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Preacher After a Wife

desire to correspond with Christian ladies of good health and means, between the ages of eighteen and forty, matrimony. I am a Congregationalist, age twenty-nine. Full particulars, description and photographs exchanged in first letter. Address—Rev. G. W. Brownback, No. 12 Chestnut street, Reading, Pa.

References exchanged."

Advertisement, inserted in a matrimonial paper, has led to the most remarkable search ever conducted for a bride.

has made the Rev. George W. Brownback, of Reading, Pa., the talked-of clergyman in the States today. He is "swinging around the circle" in his hunt for a wife in a dizzy whirl compared with the journeyings of camels and caravans are testaments.

selected list of 800 answers to his advertisement for a suitable wife. Mr. Brownback narrowed his list down to twelve "likely applicants," as he expresses it.

two weeks ago he set out to visit one of the twelve in turn and decide which should be favored with the hand of the bride. He has visited six of the applicants and is still continuing his travels.

may be married in twenty-four days, and it may be a month before the finish of this thing," said Mr. Brownback.

When I find the woman that I can live with, the rest of this marriage affair can be concluded in a very short time. I shall simply go out a license, call on a brother clergyman and catch the next train to Reading with Mrs. George Brownback on my arm.

I can't be hurried and I can't be hurried. I know just what sort of a wife I want and I'm looking for a reporter for the Sunday Magazine Mr. Brownback consulted for the first time to make a complete statement regarding his extraordinary search for a wife, with particulars of his experiences thus far.

Brownback is of decidedly clerical appearance, from the crown of his bushy, steel-combed black hair to the soles of his small and very shining polished gaiters. He wears a black Prince Albert, a silk wide expanse of shirt front and a small white tie. His manner dignified, not to say staid. His gestures are oratorical, and as talks of his matrimonial affairs sentences roll out as if they were pressed to a mass meeting in Carnegie hall.

Brownback lives in a neat fitted brick house on Chestnut street, Reading, Pa. He boards with the door-plate with "Rev. G. W. Brownback" shining on it in his status as parlor boarder. He sits himself easily in a carved chair with plush trimmings, and he waved his visitor to another plush chair opposite and began to talk.

I am twenty-nine years old, and frequently have reached the age when it behooves me to think about matrimony," said Mr. Brownback. "I have my ideal of a wife, and I will not let my mind that I would never give up until I found that woman. Certainly I'll find her.

The reason so many men fail to find their ideals is that they don't look for them.

can't say that I have ever received paid marked attention to any of course, here in Reading, where I was born and raised, and all young ladies and their mothers know that I'm a minister and a single man—er, well, I've been invited a good deal. We'll put it that way.

I've frequently visited homes and come home to dinner with deacon's of course, and—ah—met the young ladies. But I never went back around time. It is not in my nature to wish to raise false hopes.

Reading is a town where, as they say, there is altogether too much mother-in-law.

an interesting and demonstrative fact—this about Reading mothers-in-law. They are the worst in the country.

some mothers-in-law are among the best women that God ever made, but they have common sense, too. You don't find them in Reading. Consequently I decided to turn to the rest of the country for a wife."

and why did you turn to a matrimonial paper?"

"I'm coming to that," pursued Mr. Brownback placidly. He crossed his right leg over his other leg, and tightened his immaculate tie and brushed some invisible dust off his coat. Mr. Brownback frankly admits

both parties, these visits of inspection?"

"Not at all; nothing of the sort. I have with me the lady's photograph. She has mine. As I step from the train she is usually at the station to meet me."

"This is Miss or Mrs. So-and-So!" I inquire, or something like that, you know. Then she usually replies:

"It is. You are Mr. Brownback, I believe?"

"Easy, you see. Since my name has been in the papers so much lately there is ordinarily a big crowd at the station to see me. What of it? This is a free country, and I'm Brownback plaridly. He crossed his right leg over his other leg, and tightened his immaculate tie and brushed some invisible dust off his coat. Mr. Brownback frankly admits

having one wooden leg. But, as he justly adds, it is only one, and a neat, well-fitting wooden leg at that.

"I know a minister who secured a wife by advertising, and he did very well indeed. Through his wife's people's influence he has a good church and is, as I may say, living in luxury and doing good work in the salvation of sinners."

"Don't get the idea that I'm mercenary, though," added Mr. Brownback, hastily. "Money will absolutely not influence my choice at all. I merely mentioned my friend's case because this is what led me to insert my advertisement in the paper."

"Of course it looks as if a young man, an eligible young man, ought to meet some suitable young lady in his own town. Yet, if you'll reflect, you'll see that they don't do it. They simply marry without due reflection, and, if I may say so, the devil is to pay."

"Answers to my advertisement? Oh, my! Answers? I should say so. I received in all before I started out on my journey of inspection about twelve hundred letters. I used to sit up until 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning reading these letters. The strain was so great that my eyes gave out and I had to consult an oculist. It was, however, a task which no conscientious person could avoid."

"Ah—where was I?"

"No conscientious person could avoid," prompted the reporter.

"To be sure. Well, to show you that I am very serious about this thing I will tell you that I even wrote to the chiefs of police of several cities to have inquiries made as to the character of some of the applicants. Some of them I had looked up by detectives at my own expense. I began correspondence with the most likely applicants last fall, and by six weeks ago I had narrowed my eligible list down to just eight."

"I notified these ladies that I would call at a certain date to see whether we could bring our negotiations to a satisfactory termination."

"Satisfactory termination," said the reporter, furnishing the cue again.

"Thanks. Ah, er—"

"Just what are you looking for in a wife, Mr. Brownback?"

"Dark hair."

"Dark eyes."

"Comely, neat appearance."

"Practical Christian piety."

"Good housekeeper, but not too fussy."

"Excellent health."

"Must know how to sew and cook."

"Woman who will not try to boss her husband."

"Woman who will accept the word of her husband rather than that of her mother."

Mr. Brownback enumerated this bill of particulars and then proceeded to elaborate it a little. "I won't absolutely say that I shall not marry a light-haired lady, but my affections always somehow seem to turn toward dark-haired ladies."

"Grass widows, of course, are barred unless they furnish a mighty satisfactory reason for being grass widows."

"As to age?"

"Age," repeated Mr. Brownback with a decidedly downward inflection in his voice. "Now, in the main I should say that nearly all of the 1,200 ladies who have honored me with applications have been very honest. Indeed, they have in everything except this age question. I can't trust them in that, I regret to say. They have not been so frank and so explicit as I should wish. I don't care for a wife under twenty nor over thirty-five. It does look as though that was a liberal scale, doesn't it?"

"But there is just where the worst hitch, so far, has come."

"The first lady I visited was Mrs. Brewster, of Glastonbury, Conn. She certainly was nice, but her age was the only thing against her. She was away over the age limit. Of course, I didn't say so, but I made up my mind right away that it wouldn't do."

"She is a rich lady, very pious and all that, and I did regret very much to decide against her. But now, for instance, I stayed there several days, and I noticed as we sat talking before the fireplace an evening Mrs. Brewster would fall asleep—just sit there and nod and nod."

"Of course, there's no company in that sort of thing. Somehow Mrs. Brewster got the idea that I was going to marry her sure, and when I left she had hysterics. Since then her pastor has written me that she has gone into nervous prostration. Too bad, too bad!"

"Isn't it a little embarrassing for

months, one paper reflects somewhat sadly on the fact that he paid more for it than the British nation ever gave for a single picture, though, instead of paying £100,000 (\$500,000), the National gallery was offered the picture years ago at a low price, which it refused to pay.

It is said that the picture probably will remain in Mr. Morgan's English residence after it is withdrawn from the National gallery.

Referring to the rumor that Mr. Morgan has purchased the White Star line, the Outlook says:

"If the Morgan syndicate or other American combinations accomplish even a quarter of the projects with which they are connected by rumor, the world will shortly be so Americanized that nothing will remain but to adopt the Stars and Stripes as the common flag for the great powers."

Yet the Outlook declares that American "hustling" is provoking competition in Europe and cannot fail to be beneficial, especially to Great Britain.

Was Lipton's Idea.

London, March 29.—Thomas Lipton conceived the idea of King Edward's coronation dinner to London's poor, according to a statement in To-Day, and Sir Thomas wished to find the money himself.

He offered to place enough in the hands of a responsible committee, but the idea seemed such a happy one that the King decided to identify himself personally with it and to supply the money from the Privy Purse. It was at King Edward's request that Sir Thomas joined the committee of mayors who will superintend the dinner.

Complicates Trade.

Washington, April 5.—The division of insular affairs of the war department has prepared a statement giving an account of the weights and measures in use in the Philippines. The extension of commercial intercourse between the United States and the islands, the statement says, is attended with great inconvenience and expense growing out of the complicated system of weights and measures in vogue in the archipelago. As compared with the United States denominations and values, they are difficult to acquire and still more so to execute, either in transactions or accounts.

So far as recorded history goes, China has ruled the commercial transactions of the Oriental world. That empire gave its measure of value, it is unknown how long ago, but for nearly four centuries the islands have been ruled from the west, and the same to the other archipelagoes to the south and to India. The Haikwan, or customs-house tael, is the standard weight and value recognized in the custom houses of the thirteen treaty ports (each of which has also its own tael) in transactions, and is also used among the Chinese and other eastern traders and merchants in their commercial dealings in the Philippines.

The statement gives in detail the various measures used in the islands and concludes by noting the fact that in the pending legislation in Congress the metric system is proposed as the standard for transactions of commerce and account.

Representative McCreary of Minnesota tells a story of a man who was running what is known in that country as a "blind pig." In the east the establishment would be known as a "speak-easy."

According to Mr. McCreary, the man was arrested, tried, convicted and fined. He went back and again engaged in the business. He was again arrested, again tried, again convicted, and again fined. He returned to his illegal business. After this performance had been repeated several times the magistrate questioned him:

"How long," asked the magistrate "are you going to keep this thing going?"

"As long," was the reply, "as there's eight cents' profit in a ten-cent drink."—Washington Post.

Mrs. Sinsit—How are you making out at breaking your husband of the liquor habit?

Mrs. Newliwed—Grandly! The first victory belongs to me, as George gave right in to my first suggestion.

Mrs. Sinsit—How noble! What was your suggestion?

Mrs. Newliwed—Well, I suggested he drink as much water as he did intoxicating drinks, and he promptly promised that for every drink of whisky he took he would take a glass of water right after it.—Philadelphia North American.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torbins, "I want you to promise that you will not lose any more money on horse races."

"I won't bet a cent."

"Now, that's just sheer contrariness. You know, if you don't bet, you can't win."—Washington Star.

Morgan Lends Picture.

London, March 29.—J. Pierpont Morgan's famous painting by Raphael Padua, from the Folio gallery, is a picture of the Madonna of St. Anthony of attracting much attention at the National gallery here, where all comers may see it free.

Commenting on Mr. Morgan's kindness in lending the picture for six

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