

# Ade's Love-Making Fable

There was a yearning Bachelor who wanted the Girl so hard that he would come around at Night and look up at the window of her Boudoir and gnaw the Pailings of the Front Fence.

The Fires of Love had got beyond Control and it was time to call out the entire Department. He was for Petty and had no Shame in the Matter. He would send A. D. T. Boy at 8, saying that he would be up at 8 and out if she had received the Note. His Affection was none of your ordinary, half-way Quivers. It was the Real Essence of Googoo, double strength. It was the Omnibus Love that reached out its red-hot Tentacles and twined around all Objects, animate and inanimate, that were associated with little Honey-Bun.

He would have deemed it a Holy Privilege to go around and mow the Grass in her Front Yard.

It was the kind of transfiguring, old-fashioned, romantic-novel Love that made him think well of her Kin-Folks. He knew that any one who was related to the Queen of the Human Race was certainly Right. So he tried to stand Ace with the Old People and a Brother named Walter and a tall-browed Sister who was Intellectual.

Consequently his Work was mapped out for him.

Mopsey's Father was what we might call Liberal in his Views. That is, he was not utterly set against the High Ball as a Substitute for 5 o'clock Tea. Furthermore he has studied his Toe often enough to know from sad Experience the true Value of two small Pairs when they are sitting in.

Had it not been that he took on a daily Package in a Club instead of a saloon, and carried a gold-headed cane, a good many people would have said that he drank. As it was, he simply had the Name of being a High Liver. When he was slightly over-set and carried about 165 in his Girth he was exceedingly Dignified. In fact a Gentleman of the Old School. He objected to playing Poker with a Stranger but he loved to play a Good Friend, so he was no Gambler.

Baby's Mother was exactly the sort that is usually married to an overly Sport. Having found it impossible to wean him away from the Hot Eye and the Saturday Night game that laps over into Monday morning she tried to catch even by summing all the rest of the Universe. She was a member of 33 Organizations that were out to whip the Cigarette, down the Cock and give a lasting Ki-Bash to the Chip and the Kitty. As long as she had a little Money saved she sent it to the Missionaries in Langoo. By attending Services at the Church twice every Sunday she hoped to establish a good General Average for the whole Family.

As for the other members of the Family they knew that she had enough Piety to supply four ordinary Mortals, so they did not have to go out and accumulate any. The whole bunch, Father included, expected to get past the Turnstile on Mother's ticket.

The Sister with the busy Dome was in two or three Philadelphia Library Clubs. She read one Book every day, even in the hottest Weather. She had stopped to take Breath, and Publishers would have secured a contract and she never would have thought of it. On Monday it would be Charles Major, on Tuesday it would be Mrs. Crawford, on Wednesday it would be Marie Corelli, on Friday it would be Emerson Hough and on Saturday it would be Conan Doyle. On Sunday she would hold her own, and try to mentally digest the Book.

There was one who had a Brother with big Hands and Stocky Shoulders. His Conception of a Glad Summer was to get out and play 72 holes followed up by several Sets of Tennis, after which it was time to hit the Flies, and then, in the Gloaming, start in four or five Hours with the Double Ping Pong.

The True Lover thought it a good Policy to cultivate the Quarrel that lived with his Own and On-ly One. As for Father and Mother and the female Bookworm and Athlete, Walter, they were friendly to the prosperous Bachelor, and each was determined to put in a few quiet Days for Sis.

Walter took the Candidate to his Club and gave him Old Money that was 130 Proof and then let him out in a nice little cut-down game. By the time he got away from the Pirates, he was due to show up and attend Morning Services with the prospective Mother-in-law. He let on that he was keen for a good Set on that he was Mother-in-law, and he made an awfully good Show at singing the Hymns that he had not heard for twenty years.

driven out to the claims in a buck-board. For more than fifteen years Waterman held a controlling interest in the Lee mines, and it is estimated that during that time more than \$2,000,000 in ore was taken out. Daily hints were cast in regard to Waterman by those who considered he must have known the locality. Now the finding of Lee's body clears the air. The ex-Governor has been dead several years. Since the depreciation of silver bullion the mines have been idle, but the old story of Abner Lee is often repeated by the desert prospectors. — San Francisco Examiner.

## A Wonderful Cat Farm.

My cat farm was certainly an inspiration. It really began through accident, the inspiration coming afterward. It resulted from two gaunt, tiger cats that a neighbor had heartlessly left to starve, moving away and leaving no home for the poor creatures that had once been so well cared for. And from this simple beginning has resulted my prosperous and interesting farm, that pays me an humble income for my still humble needs, and makes me feel like a feline philanthropist, which in itself is something, when one considers that cats are such intelligent creatures and stand so sturdily in need of comforts and attention in return for which they are ever ready to sing you a cozy song, catch your mice and make your home leak inviting by cuddling down by the fire or sitting in the sunshine of a window.

These two poor cats that were the beginning of things at my cat farm skulked about my house, looking like gaunt ghosts of their former glossy selves; timid, suspicious, wild-eyed, they fled before me till I offered them a large dish of milk and they overcame their fears sufficiently to lap it ravenously, glancing furtively and fearfully at me as I stood a few feet away saying soothing things to them in pity for their plight.

I need not add, I suppose, that I am a lover of cats, no one could have done what I have without that inherent affection for the feline of which some are utterly devoid. There is an intangible something in my heart for cats which makes me believe that I am descended, through long centuries, from the Egyptians who worshipped the ancestors of the

inhabitants of my cat farm, while they sunned themselves beside the Nile and learned that imperious way they have at times. Only those who have been worshipped and had great homage paid to them are imperious, and so I feel the kinship that has come down to us as an inheritance from lotus eating days of the dim past.

As soon as an inspiration came, I set about to carry out its promptings. I sought cats and soon cats began seeking me, and people hearing of the enterprise, or folly, as they called it, commenced helping cats to find me and from two, my four-footed guests grew to twenty in six months. In this time also I had sold a number, for people learning of my farm and desiring well ordered, sleek handsome cats, came eagerly to see what my kennels had to offer and I had already made a bit of money besides paying the expenses of my cats.

After a while people brought cats for me to care for during their absence, and this made me very glad, for I knew that the habit of deserting cats had grown less in my town, and I cared for these boarders with the greatest attention. Sometimes the owners wrote me that they did not care to take the cats back for various reasons, and then they were on sale like the others.

I have also gone in much for fancy breeding, and my little thoroughbred kittens have brought such rare prices that I have come to look upon cat farming as being not only one of the pleasantest pursuits, but one of the easiest ways of making money as well. Such pleasure as I take in the little fluffy kittens that belong to my high bred Persians and Angoras! They are the loveliest, sweetest little morsels of life encased in a perplexity of down, and with the most piquant little faces imaginable.

It is delightful to know that dozens of one's boarders that were once vagrants are now country gentlemen living out their tranquil years in peace and plenty, instead of leading lives of the hunted and despised, for there is no animal, not even of the human variety, that will respond so graciously to humane and gentle treatment and life as the cat, and there is no animal that will so rapidly lose its self-respect and become so sulking and wretched under adverse circumstances.

Since I have gone into cat farming so extensively I have had a long shed

turned into a comfortable home for them, for cats in winter should not sleep in very warm rooms, only the fancy breeds having that prerogative. In consequence, the fur of the cats is thick and glossy and beautiful, and they take pride in keeping it so. There are boxes filled with bedding ranged at the sides of the shed and here they sleep. Their meals are served to them in this same shed on clean tin plates, and thick earthen dishes that are washed and scalded as regularly as they are fed. The meals are served night and morning.

Back of my orchard I have made a little graveyard, and here lie buried half a dozen of more cats who were too old to live, or were maimed in some way, and I mercifully put them out of the way with a sponge of chloroform that put them into a

le slumber, and they passed away without a hint of pain or distress. — Maude Walcott in Examiner.

## \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mal-amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripes running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or con. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince.  
F. J. HEAMEN,  
Klondike Nugget.

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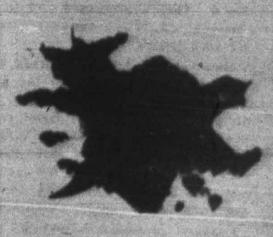
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