

HE SPOILED AN EGYPTIAN

The Tramp Paid for His Dinner in a Substantial Way.

The Kindness of the Farmer's Wife Caused Him to Think of His Own Mother—An Old Banco Trick.

The tramp sank his spade deep in the earth, and as he drew it up and flung the dark, rich earth aside voices came to him through the nearby window. He straightened up and listened for a moment. His mouth slightly parted; his lips half closed. He crept nearer the window and leaned on the sash. For fully ten minutes he scarcely moved. A dark scowl crossed his face and lingered there.

When he came limping up to the farmhouse that morning, the farmer had looked at him askance, and the farmer's dog had blinked up at his master as if awaiting the word to hunt the stranger down the lane.

And then the farmer's wife had come to the door, a gentle faced woman with a soft voice, and she listened to his story and brought him bread and meat and told him to rest in the shade of the apple tree. And somehow the gentle-faced woman reminded him of the mother whose precepts he had disregarded and whose heart he had broken, and such a lump had risen in his throat that for a time he found it quite impossible to eat. And when he finally disposed of the food and drank a cup of water from the cool depths of the ancient well he wandered down to a little brook that flowed in the ravine that skirted the orchard and bathed his face and hands and straightened his tangled hair. Then he came back to the house and, rapping at the door, asked the gentle-faced woman if she had any work he could do.

"Art still here?" she asked in a soft voice. "I thought thee had gone." "I'm still here," said the tramp, as he drew his tattered hat from his head. "I have a chronic way of wearing out my welcome. But if you have any work to do that will enable me to pay for the food you gave me, I'm in the humor to do it." She looked at him a little doubtfully and said the secret of his downfall in his very visage and softly sighed.

"What I gave thee, I gave willingly," she said, "and without thought of recompense. But if there is really in earnest about desiring work, thee can take the spade that leans against the well box yonder and spade up my flower bed here."

The tramp replaced his hat and found the spade and set to work. And while he was working he heard the sound of wheels, and looking through the vines at the house corner saw a horse and light wagon stop in front of the farm house. Presently a man came up the pathway—a man of light build, with bright eyes and a heavy black mustache. He was dressed in a rather extreme style, and even the tramp—who was once a gentleman himself—knew that this was not a gentleman.

Presently the farmer, busy in the barn, was summoned to the house by his wife's call. It was nearly a half hour later that the tramp heard the loud voices within.

It was the voice of the farmer that was raised. "You got that note by a scoundrel trick!" he cried. "Your partner asked me to sign an order for ten bushels of Belgian oats, and now you say I signed a note—a note for \$500! God, man! it would ruin me to pay it!"

"It's for value received, all right enough," said the stranger in a cool, even voice. "I don't know anything about your signing it, but the signature is yours and that's all we care to know. If you refuse payment, we will simply have to sue and sell you out." The tramp listening at the window could hear the farmer pacing heavily up and down the room, and he thought that he heard the farmer's wife sobbing.

eyes as the farmer's wife opened it. "Madam," said the tramp, "I have reconsidered my willingness to spade up your flower bed. There's your spade."

And before she could reply he had turned and was walking quickly along the lane that led to the woods as soon as he was out of sight of the house he broke into a run. Just before he entered the woods he looked over his shoulder and saw the stranger leisurely driving along the road below.

The tramp knew that the road over which the stranger was driving dipped to the left to cross the little ravine and then wound round the woods to the right in a long curve. He knew he had plenty of time to put across and reach the road before the stranger and his deliberate horse arrived.

The tramp, familiar with human deception in many forms, knew all about the particular system of swindling of which the farmer was the victim. It was an easy game when played by a clever sharper on an unsuspecting and unsophisticated countryman. All it required was a glib tongue, a little flattery, a pretended business mission and a substituted sheet of paper. Then in due time came the confederate with his bold front and the fatal note.

The tramp was lurking by the roadside as the man in the light wagon came up. He lounged out into the high way.

"Hello, Bill," he said. The driver drew up suddenly and started at the figure at the horse's head.

"What's that?" he cried. "It's your name," laughed the tramp.

"Bill—Bill Sutherland, sometimes called 'the Gopher.' How are you, Bill?" The stranger scowled darkly.

"What do you mean?" he snarled. "I don't know you."

"Glad of that, Bill," said the vagabond. "Three years of tramping change a man. But I know you, and that's enough."

"What do you want?" growled the stranger.

"Bill," said the tramp, "I want a little assistance. You might not think it, but I'm hard up."

He had come to the side of the wagon as he spoke and stood with one hand on the dashboard.

"Is this a holdup?" said the stranger and, shifting his whip to his left hand, slipped the right behind him.

"Steady, Bill," said the tramp as he reached forward and caught the stranger's arm. "None of that. Your pocketbook isn't there; it is in your breast pocket. I'll trouble you for it."

"Curse you!" screamed the stranger. "Let go of me!"

And he struck the tramp with all his force across the head with the whip. The vagabond shrieked with pain and the next instant had grappled the stranger and with a remarkable show of strength drew him from the wagon and hurled him heavily to the ground.

The startled horse ran a little way and then, turning sharply, started into a fence corner and stood there trembling.

The tramp stood by the prostrate and unconscious man and drew from his pockets first the loaded revolver and then the long pocketbook. He hastily opened the latter and assured himself that what he wanted was there. Then he thrust the book into his own ragged breast pocket and drew himself up. The stranger was rousing from his swoon.

Presently he sat up and looked around with a confused air. The tramp, a few feet away, was quietly regarding him, revolver in hand. The stranger put his hand to his breast pocket.

"Curse you," he growled, "this is highway robbery!"

"You ought to know," said the tramp quietly. "It's one of your leading accomplishments. Get up."

The stranger arose.

"Pick up your hat," said the tramp. "Now go and get your horse into the road."

He followed close behind as the stranger backed the light wagon into the highway.

"I'll kill you for this," the despoiled one snarled.

"Don't trouble yourself," said the tramp. "Just climb into the wagon and start your horse. I'll see you off. Step lively, please." And he flourished the revolver.

The stranger obeyed. He gave the tramp a look that was meant to be malevolent, and the tramp returned him a smile. Then he touched the horse with the whip and drove away.

The vagabond watched until a curve in the road hid him from sight, and he then darted into the woods again and swiftly retraced his steps. Presently he recrossed the ravine, and then he paused. He slipped the revolver into his inner pocket and then took a slip of paper from the stranger's book. A moment or two later he knocked at the farmer's door.

It was opened by the farmer's wife. Her eyes were still red with weeping.

"There here again?" she said.

"Yes," replied the tramp. "I've come back to pay you for that good dinner." He pressed a little forward

and she gave way before him, and he passed into the house.

At the window at the farmer with his head bowed over a huge volume that lay open across his knees. He looked up wondering as the tramp entered. The vagabond raised his hand to his hat, and then remembered and let his hand fall again.

"I am glad to see a little fire in your fire place," he said, "because I want to add to it." He moved a little nearer the window. "See, dear lady," he softly said, "here is your pay. Look, but don't touch it."

Impelled by his earnest manner the woman came closer and glanced at the slip of paper he held before her eyes.

"Father!" she gasped.

The old man started and arose with the book in his arms.

"What is it?" he asked. The vagabond pushed the note nearer him.

"My note!" he cried. "Wh-where did you get it?"

"I spoiled an Egyptian," laughed the tramp. "It tells about the process there, and he pointed to the big book. 'Now watch me.' He stepped quickly to the fireplace and held the note in the flame until it was entirely consumed.

"Thank God!" murmured the old man, with a sigh of relief.

"There has been hurt," cried the woman; "these is blood on thy forehead."

"It is nothing," said the vagabond. "There, you see, the debt is paid. I won't ask for a receipt. You'll be troubled no more. Goonby."

"Stay!" cried the aged couple in one breath.

"No," said the tramp. "I cannot stay. The Gopher may be looking for me, and I wouldn't have him see me here."

"And why has thou done this great service for us?" the old lady asked.

"You were kind to me," said the tramp very softly, "and you made me think of my mother. Goodby." And he was gone. He hurried down to the brook in the ravine and, tenderly re-

moving his hat, carefully bathed his wounded head. Then he started again for the woods. "I fancy the prayers of that dear old lady will do me good," he said as he gave a last backward glance at the farm house. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Photo supplies reduced at Goetzman's.

The Roast Beef
Of Merry England
Can be Discounted by

Bay City Market
BOYDUT A CO. PROP. THIRD ST.

Klondyke Corporation, Ltd.
Operating the
Light Draught Steamers

ORA, NORA, FLORA

The most successful boats sailing on the Yukon. All thoroughly refitted and refurnished.

New Machinery Has Been Installed in All Three Boats.

We Have the Best Pilots on the River
Capt. Martineau, Flora;
Capt. Green, Nora;
Capt. Bailey, Ora.

Through Tickets To Coast Cities
Klondyke Corporation,
LIMITED
R. W. CALDERHEAD General Manager

—FOR—
Speed, Safety, Seamanship,
Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORDSIFTON

FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS
"THE FINEST ON THE RIVER"

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.
"No Connection With Any Combine"

Steamer "Prospector"

Will Sail for Stewart River Points

At Regular Intervals

Special Rates for Clear Creek Freight.

Those Interested Can Notify Local Agent
Frank Mortimer, Aurora Dock

Northern Navigation
COMPANY

Operating Steamers From
PACIFIC COAST POINTS

—TO—
POINTS ON THE ALASKA COAST

And the Yukon River and Its Tributaries.

Yukon river steamers make connections with N. N. Co. steamships for Nome, Golovan Bay, Teller City, Port Clarence, Cape York and Other Behring Sea Ports.

For Information Relative to Passenger and Freight Rates, Apply at Company's Office, A. C. Dock.

Northern Navigation Company

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

Artistic Painting
Wall Paper in Stock
ANDERSON BROS.
220 AVENUE

CHARLES E. TISDALL
VANCOUVER, B. C.

...IMPORTER OF...
Arms and Sporting Goods

RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS OF EVERY MAKE AND QUALITY.

Wade & Butcher Razors; Winchester Ammunition; Eley Loaded Shot Shells; A. G. Spaulding & Bro's Athletic Goods; Wright & Ditson Tennis Supplies; Lally Lacrosse Sticks; Duke's Cricket and Football Goods; Newhouse and Hawley & Horton Animal Traps; Rodger's Cutlery; Fishing Tackle of all kinds; Mauser Pistols; Colt and Smith & Wesson Revolvers.

Correspondence Solicited.
Catalogue on Application.

Genuine
Plough Steel Cable
1-4 TO 3-4
Dawson Hardware Co.
Store, Second Ave. Warehouse, 3rd Ave. & 2nd St.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

The White Pass & Yukon Route

British-Yukon Navigation Co., Ltd.

Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers between Dawson and White Horse: "Victorian" "Columbian" "Canadian" "Whitehorse" "Selkirk" "Dawson" "Yukoner" "Bailey" "Zealandian" "Sybil" and Five Freight Steamers.

A daily steamer each way connecting with passenger train at White Horse. Through tickets to all Puget Sound Points Baggage Checked and Bonded Through. Reservations Made on Application
E. C. HAWKINS, Gen'l Mgr. W. P. & Y. R. H. DABLING, Gen'l Mgr. B. Y. N. Co. J. F. LEE, Traffic Manager. J. H. ROOFS, Agent.

Travel by the Best Boats and Avoid Trouble and Delay.

THE

DEVIL'S

PHILOSOPHY

First impressions are lasting. The first chapter of a book forms our opinion of the author. The first view of a man forms our opinion of him. If he is well dressed we give him attention and he has a greater influence than if he were shabbily attired. In many important transactions of life, in trade for instance, we never see the man. Not seeing him we must form our impressions from other influences.

"Polished Brass" Will Pass Upon

More People Than Rough Gold."

Your Letterhead, Card or Bill Head, if properly dressed, will command the attention of the reader. If, however, your printed representatives are shabbily attired you gain the unenviable reputation, by inference, of being "a cheap man." No one can grow big in business carrying that burden. We are in a better position today to do fine printing than at any other time in the history of our business.

All Our 1901 Stock Has Arrived

New fonts of Type—and Paper that cannot be excelled in the wide world. Inks and Presses, Paper and Type are all awaiting your order to make them talk. Try a "Rush Job" for a Starter!

THE KLONDIKE

NUGGET

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing

Artistic Printing