

SHE WAS HARD UP FOR CASH

And the Man in the Moon Came to Her Rescue.

Story of a Family That Was Wont to Indulge in Little Jangles Over Money.

"It simply won't do," observed Mr. Portland-Rhodes, with emphasis.

"May I ask what you are talking about?"

"I am talking about your extravagance," said her husband. "If it continues, you will simply burst up the show," he added, relapsing into slang.

"I'm afraid your theatrical friends are demoralizing your English."

"The English language has nothing to do with the conversation," he snapped.

"Not with your conversation, dear," said his wife sweetly.

"And I'm tired of these dark allusions to my theatrical friends. It's absurd to imagine that because I take a girl to supper that there's anything in it. She was an old friend."

"I should hardly call her old," said Mrs. Portland-Rhodes critically. "Suppose we say middle-aged?"

"Anyway, we are drifting from the point."

"What is the point of this dialogue?" inquired his wife, with extreme affability.

"Your extravagance. I cannot stand the pace. What's to be done with these things?" indicating a little pile of bills.

"I'm afraid I have no head for business," said his wife, looking tired.

"But how are we going to meet them?"

Mrs. Rhodes sniffed her smelling bottle with an air of extreme patience.

"Why not write out a check?" she murmured.

"Write out a check?" he gasped.

"What the?"

"If you wish the servants to know all our private affairs, I'll ring the bell," said his wife. "But don't shout, dear, because it makes my head ache."

There was only one reply for an independent husband. Mr. Portland-Rhodes gathered up the pile of bills, housekeeping and otherwise, placed them by his wife's plate and stalked to the door.

"You've made a very poor breakfast, Charles," said his wife sympathetically.

"And you'll make me a very poor man," he muttered.

"I'm sorry, dear. I forgot how many calls you have upon your private purse."

This was the last straw. The husband banged out of the room, muttering expressions which would not be permitted even at a religious demonstration.

It was a pretty piece of acting on her part—the airiness, the nonchalance, the magnificent contempt for debt. It was all put on. She was in a complicated frame of mind. She was jealous of her husband on account of an innocent "spree" of his, which green glasses had made hideous. She was uncomfortably conscious that she was on the high road to make a fool of herself. She was up to her pretty little ears in debt, and, above all, she was in a lunk about it.

In short, Mrs. Portland-Rhodes had cast herself for an unsuitable role. At the bottom of her heart she was a romantic little creature, ridiculously in love with her husband, with philanthropic tendencies and a reasonable weakness for "dressing decently."

There is no more pitiable sight than that of a scrupulous person trying to be unscrupulous. She hated to owe money, but to keep level with the times she ran headlong into debt and suffered agonies. She adored her husband and quarreled with him. She despised married life and was carrying on three open flirtations, to say nothing of a mysterious one at the mere thought of which she trembled. In short she was a poor worried little woman who was walking in slippery places and expecting to come a cropper every minute.

A week before she had attended a fancy dress masked ball given at the Ambidextrous. Mrs. Rhodes was robed in the Morning Star and paired off with the man in the moon. She believed her partner to be a certain Percy Ladbroke, whom she counted among her admirers. They became quite confidential, and Mrs. Rhodes rather let her out of the bag with regard to her financial scrapes. The man in the moon was sympathetic. He had had a "straight tip." Should he put a bit on for her? Mrs. Rhodes hesitated for

a variety of reasons, one being that she had no spare cash to lose, and was already out of her depth.

"I'll tell you what I shall do," said the man in the moon. "I shall have a flutter myself, and I'll buy a few shares for you too. If it turns out badly, I'll get it back for you some other time. But it's too good to miss. You must be in it."

This arrangement sounded very comfortable and Mrs. Rhodes assented.

Her first shock was received next day when she learned that the man in the moon was not by any means Percy Ladbroke, as that young gentleman was away in the country. The next shock was a polite letter of congratulation from the man in the moon, inclosing a note for \$1000. The dabble in Angelicos had succeeded beyond her expectations.

It was a curious position for a married woman. What was she to do? A man she did not know, for he had not even signed his name, probably thinking she already knew it, had sent her a round sum of money. He might be mad, but who would believe the story? Would any sane person, especially a mere husband, believe that a stranger would hand her a share of a speculation in which she had not staked a farthing?

On the other hand, she gave a sigh of relief when she recollected that, not knowing who he was, she could not return it. That fact, combined with the pile of bills and her husband's irritation on financial subjects, decided her, and she cashed the note, and utilized it to stop the mouths of her hungriest creditors. But it seemed as if she was doomed to face the unexpected. It happened that night that, for a wonder, she and her husband dined tete-a-tete. He was gloomy and silent; she as airy and flippant as usual.

"I have had a lucky speculation in Angelicos," he said quietly when the servants had left the room.

"You don't look as if you had," she said, cracking a nut.

"And I hoped to give you a pleasant surprise," he added, "so I drove around to some of your people this afternoon to pay your bills."

She went white and nearly pinched a finger instead of a nut.

"I was rather surprised to learn that you yourself had been around this morning and paid them money on account."

There was an uncomfortable silence while his wife restrained a desire to use unladylike language on the subject of Angelicos and pleasant surprises generally.

"That was very kind of you," she said at last.

"May I ask where the money came from?" he asked.

"I never knew anybody to talk so much about money as you do," she said evasively. "Suppose you try another subject?"

"You have been telling me for several days that you are hard up," he continued in the same dry voice. "I should really like to know how you contrived to pay away the best part of a couple of hundred in cash when you are without funds."

"I had a little flutter in Angelicos, too," she said easily.

"Who put you on to it?" he asked sharply. "There were not a dozen men in town who knew anything about it."

"I—I met somebody at a dance, and—somehow it leaked out that I was rather hard up, and—and he said he'd put something on for me," she replied. "Of course I didn't know he meant it, but I heard from him this morning."

Her husband whistled softly.

"This is a funny sort of story, Violet, for a woman to tell her husband," he said gravely, but not unkindly. "Who was the man?"

There was something in the tone of his voice which told her that further evasion would be worse than useless, so defiantly she told the whole story.

"May I see the letter which accompanied the note?" said her husband.

She produced it. It was written on club note paper.

"I shall have no great difficulty in finding out who this is," he said. "I shall send a check. I don't want you to take anybody's money except mine."

"Is that all?" she said coldly.

"Have you anything else to say?"

"It's not much good for me to say anything."

"I thought you might like to preach one of your lay sermons," she said.

"Not at all," he answered, with a provoking smile. "I'm not going to make a mountain out of a molehill. But, really, a masked ball at the Ambidextrous and a check from a stranger is almost as naughty as my taking an actress to supper. We seem to be both going to the bad."

This was humiliating. Mrs. Rhodes

expected a lecture and was only being chaffed. Moreover, the chaff was kindly, and she found it rather a struggle to keep the tears back. But when he sat down to his desk and wrote out a check and said, "There, now, will that help you out of your pickle?" she broke down altogether, and wept like an ordinary woman.

"Shall we cry quits?" he said.

"You forget the supper, and I forget the man in the moon."

"Suppose we say a little goose?" he corrected.

After she had left the room he looked at himself in the glass and nodded at his own reflection.

"It's all right now," he muttered, "but she must never find out who the man in the moon really was."

And the reflection in the glass winked.—Modern Society.

New Mints Not Favored.

Washington, Feb. 22.—The liberality of the house committee on coinage in favorably reporting bills for the establishment of new United States mints passes understanding. Immediately following the favorable report on the policy of establishing one of these institutions at Tacoma, comes a report of similar purport on the project for setting up a branch mint at Omaha. The report is made by the same member of the committee in each case, Representative Southard of Ohio.

The treasury department is at present opposed to the establishment of any more mints at any point, but this is of no consequence to the members of the house committee on coinage. Repeatedly the director of the mint has expressed his opinion to members of the committee that he would rather see one or two of the present mints discontinued than to see even one new put in operation.

Strangely enough, some of the arguments used in the report on the Omaha mint bill clash with those that were used by the same committee and the same member a few days ago in reporting on the Tacoma scheme. For instance, it is argued that the whole Northwest part of the country, including Washington and Alaska is easily tributary to Omaha, and that a large business for the Omaha mint would result from the mineral output of these places.

Here are some paragraphs from the report of the committee on the Omaha bill:

"The city of Omaha is the proper place for the establishment of a mint of the United States. It is located geographically almost in the center of the United States, has splendid railroad facilities and is the home of the largest smelting works in the world. As a matter of economy alone the government would be justified in the establishment of such a mint at Omaha for the reason that there would be a great saving of express rates on coins and freight rates on ores.

"There are only three coinage mints in the United States at the present time, one at Philadelphia, another at San Francisco and a third at New Orleans. Railroad facilities leading out of Omaha are of such a character that not only Alaska, but the states of California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, South Dakota, conveniently located, not only for the purpose of having ore smelted, but securing the coinage of money.

"The report does not go into details regarding the expected receipts of bullion from California or other far Western states, nor attempt to explain why California bullion should not continue to be turned in at the San Francisco mint, instead of being shipped to Omaha.

A Night's Stampede.

Monday's stage from Dawson brought to Whitehorse the first news of a rich find of gold on a small creek below Selwyn and about seven miles this side of Island Point roadhouse, and running into the Yukon from the west bank. The creek was prospected late last fall, by a Frenchman named Mascot, and instead of recording the location at once the prospector waited until he received from below an assay of the ore secured, and this only reached him about ten days ago. Mascot at once staked his claim and a week ago Monday went to Selkirk to have it recorded. The telegraph office at Selkirk is not far from the office of record and nobody knows how it happened—in some way the people at Selwyn were advised of the discovery almost as soon as the claim was placed on record.

There was a rush of gold-seekers inaugurated not only from Selwyn but from Renton roadhouse and other points along the trail, and before daylight on Tuesday the entire creek had been staked. One of the drivers for the C. D. Co. was one of the first to hear of the new find and at midnight Monday, after mushing from Renton, staked one of the first claims above Mascot's discovery. By daylight Tuesday 29 claims were staked and as soon thereafter as possible were placed upon record at Selkirk. Mascot had intended to tip the find off to a coterie of his friends as soon as he had recorded his own claim, and was much surprised when he returned to the creek and found it looking like a thriving mining camp with two dozen tents put up at intervals along the gulch. Mascot has given out that the gold secured is very rich, going strong at \$18 to the ounce, but has nothing to say as to how much to the pan he secured. He has not as yet reached bedrock, but is well satisfied that he has struck a rich placer claim. The creek has been named Mascot after the discoverer.—Whitehorse Star, Feb. 27th.

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Public Notice.

The public is hereby notified that at the regular meeting of the Yukon council in the courthouse on Thursday, 14th inst., petitions concerning the adjustment of assessment and the payment of taxes in Dawson will be considered. The council will meet from night to night after that date until the question is disposed of. All interested in this matter are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

(Signed) WILLIAM OGILVIE, Commissioner. c13

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1901.

Hillside claims adjoining the upper and lower half of creek claim No. 84 below discovery, right limit, Bonanza creek, in the Bonanza Mining Division of the Dawson Mining District, plans of which are deposited in the Gold Commissioner's Office at Dawson, Y. T., under receipt No. 45 by R. I. Jepson.

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, U. D. G. A. F. & M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or on before full moon at 8 o'clock p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

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