

ME AND HER

"Ah! You never coming?"
"He's curling up his back hair."
"No, he's putting a kind of extra touch up of rouge."
Much laughter greeted the last speech, since the Yo in question had a remarkably red face and needed no paint to brighten it.
It was the August bank holiday and promised to be fine and bright. At the entrance to a London court a green-grocer's cart was waiting, but today it was given up to pleasure instead of carrying vegetables and fruit it had forms and chairs put in as close together as possible. The brown horse in the shafts, though it was adorned with ribbons and roses, did not appear to partake of the general festivity, but hung his head dejectedly as if he knew that his holiday only brought increased work to him.
The girls standing about waiting for the driver were gloriously attired in the latest fashions of the season, the most conspicuous part of their array. The young men lacked collars, but their necks were adorned with bright silk kerchiefs and they had flowers in their buttonholes.
Yo appeared at last and was greeted with much teasing, at which he grinned sheepishly as he took the reins.
"Hello, here comes 'Emry,'" said one girl as they were about to start.
"What cheer, 'Emry' where are you going?" Yo asked a young man who came toward them with a girl walking about a yard behind him.
"Got room for me and her?" inquired the newcomer. "My kerriage and pair has had an accident." Yo looked at the load in the cart, but 'Emry was good company, and though his companion, whom he called Zeppy, was not well known to them, they were all ready to squeeze together, one gentleman remarking that he could take two ladies on his time. However, at last things were settled and they set off toward Chingford.
Zeppy's name was really Heppel, but by natural and easy transition it had become what she was always called - felt rather strange and out of place among her companions. She was less smartly dressed, a big bow of ribbon took the place of an ostrich feather and her white blouse looked refreshing among their smart colors. She was pale and undeveloped, yet had a gentle, refined face, such as is often seen in delicate London work girls. Till the last sixteen months she had lived with and taken care of her widowed mother and had not cared to spend much time about the streets. And since her mother's death she had been more inclined to sit and read af-

ter working hours than to move about.
Henry Burgess had met her on her way to work. She liked his attentions and fancied him endowed with many virtues which he did not possess. And when he proposed taking her out on bank holiday she imagined their having a quiet day together, so was disappointed when she found herself in the cart on the way to Chingford.
There was a good deal of rough teasing for Henry, and Zeppy came in for a share of it. She would not have minded so much had Henry shown any sign of taking her part, but instead he joined in the fun at her expense and paid a good deal of attention to Lily Hill, who was particularly smart in a blue dress and big yellow feather.
"Here, drop it," Lily said at last, "there's Zeppy fit to cry."
"Me and her understand each other," said Henry, winking at Zeppy. Zeppy was suddenly seized with rebellion; she would show Henry she did not care, and when Yo looked over his shoulder with a funny remark she answered him boldly and persisted in turning away from Henry.
At Chingford there was plenty of amusement. Henry was offended with Zeppy and treated the other girls to coconut, shies- leaving her alone - while Yo did his best to make up to her for any lack of attention on the part of her own swain.
She didn't care, she told herself, while all the time her heart was sore, and the day she had so looked forward to dragged heavily. Henry Burgess would not meet her reproachful gaze, but walked about with his arm about Lily's waist.
As evening grew on the party became more boisterous. All the young men and some of the girls - had taken too much of drink and were inclined to be noisy and quarrelsome.
"Here, take a drop," said Yo, bringing forward a bottle at which he looked lovingly.
Martha Smart, to whom he spoke, began singing loudly, and was joined by her friends and Zeppy.
"We're all teetotalers and don't want none of your beer," while Martha added, "Come on, let's have a walk."
The three went into some of the quieter glades of the forest and had a little walk which Zeppy really enjoyed. Martha was a good-natured girl, who, though fond of jokes and fun, refrained from the coarser mirth of some of her companions.
When the three came back they found Henry Burgess about to mount one of the sorry steeds that are let out in the forest to take people for short rides.
The poor thing looked tired enough and aroused Zeppy's pity, but when she saw Henry's state she was afraid.
"You didn't ought to go," she said. "Yo, don't you let him."
"Emry can please himself," said Yo, for he and Henry had disagreed and he was not disposed to interfere on his behalf.
"Emry, you shan't go," cried Zeppy, forgetting his coldness and taking hold of his arm.
He shook her off roughly. "Let me alone," he said, and with the aid of the man with the horse he managed to scramble on to the animal's back.
He swayed to and fro and the horse - though used to unskillful riders - got restive at last. Henry grew angry at the slowness and brought down his stick fiercely over its ears, shouting loudly the while. At that the animal broke into a trot and Henry swayed and fell; however, he managed to keep hold and scramble up again. But by this time the horse was really frightened and went off quite fast. The man in charge tried to catch it. It could not keep up any pace for long, only it turned from the usual course, which was wide and clear, and went farther in to the forest.
Lily shrieked as the low branch of a tree struck Henry and he was thrown heavily and lay still, while the horse, hot and panting, stood with drooping ears. Henry lay there, still and when they reached him they at first thought he was dead. Their cries and lamentations brought a doctor, who was walking in the forest. He said Henry was not dead, but was seriously injured, and their best course would be to take him to a hospital.
They hastily decided on the London hospital; it was not so very far and had already befriended many of them. Yo gave orders to some of his party to return by rail. Henry was placed in the bottom of the cart, Zeppy insisting on taking his head in her lap, while Martha stayed beside her. Henry was taken into the hospital at once and Zeppy went home to lie awake nearly all night.
The illness proved a long one. Henry's friends went to see him and brought all manner of curious gifts, but he had no relations, and no one to make any particular inquiries. It was Zeppy who grew more and more anxious as the time went on, and his stay was still prolonged, and when, when her questions were parried by the nurses, summoned up courage to speak to a doctor.
"When's 'Emry going to be well?" she asked.
After finding out who she meant the doctor paused, then asked if she were related to him.
"No; we was to be married, but we ain't now. All the same, I wish him well, poor chap. When's he coming out?"
"He will have to come out soon," the doctor said gravely, "but I fear only to the workhouse infirmary. He is paralyzed, poor fellow, and will never work again."
Zeppy caught her breath sharply, so that was the reason he had been kept there so long. Never walk again - it was difficult to realize. But at least he should never go to the workhouse. Her mind was made up quickly; she would work her fingers to the bone first.
Henry Burgess had to be told of the hopelessness of recovery, and when he was feeling it in all its bitterness, Zeppy came to see him, bright and eager.
"You ain't going to the workhouse, are you?"
"Not while I can work, you ain't," Yo's mother's made up a beautiful bed in her front room, and Yo's going to borrow a batter, and we'll take you there in style."
"But I ain't got no money to pay," faltered Henry.
"That's all right," she assured him, and her strength and brightness quite overcame him.
Yo made the narrow comfortable with sacks and pillows, and Henry was moved to the already crowded little house, where Yo's mother, Mrs. Wick, had things ready for him.
Zeppy had undertaken to pay, and though it was but a few shillings it meant going short of many things herself, and working harder. Then, as Mrs. Wick charged so little, she felt bound to help her when she could, and the girl grew thin and starved-looking, yet her purpose never faltered.
All the winter Henry lay in that little room, miserable enough. Mrs. Wick's attentions were rough and uncultivated; she left him for many hours, and since in the hospital he had been so well cared for he felt the more. Not that he complained; he knew what Zeppy did for him, and appreciated it, though he could not find words with which to thank her.
Zeppy came to sit with him when she had time, but the poor girl worked so hard that she had very little leisure.
With the first stirrings of spring in the air, Henry grew more and more restless. His great hollow eyes turned to the window with a longing he could not restrain. Oh, to be out of doors once more, to see what was going on, to mix with others. No wonder that he grew more thin and shadowy, and that Mrs. Wick complained that, tempt him as she would with bloaters and fried fish, he only picked at his food, and never made a good meal.
One afternoon in March Zeppy came in greatly excited. She pulled aside the blind, and propped Henry up, so that he could see out.
There stood Yo Wick grinning from ear to ear, and holding the handle of a wheeled-chair. It had come up so quietly on its rubber-tired wheels that Henry had not heard it, and now it stood close to the window, its varnish shining in the sun.
Henry gasped and looked at Zeppy.
"It's for you," she said, "all your own. Bring it in, Yo."
As the street door opened into the room the chair could be brought in, and Yo displayed its beauties. There was a lever arrangement so that it could be propelled by the user, and there was a strong leather band to buckle round the waist.
"However did you get it?" Henry asked, looking admiringly at it, and touching the American cloth lining.
"I didn't mean you to stop indoors all the fine days," Zeppy said, "and I went and spoke to your kind doctor about it, and he wrote the people, and I went to see them, and here it is."
"Cost high on to £15, it did," spoke up Mrs. Wick.
"And you're going out in an hour," said Yo, "me and mother will get you dressed."
Henry made his first essay in going out that afternoon, and did not get on very well. His hands were weak from inaction, and the life in one small room had told on him, but he would soon learn to get about, and the chair was so well made that he could propel it up low curbs.
Henry was taken back very tired, but he ate a good tea, then slept soundly all night, without once waking.
"Like it?" asked Zeppy, next morning.
"Like it?" and his voice quite trembled. "I feel as if I've been dead, and just rose up again. Whatever made you so good to me?"
Zeppy would not notice the question. "I thought maybe you would learn to make things presently, and then if you was out in that chair selling them people would buy lots."
"And I'll see the parks, and go out by the shops - there's such a lot of places I want to go to."
Zeppy laughed happily. "I'm glad you like it."
"Liking it ain't the word," he said. Then as he looked at her he noticed how thin and frail she had grown, and a more manly trouble came over him; the trouble that now he could take care of her, and make her work less heavy. "I" he able to earn something.
"I like doing it for you, 'Emry," she said softly.
He took her hand. "You're that good, Zeppy. I do love you, but it's too late now."
"No, it ain't," she said, with a pretty blush on her pale face; "let's get married, I've thought a deal about it, but didn't like to say it. Martha Smart's been sharing my room, but if we was married you could come there, and 'Emry, I'd love to take care of you."
Mrs. Wick came in presently, and Henry called to her. "Wish us joy, old girl, me and her is going to get spliced."
And Mrs. Wick only said, "Well, to be sure."
On Easter Monday there was quite a little procession to the nearest church; Henry in his chair, supported by Yo as best man, Zeppy resplendent in a new blue dress, looking very happy, and many of the

dwellers in the street who came to see the ceremony and wish them joy.
The clergyman who married them was new to that part of London but he had come to work there, and determined to make friends with Henry and he took a liking to Zeppy, who was so tender over, and so evidently proud of, the crippled man. Certainly it was a strange wedding, but if he could see between the lines rightly it was not likely to prove an unhappy one.
And a really happy one it proved. Henry learned to use his hands very cleverly, and made toys and little household articles that found a ready sale. He learned to do needlework, too, and many things which made his wife's work lighter.
The young clergyman was well received when he called there, and he came to look on the little room as a very bright spot and the young couple as his friends. Henry's health improved, and Zeppy's face was bright and hopeful.
"Me and her get on astonishing," Henry told his friend one day, "but there ain't many as would have cared to take me like this."
"Why, 'Emry, you're that clever," Zeppy exclaimed, "and besides, I love you." And the visitor's eyes filled with sudden tears as he saw her look at her husband - K. F. V. in The Quiver.

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Contract Awarded.
Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 3. - Capt. Tadmie, engineer in charge of government work at San Pedro, has awarded the contract for the completion of the eastern jetty in the harbor to a local contractor. To date 777,380 tons of stone have been placed on the breakwater.

Auditorium - Master and Mag.