

## Didn't Look His Calling.

"The trouble with your brother John, Eliza," said Mr. Sparks at the dinner table one evening, "is that he doesn't look his profession. A young doctor ought to look like a doctor. John goes around with his pants turned up at the bottom, the latest cut of a collar, a little dinky necktie and the newest thing in hats. He looks more like a young stock broker than a sawbones, and people with measles in the family or with legs to be cut off won't have him simply because he doesn't look a physician's part."

"But," interposed Mrs. Sparks, "John simply dresses neatly and in good taste."

"Oh, I know all that, Eliza, but a physician ought to wear a frock coat, gold-bowed spectacles and a plug hat. When John dresses like that he will get more patients than he has pills for. You mark my words. Why, Great Scott, look at me. I've been something more than fairly successful in my line, and when I was a lawyer at least I owed a lot of my clients to the fact that I looked like a lawyer. I want to say again that the whole thing consists in looking your part."

When I cut law for literature and went to look reviewing for the 'Daily Breeze,' the managing editor when I applied for the position simply looked at me. He knew in a moment from my dress and expression that I was the man for the job. I've dropped the lawyerlike look long since then, and now everybody can tell after one glance that I'm in the literary line. There isn't any question about it. I've had strangers say after being introduced to them, 'You're a writer, aren't you, Mr. Sparks?' and say this in the face of the fact that the old gent won't let me sign my articles."

"Yes, Henry," murmured Mrs. Sparks, "you do look literary, with your spectacles and your hair back from your forehead and all that, but then you cultivate it, you know, and John says— you won't mind this, will you—that he'd rather be natural and dress as he feels rather than put on unbecoming clothes, though they made him look as wise as Esculapian."

"Well, Eliza, John's your brother, but I must say that he's got something of the fool in him. When somebody takes me for a butcher I may change my ideas on the subject, but I know what's what," and Mr. Sparks looked self-sufficient.

Henry Sparks believed that the midnight oil made smooth the flow of his thoughts. Thus it was that he did all his book reviewing for the 'Breeze' at night. He went down to the office immediately after dinner and there read novel and history and natural science and essays and wrote about them all until 2 a.m. when he went home.

Now the Sparks family had been troubled in the matter of servants. The maids came and went. Finally Mrs. Sparks ran across a Wilmette acquaintance, who told her all about the experiment of the club women of that suburb had tried to better the condition of their domestic employees by the uplifting process. Mrs. Sparks had told her woes, and the friend said that she would send her a maid who was not only superior as a housework artist, but had a lofty Christian spirit, a discriminating mind and a code of morals that was as rigid as that of John Calvin.

Two days later the maid reported at the Sparks flat on the south side. She was everything that her Wilmette sponsor had declared her to be. Mrs. Sparks felt almost guilty because she didn't ask the young woman to dine with the family. Ruth, that was the girl's name, made only one stipulation as to the terms of her acceptance of a position in the Sparks household, and that was about the time that she was to have out. She wanted to go to church twice on Sunday and to have every Wednesday night free from household cares, so that she could attend the weekly meeting of the branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to which she belonged.

Ruth baked, fried and broiled to a turn. Mr. Sparks had never eaten such dainty and toothsome trifles in the way of omelet souffles, chicken croquettes and Virginia popovers as that girl with the white ribbon of the W.C.T.U. in her buttonhole turned out. "She's all right, Eliza," he said, "hang on to her. Be kind, gentle and patient. I'll promise you that you'll never lose her through me. I think she looks approvingly on my quiet way and literary demeanour."

Mr. Sparks always came home hungry from his book reviewing in the Breeze office. So it was that at 2 o'clock in the morning every day in the week, barring only Sunday—for Mr. Sparks took Sunday night off—he would make his way to the kitchen and there do away with some of the delicate cookery of the pious Ruth, which had been left from dinner the night before. They had had Ruth two weeks. It was Thursday morning the day after the girl had attended the Wednesday night W.C.T.U. meeting that Henry Sparks thought he detected a troubled look in her face. The girl showed evidence of some inward conflict for the next seven days. On the next Thursday the look of gravity and trouble on her face had deepened still further.

Friday morning at 2 o'clock, when Henry Sparks reached his flat coming from his nightly literary labor in the Breeze office, he found his wife sitting up for him. Her cheeks were tear-stained. "Henry," she said, "Ruth is gone. I know you'll blame me, but I was as kind and good as a woman could be. I kept out of the kitchen and never found fault, but she left just after you had gone to the office last night. She said she was sorry to leave me, but her conscience wouldn't let her stay, and no other reason could I get her to give."

"Oh, well, it's the same old story," said Mr. Sparks, "like all other women, you can't keep a girl, and, of course, you're to blame. Why can't you look the part and act the part of a good housekeeper as I look the part and act the part of a literary man?"

That same morning after Mr. Sparks had seven hours' sleep he sat at the breakfast table with his wife opposite. The postman had just been around with the second delivery. There was a letter for Mrs. Sparks. She opened it, read it and then with a peculiar look in her eye she handed it over to her husband. He took it and this is what he read:

"Chicago, May 20.—Dear Mrs. Sparks: I was sorry to leave you. I did not tell you why because I did not like to hurt your feelings, but I think it is better to tell you now. You were kind and good to me, but you know I am a member of the Temperance Union and my conscience would not let me work in the house of a bartender. I suspected that Mr. Sparks tended bar from his appearance and because he always comes home at 2 o'clock in the morning, and then I was made certain of it by finding on the wall behind his door a certificate showing that he was once a member of the Chicago Bar Association. Can you not turn him from his wicked ways? Yours, "Ruth Jenkins."

Did Mr. Sparks take it meekly? Did he act and look the part of a lamb as he had always acted and looked the part of the lawyer and subsequently that of the literary man?

"Eliza," he growled, "I'm going to put on a blue shirt, a red necktie and a green vest and then some blame fool woman will take me for a parson."—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

### Woman's Influence

Statistics show that only a small minority of our criminals are women, thus proving that women set a better example than men for the guidance of youth. Neither sex is so independent of the other that it can go upward and onward indefinitely alone. The wife and mother cannot make the home pure and bright and rear the children to live wholesome lives if the husband and father refuses assistance and co-operation. But there are thousands of women who are household drudges for men who have no more conception of their duties as heads of families than a cow has of trigonometry. There are women in every community—a great many of them in the aggregate—whose labor supports not only their children, but their lazy, loafing, drunken husbands. What would become of the churches and their work if women were as careless as men in religious matters? In education not less than in religion and in charity, and benevolence as prominently as in education, woman is doing infinitely more than her proportionate share of the work that makes the world better. She is not dragging along behind or lagging at the rear to be coaxed along by brother man, nor is she so far ahead that her influence cannot cover the distance. But it is a fact that she leads the moral procession. The wonder is not that she is falling to do her whole duty, but that, dependent as she is on man, she is doing as much and such beneficent work.—Washington Post.

### Poisoned by Morphine

New York, June 18.—A man partially identified as Mark J. Speyers of Charleston, S. C., who was found unconscious on the sidewalk on Twenty-third street near Seventh avenue, is dead at the New York hospital, apparently from morphine poisoning.

A young woman known under sev-

eral names and who is said to have been employed at the Charleston exposition and later became a traveling saleswoman for an Atlanta, Ga., mineral water company was found weeping over the unconscious man when he lay on the sidewalk. She accompanied him to the hospital and remained at his side until he died. Then she is said to have returned to rooms in Seventeenth street, which had been occupied by the couple, packed their belongings, and disappeared. From fragments of letters in the rooms it appeared that her former home was Ithaca.

At the hospital the man had been registered as "Sarris." His supposedly true name was learned when a man giving his name as Parauette visited the institution early today. He said a telegram had been received at the Hotel Bartholdi addressed to Mark J. Speyers, and it was with the view of delivering it that he had set out to find the address, when he recognized the dead man. Speyers, it was learned, registered at the hotel on June 4 from Charleston. He quit the hotel on Sunday.

The woman, who gave her name at the hospital as Mrs. Sarris, told the physicians that her husband was subject to heart disease, but a coroner's physician who performed an autopsy could find no traces of organic trouble. He said death had been due to opium or morphine, but there was no evidence that he had been addicted to the use of the drug.

### A New Denver Flyer

South McAlester, T. T., June 18.—It is stated authoritatively that the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf Railway will, on June 29, inaugurate daily a through train service from Memphis, Tenn., to Denver, Col., a distance of 1,235 miles. The new train will be known as "The Denver Flyer," and will make the trip through in 48 hours.

The "Flyer" will leave Memphis about 8:30 p. m., and will connect with the southern train from New York, 'Frisco train from Birmingham, with New York sleeper attached; the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis from Chattanooga and the east; the Louisville & Nashville from Cincinnati, Louisville & New York and the Illinois Central from New Orleans. The equipment of this train will be the finest possessed by the Choctaw road.

### Wages Raised

Pittsburg, June 18.—Jones & Laughlin, iron and steel manufacturers, have voluntarily advanced the wages of all their employees excepting the tonnage men. The increase will average 10 per cent. and affects over 80,000 men.

The furnace employees of the Carnegie Steel Company have been advanced during the present week, and it is understood that all of the day laborers in the mills of this company will be treated in a similar manner to those employed by the Jones & Laughlin Company.

The advances have been made wholly on account of the general prosperous condition of the steel trade.

Job printing at Nugget office.

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### Ended in Tragedy.

Oklahoma City, O. T., June 17.—J. W. Johnson, vice president of the Classon Real Estate Company, and who served through the Cuban campaign with the Rough Riders, was shot and killed here today by W. T. McMichael as a result of a contest over a land claim. E. E. Brown, editor of the Times-Journal, one of the oldest newspaper men in the territory, fired five shots at McMichael in defense of Johnson, but none of them took effect. Brown and McMichael were arrested. There was talk of lynching McMichael until it was learned that his wound was fatal. The shooting took place in Woodlawn addition, in the eastern end of the city.

McMichael had been contesting for twelve years the homestead right to 160 acres of land in the addition. He was defeated in all the courts and in Washington, but was never ejected from the claim, where he lived with his wife and children. Cortez Brown and E. E. Brown, editors of the Times-Journal, bought lots in the addition through Johnson's company and were improving them.

Yesterday McMichael attacked Brown for entering the land. Today Brown and Johnson attempted to lead away a cow placed in Brown's lot by McMichael, when the latter fired without warning at Johnson. Johnson fell with a bullet in his head, and McMichael continued to fire at him, but without further effect. Brown drew his revolver and began firing at McMichael, and finally Johnson, dying, raised himself upon his elbow, rested his pistol on his wrist, and fired twice at McMichael. One shot struck McMichael in the abdomen, the other going wild, and he dropped his revolver and ran for aid. Johnson died in ten minutes. None of Brown's shots took effect, and he was unhurt. A big crowd gathered, and there was a movement to lynch McMichael, but when it was found he had been wounded, perhaps fatally, they desisted. Johnson was 24 years of age. He fought through the Cuban campaign as a member of Company D, of the Rough Riders, and was personally known to President Roosevelt. At San Juan he was shot in the knee, but recovered and rejoined his troop. McMichael had been involved in litigation so long that he had become desperate. The land in question is valued at \$50,000.

### Studying Wireless Telegraphy.

New York, June 18.—Commander Francis M. Barber, who has been assigned by the United States navy department to conduct an investigation into the various wireless telegraph systems, has completed his work here, says a Herald dispatch from Berlin, and will shortly return to Paris. Within a few days Lieutenant Hudging will leave Berlin for Washington with full equipment to be used in experiments by government officials.

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## Stroller

For several days past the weather has caused considerable comment, especially from those who expected to wear the year 'round.

A couple of men who came to the river on a steamer together a week ago were standing yesterday at the foot of King street and they had just returned from a tramp over the hills of West Dawson. Their faces were as red as cranberries and their breathing was short, knee pants. Said one of them:

"To find such hot weather in June is a great surprise to me. I am fully as warm here and a little more sultry than it is on the coast. In fact I was in company with a gentleman yesterday who had been here since '88 and he said that this warm weather is unprecedented in the history of the place. 'Both you an' him is gosh darned, consarn ye!'"

The two strangers started suddenly and looked around to see whence came such an abrupt exclamation, and there on a pile of lumber lay the sourest of all doughs. He had gone to sleep



HE'D ORTER SEED LIMPIN'

emptying his mouth of food during the siesta the mouth of the man looked even more usual. The pioneer's mouth, wiped his mouth on a handkerchief and said: "From the darn fool talk I've heard with fer th' past I judge you fellers ain't been'n eighteen or twenty years."

The gentlemen pleaded guiltily the soft impeachment and said that they had been in town less than a week.

"Dat ye, I thought so," said the man. "but lemme tell ye what."

"This kentry is fillin' up with rubber nipples class o' people that don't seem to have no reliable information 'bout the history of the kentry. Y'round an' butt up 'gainst some of 'at ain't bin here more'n a year and expect to extract information from him. Might as well get drunk by takin' steam with a hypodermic gun, 'b'gosh."

"If people wants information don't they come to the fountain which is me ter git it? All the talk 'bout what's unprecedented 'at ain't gives me cramps. I hear that word 'unprecedented' makes me cuss in 'ard words. These days I'm feelin' right myself and bust some of 'em for usin' of it."

"For fellers is doubtless honest but this is hot weather, I know, but to tell you the plain fact is below zero to what I have time an' time agin."

"You see that that cut in the road that everybody calls 'the cut'? Well, that ain't no more than nothin'. That happened 'bout '88, at only a short time after me an' Limpin' Grouse found out unwritten articles 'bout the cut on th' bank night the sick house now is a-billin' with 'em."

I had noticed th' sun but it was like a ice chest with my loxin' ardor, 'bout worryin' 'bout nothin' 'bout th' afternoon I hope to see o' that that hill didn't run down towards the river."

"I see for our lifes. Talk 'bout players slidin' 'round 'bout order seed Limpin' Grouse an' me an' Limpin' Grouse."

"Now if you fellers don't want to be called greenies don't go