whom they so easily victimize. So far as I am concerned this class of thieves and their victims belong in the same pews."

Security Too Big to Store.

One of the big speculators in the street recently went to a banker and said that he wished to borrow \$1,000,000.

"All right," was the response.

"What is your security?"

"My check," was the airy and surprising reply.

"Well," responded the banker thoughtfully, "your security is good enough, but I shall have to decline the loan, as our vaults aren't large enough to hold it."—New York Tribune.

Where is Robert Robertson?

Robert Robertson, a native of the Shetland islands, is inquired for by his relatives. He is supposed to come to this part of the world in May of last year, but has not since been heard from. Anyone knowing of him will confer a favor by reporting such knowledge to the Nugget or to Capt. St. Clair, First street.

BOER PROCLAMATION ISSUED

Stein and Dewet Accuse British of Barbarism.

Deny That Boers Have Any Thought of Giving Up the Struggle—Complaints of Women Outraged.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. London, Feb. 21.—A special from Pretoria dated February 20th, says 800 Boers yesterday passed Pienaar's river moving in the direction of Nystroom a point about 75 miles north of Pretoria on the railway between Pretoria and Pietersburg. It is supposed they purposed discussing the question of desertion and surrendering. They were in a deplorable state. Their clothing was in rags, many were riding donkeys, while others trudged afoot. All appeared to be in greatest distress.

Port Elizabeth, Feb. 20.—The following proclamation has been issued by President Steyn and General Dewet:

"Be it known to all men, that the war which has been forced on the Transvaal republics by the British government still rages over South Africa; that all the customs of civilized warfare and also the conventions of Geneva and the Hague are not observed by the enemy who have not scrupled, contrary to the Geneva convention, to capture doctors and ambulances, and deport them in order to prevent our wounded from getting medical assistance; that they have seized ambulance material appertaining thereto; that they have not hesitated to have recourse to primitive rules of warfare contrary to the solemn agreement of the Hague, to arrest neutrals and deport them; to send out marauding bands to plunder, burn and damage burghers' private property; that they have armed Kaffirs and natives, and used them against us in the war; that they have been continually capturing women and children and old sickly men, and that there have been many deaths among the women because the so-called enemy had no consideration for women on a sick bed whose state of health should have protected them against rough treatment. Honorable women and tender children have not only been treated roughly, but have been insulted by soldiers by order of their officers. Moreover, old mothers and women have been raped, even wives and children, and the property of prisoners of war, even of killed burghers, has not been respected. In many instances the mother and father have been taken; those left unprotected have been left to their fate an easy prey to savages."

"The world has untruthfully been informed by the enemy that they have been obliged to carry out this destruction because the burghers blew up the lines, cut the wires and misused the white flag. Nearly all the houses in the republics have been destroyed, whether in the neighborhood of the railroad or not."

The alleged misuse of the white flag is simply a continuance of the everlasting calumny against which the Afrikaner has had to strive since the time God brought him into contact with the Englishman. Robbing his opponent of goods only does not satisfy him; he is not satisfied until he has robbed him of his good name also. They state to the world that the republics are conquered, and that only here and there small plundering bands are continuing the strife in an irresponsible manner. This is an untruth. The republics are not conquered."

The burgher forces of the two republics are still led by responsible leaders, as from the commencement of the war, under the supervision of the governments of both republics. The fact of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener choosing the term marauders in designating the burghers does not make them such. When was the war over. Perhaps after the battles in which irregulars captured the enemy and totally vanquished them. The burghers would be less than men if they allowed the enemy to go unpunished after ill-treating their wives and destroying their houses from sheer lust of destruction. Therefore a portion of the burghers resent. Cape Colony will not only wage war but will be in a position to make reprisals, as it has already done. In the case of ambulances, therefore, we warn the officers of his majesty's troops that unless they cease the destruction of the property of the republics we shall wreak vengeance by destroying the property of his majesty's subjects who are unkindly disposed. But in order to avoid being misunderstood, we hereby openly declare that their wives and children shall always be unmolested, in spite of anything done by his majesty's troops."

We request nothing from our brothers in the colony, but call on them, as well as on the civilized world, to assist, in behalf of our joint civilization and Christianity, in putting an end to the barbarous manner of the enemy's warfare.

"Our prayer will always be that God, our Father, will not desert us in this unrighteous strife."
(Signed) "STEYN AND DEWET."

GLACIER IS GROWING.

Many Cabins on Hill Being Gathered in by It.

Notwithstanding the disagreeably cold north wind of yesterday, hundreds of people, having read in the Nugget of Friday an account of the glacier now forming on the top of the hill, starting about three hundred yards east of the A.C. trail, of people visited and viewed the scene and all expressed themselves as being amply rewarded for the trip regardless of the wind. Of the many cabins embraced in the confines of the glacier, two are entirely covered while many others are partially buried. But as the water is still gushing out at numerous points an area covering an acre or more of the hill, many other cabins will be included within its icy grasp within another day or two as the glacier is not only lengthening but spreading out on all sides. At several places and immediately over what might be termed the fountain heads the solid ice now looms up to a height of from eight to 12 feet, and in the center is a small basin into which the water continually forms itself from below and from which many residents of the hill are now carrying supplies for domestic use. This water constantly overflows, freezes as it spreads out and thus is adding to the size and dimensions of the glacier. The fact that such a massive body of ice has formed and is continuing to form there will serve to keep the trail to the top of the hill muddy all summer, and if the glacier continues to spout water and is still in business when another winter begins, the chances are that it will assume such proportions as to occupy not only all that portion of the hill, but also much of the side hill. The large amount of ice already accumulated began to form only about three weeks ago, therefore, it can be readily imagined what the result would have been had the water began spouting with the first part of the winter.

TWO MONTHS FOR MABEL.

Thief and "Fence" Given Same Punishment.

Mabel Smith (Mrs. Dug. Phillips), the female scow pilot of the Yukon, and William Marble were each sentenced to two months imprisonment by Judge Craig at this forenoon's session of the territorial court. William was arrested three weeks ago for stealing canned goods, pink tea and other delicacies from the messhouse of the Dawson Transfer and Storage Co. Willie carried the stolen goods to the home of the festive Mabel and when they were both arrested and her house searched by Constable Piper enough stolen goods, previously marked for identification, were found to start a small grocery store, with "especially for the Klondike trade" canned goods.

During the next two months Willie and will make the air resonant with the "swish, swish" of a royal saw while the "fence" operator, Mabel, will make herself useful in the sewing and culinary departments of the crown languard house.

This afternoon Justice Craig, with the advice of the crown prosecutor, reconsidered the evidence against Mabel Smith and allowed her to go on suspended sentence.

Affairs on Lindo Creek.

Eugene Detweiler, of Lindo creek, is in Dawson for a few days. Lindo creek is a pup of Bear and considerable prospecting has been done upon it this winter.

On No. 14 six pans of dirt which were taken out just prior to Mr. Detweiler's departure for Dawson yielded in gold a total of \$5.75. Fair pay has been found on the creek as high as No. 17. No. 15a is working six men and will have out 12,000 buckets before the beginning of the cleanup. No. 15 also has out a big dump. The pay struck on the creek is from 50 to 75 feet wide.

Suburbanite—You've got a new baby at your house, I hear?

Townite—Great Scott! Can you hear it away out there in the suburbs?