

FAITHFUL BERT HOWARD

What Was Seen by the Theatrical Ticket Seller.

The Sad and Eventful Outcome of the Marriage of Pretty Una Defoe in New Hampshire.

(From Friday's Daily.) For two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of our particular star had preceded us to the Pacific coast, and the welcome we received was very enthusiastic, inciting the company to greater exertions and a deeper interest in the noble profession they had chosen.

"For heaven's sake, Graham, don't sell another ticket!" was the message sent up one night to the manager. "Every seat is filled, and there is no standing room." I was about to close the office when a voice from the crowd attracted my attention. A tall, strange looking man was making his way towards me. His face was strikingly intelligent, but there was a look of sorrow and care that was quite affecting. His clothes, once fashionably cut and of good material, were now patched and threadbare, while his hat, all dusty and jammed, I never saw equalled. As he pushed his way through the crowd, heedless of the angry words and looks that greeted him on every side, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side. The way he used the whole arm, however, convinced me that it was abundantly able to do duty for both.

"I beg a favor of you," said he. "I want to enter the theater for just a moment. I care nothing for the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard."

"I am sorry, but Miss Howard cannot give you audience until tomorrow."

"No, sir. I do not wish to speak to her. I only want to see her—to look at her."

"And even that I cannot grant. Here are scores of people all about you whom I have refused within the last ten minutes. I cannot issue another ticket tonight. Come tomorrow evening."

He looked around him and then leaned toward me as if to speak, but, seeming to suddenly change his mind, he turned abruptly away and was soon lost to sight.

The following evening his pale, careworn face was the first that met me when I threw up the sash.

"Can't I go in now?" he asked eagerly.

"You are entitled to the first ticket, sir. One dollar."

"I have no money," he replied, in a whisper, "but I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket?"

I could not. The rules of the company forbade, and, giving a firm yet kind negative, I turned my attention to the eager crowd and soon forgot him.

When at last I had a moment's respite, I met his deep, black eyes once more.

"I must see Una," said he. "Cannot you for once depart from your custom? I am poor, as you may see," and he pointed almost contemptuously at his apparel. "I have walked 300 miles to see her, and I must."

He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him. There were at least a score of persons who asked me the same and now stood waiting for my answer to him.

"I cannot blame you," said he sorrowfully, "but I must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one-half hour?"

I cheerfully promised, and I think if I had waited but a moment longer I should have given him a ticket, regardless of the displeasure of former applicants.

He returned sooner than he promised. All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he pushed his way to the delivery. Without a word he threw a half eagle upon the board and, snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change.

Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and entered the theater.

This was the happiest hour to me of the whole 24. Night after night I sat there gazing at Una Howard.

And, with the rest, I worshipped her, but without a single ray of hope.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall. With exquisite grace she acknowledged the tribute and bent her beautiful head as the showers of fragrant flowers and costly presents fell at her feet.

She raised her eyes, and I was startled

by the change that came over her face. Her gaze was riveted upon some object directly in front. There stood the one-armed man, his tall form towering far above the rest, his long, scanty, unkempt hair falling about his shoulders; his burning, devouring eyes looking full upon Una.

Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a faint cry she tottered and fell toward the blazing lights. With the strength of a giant the one-armed man dashed aside everything in his way and, leaping upon the stage, caught the tainting woman in his arms and snatched her away just as the flame began to lick up her light drapery.

"Oh, Una, Una, I have saved you!" he cried, frantically kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una, once more—only once more, and then I am gone forever!"

"Silence!" said a rough looking man who had just come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasping the only arm the poor man had. "Come with me, my man!"

Easily as one could shake off the grasp of a babe did the strange being shake off the grasp of the officer.

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I took the money—stole it, if you will—and I will go with you soon! But not now. Stand off, or I'll fling you off the stage!"

He knelt by the side of the unconscious Una and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more." His prayer was answered. The beautiful eyes opened and a smile of recognition played about her lips.

With a cry of joy the strange man arose to his feet.

"There, sir, constable, I am ready. Do with me as you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, sir, I am harmless now."

Una had now recovered, and as the officer and the prisoner passed off the stage she whispered to me, "Follow them, and release that man at any cost."

I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

"Tell Una I thank her," said he, "and give her my best wishes for her happiness and my farewell."

That was the last of the strange, one-armed man, and no word of him ever passed Una's lips save when she thanked me for procuring his release.

Who was he? Whence did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard?

I have searched far and wide for the answers. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, on rail and on river, on land and on sea, have I followed this man, but can never overtake him. I have now given over the search, and once more I follow Una, the same beautiful, fascinating Una Howard.

In a quiet little village in old New Hampshire I spent a summer month. Among the rubbish that filled the old farmhouse attic I found a pile of village papers, printed years ago, and now my search is over.

"On the 13th inst., by Rev. John H., Bert Howard to Miss Una Defoe, all of S."

"While the people were leaving the church an officer arrested the bridegroom on a charge of murder. He escaped during the night and is still at large. The beautiful bride is prostrated by the blow, but every attention is paid to her by our townspeople, and hopes are entertained for her recovery."

I read no further. I knew enough. My questions were now answered. Poor, faithful Bert Howard!—Philadelphia Item.

Grammar.

A lady was heard to remark the other day: "One finds one's traps so much in one's way in one's carriage. Doesn't one?" There is no doubt that the observation is strictly grammatical and in perfectly good English "as she is spoke" in the dialogues in English novels of alleged high life. Yet a person hearing such and similar phrasology is inclined to sympathize with the inhabitants of Rheims who, on sight of the famous jackdaw. "Regardless of grammar, exclaimed 'That's him!'"

"Are these those?" asked the very good boy in the old story book, and the flippant young girl replied, "Yes; them's 'em." Possibly it is the innate wickedness of mankind which makes the average individual think he would rather know the girl than the boy. Of course, "Between you and I" is villainous grammar, and yet we think more of the boy who, when asked if it was incorrect and why, said: "Incorrect. The lamp post is omitted," than we would if he had used the objective case of the pronoun. The truth of the matter is that grammar is a humbug, just as spelling is. It was Artemus Ward who protested that he "had no use for a man who was so blamed prejudiced that he always spelt a word the same

way." No well regulated tyewriter (the machine, not the girl, is meant) is tied by hide bound precedent in this regard, and will spell just as it likes, and the linotype machine is developing a spirit of independence along the same lines. In MMS. of the early part of the last century there is a delicious freedom as to grammar and spelling that is as refreshing to the soul as a breeze from the sea. The English-speaking world would have remained in the same happy freedom as our ancestors were two centuries ago; if it had not occurred to some one about 150 years ago that he had a heaven-born mission to compile a dictionary. What the world has suffered through his misguided zeal will never be known. Grammar is just as bad. Some fellow laid down the rule that: "The verb 'to be' takes the same case after it as it does before it." The statement is a bald libel on the useful little verb. Long before anybody ever thought of making such a rule, people said, "Its me," and lived long and died happily. Why did not the fellow make a lot of other rules, which would have been just about as correct? A poet of more or less fame has asked:

"'Tis said that the plural of ox is oxen; Then why is the plural of fox not foxen?"

And, when you come to think of it, why not? The same poet, after giving a lot of other examples equally inexplicable, concludes by saying:

"All these go to show that grammar a farce is, For what is the plural of rum and molasses?"

With this unanswerable conundrum we take leave of this perplexing subject.

If all the copies of "May" and all the rules and orders were lost, the business of the house would be got through with much more expedition and quite as regularly as it is when 38 gentlemen discuss the construction of rules and precedents.—Ex.

Following Instructions.

"Young Sammie Spender is carrying out his governor's wishes faithfully, isn't he?"

"How's that?"

"Why, the old gentleman left instructions in his will that after his death his dust was to be scattered to the winds."—Life.

How Legs Will Lengthen.

And now some one has discovered that cycling makes the legs grow longer. Of course it does. It would be strange if it did not. Any member that is much used will undergo the same experience. The left hand of a violinist is usually longer than the right, because of the increased exercise of the fingers. The fingers of a pianist will become longer if enough practicing is indulged in. But as regards cyclists, the stretching process is not carried as far as it was in the days of the high wheel. Then every rider bestrode the largest wheel he possibly could, and cases have been known where an increase of two and even four inches in size was made possible by the elongation of the legs consequent upon reaching to a far away pedal.—Baltimore American.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Evan Harrison violated the tenth commandment and covered his neighbor's fowling piece, a Winchester rifle. Both men resided far up the Klondike, the neighbor's name being Baemen. Harrison likewise violated the seventh commandment by stealing the rifle. Baemen took exception to Harrison's mode of procedure and invoked the aid of the law. The case was heard in police court yesterday afternoon with the result that Harrison began work this morning on a two months' job in the crown reduction works.

Yesterday the world looked good to William Cummings; all nature rejoiced and he rejoiced with it. It was his right. He had \$200 in gold dust, therefore, he could afford to rejoice. In his exuberance of spirit he started out to celebrate, and there is where he was shy on judgment. William poured deeply of the stumber brand of hooch; in fact, he drank \$200 worth of it for, when found this morning asleep on the street, he had no money or gold dust. It had evaporated like hair oil from a marbletop head. When brought into court this morning all William had to show for his \$200 was a dark-brown taste which he should have had photographed for future reference. It looked tough and it was tough for William, who only yesterday had felicitated himself on the possession of \$200, to have to go to the imperial woodpile this morning for ten ignominious days for the reason that he was not in position to pay a paltry fine of \$5 and costs. William doubtless realizes that the way of the transgressor is hard—to quit.

James Godfrey had cultivated a less expensive jag than Cummings, and had taken the forethought to save the price of his fine which was also \$5 and costs.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

The Klondike Nugget

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WILL NOT SUCCEED.

Promoters of government interests have begun to bestir themselves in the matter of selecting candidates for the two seats in the Yukon council. The purpose which Minister Sifton's Yukon brigade have in mind is very clear and needs only to be generally understood to be easily circumvented. They recognize the fact that government strength in the territory is so small that the only possible hope of success for their candidates lies in dividing the strength of the opposition. They propose, therefore, to place in the field two men upon whom the government vote will be centered, and in addition induce as many other candidates as possible to run, in order to draw from the strength of the reform forces.

This intention was made plain by Mr. Noel at the public meeting on Tuesday night and subsequent developments have demonstrated it even more clearly. The fatal flaw in their plan lies in the fact that they have sadly miscalculated the intelligence of the electors of this territory. There are possibly other portions of the world where such tactics might avail, but in this particular instance they will result only in failure. No amount of dust which the federal contingent may endeavor to throw in the eyes of the voters of the territory can turn them away from a fixed determination to place upon the Yukon council two men who will be representative of the people in every sense of the expression.

Three years of hard and unceasing work have been required to bring to the people of this territory an opportunity of expressing by their ballots their condemnation of the federal government's attitude toward the Yukon. The opportunity has come at last and the people are determined to avail themselves of it to the utmost.

The battle will not be won, however, until the ballots are cast and counted. Every man who believes in the reform movement must place his shoulder to the wheel from this time on until election day, to the end not only that a victory may be won, but that it may be won by such an overwhelming vote as to leave no doubt of the desires and intentions of our people.

Such subterfuges as the government supporters are now attempting cannot succeed. The people are awake to the issue. They realize the importance of the contest, and may be relied upon to do their full duty. They will stand together in the fight and by so doing will administer to Siftonian misrule a rebuke so stinging that its effect will be felt in the farthest corner of the Dominion.

Several communications dealing with the present political situation have been received at this office. They are withheld from publication for the reason that they contain offensive personal allusions. The Nugget hopes to see the campaign conducted without mud slinging. The strength of the reform movement is such that it does not require resort to such methods. Correspondents who have arguments to advance are welcome to these columns. We cannot, however, allow the use of our space for the gratification of personal animosities.

In another column will be found a communication from the citizens' committee through the secretary, Joseph A. Clarke. The appeal made therein for funds with which to meet the legitimate expenses of the campaign should meet with ready response from all who are interested in seeing good government established in the Yukon territory. It is a battle for popular rights and as such is entitled not only to moral but financial support from the people.

A government victory at the approaching election means a continuation of laws such as have served in the past to drive thousands of men away from the Yukon. A victory for the people means recognition of the demands which the

people have so earnestly sought during three years past. It should not take long for the man who is not in the pay of the government to determine how he stands.

According to the "sour doughs" who have returned to Dawson from Nome, every old timer in that benighted town who possesses the price of a steamboat ticket is heading for Dawson. In view of the fact that steamboats arriving from below are not overcrowded with passengers it would seem that the all important price must be lacking in very many cases.

It will not be a great while until the telegraph line will be completed, giving through communication between Dawson and Vancouver. When it is possible to send a message to Toronto or New York and receive an answer the same day the much talked of isolation of the Klondike will have become a thing of history.

The Nugget published yesterday, ahead of all contemporaries, the news of the repeal of the claim reservation regulation. The telegraphic service of this paper is ahead of all others, a fact which the public at large has not been slow to realize.

King Is Tired of It All.

Sitting upon his bed in a narrow cell in the barracks prison, Murderer King looks much as he did at his last appearance in the court room on that memorable day when he startled and horrified all within the sound of his voice by the dramatic recital of his awful crime. He was tanned and bronzed then by the sunshine and winds of years of outdoor life, and his confinement of course is making his skin whiter, but he is losing no flesh, and looks strong and healthy.

Armed with an order for admittance to the presence of Alexander King, who is under sentence of death, a Nugget representative yesterday presented himself to Provo Sergeant Tweedie, who, after examining the sheriff's order, led him to the cell occupied by King, before the door of which paces an officer constantly, and as the front of the cell as well as the door is grated, every move of the prisoner is noted.

Sergeant Tweedie unlocked the cell door and stepped inside, telling King that a Nugget representative wanted to talk with him, and asked him if he desired to see him.

"No, sir, I do not," was the reply. "I do not want to see a newspaper or any one connected with them. I am tired of them."

"It was thought," said the Nugget man, "that you might have something you would like to say to the public through the press."

"No, sir; there is nothing I care to say to the public or to a newspaper. I am tired of it all and have nothing to say." Then the old man bowed his head, which is thickly covered with long gray hair, over his magazine and appeared perfectly oblivious to the fact that he was not wholly alone.

His manner was perfectly calm, notwithstanding his well known antipathy to the press, and were it not also a well known fact that he is also at odds with all manner of religions it might have been supposed that he had made his peace with heaven, as well as himself, and was waiting with calmness for the end.

He said recently when approached by a minister of the gospel on religious topics that he had long since concluded that it was his best policy to have as little as possible to do with preachers and lawyers, and he believed neither could be of any use to him whatever now.

He is like some of the typical frontier characters portrayed by Bret Hart, who accept their fate as their lives lead them to expect it, and meet death with the calmness of philosophy. He is not, however, either a stoic or a philosopher, as it has been seen that he can be moved to excitement bordering on frenzy and resembling insanity. No one, though, could have believed he was touched by the spirit of unreason, had they seen him in his cell yesterday.

Will Ride the Air.

Prof. John Leonard, prince of the air, has returned to Dawson from Nome and will favor the people of this city with an exhibition of his daring skill as an aeronaut and parachute jumper next Thursday afternoon. At this time Prof. Leonard will take up with him a small dog, which he will drop with parachute attachment before starting on the descent himself. Further mention will be made as to the hour of the exhibition. Prof. Leonard is a favorite with Dawson people, in that his entertainment is always successful.