

Y 5, 1902.
made, new piano,
et office, etc.
iver
OR
M.
y
T. Dock
ONIAN
E
Y
Stands
AND
CIGARS
S. Props.
White Pass Dock
COMPANY
light Prices.
ING, King Street.
CO., Ltd.
Service
9 a. m. and 5 p. m.
PHONE
n Route
ed Steamers
wson.
n of 1902, connecting
passengers have all been
in the best of health
and, British Columbia
Gen. Agent, Dawson.
LOON
r on Tap
Bonanza
Saloon
RAY CO.
Night Service
H. HEATH, Mgr.
TON.
SE
B P. M.
Aurora Dock

The Banker's Love Affair

Amos Shepard dismissed his secretary and walked to the window. The afternoon sun cast a dazzling light on the first snowfall, and above the clang of the cable cars sounded the faint tinkle of sleighbells on the boulevard.

Buttoning his overcoat to the throat, he strode down the mosaic corridor, past the brass cages behind which the bank clerks were casting up the day's accounts, and threw open the door, whose curtains had been tightly drawn. As he stood on the threshold a pleased light came into his shrewd gray eyes. Round the corner, with clink of silver chains and jingle of bells, swept his favorite team of blacks. The present Mrs. Shepard was most considerate of her husband's wishes and tastes. Sleighing was one of the banker's greatest pleasures, and she had remembered the fact.

But as the horses stopped before the bank Mr. Shepard noted the absence of his big English coachman. A tall, square shouldered figure sprang out and tossed back the fur robes, then waved a familiar greeting to the man on the step. It was Reginald.

"Come on, father for a dash on the speedway! Everybody's out."

"Where is James?" inquired Shepard as he climbed into the cutter.

"At the stables. I thought—we might have the first ride of the season together."

If the elder Shepard had not been so absorbed in studying the set of the new harness, he might have observed in his son's voice an anxious note and in the adjustment of the reins more than ordinary filial solicitude.

Once on the boulevard, beyond business traffic and cable cars, he might have looked here and there on the brownstone houses whose rents flowed into the Shepard coffers. When the avenue rose sheer above the water's edge, he might have looked across the stream to his large holdings in the Palisades, from which, it was predicted, the city would eventually draw its water supply.

But he was not thinking of these things. A faraway look came into his eyes, and he paid no heed to his son's occasional comments on passing vehicles until finally Reginald, with what comfort he could in his own thoughts.

Amos Shepard sat with his arms crossed, studying with unseeing eyes the scenery spreading out before him. Instead of towering cliffs and many mansions, he saw a stretch of mid-west prairies broken by railroads and low farmhouses. The solid trotters were transformed into patient gray mares drawing a light sleigh. The robe was a faded red buffalo skin, and—But did it matter? She was at his side, and with lips stiff, partly from cold and partly from the fear that she was asking more than she could give, he framed the momentous question.

And that thrilling word of three letters which seemed to change his whole life—it carried him away from his old farm to the busy city above the river, where he meant to make a name for himself and wealth for Kitty. It was much harder than he had anticipated. He was almost ready to give up and return to the farm when she wrote that she thought she could help him, and she was such a dainty, fragile Kitty.

When she came it was easier. It was Kitty's encouragement and good advice that smoothed out many a wrinkle, just as her soft hand rubbed away the frowns and the headaches at night.

And by her hands were less weary for the work became heavier when the babies arrived. And when he had achieved his first little fortune, came the panic to sweep away before it Kitty's wise counsel. He planned the foundations for the new work, and Kitty's small economy, enabled by her great love, smoothed the upward climb easier. He saw her now making red flannel shirts for Reggie and the wee ones, pinning the green shaded lamp shade under the green shaded lamp. He drew his breath quickly. The scene changed to the day when he brought home her first silk dress. He saw her blue eyes shone when he gave the glistening folds over her shoulders. Later came the sealskin coat, the diamonds, but nothing that made him half so happy as that little dress. And day by day as he prospered he realized that there was something which his wealth could not buy back—the fading health, the quiet, fragile wife.

It was all over and for one weary year Kitty had lain under the graceful marble slabs in the handsomely furnished mansion on the corner. Thoughtless people said, it was a fortunate all round, for the

first Mrs. Shepard was not the sort of woman to preside over such a home or to cultivate the people who would be useful to a rising man like Amos Shepard.

The second Mrs. Shepard was admirably adapted to the position. She knew the schools which would give the children the best social standing. She presided over a dinner table with indescribable grace and tact, and when Shepard was elected to congress it was freely circulated that his wife's diplomacy had been worth more for campaign purposes than his goodly check. Kathie's social debut was set for next week. Already the society papers were singing of her prospects, her gowns and her beauty, and she looked like—his Kitty of the sleighride years ago.

"Father, I want to tell you something."

They were almost home, and the young fellow was getting desperate. Stocks and bonds might be of paramount importance to men of fifty, but when the blood runs riot in the veins of youth life holds other more vital interests.

Mr. Shepard roused himself with an impatient shrug—a check, of course. A physician's practice in the first year is not profitable even when backed by influential parents and friends.

"Yes?"

Reginald lifted the whip nervously, and the blacks sprang forward.

"Well, father, I want to get married. I know I'm young and have my way to make, but if you love a girl as I do, why, it gives you something to work for besides mere money."

Amos Shepard's lips closed firmly. Was it that butterfly Bessie Clayton, who had shared their opera box the night before? Reginald Shepard, M. D., read the sign aright, but plunged on.

"I suppose it sounds silly, because if it wasn't for you I couldn't keep up appearances, but I'll probably spend less money when we're married than I do now. Mabel doesn't care about show."

"Mabel who?"

"Don't you remember Mabel Brewster, Aunt Helen's adopted daughter? I met her two years ago when I was visiting on the farm, and—well, I love her; that's all. I know she's not as swaggy as the girls in Kathie's set. She won't shine in society, but I don't give a rap. I don't want a career. One in the family is enough, and Kathie's going to cut a big swath. I just want a nice little home—and Mabel. She has her ideals of what a physician should be, and if I live up to them I reckon you won't have cause to be ashamed of me."

They were under the porte cochere. Without a word Amos Shepard tossed aside the fur robes.

"I say, dad, you're not angry?"

His father stood beside the cutter gazing up at a window screened by filmy lace. Suddenly he wheeled around and faced his son. Something the latter had never seen shone in Amos Shepard's eyes.

"Reginald, you remember that Van Twiller place on Grant avenue? It's not large or showy, but it's a mighty pretty little house. Well, I'll deed that over to Mabel on your wedding day. And now I've got to write a line to your Aunt Helen."

And Amos Shepard, banker and member of congress, ran up the granite steps like a boy.

Comanded to the Queen

Here is a brand-new story of Her Majesty, Alexandra, soon to be crowned Queen and Empress. It was told with quiet glee by the other actors in it, to various and sundry American friends. The other actor is the wife of a famous ship owner, and head of a firm of shipbuilders. Thus she has been for years the heart and soul of various noble charities connected with England's merchant marine. She is further credited with having influenced her husband in affairs of fairly international importance. Altogether she is as near to being a personage as a long purse, a clear head, a warm heart, and a charming social tact can make one in the home of hereditary distinctions, the British Isles.

One of the largest charities is a great seamen's hospital. Royalty deigned to lay the corner-stone of it, and afterward to express great interest in its success. It began to be hinted that a peerage would reward the people who had built and endowed it. That was an agreeable if distant prospect. It seemed to grow suddenly nearer and clearer when the lady found herself abruptly "comanded to the Queen"—and that within the brief space of an hour.

"What did I think of first?" she said in telling it. "Why that I had not a single absolutely new rag to

appear in. Clothes? Oh! Yes—plenty, and fine enough for court-wear, but then one wants special things for special occasions. What made matters worse was, I myself had a luncheon on hand—we were, in fact, just sitting down to the table when the royal message reached me. I dare say I turned all colors as I read, but luckily nobody noticed. Instantly I sent word to my maid to get other clothes ready, then went on entertaining my guests as best I might, through the first courses. I knew to a fraction of a second how long it would take to dress and drive from my own home to Buckingham Palace. I knew also that while the Queen herself is never very punctual it would not do at all for me to be late, and still less to be early. You can fancy my state of mind, lunching against the clock both ways. Presently I left my sister to explain my going, and was soon rolling off to see the Queen."

"Of course, I thought of many things on the way, but chiefly of the hospital. It must be that which had caused the Queen to send for me. Then foolishly I let my mind stray to a schoolmate, one Mary Z—who it happens had been a girl friend of the Queen, in the days when King Christian was not a king at all, only a poor Danish prince, and glad to increase his income of twelve hundred dollars a year, by giving lessons in drawing, to the pupils of a girls' school. Mary had told me many stories of her friend Alexandra. I knew also that in the annual gatherings at Freidensberg, the two nearly always met. I wondered a little if they had met this last year. It had brought changes to both—a crown to Alexandra, and a second husband to Mary, who had for years been a widow and thought to be inconsolable. But my mind did not linger on her very long—my concerns—our con-

cerns, indeed, were so much more immediate, and living. I had a fair general idea of how such private audiences went off, but was hazy as to whether I should kneel, or merely courtesy and kiss hands."

"The palace authorities coached me the least bit. A lady in waiting met me, took me up stairs and along passages, and at last left me to myself after telling me that the Queen thought quite dear, hated of all things to have voices raised in speaking to her. I must speak rather slowly, and very distinctly—her own quick intelligence would do the rest. As to deportment I must follow her indications—stand or sit, or retire, at what I judged to be her will. But she would make it easy for me—this I was assured—she made everything easy as far as court etiquette permitted."

"Before I had time to get nervous a lackey whisked me into the presence. There stood the Queen, looking very sweet and unroyal, smiling, holding out her hand, and murmuring my name. After our formal-informal greeting, she led me to a chair a little at one side, and sat down herself in another almost touching it. And then she said with a yet more engaging smile:

"I am so glad you have come. I want to talk with you over Mary Z—'s second marriage. She has told me often how much you were her friend. Do you think she can possibly be happy with a man so unlike her first choice?"

"And that was, I found out, absolute truth. For at least half an hour we gossiped, talking over our friend's affairs with the most bourgeois interest. Afterward—well her majesty said kind things to us—my husband and myself, and especially kind ones of our hospital project. But that was wholly incidental—she had sent for me to talk over Mary's marriage."

Which goes to prove how well Kipling knew womenkind when he wrote: "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, Are sisters—under their skins."

Canada's Finances

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, July 7.—The finance department has prepared a statement of the revenue and expenditure of Canada to the close of the fiscal year. It shows a total revenue of \$56,303,694, against \$50,735,916 for the year before, and an expenditure of \$42,255,316, against \$38,574,508. This would yield a surplus of \$14,000,000.

The Eiffel tower is eight inches shorter in winter than in summer.

\$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mal-amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe 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 coon. 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. HEMEN,
Klondike Nugget.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Alaska Flyers

...OPERATED BY THE...
Alaska Steamship Co.

DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days

SCHEDULE
DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, June 12th, 22nd, July 2nd, 12th, 22nd.
HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, June 17th, 27th, July 7th, 17th, 27th.

Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Sup't, 1006 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FRIED, Skagway Agent.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to
Pacific Steam
Whaling Co.

Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS In Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From June 1st at First of Each Month

OFFICES SEATTLE, Cor. First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO, No. 20 California Street.

Burlington Route

No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read

Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT
M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

Japan American Line

Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points.

Steamer Every 2 Weeks

For Japan, China and All Asiatic Points.

Ticket Office 612 First Avenue, Seattle

\$3.00 Will Do It!

Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the

DAILY NUGGET

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for

\$3.00 Per Month!



Did It Catch Your Eye?

A Little Printer's Ink, If Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.

Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson.

How Are You Fixed

If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call. We can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book.

Remember, Rush Jobs Are Our Delight

Jobs Promised Tomorrow's Delivered Yesterday.

The Nugget Printery