

**THEY WERE BRAVE GIRLS**  
 They Were Not the Least Afraid of Burglars

They would just as leave to be home alone as to have someone with them.

It is wonderful how burglars seem to know when you are alone in the house. There must be a fairy burglar somewhere who has ways of spreading the news. Of course if there are fairy queens, and witches, and godmothers, there is no reason why there shouldn't be fairy burglars.

Ethel and Rose both believed in burglars, but strange to say, they had outgrown their belief in fairies. Ethel was 16, quite grown-up, Rose was 18, and she thought Ethel knew everything. Perhaps Ethel thought so, too, but if she did, no one ever told her so, for she rarely talked to herself.

However Ethel knew, she could do many things. She rode horses on a very little colt, who would not let any other lady come near him. She could beat Cousin Tom, who was 16 also, at a half-mile boat race, she could sail a boat, and had a good golfing record. Moreover, she was not afraid of anything, and less burglars.

That is why she insisted upon staying alone with Rose in the cottage, all night in September. "Father and mother had gone home, and the servants faithful Nellie and Jim, who had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Moore for twenty years.

Ethel and Rose both hated to leave the cottage so early in the fall, so they begged to stay. Mrs. Moore had been willing to do, as she was planning to furnish the town-house, and to start her business called him, but she consented to let the girls stay as long as they liked with Nellie and Jim. It didn't take long after father and mother had gone home, and the girls were making wishes to "Star bright, Star bright."

"I'm in great trouble, Miss Ethel," said "Me mither is took sick, my bad, quite suddint like, an' it's good twenty mile to her, an' no horse. Jim's been down to the livin' to get someone to 'take me, but th' man is all off to th' picnic, an' th' boys says as how there's not a horse to be had when they get back."

"Jim must take you, of course, Nellie. I'm so sorry. But what'll you find your mother there when you get to her. Tell Jim to harness right up. Rose and I will go with you."

"But, that'll leave you two all alone, an' if anythin' should—"

"What soppense," cried Ethel, "that could happen to us? Of course Jim must go, and at once. I'm a bit afraid, are we boys?"

Ethel and Jim, with many cautions and protestations, were finally started, and the two girls were left alone.

"I'll go over how things that seem safe, safe and cozy and homelike all the family are a round seen together different when you are alone in the house. We'll lock our door and keep very quiet."

Ethel softly locked her door and hugged Rosie close up to her in the far corner of the room.

"I'm sure they'll take my new music box," whispered Rose, as the racket continued. "And my new game of crokinole, and my little wicker rocker, and my new golf clubs, and the cabinet with all my shells."

Frightened as she was, Ethel could hardly keep from giggling as she saw in fancy a masked burglar crawling out of the window laden down with wicker rockers, tall cabinets, music boxes and golf clubs.

The noise ceased presently, but the two frightened girls sat huddled up in one corner listening for four long hours.

By that time it was beginning to grow a little light in the east, and they both crawled into bed, too tired to move, and before they knew it they were fast asleep.

It was bright daylight when they awoke, and faithful Jim was shouting to them from under the window. He had gotten fresh horses and come right back to his charges.

His face never seemed so handsome and trustworthy before.

They dressed and went downstairs fully persuaded that they would find their pretty parlor and dining room robbed of their treasures. To their amazement nothing had been disturbed. Everything was as they left it, with the exception of the folding doors that led from the dining room into the parlor. They had been left closed, now they were wide open.

Ethel and Rose sat down to a merry little breakfast of their own cooking.

"I think we will go down to the city today, won't we, Rosie?" Ethel asked, as she poured the cocoa.

"Yes," said Rosie. "Oh, oh! Look at Grendel and Gurtha!"

Ethel looked. The folding doors had been closed again, all but an inch, and into this inch Grendel and Gurtha were each inserting a paw.

With no apparent effort Grendel pushed on one door, and Gurtha on the other. With a loud rumbling noise the doors rolled back on their rollers. Grendel and Gurtha both pushing till they were wide open.

Ethel looked at Rose and Rose at Ethel.

"Burglars!" they exclaimed. It was the very sound they had heard the night before. Then how they laughed. And how Jim laughed when they told him all about it.

They arrested Grendel and Gurtha in the name of the law, and put them in closest prison for two whole minutes. Then they packed up and went to the city.

**FIRE HOT AND HELLISH**  
 Is What Bryan Says Senator Towne Has Faced.

Duluth, Minn., Oct. 16.—Eight hundred men of all shades of political opinion sat down at the farewell banquet tendered by Duluth citizens to Charles A. Towne, at the Armory to-night, while nearly 600 ladies were present in the galleries to hear the speeches by William J. Bryan, Mr. Towne and others, after the discussion of the issue.

The affair was non-partisan and carried out the intention of the organizers to make it a testimonial to Mr. Towne's personal popularity among his friends and neighbors. Scores of prominent Democrats, however, were present, from all parts of the state,

things they want. When I started in to breed dogs for sale I kept Blenheim spaniels for the women and Boston terriers for the men, always trying to have the best that money could buy.

"At the end of two years I found my money getting low, and myself with more unsold dogs on my hands than a poor man cares to feed and pay taxes on. Of course, I did some spy thinking, as any one will do when he is poor and growing poorer every day. I asked myself what it was I could do to make that dog valuable to the rich folks.

"Before I had decided what to do my wife came into the game and settled the thing by accident. It was Sunday morning, and when she was ready to go to church she wanted to button her boots, and of course, she couldn't find the button hook. Nobody can find one when he wants it. She was getting cross, because the second bell was ringing,

agitation warped by the mendacity of funds. Their ignoble, partisan editorials have been written with pens dipped in hellish broth. This infernal poison has subtly penetrated the minds of thousands, but principally of the weaker ones.

"But let us remember that there can be no yellow journalism without yellow individualism. Liberty of the press is often cried to cover up lary intolerance. As long as the public creates the demand for such accursed libations, the supply will not fail until the evil one himself becomes impotent. Many who hear this have a smirch upon them of that which cays the assassin at Buffalo. We have been stirred, but let us take heed that it is not transiently and noisily alone. No one who loves the purity of home and honors his country with true loyalty will either read or endure such virulent poison. Neither laws nor force can squelch anarchy, for these only cause it to bud and grow in insidiousness. Let the honor

New Mail Service.

The Seattle brought the news that on the 19th at Washington, D. C., the general superintendent of the mail service gave out this notice:

"An order has been issued establishing a direct exchange of ordinary (unregistered) mails between Seattle and Dawson and Whitehorse, in the Yukon district, British Columbia, to commence at once.

"Also, discontinuing the present exchange between Skagway, Alaska, and Lake Bennett, B. C. The direct mails between Dawson and Whitehorse and Seattle at times in the custody of the Seattle and Skagway railway postoffice and mails made up for the distribution on arrival at Seattle, but when dispatch from Skagway is made by steamers on which there is no service by railway postal clerks, they will be delivered intact to the Seattle office for distribution, etc.

"The postoffice department has also arranged for transmitting, at regular

**HYPNOTISTS ON TRIAL**  
 Disreputable Couple on Gridiron in London.

London, Oct. 17.—The hearing of the charges against Theodore and Laura Jackson (Ann Odella Diss Deary) was continued today. The police court was crowded, a number of women being present, while the police found it necessary to clear the sidewalk of those who were anxious to obtain admission and hear the most noisome testimony ever given publicly in a London court. Daisy Adams, a mere child, wearing a red Tam O'Shanter cap, and her hair in curls hanging down over her shoulders. She testified that she was enticed to London under the promise of being taught music.

Laura Jackson continued to conduct the case for the defence. She was clothed in a soiled, dragged, white silk toga. The woman evidently had a powerful influence over the dock and gazed feebly at the witness, evidently with the hope of intimidating her, or of re-establishing her hypnotic influence. But the girl frustrated the effort by turning her back to the female prisoner and looking at the judge. Then, tiring of her effort, Mrs. Jackson demanded a chair and, seating herself in a corner of the dock, interrupted the witness with irrelevant questions and objections until the court ordered her to desist.

The testimony, which was of the vilest character, related to the indignities which the witness suffered at the hands of the male prisoner, while she was a neophyte of the Theocratic Unity, under the promise that she would become a reincarnation of the Virgin Mary.

The witness testified that she was so fully under the influence at the time that she believed his claims of divine parentage. Revolting practices were exercised both when they were alone and in the presence of Mrs. Jackson.

At the close of the morning session Mrs. Jackson demanded of the court the return of the money taken from the prisoners by the authorities when they were arrested, but the court refused to grant the request.

Mrs. Jackson also referred to Wm. T. Stead's recent reputation of any knowledge of the prisoners, called him "that reputable pro-Boer" and said Detective Inspector Kane possessed half-a-dozen letters which were written by Mr. Stead to the accused.

Daisy Adams spent the day on the witness stand, detailing Jackson's acts of misconduct and Mrs. Jackson's urging her to consent to his wishes as he was "the Son of God and would not hurt her."



A FEW OF DAWSON'S MODERN RESIDENCES.

to add their tribute and listen to the eloquences of their brilliant leaders. Mr. Bryan's subject was "Moral Courage," and he took occasion to shower exhortations on the guests of the evening for his noble display of that quality in 1896, at the time of his withdrawal from the Republican party to follow silver. He said:

"Some may be disposed to stamp the word 'failure' upon the political career of our distinguished guest.

"But he has set an example, that must weigh heavily on the side of civic virtue. He has faced without flinching a fire as hot and hellish as ever came from cannon's mouth, and has won a victory greater and more glorious than ever crowned the life of one who labored at the left of power or bartered away his manhood to secure an office."

Mr. Bryan did not inject any politics into his speech, which was brief and directed largely to Mr. Towne. He said:

"Great issues are at stake; great interests are involved, even our civilization itself, and through us the civilization of the world. This nation is a world power; it has not acquired its influence by war, but for its century its ideas have been permeating the world, and every citizen owes it to his country, as well as to his generation and posterity, to throw the weight of his influence on the right side of every public question."

Senator Towne was the last speaker, it being long after midnight when he arose. As he did so hundreds of people sprang to their feet and cheered vociferously. Mr. Towne extended eloquent thanks and spoke in reminiscent vein.

"There is no rancor in my heart tonight for any man," he said. "I feel a kind of universal friendship for all. During past political campaigns all said things that we regret, no doubt; at least, I did, but I go away cherishing nothing but good will for all."

**Guilty Y. How Journals.**  
 The clergymen of central New York are denouncing "yellow journalism" in no unmeasured terms as being responsible for the assassination of President McKinley. The Rev. Chalmers P. Dyke, pastor of the Reform Church, in his address at the union memorial service held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, said:

"It does not require a profound mind to trace the speeding bullets of blood of record, and to certain degrading influences of the press. There are many such, but all from the New York Journal to the Chicago American and the San Francisco Examiner have resting upon them a damning load of guilt, the result of abused responsibility. Their characteristic color suggests the haunts of crime and vice. Over all is the blasting trail of degradation. Their cartoons are the products of human im-

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