

Those Checked Trousers

Mrs. Stukely was not perfectly happy in her married life and Mr. Stukely was. That is rather an unusual condition, but it was by no means as bad as it might have been, for the one bar to the perfection of domestic bliss in Mrs. Stukely's case was, from a certain point of view, insignificant—a sort of crumpled rose leaf in her fairy bed, a freckle on the face of smiling fortune, if such poetic smiles may be applied with propriety to a pair of checked trousers.

Stukely had been a bachelor for so long that his friends had almost despaired of him before he met his fate in the person of the lady who now adorns his home, the result of which was that he had become "set" in some of his habits. He had certain ways of doing certain little things, particular methods of—well, winding up the clock, for instance; of folding his napkin and arranging special pieces of bric-a-brac—little exactnesses that were rather praiseworthy than otherwise and attachments to peculiar objects. One of his strongest attachments was that which he had formed for the checked trousers.

It was a wonder that he did not wear them at his wedding. He had a sort of theory that their pattern and hue were especially adapted to a frock coat, but his best man overruled an actual suggestion to that effect and he submitted against his own convictions. Nevertheless he wore them to church on the return from the honeymoon, and after that time they were inevitable every Sunday and on all state occasions not demanding full dress.

It was some time before Mrs. Stukely really noticed them, or rather the monotonous regularity of their appearance, and some little time after that before she spoke about them. She felt a little delicacy on that score. One day, however, she remarked: "You've had those trousers quite a long while, haven't you, my dear?"

Stukely beamed with gratification. "Yes," he replied, glancing at them with a complacent smile, "I've worn those trousers now for nearly five years. You would hardly believe it to look at them, would you? I think they're rather a neat pattern. The check isn't too large and they hang well, too. I believe in avoiding extreme styles in clothes, then a man can get something good and stick to it. Now, this cloth doesn't seem as if it ever would wear out."

"I fancied," said Mrs. Stukely, who disliked checks, "that it did look just a tiny bit worn. Don't you think there is a little threadbare place at the knee?"

"Why, no," replied Stukely, "not a bit of it. They're good for another five years, as far as I can see." He spoke so decidedly that Mrs. Stukely wisely said nothing more at the time. Nevertheless, she made up her mind that the trousers would not last five years longer if she could prevent it in any way.

She hesitated for some time, but the closet door was open and the trousers were hanging in plain sight. It seemed such an easy and simple thing to do. She went to her sewing machine, opened a drawer and took out a little oil can. Then she took down the checked trousers from their hook, spread them out and carefully dropped the oil just above one knee. It made a nice, conspicuous stain, and Mrs. Stukely smiled in a satisfied way and replaced the trousers.

She was so self-satisfied that she did not even blush when Stukely made the sad discovery. He had called her to him and was contemplating the great stain ruefully. "I can't think how it got there," he said. "I am always so careful, and I should think that I would have noticed it when I put them away."

"A stain doesn't always show when it's fresh, you know," said the guilty woman, sweetly. "It's too bad. It's certain that you can't wear them, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," replied Stukely, with a sigh. Then he hauled down the wedding garment, to his wife's profound joy.

About noon the next day a man came to the house and presented a note from Stukely asking his wife to give the bearer the checked trousers. Mrs. Stukely lost no time in getting them for the poor fellow, who looked as if he was in need of something to eat as well as to wear. She asked him, in her kind way, whether he would not like a cup of coffee and a sandwich; but, rather to her surprise, he declined the refreshment, and, taking the bundle under his arm, slouched off with it.

"There's a good riddance," said Mrs. Stukely, as the man closed the door. "I'm glad that I've seen the last of those trousers." She went about her domestic occupations sing-

ing cheerfully. The bar to her happiness was removed.

That was on a Monday. On Saturday the man returned and this time got out of a wagon that stopped at the gate. He carried a parcel under his arm.

"It's my trousers," said Stukely, who was in the hall when his wife opened the door. "I had them cleaned—and, by Jove!" he added as he opened the parcel and held the trousers to the light, "they look better than new."

Mrs. Stukely struggled against an inclination to cry. "I thought you had given them away to the man," she said.

It was more than exasperating the way Stukely crowed over those trousers after that. It was unbearable. But Mrs. Stukely was not at the end of her resources. One day she went to the closet again, and, taking down the trousers, struck a match on the heel of her shoe and burned a neat little hole in them. "He won't get that cleaned out," she said viciously, and she was right.

Stukely blamed himself for his carelessness in dropping burning cigar ashes and was grieved, but he conceded that it was impossible to wear the trousers any longer and said that he would order a new pair at once. Mrs. Stukely breathed more freely. When he brought home some samples of cloth she helped him to make a selection from them.

"It was a most peculiar thing," said Stukely, that evening, smiling cheerfully at his wife across the dinner table. "I went to the tailor's this afternoon, you know, to get measured for my trousers and what do you think I saw there? Guess."

"I never could," said Mrs. Stukely. "Tell me what it was."

"A bolt of cloth of the very same check pattern of my old trousers," said Stukely, triumphantly. "The identical thing, material and everything. I didn't have an idea in the world that there was a piece of that cloth in Chicago, or I'd have had a new pair of them long ago. Wasn't it lucky?"

"Do you mean that you—?" began Mrs. Stukely, with tragic calmness.

"Yes," said Stukely, anticipating her. "I ordered two pairs."—Chicago News.

Julia and the Burglar

Of the two girls one would say Julia is by far the better protection against burglars. Cora is small and quiet and sweet to see and hear. Julia is five feet ten, generously built as to bony framework, and she was born with a dare against all the world. Cora has a nice conscience, Julia none. When Cora tells a lie it is not one, for a lie is a statement calculated to deceive, and no mortal was ever deceived by one of Cora's fibs. Julia, however, fibs by nature and tells the truth only for expediency. Julia has always taken care of herself and scorns men healthily. Cora has always been taken care of and is of a plastic temperament. Yet the two are bosom friends, despite their differences, and Cora admires Julia and Julia dominates over Cora.

The other night it happened that Julia stayed all night with Cora. It also happened that no one else was in the house save Cora's mother. The absence of masculine protection was bitterly bemoaned by Cora, who had received that day the pleasing little sum of \$110, which was in cash and in the house. Julia sniffed scornfully as she deposited her two \$10 bills in the tiny drawer of Cora's writing desk.

"What earthly account would a man be?" she demanded. "I'm not afraid of any burglar that ever drew a pistol. Put your money here and stop fussing."

But Cora fussed and grew exasperatingly nervous over the matter, and finally decided to keep it all where it was in the little chamois bag about her neck.

Two hours later Julia, roused by a slight noise, sat up in bed and looked squarely down the pleasing perspective of a revolver. Her gasp roused Cora, who also sat upright and viewed the spectacle. Instinctively the two girls grasped hands, and Julia drew in her breath as one breathes when about to expel it in

one forcible yell. The grim figure before them seemed to recognize the sound!

"Don't you scream, lady," he said, warningly. "I ain't going to hurt you, but I want to know where your money and rings are."

"Take that horrible thing away," Julia said, in a voice that Cora did not recognize, it was so thin and quavery. "Here are my rings and my money's yonder in that desk—the little drawer." She held out her hands.

"Good," said the gentlemanly housebreaker, as he pocketed three rings and gained possession of the money, still keeping the girls carefully covered with the revolver. Then he came back to the bed. "Now you!" He was standing over Cora.

Julia turned sick with dread. That frail little thing beside her—what would be the effect, not so much the loss of the money she had but of the fright and shock?

"I'm staying all night with her," said Cora, calmly. "I haven't a single thing with me."

A slight gasp from Julia made the masked gentleman turn a threatening glance on her, but Julia had no spirit left for screaming. She sat up and listened to the conversation.

"No," said Cora, sweetly, in reply to a stern question, "not even a pocketbook."

"Give me your rings, then," growled the baffled burglar, convinced of the truth of her words by her utter confidence and lack of constraint.

"I don't wear rings at all," said Cora, frankly holding up her hands.

Julia gasped again as she thought of the two solitaires and the diamond and emerald one and the pearl one and the beautiful ruby that had gleamed on Cora's hands in the moonlight just as they went to sleep. Yet they were quite bare now.

"Anybody else here?" the burglar growled again in deep disgust.

"Just their man," said Cora, with a gesture toward the dumb and stricken Julia. "I wish you'd go now, please."

"Anything to oblige you," remarked the burglar. "Thanks to you, ma'am, for the two tens and the sparklers. Good night to you."

"Where had you put them all?" asked Julia, as the burglar vanished.

"Here with my money," said Cora, faintly touching the chamois bag.

"Oh, Julia, I'm perfectly sick with fright."

"Pshaw!" said Julia, grimly; "I'm cool as a cucumber."—Chicago News.

The Visit

Just a prince of royal line—
Just a pageant gay and fine—
Roll of drums to marching feet,
Waving banners, music sweet,
Laughing speech and outstretched hand,
Welcome over sea and land!

But in all this outward show
Deeper meaning we may know;
In the outstretched hand we see
Latest human victory;
Friendship that will bind the earth
In the only bond of worth.

In the soldier's tread, at last,
We may hear the bugle blast
Of "the piping times of peace,"
When, oh joy, all wars shall cease,
And man's steps it shall presage
Marching to his heritage.

In the laughing speech so fair,
As it thrills through all the air,
Speaks the warmth of human love
That our brotherhood shall prove,
And the martial drums keep time
To our heart-beats like sweet rhyme.

While our flag that is unfurled
Tells the nations of the world,
In each crimson stripe and fold,
In each star on azure scrolled,
That 'tis strong enough to shield
All who trust unto it yield.

So, fair prince of Saxon blood,
In our veins runs kindred flood,
And the clasp of our strong hands
Will be felt in other lands,
As the pledge of Saxon race,
To great justice in all place.

Neath its aegis shall live on
All that heroes ever won,
All that prophet and that sage
Gave to man in every age,
That could animate, inspire,
Touch his soul with heavenly fire.

Till the whole wide world shall be
From the reach of sea to sea,
From the set of sun to sun,
Promised Land redeemed and won—
Saxons' conquest, made by them
Holy New Jerusalem.

—Annette Kohn in Boston Transcript.

Chicago Fire

Chicago, July 16.—The Ridgland power house of the Consolidated Traction Co. was partly destroyed by fire early today. Forty street cars and the summer's supply of coal were destroyed. Loss, \$100,000.

Studet by Proxy

Chicago, July 12.—Sharing her husband's ambitions, toiling by day and by night to carry studies in the University of Chicago while he earned a living by teaching school, a young wife, Mrs. Robert Gordon Jeffrey, yielded her task to the husband, when he took up his work at the university, three months ahead of his class by reason of the devotion of the woman.

The student-wife registered under her husband's name at the beginning of the summer term at the university, and struggled with the intricate problems of the college course. At night she taught her husband who had spent the day in a Chicago school room as the family bread winner.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey are candidates for a bachelor's degree, but lack of means prohibited them from entering the university. Giving every moment of her time ungrudgingly, Mrs. Jeffrey began her studies under the name of "Robert Gordon Jeffrey." Day after day—ever since she assumed the double task as student and teacher—the other students have heard her answer "Here" when the husband's name was called.

Many of them wondered about this feminine "Robert Gordon Jeffrey," but they saw she was too busy to stop and explain, and none ever asked her to do so. They learned, however, that the real Robert Gordon Jeffrey was attending the university by proxy.

When the students assembled in one of the lecture rooms yesterday and the professor reached the name of Jeffrey in the roll call, the feminine voice did not answer, but, instead, in a deep base voice came the answer, "Here." The students turned and saw in the chair formerly occupied by the woman a studious and serious-looking man. They did not know the reason for the advent of the man under the name formerly borne by the quiet little woman. The faculty had kept sacredly guarded the story of the wife who gave her time and talent for her husband.

When the summer term at the university began Mrs. Jeffrey, who with her husband lives at 746 West Seventieth street, asked Dean James H. Tufts for permission to register under her husband's name, and it was granted. From that time on she attended the lectures and toiled in the laboratories, striving with the other students. She studied constantly, gave the closest attention to every demonstration in the class room, and took copious notes on every lecture. At night the two would study the notes while the wife would repeat the demonstrations she had watched at the university.

When the day's work was gone over she would begin her studies for the next day. Each morning at an early hour the husband and wife left home for their work.

Robert Gordon Jeffrey, school teacher, finished his work last week. Robert Gordon Jeffrey, college student, began his work yesterday. At the home on Seventieth street there is a tired little woman—tired, but willing to work on until she sees her husband's ambition realized. The plan was hers at first, and she never faltered for a moment while carrying it out.

When Jeffrey entered the university yesterday he surprised his fellow students by his proficiency. The "new" student seemed conversant with every question brought before the class, and he was familiar with every incident that had occurred during the period particular studies had been pursued.

He was three months ahead of the other students, and was allowed the advance credit by the faculty; who have watched the progress of the substitute student and knew of the advancement of the absent Robert Gordon Jeffrey, whose young wife is being pointed to as a living argument in favor of coeducation.

Supposed to Be Dead

Binghamton, N.Y., July 12.—The fact that George B. Mattice, of Elmira, was indicted on the charge of being responsible for the death of a man who is alive will necessitate a resubmission of his case to the grand jury. The case was to have been called for trial in the county court, but the discovery of this error puts it over.

Belgian Queen Ill

Spa, Belgium, July 15.—The Queen of the Belgians is suffering today from marked weakness of the heart, and her condition is arousing much anxiety.

Was Mob Fither Way

Guthrie, O.T., July 22.—Governor Ferguson was forced tonight to withhold his decision on a requisition for the commutation sentence of death imposed on Cephus Bruner, a half-blood Seminole Indian negro boy, convicted of murdering, on December 24 last, a white boy, Martin West, near Violet Springs, O.T.

The governor was notified that if the sentence was commuted there was great danger of a mob taking Bruner from the Tecumseh jail and lynching him, and if not commuted that a party of Bruner's friends are ready to cross the Seminole line into Oklahoma and liberate him. It was a mob either way, so the governor sent a sealed verdict to the Pottawatomie county sheriff, and Bruner will be removed before either party can reach him. On account of the boy's extreme youth—only 14 years—the general opinion is that the sentence is to be commuted.

After the murder of West a mob, failing to find young Bruner, lynched his older brother, in the Seminole nation.

Patti Made His Reputation

Adelina Patti was not always such a "gold mine" to managers as some may suppose, says Leslie's Weekly. When she visited New York in 1880, her manager, Signor Lugo, overreached himself by starting out on a

ten dollar admission basis, and the venture was a financial failure, with- standing Patti's great artistic success. She sang to a fourteen hundred dollar house on the first night and on the second to \$400. She was discouraged, as it was her own fault, and gave it up.

The late Henry E. Abbey, who was bold in his speculations, then engaged her and her company at \$5,000 per concert. He began at Wallack's theater at Thirtieth street, giving scenes of opera, and the concert there averaged over \$7,000 a performance, but he lost in the out of town concerts \$20,000.

A little later, being asked by Vivo to take Patti to San Francisco, Abbey replied, "My dear Mr. Vivo I have got enough of Patti. I had \$20,000, but I made a reputation."

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The improvements now under the Lancaster & Calderhead completed will make it the best and most commodious along the water front. The new building has been bodily raised four feet higher thus bringing the dock up to the level of the docks adjoining. Workmen are now engaged in placing the solid foundation beneath which will support the superstructure and when that is finished the warehouse will be so extended over the entire wharf affording double the present capacity. The new structure is to be laid and a new class of dock is to be put in. A new management will also be put in the offices abutting the wharf. There is now but one track to be occupied by the Merchants Transportation Company. The street immediately in front of the property will be filled up so that backing in for a load will be done in the door of the dock about 100 feet with their wagon boxes. A passageway will be left in the front to the rear wharf which will be constructed so that at the White Pass wharf in front of the Aurora wharf Calderhead is determined to have his dock like his steamers second to none on the river. The unloading of cargo and the loading of trucks will be greatly expedited by the new building, and the full capacity of the warehouse the full dock will afford a large storage capacity.

Freight Makes Good Time

P. F. Scharschmidt, manager of the river division of the Pass, arrived yesterday with a horse and will remain in Seattle several days in connection with business pertaining to this end. Freight is moving much more this season than ever. Shippers have but little complaint of delayed consignments as frequently happened in the past. In one instance a consignment recently from the outside was a heavy shipment in iron. It left there on the Union Pacific on July 11, made close time both at Skagway and at White Pass and arrived here on the 18th, being a few days less than a week en route. The consignment did not arrive until after the 18th. Dr. Scharschmidt states that White Pass boats will remain in Seattle this season until the middle of the month when they can run.

Baseball Tonight

The Rival and Yukon baseball teams will play a game tonight on the grounds of the Rival. Dr. Scharschmidt states that the game will be a close one. The lineup is as follows:
Rival—Hickey, second base; center field, Rinehart; Kennedy, third base; Rival, left field; Forrest, pitcher.

There May be Others

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