

The Young Man's Effort

Of course I do not claim to be a model housekeeper, but Adolphus well knew that I was the child of aristocratic parents, and he had fair warning, too, as my father said, on giving me to him, that I was a good girl, an educated young lady, and with a little patience and perseverance could be developed into a real helpmeet.

"I take her for better and for worse, my dear Mr. Hartshorn," he said, "and I really believe that none of us will live to regret my union with your only child."

Of course, we all hoped so and believed so, for Adolphus Marston was a fine young man, of good family, and with habits of life above the average. So matters were consummated, I becoming his willing bride.

At first we took our meals at the nearest restaurant, as our new cottage was not yet fitted, to the requirements of my fastidious new husband. I had resolved from the very first not to ruffle his temper, and while mine was not of the sweetest, I being to some intents and purposes a spoiled child, I decided to hold my peace if the heavens fell. I saw a growing impatience on his part, however, and could easily see that taking his meals at a cafe was decidedly annoying on account of the delays of orders, the muddy coffee, the impertinence of waiters, and other disagreeable etceteras.

Finally I ventured to ask him if he was tired of taking his meals out. He was very tired, and was now ready for business, the business of housekeeping.

"But, Dolphy, may I ask the name of our housekeeper?"

"It is Adolphus Marston."

I simply stared, for so far as I was aware, he knew little or nothing of the culinary art. I patiently awaited coming events, which were now rapidly casting their shadows before.

Not long after this we were happily settled in our new home; the restaurant was abandoned for all time, and our larder filled to repletion. Of course our first venture was breakfast, and I wondered at his remaining in bed so late, as it was an excessively cold morning, the sitting room and kitchen fires would both need tending, and he was due at the office at 8 o'clock.

I was later awakened however from a light nap by hearing Adolphus moving hurriedly about the sitting room. An intense chilliness was in the atmosphere, and there seemed to be trouble of some kind.

I wondered what it was, but I did not wonder audibly. Silence seemed to be golden at this hour. Presently I heard Adolphus descend the kitchen stairs, and arising, I inspected the sitting room. It was a sight to behold. Ashes to right of me, ashes to left of me, ashes everywhere. I could have sat down and cried; but as he had not lost patience why should I? So, on hearing his returning footsteps hastily retired, and when he re-entered the room loaded with kindling wood, paper, shavings, and a whole box of matches, I was as unconscious as the seven sleepers! But poking his chilled nose through the portiers Adolphus announced:

"Hortense, the sitting room fire is out."

"Indeed?"

"And the fire is also out in the kitchen stove."

"Can't I help you?"

"Oh, no! I'm the housekeeper for one week. At the end of that time I shall either commit suicide or go to a lunatic asylum or fall into a high fever."

After more noise than a threshing machine, and dust, smoke and some remarks Adolphus announced to himself that the fire was going. As soon as he left the room I arose and dressed, not to receive callers, but in my commonest gown, as from present indications I knew that the unexpected was sure to happen, and it did. I understood very little about a broom, and much less about a carpet sweeper, but between them both I managed to make the sitting room presentable. Then a call from the kitchen.

"Hortense are you up?"

"Yes, dear."

"How much water do you put in biscuit flour?"

"Just a little, so it will knead, Dolphy, dear."

A rattle of dishes, a noise of spoons and moulding board, then—

"Hortense, how much cream of tartar for a batch of biscuit?"

"I guess a teaspoonful."

"How much soda?"

"I guess a teaspoonful."

"You could tell me what a quaver, a demi-semi-quaver is in music, a bar, a breve, a crochet, a chord, and not guess at it. So don't guess a teaspoonful, but how much soda?"

"Enough to suit the taste."

"Tastes differ."

"So do cooks."

A half hour passed away, I did not dare to descend to the kitchen; the noise there was simply overwhelming. I could hear him bang the roller over the moulding board, then crash! He had dropped a dish, and I heard him say he didn't see how a dish could break into so many pieces. Later I heard the over door snap to, a few hasty steps, and then a deathly silence. What could it mean? Why this stillness? Had he fallen in a fit from mental excitement? Or was he quietly strapping his razor preparatory to cutting his throat? The suspense was horrible. I could not bear it! How cruel of me not to share his morning's thoughts!

"Hortense!"

The name came with double exclamations, and the voice seemed natural.

"What, dear Dolphy?"

"Breakfast is ready!"

What a relief! I repaired to the room below; sitting in front of the stove, his chair tilted back, his feet elevated to a level with his breast, a glow of culinary satisfaction overspreading his face Adolphus said:

"Hortense, the new cook presents the compliments of the morning, announces his bill of fare as consisting of hot biscuit, hot coffee, new creamy butter, and the complete solution of the servant question. Please be seated, while I, at the head of the table, will pour the coffee, pass the butter, tender the biscuit, and as maid of all work, carry off the honors of the day!"

I was only too glad to acquiesce, for I had developed something of an appetite, and the prospective success of our housekeeping filled me with those indescribable emotions every new wife must feel.

"I certainly congratulate you, dear Dolphy," I said, seating myself at the table, upon which was steaming coffee, rows of plump biscuit, and, beaming over all, my husband's glowing countenance.

"Hortense, we have settled the servant question forever and a day."

"How?"

"If the servant falleth, and the new wife is not a cook, turn immediately to the new husband, and if possessed of any brains, he will soon start sitting room and kitchen fires, prepare hot rolls, gems of biscuit, as the case may be. Eureka! I may well exclaim. Hortense, allow me to assist you to a beautifully golden biscuit!"

They were golden, and no mistake. The soda had not been spared, and the hot oven had done its work.

"Are they all right, Hortense?"

"Very fair, considering—"

"Considering? Do you mean to say his boots? Try the coffee. The aroma I have not beaten the cat man out of is beyond compare."

It did have aroma, but as coffee it was flat, rapid, and altogether without character; and the creamery butter! It was the poorest kitchen cooking butter I could not eat.

"Dolphy, get a good square meal, return home, send for your mother and my mother, and hold a meeting, preparatory to taking our initial steps in successful housekeeping; for you cannot cook, I cannot cook, and therefore somebody must come who can. Am I unreasonable?"

"I guess not."

"Shall we do it?"

"By all means."

And it all resulted in the fact that our mothers secured us a cook, a chambermaid, a washerman, and though Adolphus has not solved the mooted servant question, I am still alive, and he has not committed suicide nor made any more golden biscuit.—Waverley Magazine.

would not fall much below \$85,000,000. If the army in the Philippines for the last fiscal year cost only \$40,000,000, as Secretary Root alleged, he wanted to know what had become of the remainder of the \$115,000,000 appropriated in the army appropriation bill for that year.

Mr. Dinsmore, of Arkansas, made an earnest speech, appealing to both sides to weigh well the tremendous issue which was to be decided in the pending legislation. Decided one way it meant, he said, free government and independence for the Philippines; decided the other way it meant colonial subjects and a perpetual colonial policy. He severely criticized Gen. Wood's course in using Cuban funds to influence legislation in the United States.

Not Thinking of Disappointment

London, June 25.—The British nation is not thinking much of its own disappointment nor of the loss of millions which will doubtless be incurred owing to the postponement of the coronation ceremonies. Its heart and thought are at the bedside in Buckingham palace, where the king lies stricken by dangerous illness, the strong man forced to bow before the stronger hand of destiny.

Last night's bulletin was only half reassuring, as it announced that for several days the king would be in danger. A meeting of the ministers, summoned late, also caused great excitement. Rumor had it that the king was told of his danger and that he was going to abdicate immediately in favor of the Prince of Wales. All night within the palace, apprehensive of a relapse, yet hopeful for the best, the hours passed slowly and in dead silence. The morning brought news that the beginning of the night had been restless, and those in the knowledge sadly passed the terrible word that the disease was cancer, and that the king's fate would be that of his sister, the Empress Frederick.

If so the king may recover from the effects of the operation, but the end must come, unfortunately, at an early period. He was never careful enough of his health. Stout, diabetic, he never went to bed before 2 or 3 in the morning, ate and drank, if not to excess, certainly too heavily, and smoked incessantly. He is paying the penalty of self-indulgence. There is life, therefore hope. No more can be said. Providence alone can save to England that amiable king, great diplomatist and most perfect constitutional monarch.

The streets have been crowded by untold multitudes who had made up their minds to have a week's holiday, and are having it. They gaze with vacant looks at the decorations and try to construct the sight that it is not for them to witness. They are orderly, hardly appearing to realize the terrible misfortune that may in a few days befall their country. Some workmen, unmindful of events, go on fixing decorations.

A novel and picturesque suggestion was made by the "Gentlewoman" that tomorrow, at 8 o'clock precisely, every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom, at home, in hotels, town or country, should join in singing the national anthem. The king had accepted the idea and a great shout of joy was to be raised toward heaven by millions of British voices. If now the idea be carried out, there will be great earnestness and force in the words of the hymn, "God Save the King," save him from death.

ESCAPED CONVICTS

From Or. Prison May Never be Caught

Wild Rumors of Men Being Seen at Various Places—Bloodhounds no Good.

Vancouver, Wash., June 25.—No traces of the convicts, Tracy and Merrill, have been found today, and the posse have about all returned to this city. Bert Becker, one of the number, came in from La Center this afternoon and reported nothing of interest.

The rivers are being guarded yet in an effort to arrest the fugitives should they attempt to cross over into Cowlitz county. Many are of the opinion, however, that the men are out of Clarke county and farther north than is believed. They are well equipped with ammunition and provisions and can stay in the woods for an indefinite time without starving. The region is almost inaccessible, and they have all the advantage.

Warden Carson is said to be somewhat discouraged over the way in which the bloodhounds have been acting, not coming up to his expectations. Now that the rain has come they are expected to do better. Sheriff Marsh is at home and will not go out again, unless summoned. He is of the opinion that Tracy and Merrill have gotten out of the county and are heading for Puget sound.

There are many campers and miners traveling about the woods at this time of year, and the posse have to be very careful or they will shoot innocent persons. Several narrow escapes are recorded already. As the convicts are heading for the mining districts this will be seen to be a matter for caution. There are many rumors but no special developments up to this evening, tending to show the whereabouts of the much-hunted outlaws.

Fusion in Nebraska

Grand Island, Neb., June 25.—After twenty-four hours of almost continuous session, the Democratic and Populist state conventions completed a fusion ticket at 3 o'clock today with a Democrat at its head. Five places on the ticket were allotted to the Populists and three to the Democrats. The ticket follows:

Governor, W. H. Thompson, Hall county, Democrat; lieutenant governor, E. A. Gilbert, York county, Populist; state auditor, Charles Q. De France, Jefferson county, Populist; state treasurer, J. M. Hyman, Adams county, Populist; attorney general, J. H. Brady, Lancaster county, Democrat; commissioner of public lands and buildings, J. C. Brennan, Douglas county, Democrat; superintendent of schools, Claude Smith, Dawson county, Populist.

Though the contest over the head of the ticket was spirited, stubborn and at times bitter, in the end the utmost harmony apparently prevailed.

Five different men received the unanimous nomination of one or the other of the conventions before both bodies finally agreed on one man. After adjournment William J. Bryan expressed himself pleased with the successful accomplishment of fusion, saying he would lend his entire support to the ticket.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

Japan American Line

Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points.

Steamer Every 2 Weeks

For Japan, China and All Asiatic Points.

Ticket Office - 612 First Avenue, Seattle

The Great Northern "FLYER"

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago and All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with—

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wash.

Unalaska and Western Alaska Points

U. S. MAIL

S. S. NEWPORT

Leaves Juneau April 1st and 1st of each month for Sitka, Yakutat, Nutchek, Orca, Ft. Licum, Valdes, Resurrection, Homer, Seldovia, Katmai, Kodiak, Uyak, Kerluk, Chignik, Unga, Sand Point, Belkofsky, Unasaska, Dutch Harbor.

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO—

Seattle Office - Globe Bldg., Cor. First Ave. and Madison Street

San Francisco Office, 30 California Street

Sharkey Loses to Ruhlin

London, June 25.—Gus Ruhlin, of Akron, O., defeated Tom Sharkey, of New York, in the eleventh round before the National Sporting Club tonight. The fight was held in connection with the coronation sporting week. Sharkey started in a slight favorite at 23 to 20 against. Both fighters were in the acme of condition. Sharkey's seconds were Tommy Ryan, Bob Sharkey and Spike Sullivan, while Ruhlin was seconded by his brother, Billy Madden and Jem Mace. Adopting forcing tactics, Sharkey held his own in the first three rounds, though Ruhlin always managed to miss Sharkey's lightning left if there was any force in it. In the fourth round Sharkey was cautioned a second time for holding, and although plucky he appeared to be in trouble. Ruhlin showed great science and coolness.

The fighting continued at a severe pace. At the opening of the fifth round Ruhlin sent his right and left to Sharkey's jaw and neck, and the latter was cautioned for hitting low. Ruhlin was good on his feet and maintained a splendid defense, while Sharkey was the receiver general.

Posted as Missing

San Francisco, June 25.—The German bark H. F. Glade, which sailed from this port 248 days ago, bound for Queenstown with a cargo of grain, was posted today at Lloyd's in London, as missing.

Such action by the great central marine insurance body is practically stating that the vessel has been lost. Nearly all the wise marine gamblers on the Pacific coast wagered that the vessel would arrive safely at her destination, and amounts aggregating \$500,000 were staked on it.

Two of Dawson's Most Young Folks United in Matrimony

A more animated picture and loveliness was never so clearly than that presented by Mary's church last night in occasion of the marriage of Miss Alexis Kalenborn to Mr. Hugh Hughes. Though the church was not crowded yet every nook and corner was occupied by the friends of the couple, over 300 invitations had been issued. It was a fashionable affair, too, a typical Klondike thing, with its wealth of high gowned ladies and well groomed gentlemen. The church was decorated, the chancel being evergreens and mignonette.

Mr. Arthur Boyle presided organ and during the arrival guests discoursed selections from the organ and Saint-Saens. The bride was Dr. A. F. Edwards, Miss Wessel, Mr. Walter Wensky, R. A. Ambold.

Precisely at 8:30 Rev. F. L. Lark accompanied by an orchestra took his place before the altar. A few moments were spent at the groom with his bride. W. G. Cassels, entered the room on the right, and directly in front of the altar. In another moment the bride of the beautiful bridegroom "Lohengrin" were here was a perceptible crack to catch the first glimpse of the bride as she came slowly down the aisle, preceded by the bridegroom, leaning upon the arm of Mr. John L. Sale, at whose place she has made her home for the past two years. As the priest placed at the chancel front approached and to the altar were so soon to be made a sacred short exordium. Dr. Lark's responses were clear, distinct voice, each word, love, cherish and obey the bride was slipped upon the finger and with the words "I thee wed and plight my troth," the beautiful ceremony was at an end. The bride and groom were one. Immediately the couple with their bridesmaids in smiles turned around down the aisle to the presence of Mendelssohn's music. At the entrance of the church they were greeted with a shower of flowers as they entered a carriage was taken.

Brilliant Function

Society Views Be Church Wedding

Two of Dawson's Most Young Folks United in Matrimony

Com

Dominio \$3,000

Including Races, Jumping Handicaps particulars see.