

Mickey Walker and the Lady

Two hundred dollars reward for return of gold watch stolen from elderly lady between Cliff street and Parker avenue. No questions asked. Apply 1032 Parker avenue, city.

"Gee!" said Mr. Mickey Walters to himself as he read and reread the above advertisement in the Record. "This here super must be a prize for fair." Reaching into the depths of his trousers pocket, he brought forth a rich and much bejeweled timepiece and regarded it with reverential awe. "It's a beaut," continued Mr. Walters, with a sigh. "But if she ain't gone an' put her blamed initials in a dozen places, an' cut deep too, there ain't a fence in the place 'd handle the dagdasted thing." He once more perused the interesting offer. "Well," he went on, "it's the only thing left to do, I reckon, an' I'll bet dollars to doughnuts it's genuine an' safe. She's such an' innocent old party, an' she never saw me do it either. Two hundred plunks ain't bad—more'n Schwarz'd ever pay too."

He rose and carefully surveyed his features in a glass. Then he caught up a brush and mug and carefully lathered his upper lip. In five minutes he had transformed himself from a twenty-eight-year-old man to an eighteen-year-old boy. His rital age was always a matter of conjecture, and his youthful appearance had invariably been his strongest card, one that he had always saved until the last and then played with telling effect.

All that day an aged lady sat in a window at 1032 Parker avenue. She had long white curls which shook with each movement of her head. Her face had become weakened with age, but there still shone a kindly light in her sparkling black eyes. The doorbell rang, and a man in livery appeared. He announced the presence of a man below. The old lady directed that he be shown up.

The old lady started slightly when a slender, fair-haired youth entered—a youth with a frank and honest face. The youth himself was nervous just a bit, as he pulled from his pocket a crumpled piece of paper.

"Is this here straight goods, lady?" he inquired in a pleasant

voice. "Cause I ain't done nothin' wrong myself, an' it wouldn't be right to mix me up in anything when I'm only tryin' to do you a favor. Is it straight goods?" She nodded.

"An'," he continued, "d'you mean that you'll give \$200 for your watch, an' no questions asked? Is that right?"

Again she nodded. "That is right," she replied in a mild, quavering voice. "If my watch is returned, I will gladly pay the money." As she spoke she took from her purse a few crisp bills. Mickey Walters hesitated for a moment and then pulled out the watch.

"Is that yourn, missis?" he asked. The old lady's eyes sparkled with delight as they beheld her treasured timepiece. She stretched forth both hands, one to deliver the money, the other to receive the watch. "I am glad—so glad—to get it back!" she exclaimed gratefully. Mickey Walters stood on one foot and counted the money.

"Gee!" he said to himself as he did so. "Gee! But she's an easy old party!" Under ordinary circumstances at this juncture he would have discreetly retired, but his interested glance, roving around the room, had lighted upon several articles of vertu on the table at his side. These articles were marketable either in their present form or melted up. Two hundred dollars is a good find, but there's no use of flinging away good chances besides; at least so thought Mickey. So he executed a sort of flank movement which placed him squarely in front of the coveted objects.

"Well, ma'am," he said as his hand stole around and deposited a soiled gold salver in his trousers pocket. "This here paper says no questions 'd be asked. That's right, too, but I want to say to you that I ain't got nothin' to do with this here thing. My old man took it offen you, an' I took it offen him an' brought it here. I wouldn't take your two hundred only I want to live straight an' honest." His voice quavered as he went on, and he pocketed a gold pen. "Perhaps 'tain't right 'rime to give the old man away. I don't

want to get him into trouble, but you won't never find out who he is—a fact which Mickey himself had never found out either.

The old lady nodded sympathetically. At that instant Mickey made away with a gold and jeweled paper knife. "Well, now, ma'am," he continued, a sudden idea striking him, "I must be goin', but I'd like to know one thing. Do you mind tellin' just how this watch was took offen you?" The old lady explained how she thought it had been done. Mickey shook his head deprecatingly.

"The old man's a slick one, missis," he returned. Suddenly his glance became fixed upon some object across the way. The old lady, seeing this, also turned her head. At that instant Mickey Walters leaned forward. The next instant the treasured timepiece was nestling snugly in his vest pocket. "Gee, but this is easy!" repeated Mickey to himself as he started off, but the old lady placed a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I want to get you a book," she said kindly. "What will help you to live an honest life. Wait till I return." She hastened out, shutting the door behind her.

"Blame her," said Mickey. "She'll find that watch gone now. It was dangerous, but Mickey was prepared for it. He placed the watch on the window sill, where, if she missed it, she could easily find it, and he did not he could easily get it again.

"There," exclaimed the old lady, bustling into the room, "is the small book of which I spoke." Mickey watched her smile. He saw that all was right, so he took possession of the watch once more. The old lady touched him on the arm. "Now, whatever you do, be honest, always honest, Mickey Walters."

Mickey started at the sound of his own name, but the old lady, kept on shaking her curls, and shook them so hard that a funny thing happened—they came off—and they left behind only a round pate covered with short hair and the weakened features of Mr. "Sneakers" Kelly, the crack-detective of the Central office. He coughed. A blue coated figure appeared at the door.

"Captain," exclaimed Mr. "Sneakers" Kelly, "allow me to present the slickest pickpocket in three states. Captain Burke, Mr. Mickey Walters. Better search him right here, cap-

You'll find a gold card tray on him, an' a paper cutter an' a pen an' a couple of them there small ink bottles an' a brace of candlesticks from the mantel, an' he's got that there watch, too, an' what's more, he's got two hundred plunks that belongs to me. An' Mickey," he concluded, "it's more than I can afford, an' that's what."

"Dad fetch the luck!" complained Mr. Walters severely. "An' I wanted to go fishin' tomorrow too!"

"Fishin'?" exclaimed the captain. "That's good. I'd like to go myself, but I don't know, Kelly, but that you can say we've been. By the way, Mickey," he inquired, "how much d'you weigh?"

"But a hundred an' thirty," replied Mickey.

The captain stepped forward. "Say," he inquired of the culprit, "would you mind our sayin' down there now that it's a hundred an' seventy-five? My sergeant's a fisherman, an' weight alius counts with him."

When they reached the street, the detective suddenly halted. "Why, Mickey," he exclaimed, "if you ain't gone an' forgot that there book I gave you after all!"

matter was never brought up at the colonial conference. Hence they argue the absence of urgency of strong Canadian grievance.

The Standard, the government organ, still hesitates, though it admits a predisposing tendency favoring Mr. Chamberlain, but warns the public against premature decision, and says that cautious critics will postpone enthusiasm for Chamberlain in order to keep the taxation proposals independent of the old age pension, with which they were not concerned. "It is right to modify the tariff," it says, "we ought to do so without offering a huge bonus to working classes in order to gain their assent to the change."

It is evident that Earl Onslow, president of the board of agriculture, is determined to follow Hanbury's policy, and make no relaxation in connection with the embargo against Canadian cattle. Speaking at a farmers' club yesterday of the recent arrival at Deptford of Argentine infected cattle, he said the board will spare no pains to protect the flocks and herds of Great Britain from disease which threatened to decimate them.

Commissioner of Indian Affairs Jones today declined to interfere with the order already made for the transfer of Superintendent Terry, of the Puyallup Indian school, and as soon as Terry executes a new bond he will go to Round Valley, Cal.

H. F. Listen, as already announced, will succeed him at Puyallup. Commissioner Jones based his action on the unsatisfactory condition of the school as shown by the reports of the inspector and by personal observations, and not upon the ground of political expediency, although he acknowledged the change was recommended by a part of the Washington delegation in congress.

Will Forward Petition.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 1.—Action by the United States government in transmitting the petition of citizens of this country of the Jewish and other religious faiths will not be affected by the inspired pronouncement of the Russian government given to the public today. It is evidently the intention of the administration to forward the petition to the Russian government as soon as it is in readiness.

NEW SYSTEM

Of Telephone Brought to Dawson

by W. R. Holden

Mr. W. R. Holden, formerly in the government telegraph service stationed at Five Fingers, arrived in Dawson on the steamer Yukoner Wednesday. Mr. Holden is representing a German company, introducing a new invention called the Metaphone. The Metaphone is a private telephone system for use in office buildings, hotels, warehouses, hospitals, etc. It is a new invention having only been introduced in Germany, where it is manufactured, about two years ago and getting across the water in to Canada last year. Instead of speaking into the transmitter as in the regular system of the telephone you speak across, thereby getting a perfectly clear enunciation. It will transmit for a distance of five miles and is so sensitive that the faintest whisper as well as the loudest tones can be heard perfectly. Wherever it has been introduced Mr. Holden says it has given the greatest satisfaction, and as it is well adapted for use in mines there is no doubt but that there will be a big demand for it.

American Suicide in Paris

Paris, June 27.—The prefect of police has notified Consul-General Gowdy that Samuel Jameson, an American, committed suicide June 22 and was buried in potters' field. An investigation showed that Jameson was born in Lebanon, Ohio, and that later he lived in St. Louis. He resided here for a number of years with his wife, receiving a regular income through a firm of attorneys of New York.

Deceased was 66 years of age and his wife is 64. Recently Mrs. Jameson became deranged and failed to recognize her husband. This proved on Jameson's mind and he cut his throat.

Mrs. Jameson's mental condition is considered to be hopeless. She is confined in the police infirmary.

Dies in Heat

Chicago, July 1.—Four deaths and more than a score of prostrations marked the second day of the heat term in Chicago. The mercury at the weather bureau registered 96 degrees, and on the street level from 93 to 96.

GRANT IS CANCELLED

To Fraction Claimed

E. Cannell

Plaintiffs Obtain Judgment

Case Involving 55, Hill Bonanza

Judgment in the case of John W. Gillespie et al versus Edw. Cannell et al defendants was handed down by Gold Commissioner, as follows:

The plaintiffs are the owners of the 55 Hill claim opposite the upper limit of 54 below disc Bonanza creek, located by the owner on July 26th, 1898.

The defendant Cannell claims a fractional part of the ground lying between 54 below disc Bonanza creek, and the ground mentioned on February 1903.

The case was heard before April, 1902, when the protest level. The defendants and, on the hearing of the case, that the case be sent to court in order that the submit further evidence for this evidence I heard on last.

The defendants' contention, Messenger, who staked the in question, placed his post, shall end of the fraction, staked by Mr. Jepson. The staked on the other hand, of Messenger's posts were placed bottom of the hill close to O'Brien tramway, and their fractional piece of ground is Cannell.

In the spring of 1897, Mr. Jepson surveyed the creek claim area as far down as sixty feet, and from the evidence that his post between Nos. 51 and 54 on the right of the creek stands at the stream corner of the fraction.

For the defense H. H. Smith saw a Messenger stake Ogilvie's post in March, 1898, and saw the post in the fall of '99. H. H. Smith states he saw the Messenger stake Ogilvie's post on the hill claim above Messenger's posts were placed two days after Messenger's posts were about 190 feet from the O'Brien tramway. The O'Brien tramway ran a right limit of Bonanza claim down hill line of the defendant.

The plaintiff, on the other hand, states that he saw a post near the 54 below disc Bonanza creek in 1898, and that the Messenger's stake close to the tramway in April, 1898. According to the lower stake line of the tramway in May, 1898, the plaintiff saw the post on the tramway in 1898 and 1899. Plaintiff Gillespie and his wife saw the stake close to the tramway in March, 1898, and their purchasing the claim in 1899.

For the defense H. H. Smith states Gillespie staked boundary between the creek claim and Ogilvie's post in 1898, and would not however be in the position of the post, as in case Ogilvie's post, of the side boundary of claim the hill claim would be ground below that Messenger's post, the position claimed by the defense. Mr. Jepson's survey Messenger's claim would not have been found there was no post in the position in which the post was staked. Messenger's claim would not affect the case as it is not a boundary claim. When measuring by previous distance of 1000 feet.

As to the "width" of the defendant's claim, he says that the claim between the tramway and the hill above the ground, and he saw his post in the ground in 1898. The third one close to the tramway is close to the fraction.

Gillespie let a lay to the defendant in October, and it appears that the work on the ground was under said lay previous to making.

Mr. Darwell and Mr. C.

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The Nugget has made arrangements with the publishers of the Toronto Globe, whereby we are enabled to offer the Weekly Globe to all subscribers who pay six months in advance subscription to the Nugget. Our terms with the Globe publishers are such that we are enabled to make this offer by reason of the saving of expense involved in making monthly collections. The Weekly Toronto Globe is one of Canada's greatest papers, and with the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget will keep all newspaper readers in close touch with local and outside events.

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Dear Sir:—Enclosed find \$12 in payment for six months subscription to the Klondike Nugget and the Weekly Toronto Globe as per your special offer.

Yours very truly,

Address

Note: All parties residing in the town of Dawson are entitled to receive the daily issue of the Nugget under this offer and those residing on the creeks will receive the semi-weekly issue. The offer is made to new subscribers and to old ones who extend their subscriptions for the stipulated period of six months.

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET

The Klondike Nugget and Toronto Globe.