

THE TAMER'S EXPERIENCE
The Revenge of Arati Who Was Detroned

Arati's work at once. This was a calamity not to him who had lost his good livelihood, but to the proprietor who could not afford to lose the spectacle of Nero's cleverness. In his 20 minutes' play the lion was again quiet. I, who fed him, could put him through some of his paces readily.

When Arati's broken nerve became evident the proprietor approached me on the subject of taking his place. I was to have the handsome salary hitherto received by Arati, and I was also to take his name, the trainer to do my work.

This was rough on poor Arati, as from force of habit, he still called him. The proprietor was a business man and could not afford to do anything else, as he pointed out. He increased the salary of Arati's wife, however, and offered to give the poor fellow more than he had given me.

I dreaded the task, but though I was sorry for Arati, I essayed it. I coveted that salary, which would enable me to realize my heart's desire. I should be able to patent my invention, and to put it on the market. If for a very few months, I could dare this awful task of lion play and nightly risk my life as Arati had done for years, in ministering to the morbid fancies of a populace desirous of enjoying the spectacle of a life in danger.

So Arati and I changed places and names, for he took mine, or tried to take it, so great was his dislike of his own; yet Jelly was not better.

Arati's manner, hitherto pleasantly patronizing, changed towards me from the first night I entered Nero's cage. His look was murderous, and yet him an act of speed where once I had been used to stand holding the hot bars.

I pitied him exceedingly, knowing his bitter cause to be his degradation, for his wife, now she was deprived of his salary as it had been, was known to lead him a dreful life at home. At last, however, his conduct grew so bad that I was roused and spoke so plainly that blood was up with both us, and from words we came to blows. After that I never spoke a word to Arati nor did he to me.

Each afternoon I put Nero through his act, entering him by gifts of meat, and using the whip less than Arati had used it, though I had to lay it upon the animal sometimes when he was ugly, just to let him feel he had his master.

One afternoon as I entered the lion room I heard an unusual turmoil and roaring going on. Then out, in a hurry, sprang Arati, with a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past. As I was opening the door I caught sight of his face at the foot of the stone steps, and was struck by the strange look he had.

"Arati will not let me in," he said half aloud to myself as I went into the room where the roaring still went on. "I hope he has been up to no tricks with Nero to make him roar so!"

Tricks! Little did I dream of the full deviltry of Arati's deeds. I had got half way up the room when a sight met my eyes that absolutely froze me into ice. For the most vicious of the beasts, the most intractable of them all, Maris, the evil-natured lioness, whose cubs had been removed from her only that week—Maris was out of her cage, the door of which stood wide.

I took in the terror at one glance, and then I lost my nerve. I felt that death was upon me, and losing my head as I saw the beast crouch, I lunged the contents of Nero's meat basket full at her, felling her leap. Then I turned—a fatal thing to do, but I was in a panic brought by the shock and surprise—I turned and ran back to the door, reaching it just in time to hear the key turn in the lock.

I seized the handle, shook the door, and screamed in my terror, calling wildly upon Arati to come and open. Never shall I forget that awful moment! For Arati had lost his reason that day, being wife-goaded to his mad deed. He had locked the lioness and locked me in with her.

Maris was engaged with the meat. Nero's horse feed proved my salvation. I had but one chance of safety, which I seized even as the thought came that I was lost—the cage.

With a couple of leaps I reached the empty cage and sprang within, drawing the door towards me feverishly. All the cages shut with springs; they could only be opened from without. I was caged like a beast, but safe.

Then I considered that should anyone else enter the lion room, that person would run a terrible risk. Though I might shut my hardest, Maris would be upon the intruder like a flash before he would realize where the voice came from.

And I was supposed to be a lion-tamer, yet there I was in that ignominious position! I began to boil as I thought of it. Then Maris came up and stood looking at me with low growls, with lip-tickings, with tail-lashings, and I was very glad to be where I was.

I wondered how long it would be before the room would be entered. Then I could have howled aloud. For Maris was close to the door and the

key was moving in the lock! Someone was coming in. I got ready for a tremendous shout, but my dry throat seemed ill able to utter it, and it died on my lips as I saw a mad face look in—Arati's face. He saw the lioness and, with a miraculous return of his old power, he made straight for her.

And oh! joy, he had repented of his awful deed. He had the red hot bars. He was again the fearless trainer. He applied the bars remorselessly to Maris. The lioness shrieked, whined, and retreated. She was cowed. I forgave him on the spot for his late work and I saw him belabor the beast and drive her toward the cages. She went under, he pulled the door of the next cage to mine open, then drove the lioness from her refuge and beat her to the cage.

But what was Arati doing? He had caged Maris and shut the door. Surely, he was not opening the partition between the cages? There is a partition that can be opened between every cage in a lion row to admit of cleaning. And Arati was now opening the barred side that divided me and Maris!

"Ah! brave tamer, look after your lioness now!" he said with indescribable malignity, and then I saw his mad face as it glared in at the bars.

"Arati let me out! Let me out!" I kept crying, but he went away with wild mad laughter rushing from his lips. And I heard Maris move!

Then I heard no more. I came round to find myself in safety outside the cage, with many of the show people round me.

It seemed that Arati had been meddling with the building with wild cries of satisfied vengeance. He was secured, and discovered to be quite insane. He was babbling of what he had done. At once his horrified listeners rushed to the lion-room to find the beasts settling down to quietness, while Maris, who had been badly burned by the madman, sat subdued in a corner of her cage licking her wounded paws and rubbing her injured eyes as she whined with pain; and I agonized, as I came out and passed next cage, open to her. They hung the partition shut and got me out. I never again entered a lion's cage, nor never shall.

ROOSEVELT AND BOOKER

As Sized Up by the Great Editor of Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 31. — In a lengthy editorial in tomorrow's Courier-Journal Henry Watterson will discuss what he says will soon be known as "The Booker Washington incident."

"One does not know precisely whether to laugh, or to whistle," he says. "Assuredly, it is the part of wisdom in the Democratic party to say nothing and saw wood."

Mr. Watterson contends that every American citizen has the right to pick his own company. He goes on to argue that Mr. Roosevelt is only shown to be true to his political religion, and cites that his foundation was to free the negro, to seat him in the highest places of the land, and that for a great moral lesson it kept the seat of Jefferson Davis vacant until it could be filled "by a gentleman of color."

Mr. Watterson mourns for Booker Washington, and says that in the end he is to pay the freight. "Truly," he says, "the President did Booker Washington an ill turn."

In his concluding paragraphs Mr. Watterson says: "Looking at it from a partisan point of view, Democrats may take not a little comfort to themselves. Whatever happens, this in not our funeral. Outing in the cold as we may be, shivering as we are, and hungry, yes, verily, and thirsty, yet as we stand around the White House and look in through the windows and see Teddy and Booker hobnobbing over their 'possum and potatoes, not one of us is disposed to envy either of them or to exclaim of either, 'Wouldn't it be bully to be him.' We prefer to take our chances of the future. We had rather wait till our time comes. Somehow the look ahead does not seem so hopeless now the distance so long. For there is here a radical infirmity of judgment, a plain lack of common sense, and, bless the Lord, we are not in it. Indeed, the shortcoming implied by it means a great deal to us. Mistakes, like misfortunes, never come singly. They travel in groups and are cumulative.

"We Democrats have but to go together and to keep our powder dry and carry all before us three years hence, because this young man is a bunch-buster and he is going to raise more of that stuff from the very hot place with the very short name to the square inch than was ever raised before in that particular neck of woods, surnam cords.

"There's a good time coming, boys, wait a little longer."

Adjuncts to Bargains.

Judkins—I learn that through your agent you have bought the properties on either side of your house and got them dirt cheap. How did you manage it?

Foxley—Easily enough. My wife is an elocutionist, my daughter plays the piano, George plays the cornet, I play the violin, Bob plays a banjo, Charley rattles the bones, and little Johnnie has a drum.

Candies, nuts, etc., for the holidays—Kilgore & Landahl's.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

WHERE LOVE IS NOT KNOWN

Instances of Where Men Have Married Out of Hatred

One Man Marries to Avenger a Lost Brother, Another to Ward off Having a Step-mother.

For a man to marry a woman he hates simply out of a feeling of detestation appears a most unconscious thing, but it has occurred, though cases of the kind are exceedingly rare, and it is extremely difficult to possess oneself of the whole facts of such cases.

The younger of two brothers who were strangely devoted to each other had been engaged to a young lady for some few months, when he received a letter from her breaking off the engagement on a mere pretext. Being at the time in very poor health, the young fellow was terribly shocked by the letter that he fell ill with brain fever, and after some weeks of illness he died.

At first the elder brother was inconsolable in the loss he had suffered, but after a time he astonished and even shocked his relatives and friends by paying obvious court to the young lady who was really responsible for his brother's death. He turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and after a brief courtship, married the lady. Soon after the marriage it began to dawn upon his friends that he had married simply to revenge his brother.

Totally ignoring the duties of a husband, he settled down to make his wife's life as unutterably miserable as possible. Never, of course, subjected to violence or abuse, he subjected her to a course of systematic malice and ill-treatment such as few women have ever had to suffer, so that when they had been married barely eight months, and she was not twenty-seven, her hair was turning grey and her face was lined by sorrow. Yet she was always ready to confess that he had never done a single thing for which she could have prosecuted him, and it is questionable whether, if she had sought a judicial separation from him, the court would have granted her prayer. The husband made no secret of his reason for having married her, and eventually her friends insisted upon her leaving him, which she did with his consent after they had been married about eighteen months. But her health had been so ruined by his cruelty that she died soon after the separation.

An actor well known in the provinces is said to have married his wife out of hate, not for her, however, but hate of a gentleman, a solicitor, to whom she was engaged to be married.

It seems that the actor had some good reasons for detesting the solicitor, who had been his friend, and who was hopelessly in love with a talented young actress, he at once set himself to alienate her affection to himself. Despite the fact that the actress was engaged to the solicitor, a fact of which the actor was not then aware, the scheme was successful, the actor succeeded in inducing the actress to jilt her lover in favor of himself and marry him. He left his wife on their wedding day, explaining to a friend who remonstrated with him about his heartless conduct that he could "not bear the sight of the woman," and had only married her to spite the solicitor. Subsequently, husband and wife found themselves in the same touring company, and gradually, by her charming character, the wife won her husband's admiration and affection, and today there is not a more devoted couple on the stage.

A short time ago there was on trial at the matrimonial courts the petition for a judicial separation from her husband on the grounds of desertion. The lady was forty-three and the husband just turned two-and-twenty, and the lady won her suit. But very few persons who heard the case tried were aware of the extraordinary circumstances which led to the marriage which had resulted so unhappily.

The truth, however, was that the young man had married the lady simply and solely to prevent his father doing so. The father, who was a widower, had persistently courted the lady, who was a widow with some means, and the son, rather than submit to her becoming the step-mother of his three sisters and himself and the wife of his father, set himself to win her affection by flattering attentions and all the arts he could command, and he ended by marrying her. Having thus rendered it impossible for his father to marry the undesirable lady he straightway deserted her, as a result of which she instituted a suit against him to compel him to support her. To meet this he filed a petition in bankruptcy on the strength of the law expenses of the trial, and he thus left her in precisely the same position in which she had been before she took action against him.—Ex.

A Christmas present will be given away to every child in the Klondike holiday week at Gandolfo's.

Curing Him of Smoking.

"It will only be necessary for you to drop about half a teaspoonful of the mixture into his cup of coffee each morning," the circular said, "and the taste for tobacco will gradually depart from him. He may not cease the use of tobacco immediately, but within a week he will begin to abhor tobacco if the mixture is given to him faithfully every morning."

And so the young wife sent her half-sovereign on and got a little of the tobacco cure.

"Pretty bad coffee this morning," he remarked, dryly, the first time she dropped the half-teaspoonful of the mixture into his cup.

"It's the same as we have been using all along," she replied, craftily. Now, to behold himself, he was a pretty smooth proposition himself, and he had, unknown to her, seen the package holding the bottle of anti-tobacco mixture when it was delivered.

So after dinner that evening he produced a large, bulky package of fine-cut tobacco from his pocket, and took therefrom Ka plenteous chew of tobacco. It was the first chew he had ever taken, and she marvelled greatly thereat, but she determined to persist with the "treatment."

"Dead rank chicory again this morning, isn't it?" he inquired at breakfast the next morning.

"I'm sure it tastes the same to me," she replied.

That evening after dinner he produced a short, black clay pipe and a package of a new kind of tobacco that was as black as a coal.

"Thought I'd bring this old doozen up from the office," he explained cheerfully. "It's as sweet as a nut."

Whereupon he filled the house with an aroma that was strong enough to break a rock.

"This grocery person who gets all of my wages is certainly doing us on the coffee game," he remarked when he tasted his cup next morning.

"Really," she said, gazing innocently at the bunch of asters in the middle of the table. "I can't detect any difference."

That evening he brought home a box of auction cigars, and when he smoked one of them after dinner all the people in the neighboring flats stuffed cotton in the hall-door key-holes and closed the ventilators.

"I must persist, though," thought his baffled little wife, gloomily.

"Coffee tastes like steved mung-frogons again this morning," he remarked at the next breakfast. She felt a bit sorry for him, but she was determined to use up that bottle of "anti-tobacco" if she had to chloroform him and pour it down his throat.

That evening, however, her resolution deserted her. After dinner, for the first time to her knowledge, he pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one, and began to smoke it.

She went upstairs, poured out the remaining portion of her half-sovereign's worth of anti-tobacco and carefully hid the bottle.

"Coffee's all right this morning," said he at breakfast the next day.

"Yes," she inquired, absently. When he had finished his dinner that evening he lighted one of his usual brand of good cigars.

"Men are mysterious to me," she thought, regarding him out of the tail of her eye.

"Women only think they're foxy," he thought, blowing smoke-rings into the Swiss curtains.—Tit-Bits.

Absent-Minded Professor.

A certain absent-minded professor went to see a friend who had been seriously ill, but who was now convalescent, and took a fine lunch of hot house grapes for the invalid. The old friends were naturally delighted to see each other and were soon deep in an interesting discussion. The professor, with his usual absent-mindedness, began picking the grapes, taking one at a time till every one was gone.

When the time came for him to take his departure he said to his friend: "Now, mind you eat those grapes. They will do you all the good in the world," and went out of the room quite ignorant of the fact that he had devoured them himself.

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