

BLOOMERS HER UNDOING.

She Was Forbidden a Hotel on Account of Her Dress.

Was Photographed in All Her Ludicrousness—A Scheme That Made Love an Easy Winner.

"What on earth are we to do?" cried pretty Lydia Darrell almost tearfully. "I won't marry old Fiebel-Jones—not if all the aunts in the world told me to."

"Yes; that's just what I should like to do, but one must consider things."

"You mean money?"

"Yes; I mean money. You see, if Aunt Judith had any rational ground for objecting to our marriage, if she said you drank or were already married—of course I know you are not—but I am supposing a case."

"No; certainly not. What does it matter in supposing? Well, then it would be different, and I should feel that, however wrong she might be, she really meant well. But when she can only say that you are one of the most arrogant opponents of all the noblest and purest aspirations of our sex—which means that she suspects you of laughing at her bloomers—why, then, I know that it is not me that she is thinking of but herself all the time. And she wants me to marry Fiebel-Jones because he flatters her to the top of her bent and calls her a pioneer and all that sort of nonsense."

"Do you think that punching his head would do any good?"

"No; I'm quite sure it wouldn't, or I should have told you to do it long ago. But, for all that, Aunt Judy can do what she likes with all my money until I come of age, and if I marry without her consent before I am 21 all my property goes into trust, with her as trustee, and she can allow me as much or as little as she likes. If Aunt Judith were an ordinary aunt, one might expect that she would come round when she found out what a dear you really are. But I know she would be only too delighted to get the money for her movements and societies, and I should never get a penny. So we must wait till I am 21."

"If I could only get round her in some way. If this was in a novel, there would be dozens of ways. I should drop on her in a railway accident and soothe her last moments with my brandy flask."

"You forget that she is a teetotaler."

"If you had met as many teetotalers as I have, you wouldn't bet. I know one who simply wolfs down a trifle that is stiff with brandy and vermouth, though he wouldn't touch either honestly out of a glass, or I might be in the way when her horses bolted."

"Oh, she doesn't keep any!"

"She would in a novel. And I should stop them at the risk of my life, and she would fall on my neck and call me her preserver."

"I should like to see that!" cried Lydia, with a delicious trill of laughter.

"Lyddy, you have no imagination," said Bob Falk, with dignity. "I am sure the scene would be most dramatic, especially if Lady Judy happened to be in bloomers. And her remorse would be so great that she would give me her consent written on a visiting card, or perhaps, my shirt cuff, to prevent mistakes."

"Supposing she sees me early in the jaunt and smokes the trick?"

"You must take care she doesn't. If you keep behind her all the time, she won't be able to see you."

Bob Falk was very much in love with pretty Lydia Darrell, and he would have attempted anything that bore the smallest promise of advancing the date of their marriage. Besides, at that moment the young woman of the library, who, knowing them by sight and divining a love affair, had humanely left them alone in the back room for a few minutes, returned with an apologetic and at the same time decided expression.

For one of the results of Lady Judith's harsh policy in ordering that "not at home" was to be said to Mr. Falk and in exercising a strict censorship over the letters received by her niece was that Lydia had hit upon the idea of the library as a meeting place, and Bob put messages in the agony column when he wished to communicate with her. Lydia of course could write to him.

"In consequence of information received," as the police say, Bob Falk started in pursuit of Lady Judith partially disguised in a suit of very old clothes and a peculiarly villainous cheap hat.

By the time the quarry had passed the one hundredth milestone from London Bob was unable to resist an involuntary feeling of admiration for her pluck. She rode hills which most of her sex would have walked. She took no heed of the chaff which from time to time floated round the unaccustomed spectacle of her bloomers. She kept up a steady pace and stuck to her arranged route with an accuracy that materially helped the pursuer.

At the close of the third day, during which she had beaten her previous record, Lady Judith stopped at a wayside hostelry. Hitherto Bob had avoided the hotels which she favored with her patronage, but now there was no help for it. He must either put up in the same building or ride on five miles to the next town.

He thought that if he avoided the front of the house and effaced himself among the people in the bar parlor he would never notice him. After all, if she did she was scarcely likely to suppose that he was there on her account.

He loitered about for some little while in order to give her time to settle down in her place and then walked in to the bar. The next minute he emerged again with singular alacrity.

"What the devil am I to do? I suppose they won't have her in the best rooms in that get-up, and she's too tired to go on. If I interfere, it is 10 to 1 that I do no good and 40 to 1 that she only hates me all the more for seeing her. It seems brutal to do nothing or at least not to try, but no woman could forgive a man who had seen her in such a plight. By Jove, if there were only some evidence! All's fair in love, especially in a case like this."

He prowled disconsolately to the back of the building, cursing his luck and wondering what he should do. There he hit upon an individual who evidently combined cycling with photography.

A brilliant idea sprang up in his brain. He engaged the amateur photographer in conversation and explained his desire. The kodak changed hands, and so did a gleaming yellow coin. There was some shuffling of new films. Then Bob Falk took hasty snapshots of the back and front of the building in order to divert suspicion from his real purpose. After that he conveyed the kodak to the bar.

Some little time after her return from Scotland Lady Judith received a very singular letter. It ran:

Dear Lady Judith—I have a dozen of the enclosed. What should you recommend me to do with them? Yours truly, ROBERT FALK.

The inclosure was a photograph. She removed the silver paper hastily and saw. Well, you see, when the landlady of that hotel positively refused to admit her to any of the rooms used by ladies on the ground that her costume would do harm to the establishment she had consented to take her meal in the barroom and put up with an attic rather than proceed farther in her exhausted state. She had regretted this weakness ever since. She only hoped that no knowledge of the insult which she had allowed to be heaped upon the cause would come to the ears of her strong minded sisters.

Now she saw before her eyes a visible presentment of the scene—herself in her semimilitary garments seated at a small table to the right discussing provisions, to the left a knot of common men and the apparatus of the bar. It was bad enough to be exiled from her proper place. There was the worse thought that by her presence in the bar she had given tacit encouragement to the curse of drink.

Bob Falk married Lydia Darrell with her aunt's consent, and no one could ever make out why Lady Judith changed her mind so suddenly, least of all Professor Fiebel-Jones, who thought himself aggrieved.

the state, now lies a gun tarnished and abused on the sidewalk leading to the city bastille in Great Falls. It is a smoothbore 12-pounder, short and stubby, and is strapped to a piece of timber by rude and heavy iron bands.

The very early history of the old piece of armament is shrouded in mystery, especially as there is no inscription on it by which it can be carried back to old associations. It is thought, however, that at one time it surmounted the old fortifications at New Orleans. Certain it is, though that in the early 60's it was brought up from St. Louis on a steamboat plying to Fort Benton, and was in service on one of them as a protection against the Indians during trips up and down the river.

Neither can the very early ownership of the cannon be definitely traced, but that it belonged to a pack train in 1864 is pretty certain.

The following interesting story in connection with it is related by Robert Vaughn in his "Thirty-Six Years in the Rockies":

One day when these eastern visitors were in town, a pack train arrived from one of the trading posts. On the back of one of the mules was a small brass cannon (mountain howitzer); it was lashed on with the muzzle toward the rear end of the mule. The government representatives seized the opportunity to show the Indians what a terrible weapon that was on the back of the mule. The animal, with his burden, was led to Front street, and a crowd of two or three hundred followed, half of which were Indians. It was decided to fire a few shots from the cannon while it was on the back of the mule at a high-cut bank that was half a mile away, and across the river. A certain spot was shown to the Indians where the shot was supposed to hit, and, to strike the spot designated on the clay bank, which loomed up like some old castle, an extra heavy load was put in. Finally, the man in charge of the mule stood in front of the quadruped with the rings of the bit in each hand. Now he has the business end of the mule where he wants it; another man was adjusting the cannon, and, taking aim, while the third one took a match from his vest pocket, scratched it on the hip of his pants and touched the fuse. The hissing sound of the burning fuse made the mule lay down his ears and to begin putting a hump in his back; next thing he whirled round and round, in spite of his manager trying to get him back to his first position. By this time everybody was going for dear life, and the mule was making a circle faster than ever, and the gun was liable to go off at any moment. There was a perfect stampede; many went over the bank into the river, others were crawling on their hands and knees, while many laid flat on the ground, broadcloth and buckskin alike—the man held to the bride and the mule held the fort. Luckily, on account of the bend in the mule's back, the shot struck the ground but a short distance from his heels. Many of the Indians never moved, thinking that the maneuvers of the mule were part of the performance.

J. J. Healy, now Capt. Healy, the manager of the North American Transportation & Trading Company, was there. Healy had fought Indians and assisted in arresting some of the worst desperadoes in the Northwest, who were terrorizing the country about that time. But the mule was too much for him, as he was seen going for dear life over the bank into the river. It was the first time anyone ever saw Healy "take water."

In 1887 the old relic was secured from Scott Wetzel, of Fort Benton, and brought to Great Falls to aid in the celebration of the Fourth of July. It was mounted on what is now the southwest corner of Whittier park, alongside of the pole on which the first Union flag was raised in Montana.

Dean Lauder Dead.
Ottawa, Dec. 22.—Dean Lauder, of Ottawa, died at New Brighton, England, today. Deceased was chaplain to the senate.

Prince in Politics.
Copenhagen, Dec. 22.—A great sensation has been caused throughout Denmark by an article in the government organ Berlingske Tidende, written by the Crown Prince Frederick, defending the prime minister, M. De Scheested, from the attacks of Count Prijs. The action of the crown prince of mixing in party politics has made a bad impression.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regins Club hotel.

Large Africans cigars at Rochester.

Fresh parsnips, carrots, beets, turnips, Meeker.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

LONGING.
In city walls where duty bids me stay I long for woodland paths, sweet breath of pine, To see again the distant, dazzling line Of slender, sandy shore. I know today How fair must lie the sea far, far away On whose broad breast the sun wrought sapphires shine.

And sparkle in the wind that breathes of wine; How shafts of gold and shifting shadows play Beneath cool groves that sing a slumber song And clear bird notes are tingling through and through.

The peaceful heart of silence, Ah, I long For friendly fire that brush against the blue. And each still night to watch the warrior Mars Review the vast procession of stars!

—Herbert Bushford in East and West.

Yankee Election Day.
The designation of the day for holding the presidential election is left to congress. The first act passed by it relating to the subject was in 1792. It provided that presidential electors should be appointed "within 34 days before the first Wednesday in December."

This left each state free to select a day to suit itself within those limits. Pennsylvania chose electors on the last Friday in October. Other states elected theirs on different days between the beginning and middle of November.

When Harrison was elected in 1840, the Democrats asserted that his success was due partly to fraudulent voting, which was made possible by the lack of a definite election day. It was alleged that Kentucky and Ohio Whigs had voted in both states, the election being held on different days. So in 1845 the Democrats passed the law now on the statute books making the first Tuesday after the first Monday election day.

At that time but five of the 26 states had their election in November. In Michigan and Mississippi voting was carried on through two days—the first Monday and the following Tuesday. New York had three election days—the first Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—but had finally confined voting to the middle day, or the first Tuesday after the first Monday, Massachusetts chose state officers on the second Monday in November and Delaware on the second Tuesday. So congress selected the first Tuesday after the first Monday to consult the convenience of three states out of five, one of the three being the important state of New York.—Ex.

Entertainment for Kruger.
If Mr. Kruger really feels that his visit to Europe cannot be counted a success unless he sees Lord Salisbury, some one, perhaps the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, ought to see that the thing is brought about. It would, of course, have been more complimentary to the British premier if Mr. Kruger had intimated his intention of dropping over to Westminster before those unfortunate experiences at Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg, but too much should not be made of an inadvertence, undoubtedly due to unfamiliarity with court customs. If he comes it may be safely assumed much will be found to interest and amuse as well as instruct the venerable statesman. The war department, with the practical workings of which Mr. Kruger is somewhat familiar, the office of the colonial secretary and its plans for the development of Britain's new South African colonies, both would have much to interest the visitor, to say nothing of certain documents dealing with the Afrikaner Bond and a long, quiet talk with Lord Salisbury, to wind up the day. By all means, let Mr. Kruger come.—Montreal Herald.

Wasps in a Tragedy.
"One of the most laughable scenes I ever witnessed during the representation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies," said a well-known theatrical manager to the writer the other day, "happened to the late Tom Keene when he was performing in a northern New York town. The company was playing 'Julius Caesar,' and at the last moment it was found that the property man had failed to send up the regular throne chair used in the senate scene, and an old rustic chair was hastily procured from the left of the theater and, after being covered with drapery, was pressed into service. In the midst of the scene a large wasp's nest was discovered attached to the chair, and its inhabitants, becoming indignant at the disturbance they had suffered, began to swarm about the stage, seeking revenge upon the Romans in their low necked and short sleeved dresses. The wasps seemed to be particularly offended with Caesar, and it is doubtful if Caesar's death scene was ever acted with more feeling, for at the moment he was being pierced by the conspirators' daggers the wasps were most industrious in their work."

"In the tent scene where Caesar appears to Brutus one might almost have doubted its being the real Caesar. It was the same in form and dress, but the face was no longer the same. In the last act Brutus had one eye closed, Antony a swollen lip, Cassius an enlarged chin, Lucius an inequality in the size of his hands and Octavius

Cesar a nose that would have done service as the famous nasal organ of Barbell in 'Henry IV.'

"The tragedy came very near becoming a roaring comedy when Mr. Keene, as Cassius, said 'Antony, the posture of your blows is yet unknown but for your words; they rob the Hybla bees and leave them honeyless,' and the actor who was doing Antony replied, 'Not stingless, too.'—Ex.

Following Up His Customer.
A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fete day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor and ascertaining that he was attending the fete, about a mile out of town, set out after him. When he arrived there, a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage he stopped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other aeronauts. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of "and now, air, what can I do for you in calicoes?"

Notice.
Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner. Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

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