

The Nugget's Department for Children

"Saved and Lost Again."

Martin lived with her mother in a dreary tenement house. Her mother was usually away all day working that would give them some extra delicacy for her little daughter's dinner.

One day Mrs. Martin deposited a small sum of her earnings in a cracked tin by the bedside, and daily counted the shining pieces. Sometimes a day would be missed, and the bit of money would be spent in a glass of liquor, and when her mother came home and silently prepared their frugal meal Effie would look at the tin with a reproachful expression. Then her mother would kiss her forehead and say: "My little girl, but alas! she did not keep it."

Then one day but two days more until Thanksgiving, at length, and the savings amounted to a little more than a dollar—not quite enough for the oranges, bananas, and other things which would suffice for a nice dinner. Effie wanted and Effie prayed that her mother might not spend no more for drink. And Mrs. Martin did not keep away from temptation and bought the nickels until the night before Thanksgiving, when she went to the market, feeling repaid for her mother's shining face. The tin was just around the corner, but fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes passed, and then an hour, and still the mother did not return. Effie! She did not know what to do. The light died out of her eyes as she listened anxiously. Suddenly the door flew open and the son of a washer woman who lived on the next floor, rushed in. "Your mother's been run over!" he said, breathlessly, "and they are bringing her home. Hark! They're coming now!"

She turned a white, despairing face toward the door.

"My mother!" she cried. And she heard the tramp, tramp of heavy feet coming up the stairs and the face in her hands.

As quickly as possible the men entered and laid their burden on the rude table. It seemed to Effie as if her heart was breaking. All at once she herself drew close in some one's arms and looking up she saw a woman gazing on her tear-stained face with infinite compassion. "My poor little girl!" was all she said, as Effie sobbed convulsively, and she then stepped from the room at a signal from her visitor.

"See, here is some money found in your mother's hand." Effie looked at the silver! It took a moment to count it. A part of it was missing, and she shuddered as she thought what this might mean. Driven by drink, her mother had been unable to avoid the teams and had been run over. This was too much to bear than anything else. She wiped her white hands and with trembling over her thin face she said: "O dear Saviour! Deal with me in this trouble."

"Don't love Jesus," the beautiful woman said softly, "and I am going to your home with me." And after a farewell to the shadow of

her mother, lying white and still, Effie was taken from the room.

Years passed and Effie, cared for and skillfully treated by an eminent surgeon, became strong and well. A monument was placed on the spot where the body of her mother had been laid away, "in loving memory," and Effie herself is giving her bright young life to the assistance of those who are enslaved by drink, striving to win them to a better way.

Bobby and Prissy.
Bobby and Prissy have said their prayers,
Out they go o'er the dewy ways.
The heads of wheat are lost in haze,
But here and there a poppy flares,
And the bind-weed will open its eye to heaven,
The day began will be steeped in sun.
The clock strikes seven.

Bobby and Prissy must run very fast,
For Bobby knows many a daring feat,
To hinder Prissy so calm and neat;
And orderly Prissy must needs come last.
For Bobby, behold! has jumped the gate;
The table is spread with the milk and the bread.
The clock strikes eight.

Bobby and Prissy must go to school,
Prissy would rather he played not his pranks
On the steepest side of the slippery banks;
But best leave alone for Bobby's no fool;
He knows very well he must fall into line,
And solemnly looks at his crumpled books.
The clock strikes nine.

Bobby and Prissy must sit very still,
The sun shines in with a slanting beam,
And a spider spins in the golden stream.
Bobby, 'tis said, can work if he will,
He watches the spider and bites his pen,
Nor knows he a page of the Feudal Age.
The clock strikes ten.

The tasks must be ready—the master has come.
Bobby breaks out in a loud laugh.
Why?
The old cunning spider has caught a fly.
Bobby's round elbow has rubbed out his sum;
Prissy sits anxious and works for seven.
When lessons are said, the marks will be read.
The clock strikes eleven.

Prissy may go, but Bobby must stay,
With a far off gaze in the deep blue air,
Bobby sits still, and says—he don't care!
Prissy is sad as she goes on her way,
The corn is burning, the blue-bell soon
Must droop its frail head where the reapers tread.
The clock strikes—it is noon.

Prissy goes in at the cottage door,
She would rather have bread for her dinner that day,
Would they give her some work? she would rather not play.
Bobby must keep at his lessons till four.
She sits 'neath the sycamore, out of the sun,
The tears fall bright on her work snow-white.
The clock strikes one.

to pay the amount in court if they asked for an adjournment.
Mr. Robertson did not see this, as his client might win the case.
"What if they do?" said the judge, "then they will get their money back."
Mr. Robertson merely asked for an adjournment to Monday, but the judge would only grant one until tomorrow morning, and he clearly stated that it was the intention of the law that this court was intended to summarize and quickly deal with the cases brought before it, and that it would do so while he presided. If defendants wanted an adjournment it was only proper that they should put up security in the meantime. The court had noticed a disposition in this territory to beat men out of their wages and it would not be tolerated. In nine times out of ten where enlargements had been granted the defendant had disposed of his property and nothing could be obtained when judgment was secured against him.
Mr. Robertson suggested that no such charge could be made against his clients, and the court accepted this statement but added it was a case in which they must suffer, if suffering it was, for the guilty. Case adjourned until today.

Prissy's white work wants care and thought,
Prissy, whilst working, has fallen asleep;
Softly she breathes, all around her the sheep,
Panting, the wide-spreading shelter have sought,
Out of the glare of the deep, deep blue,
And a calf to the shade through the wicket has strayed.
The clock strikes two.

The calf looked long on the sleepy scene,
He looked at the work with the brooder edge,
Then carried it off to eat on the hedge.
The jagged shreds on—the distant green
Were all that Prissy, awake, might see.
Reproaches sore! Long toil is store!
The clock strikes three.

Prissy set out on her way to the school,
You clearly could see in her sorrowful face,
She felt nearer to Bobby in mutual disgrace.
And there stood Bobby, radiant and cool,
For Bobby had said he'd be good evermore!
With a load from his heart, he was free to depart.
The clock strikes four.

Then they sat down in the shade of a tree,
Prissy all-eager her treasures displayed—
Brown bread and honey, a cake she had made,
Apples, just fallen—they feasted in glee.
They thought it was good to be only alive.
There was joy evermore, and the earth was so fair.
The clock strikes five.

The swallows flew past from the green hill-side,
Prissy watched twenty soar up in the blue;
Bobby maintained that he saw twenty-two.
Now this was what Prissy could never abide;
She felt it so much that she gathered two sticks—
It must come to a fight, for she knew she was right.
The clock strikes six.

The shadows lie long in the fields at rest,
Bobby and Prissy go hand-in-hand
As the red light fades on the corn-covered land;
Anger had vanished and love is best.
A day is gone by on the journey to heaven.
Such is the strife of a little child's life.
The clock strikes seven.

CONUNDRUMS.
What fishes have their eyes nearest together?
Why are your nose and chin always at variance?
Why is a thump like a hat?
What river in Bavaria answers the question, "Who is there?"
Why is a horse like the prophet Elijah?
Why is a cricket on the hearth like a soldier in battle?
What part of the face resembles a school master?

Works Perfectly.
Mr. Beraud, the manager of the Ladue stamp mill, was busily engaged yesterday cleaning up his plates and the 10x5 oscillating box which is an ingenious device taking the place of slime tables, to find out how much the ton and a quarter of local quartz run through the mill yesterday panned out in golden dust. He said he would not be able to give a complete estimate until the evening. He had just emptied the sluices and was about to put the result through the chlorination process, for which the mill has an excellent equipment.
For a new mill, Mr. Beraud finds everything has worked as well as could be expected and that no changes will be necessary beyond a few touches to put it into thorough working order. They have ore in hand and will make another test on Monday.

Ruined His "Graft."
A shyster, pension attorney wrote to President Roosevelt and threatened to kill him for ruining his "graft." This is a testimonial to the improved condition of the pension bureau that old soldiers will not be slow to appreciate.—Ex.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

GAME OF THE KLONDIKE

Largest on the North American Continent.

This Country a Paradise for Those Who Have Sporting Inclinations and Time.

"What shall he have who killed the deer," was a song of two or three centuries ago. "D'ye ken, John Peel," is another hunting song of the olden times which is still sung so enthusiastically at every hunting dinner in the old country, that a stranger suddenly dropped down at one of these jovial feasts might rub his eyes and wonder if he had been asleep for a hundred years, or whether such enthusiasm did really exist. He would find that it does, in Merry England. It is a remnant of the old times; it is a spirit of restlessness born in the blood of the Britisher. This was what made the poem of Kipling—"The red gods call me, I must go," such a success. It found an echo in every British heart that had ever breathed the perfume of a wood fire under the canopy of the stars, in the deep sweet silences of the depths of the forest.

The question is, however, where to find game to hunt. In England there is only the tame deer and a little stalking among the wilds of Scotland wrested from the crofters. Even the much boasted wild fox is liable to stop the hunt to have a friendly game of tag with the young hounds, and hunting fell very low when a whole field of perhaps fifty riders and half as many hounds would race over the farmers' fields to destroy the timid and harmless hare. But the point was how to keep up these old hunting associations, hallowed by the memories of generations, when there was nothing left to hunt? Then the hunting Britisher wandered abroad.

The hunting of big game became all the rage among the men rich enough to afford the cost of travel, for it was only to be found at great distances from the large centers of population, and a sturdier and manlier class of hunters was the result. Before Africa was the great field it has since become for the hunter's gun, there were trips made to the American Rockies in search of big game. That there were still buffaloes on the plains to be hunted induced many young Englishmen to come to the west, and taken up with the freedom of the life, resulted in many becoming ranchers. In fact, there was at one time so much western land held by English capital that the matter was brought before congress and the rules under which aliens could take up wild land in the United States were modified.

The buffalo has disappeared almost entirely from American territory, but while he lasted he attracted the intrepid youth from abroad, who saw the richness of the country and were led to invest considerable capital in it. It was the opening up of a wide expanse of territory.
The same may be said of the Canadian Rockies. The immense amount spent in advertising Banff and other points is an indication that such advertising pays. Where is great game to be found is the thing people want to read about.

There is talk now and again of adopting this or that scheme to advertise the Klondike to bring capital into it. Why not advertise the great game we have? The connection between that and capital is not so very remote. A man must be fairly well fixed who can afford to get lost in the wilds for a year for the pleasure there is in it and the joy of talking about it afterwards. And, when once here, the capitalist would see for himself the chances there are to invest to good advantage. Therefore it is timely to draw attention to the advantages we can offer to the hunter of large game.

Back only some few miles from the signal post of advancing civilization, the miner's cabin, the hunter can find in this country the largest moose that is known to exist. Only a few weeks ago there was exhibited in this city the finest moose antlers that are of record. Then there is the caribou, the mountain goat, the mountain sheep and the bear. The hunter has only to spend a few moments before any of the meat markets in Dawson to judge of their size and quality and undoubted abundance. Of fur bearing animals from which he may collect trophies of his prowess, there is a plenty, from the wolf down. Of small game there is also an abundance. He will find the rabbit as plen-

tiful as in the manorial preserves of England, and for such of all kinds, geese, ptarmigan, grouse and so on there are no wilds in the world equal to those of the Klondike.

Then there is to be considered the romance of the country which attaches to the lonely spots where great game makes its lair. And take the fact of a hundred mile spin behind a good dog team to the hunting ground with the thermometer fifty or so below zero. This is something to stir the blood of those who delight to prove their prowess over the wild and often trackless wastes of snow, behind the merry yelping dogs or on snow shoes or skis far away from the camp. The hunter from the east would have a new field here—the last, perhaps, in which great game will still be found, for no one knows how long because few can grasp the immense territory in the northland that still remains for the large animals to roam and breed in undisturbed, except at long intervals, by the presence of the hunter. The rich man of the Klondike has not yet had time to enjoy himself. He goes on a hunt occasionally, and if he only tells something about these hunts when he visits in the metropolis of Great Britain he will find his search of larger capital materially aided by the hunting inducements he is able to offer.

Abolishing the Legal Oath.
Is a man more likely to tell the truth after he has raised his right hand and sworn on the Bible that he will do so?

Modern nations are coming to doubt this. In Germany, oaths have been abolished altogether. In England and Australia the solemn affirmation has now as much force as the most solemn oath. In France no oath is required of members of the legislature. The taking of an oath is a very ancient practice, and it has been followed by the people of all countries. The Medes and Persians swore. The Egyptians and Assyrians swore. Christian and pagan, savage and civilized men, all swore and still swear. The Bible teems with oaths. And probably, the time will never come when the oath will have altogether died out of the world.

There is a great variety in the method, but the object is always the same, namely, to call down on one's self the vengeance of God as the penalty of untruth.

The oath of the Christian takes two

forms. In England, Spain, Italy, Austria and America, among other places, it is taken on the Bible. But the English alone kiss the book. In France and Belgium the Scotch method of raising the hand is practiced.

Parsees sometimes give rise to much perplexity in our courts. They strongly object to being sworn on the Bible, and claim the right to make the oath as in their own country—namely, by holding the tail of a cow. The cow being a sacred animal in the eyes of the Parsee, he can commit no sin while touching it. But there is fortunately an alternative. In the city of London courts, some years ago, it being impracticable to procure a cow, a Parsee took a sacred relic out from his bosom and, holding it aloft, swore impressively, "By God, and God Omnipotent, and God Omnipresent, and God Almighty."

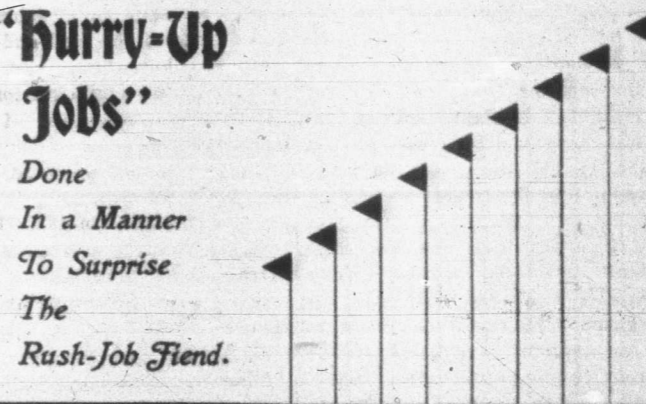
Mahomedans are much opposed to swearing. When they do swear it is a very solemn ceremony, and is performed by holding the Koran in the right hand, placing the left hand on the forehead and bringing the head down to the book. A Mahomedan never commits perjury. In India their prejudice against swearing is so strong that the government allows them to affirm.

Of all the oaths the Buddhist one comes nearest to what an oath should be. Although we swear to tell the whole truth, we either do not understand what we promise to do or we evade the obligation. The Buddhist cannot fall into the former error so clearly does his oath indicate what he has to do. "I swear, as in the presence of Buddha, that I am unperjured, and if what I speak prove false, or if by my coloring truth others shall be led astray, then may the three holy existences, Buddha, Dharma and Pro Sango, together with the Devotees of the Twenty-two Firmaments, punish me and also my migrating soul!"

Hindooes, like the Chinese, have a variety of oaths. The laws of Manu say: "Let the judge cause the prisoner to swear by his veracity; the soldier by his horse or weapons; the merchant by his cattle, grain, gold or other possessions, and the servile man by imprecating curses on his own head."—Ex.

Mr. S. A. D. Bertrand, superintendent of public works, who has been up the river a week or two on a tour of inspection, left Whitehorse yesterday on his return to Dawson.


"Hurry-Up Jobs"
Done In a Manner To Surprise The Rush-Job Fiend.



Printing

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DELAYS NOT TOLERATED
Judge Macaulay In Small Debt Court.
Parties Take Advantage of Enlargements to Dispose of Property.
Judge Macaulay had occasion to express his sentiments pretty strongly this morning on the subject of the debtor's court and what he believed to be its purpose. It was a case in which James Ball sued Hicks Thompson for \$140, alleged to be wages. Mr. Robertson appeared for the defendants and upon statement that one of the firm of town asked for a continuance until next week. The judge said it seemed to him the defendants should be willing