

TRIALS OF A CENSUS TAKER.

He Is Frequently Mistaken for a Book Agent and Ordered Away.

How One Man Found an Old Sweetheart and Later "Took" the Slater Family.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

"Guess you'll have to let me in," remarked the genial census man. "I'm something like the smallpox, you know. Hardly ever get here at right time, but folks just have to take me when I come."

His darts of wit fell back, blunted by the Swedish armor of the maid who stood inside the vestibule and kept the chain on the door. She had been too well trained in her domestic duties to let anything past that door, especially if it came in human guise, until the master or the mistress of the house had so ordered, and to her a United States census taker was no exception to the rule. She understood just what he wanted and was quite willing to accommodate him with all the necessary facts.

"I know," she told him, solemnly. "You ask me. I can tell you."

"No, you can't—not for this kind of census. I've got to see somebody besides you. Heavens, girl—I'm no book agent, and it's hot out here in the sun!"

He drew his wadded handkerchief across his brow and tried to fan himself with the flat black book he carried. The girl hesitated a moment longer and then flew upstairs to the library, where Mr. Slater was dozing in his armchair. "There's a sassy man down there," she announced. "I don't believe he's a census man—he's too sassy."

Mr. Slater, who had staid at home from business that day because he was slightly under the June weather, chuckled to himself as he reached for his cane. "That's all right, my girl, he told Thekla. 'They generally do get sassy about once in ten years. I'll tend to it.' And he buttoned his alpaca coat about him in a self-sufficient way and started for downstairs. The bathroom door opened as he passed it; a hand, clutching a cake of fat soap, and a Medusa-like head, with snaky, dripping locks, emerged.

"Did she say 'was the census man, father?'" inquired Louise. "I'm just washing my hair, or I'd come down and help you. Be sure you get the ages right."

"Humph!" said Mr. Slater.

Another door opened, and Mrs. Slater intercepted him. She was at the full-dress stage of her afternoon toilet. "Who's down there?" she whispered, in the kind of a hiss that penetrates from third story to basement. "Census man? I can't come down, you see. Do you think you can answer his questions?"

"Well, I don't know why I can't," replied Mr. Slater, with some feeling. "I haven't lost my senses. Guess we don't need any petticoats in this."

"Come in, my friend; come in," he said, cordially, as he reached the front door and threw back the chain. "Here, walk into the parlor. Take this chair."

The 200-pound census man felt the democratic spirit in Mr. Slater's welcome and settled into the gilt-backed chair with a heartiness that made it creak. Three dirty-faced, demure

scions of the house of Slater, who had been studying this chained-out man

from the front lawn, trooped in after him and continued to stare with the

calm abandon of youth.

"Say, but I'm glad to get in!" began

the census man. "Didn't know's I

ever would. Beats all, the queer ex-

periences we get in this line of busi-

ness. Mr.—ah—Slater, is it? Yes,

Mr. Slater. What do you suppose I

struck in a house across the road?

Well, sir, there was a woman I didn't

know from a piece of sole leather, so

to speak. Didn't s'pose I'd ever laid

eyes on her. And after a few questions

about her father and mother it turns

out she's an old sweetheart of mine.

Hadn't seen her for 25 years. What do

you say to that, now? And she's got

a bunch of letters that I wrote her once

laid away yet, and her husband never

saw 'em! How's that?"

Mr. Slater always tries to be civil to

people not related to him by marriage

or otherwise, so he smiled and ex-

pressed his interest; but his face did

not quite reflect the sentimental glow

of the census man, and the other felt

it.

"Let me have your surname, Chris-

tian name and initial," he began, with

a change of tone.

Mr. Slater sailed into the answers

bravely and kept afloat past the ques-

tions as to residence, street, number of

house, and so forth. Then he ran around.

"Ma!" he called, stepping out into the front hall.

A suspiciously prompt voice from the head of the stairs answered: "What do you want?"

"Come down here!" commanded Mr. Slater, moving to where he could get sight of her. Then he added: "Oh, well, tell me what day, month and year you was born."

"Thought you didn't need any petticoats," was the reply, to which Mr. Slater returned silence. "Well, let me see," said the voice then. "Joe was 39 the 10th of last May. That makes him born in 18—"

"Just like a woman!" grumbled Mr. Slater, under his breath. "Always have to count back every time."

"You put me all out with your impatience, John," protested the voice. "Count it up yourself. Joe's 39." So Slater and the census man worried that through.

"Louise!" called Mr. Slater, darting into the hall again a moment later. Another surprisingly close-at-hand voice answered: "Yes, father?"

"How old were you last birthday?"

"Why, it was only day before yesterday; but I suppose it has to go as 27 just the same, doesn't it?"

Mr. Slater mumbled something about women as he went back to the parlor.

"You've got a land office job in this house, did you know it?" he told the census man. "We've got the three generations here."

"Yes," assented the census man. "You didn't mention that your mother lived here."

"My mother? She's been in her grave these 20 years."

"I beg your pardon! I thought she was talking to you from the stairs."

A scornful sniff sounded down the stairway. "That's my wife," Mr. Slater explained. About this time real business began. It was evident that the voice had been re-enforced by the family Bible or records of some sort, for the flapping of the pages was distinctly audible down the stairway.

Louise, presumably in her bathrobe, with wet hair hanging over her shoulders, acted as assistant teller; Mr. Slater's "Ma!" sounded every 30 seconds with the regularity of a foghorn now, and every time he had to humble himself to appeal for information his veneering of urbanity grew thinner.

"Suppose I go right out there and talk to the ladies first hand?" said the census man, finally, with a touch of nervous prostration in his voice, but as he stepped into the hall there was a scurry that made him retreat. The youngsters giggled and Mr. Slater sent them upstairs. Meanwhile he continued to vibrate between the rooms, with a wonderful external amiability. The last thing he did was to canter down to the laundry and discover the cook's name and age and all the rest of it. Then he bowed the census man out with periphrastic politeness. —Chicago Record.

Credit She Didn't Seek.

A lady who keeps a summer boarding house at the seashore near Boston went down the other day to look the house over and find out what must be renewed. She found numerous umbrellas left by former boarders, says the Boston Transcript, and tying them together, she took the bundle to Boston to have them repaired. She stopped in at Hovey's and laid the bundle on the floor at her feet at the counter. When she had made her purchase, she forgot her umbrellas, and absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella lying on the counter, thinking it was hers, or not thinking at all, and started off.

Then the owner of the umbrella, a woman standing next her, seized her and said very sharply: "You have taken my umbrella!" Of course she apologized, feeling much cut up about it, and went on forgetting in her fluster her own bundle of umbrellas. The next day, on her way to Cambridge, she went to Hovey's and readily recovered her lost package of umbrellas, which had been kept for her. On the car for Cambridge she noticed a lady eyeing her very closely. Presently this lady leaned forward and said to her, with elegant emphasis:

"You seem to have been more fortunate today!"

It was the lady whose umbrella she had taken the day before. —Ex.

Numerous.

New Teacher—"Next boy, what's your name?" Boy—"William, ma'am."

"What is your other name?" "Scappy Bill." —Philadelphia Record.

"What do you think of the census?" asked Mr. Beechwood. "It is a questionable proceeding," replied Mr. Homewood. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"It's the little things that worry us in this world," said the theoretical man. "Yes," replied the practical man; "especially little women, little dogs and little fleas." —Aly Sloper.

"That mob scene was handled with

splendid effect," said the critic. "O, yes," replied the manager. "You see, we hire the villain's creditors to go in on that scene." —Philadelphia North American.

"I flatter myself I have some aptitude for nailing lies," said the ambitious orator. "Very good," said the chairman of the campaign committee. "But what we want particularly is an aptitude for nailing the truth." —Detroit Journal.

"No," said the fair girl, "it's no use. You don't come up to my ideal."

"Perhaps not," he answered. "But I don't care if I can only get anywhere near my own." "Your own?" she answered. "What is your ideal?"

"You," he whispered. —Answers.

"I am going to sea," the young man said, and paused. The young girl gasped, "O! Harry—er—Mr. Timmid. She could not conceal the tears in her voice. Then he knew what he had feared to ask in so many words. "I am going to see—"

he repeated—"your father tonight, if you will give me permission." —Philadelphia Press.

A man on Columbia avenue, who is baldheaded, wrote to an eastern concern asking particulars as to its hair restorer and treatment for the hair. He received an answer saying to send a lock of his hair and it would be analyzed and particulars as to the kind of treatment it needed sent. That settled it, so far as he was concerned. —Indianapolis News.

BETTER GET A SAFE.

Last year the pesky kissing bug, caused widespread trepidation. And it was said to be the worst. That ever struck the nation. For when it started out to bite it never discriminated.

And white and black, and young and old, were sadly mutilated.

And strange and fearful were the tales. That men were often telling. About the bug that on them swooped. And caused such painful swelling. And if an eye could not be seen in similar condition.

The victim solemnly would say. The kissing insect did it.

And many were the pretty girls. Lamenting swollen faces. Because they'd been subjected to the kissing bug's embraces; And many were the loving swains. In similar condition.

While some were so disfigured that they baffled recognition.

But sore as these afflictions were, still greater woes are coming. For we are told a fiercer bug. This way is swiftly humming. And if the scientific chaps. Have not made grievous error. This biter from New Mexico. Must be a holy terror.

It has two score or more of legs. Its face is badly freckled; It's bigger than a bumblebee. And all its wings are speckled; It wears a triple pointed hat. With which it does its biting. And when it once gets hold it stays. Until it's killed by fighting.

The victim then will feel his face. Rise like an elevator. And really will not know himself. Until a fortnight later.

At least, some scientists say. And, if the truth they're telling. Before the summer goes we may. In bugproof safes be dwelling. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Gruesome Reminder Gone.

The western span of the old Point Ellice bridge was removed by the potent force of dynamite, and it will not be long before the structure which for the last four years has been a standing reminder of the darkest day in the history of Victoria will be a thing of the past. Where once the rather imposing bridge stood, but two sections now remain, the disaster of 1896 and the exertions of yesterday causing the removal of the two central sections.

It was at first feared that the destruction of this section of the bridge by dynamite would break the telephone company's cable alongside, but everything passed off satisfactorily and the debris, in the shape of twisted iron and wood fragments, afford ample evidence of the efficacy of dynamite in destroying structures that have outlived their usefulness and which it is impossible to remove by ordinary means.

Sticks of dynamite were placed in each end of the frame work of the truss on the northern side of the bridge and the explosion effectually did the required business, the entire section being thrown broadside into the water. The operations were under the direction of Engineer Topp.

The Point Ellice bridge was constructed for the provincial government by the San Francisco Bridge Company about 15 years ago. It was 630 feet in length, the two middle spans being each 150 feet in length. It became the property of the city in 1892. The details of the terrible tragedy are still fresh in the memories of Victorians, and this wreck would have been removed years ago but for the lawsuit cases against the city in consequence of the disaster, which have but recently been settled. The two remaining sections are in good condition and will be lowered on false supports and the iron stored for future purposes. —Victoria Times.

Mail Both Ways.

The steamer Canadian from Whitehorse and Sarah from St. Michael, brought in a consignment of mail to Dawson. A large batch of letters from Nome is in the down river mail, as well as many from points along the river.

THE CITIZENS WILL ADDRESS

The Governor-General Upon His Arrival Here.

In a Social Manner—A Wordy Meeting Last Evening So Decides.

A committee of eleven was elected last evening at the citizens' meeting, to prepare an address to the governor general, to be presented upon his arrival here along with a few hundred other addresses, some of welcome and some of grievance. Quite likely none of the various committees have thought of it yet, but if the poor gentleman has to read all the literature (?) with which he seems in a fair way to be deluged upon his arrival here, an address of sympathy should accompany the others.

The committee elected last evening will also have to confer with other committees in the address business, and if as much difficulty is encountered in finding out the details of what is to be done as was experienced in arriving at the simple conclusion reached last evening, the governor general will become aware of their efforts to entertain him about the date of his next visit to Dawson.

Col. MacGregor called the meeting to order, and nominated some one for chairman. Then everyone else who felt that what he had to say could be done better from the floor than the chair, nominated some one else, who promptly and modestly declined for the same reason, probably, though other reasons were given. It seemed at one time as if a fresh batch of patriots would have to be rounded up before a chairman could be procured. Mr. Nicol finally consented to occupy the chair and Mr. Craig accepted the secretary's portfolio, and then the deep sonorous voice of Col. MacGregor was again heard, this time stating the object of the meeting, and very poetically likening the coming visit of her majesty's representative to the return of the dove to Noah's ark, bearing the emblem of hope in its beak.

Mr. Woodworth suggested the advisability of appointing a committee of five to co-operate with other committees having the same object in view. Dr. McArthur seconded the motion and it was carried.

Then Barney Sugrue said he thought some debate concerning the duties of the committee should be heard and the ball was opened.

The question was raised as to whether the meeting was a representative one and after more or less debate, during which Mr. Woodworth remarked, "We are the people," and Mr. Sugrue stated that he believed Mr. Ogilvie had sanctioned the meeting, it was decided that the meeting was a citizens' meeting and that some of the citizens were present.

Then the following named gentlemen were elected a committee to carry into effect the sense of the meeting, provided they could find out what it was. Col. MacGregor, Alex. McDonald, Mr. Proudhome, Barney Sugrue, Dr. McArthur, Dr. Cato, J. J. Walsh, Mr. Nicol and C. M. Woodworth.

After this had been done by virtue of Mr. Woodworth's enlarging of his motion so as to take in all the names on the list, the real object of the meeting developed at an alarming rate. The suffering air was poured full of words and arguments by nearly every one present, and all because some of the statesmen present thought the proper tone of that address should be such as to show the governor general that all is not peace, contentment and general satisfaction in Dawson, and others thought that in the immortal language of the Yukon Sun, such a course would be impertinent and inhospitable.

Mr. Noel waxed eloquent in defense of the Sun works, and received a hearty second from Mr. Young and a gentleman in golf stockings, who appeared to be a stranger, as no one called him by name. Mr. Noel had a firm grip on the colors of the "Three Tailors of Shakespeare," and with his usual good fortune and perseverance succeeded in dragging them forth, though exactly what bearing they had on the subject in hand has not thus far been discovered.

The debate was for the most part ranged on the other side of the hall and was ably led in the wordy war by C. M. Woodworth, Joe Clarke, Barney Sugrue and J. J. Walsh, whose motion that the governor general be informed of our grievances, had precipitated the battle which raged fiercely.

Mr. Woodworth, in replying to Mr. Noel's battery of heavy oratory, said that it would be well for the meeting

to adjourn so long as there were those present who were so unpatriotic as to believe in proceeding in the thin-skinned way proposed.

Joe Clarke asked the stranger in golf stockings where he got the idea that the distinguished visitor was coming to pay a purely social visit, and was replied to with some heat, and at one time there were no fewer than five or six of the opposing forces on their feet at the same time.

The whole question, so far as those not gifted with clairvoyancy could discover, arose in the difference of opinion as to whether the advertisement of the meeting did not convey the impression that the duties of the committee would be of a purely social character.

A Mr. Whitehead rose with much dignity and an appearance which compelled silence and possibly some little apprehension. Two huge rolls of newspapers projected from the breast pockets of his coat, and tilted forward so as to look much like a pair of dynamite tubes. He said:

"Gentlemen, I was asked to advertise this here meeting, and I did it. The advertisement of this here meeting was to the effect that its object was for the purpose of getting up a reception for the governor general, or whatever you call him, and nothing was said about grievances." He sat down and after eyeing the dynamite tubes in silence for a moment Col. MacGregor moved that the motion of Mr. Walsh be withdrawn, which was finally agreed to, and peace reigned when the meeting adjourned with the understanding that the committee should act in a purely social way. This consummation of affairs, with whatever shred of dignity the meeting may lay claim to, was due in a large measure to the fine statesmanship of Attorney McKinnon, whose hand was visible during the meeting, and whose judgment and generalship was largely responsible in the matter of keeping the main object of the meeting from being entirely lost in the furious storm of words.

Missouri Murder Trial.

New London, Mo., July 19.—Interest in the Jester trial is increasing. Letters and telegrams have been received inquiring about the defendant and his alleged victim. It is said that if Jester is acquitted he will travel and exhibit himself. The state has traced Jester through Kansas and Missouri, and today is following him through Illinois. Senator Sylvester Allen, of Scott county, Ill., testified that in 1871, when he resided near Naples, Ill., Alexander Jester stopped at his house over night. He was driving one team and leading the other. Senator Allen said that Jester attracted his attention by his peculiar demeanor. He would not sleep in the house, but slept in his wagon.

Herman Hofferkamp, who was in the livery business at Springfield, Ill., said that in 1871 Jester and his teams stopped at his barn and stayed there about one week. When he departed he left a very intelligent shepherd dog, which the witness said he kept. This is supposed to be the dog that belonged to Gilbert Gates.

Hart W. Dunham testified that in 1871 Alexander Jester sold three buffalo hides to a man named A. Dennis, of Decatur, Ill., who is now dead. Dennis took the hides to Dunham's father to be tanned. The hides were put into the vat. Some time after M. Gates came along on the track of Jester, who, he alleged, had killed his son. The hides were examined and blood was found on the hairy side of one of them. The theory is that this was the blood of Gilbert W. Gates.

This afternoon Mrs. Josephine Clark testified that one day in January, 1871, she saw a man with two wagons and a buffalo calf pass her home on a by-road, in Monroe county, and in the front wagon she noticed the form of a man lying upon the floor. She saw the face of a man sticking out of the covering of the wagon. Mrs. Clark made a strong witness for the state. The defense tried to break down her testimony, but without much success.

BRIEF MENTION.

Casper Ellengren and wife, of Dominion, have gone on a visit to the outside. They will return over the ice.

The only motion which was passed without opposition by the citizens' meeting last night, was one which called for the assumption of all expense attendant upon the coming visit of the governor general, by the Yukon council.

Simons' aggregation of scintillating stars are stuck at St. Michael, they not being able to get a boat from that place to carry them to Nome. It is understood that the Nome project has been abandoned and the company will proceed to San Francisco.

The Dawson Hardware Company is moving from its old location on Second avenue to Archibald's place on the same street. The new store will afford a better opportunity to display the varied stock of the concern. Manager Jones reports enjoying an excellent season.