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present occa led upon t one of his, while the arm hearest her boy was able to walk, and in his said you wished to paint?" of his ability their vouthful honeymoom, neither bethe following ingly at her, and whispered "Mary," hnson, Mac erty-Ryan

She saw a cloud darker his face, him there, his eyes left hers, and fried to pierce disturbed.

Mittle heart. I fear that cannot he I fear that I have wronged you and myself, too, by our marriage. For an instant she looked troubled

then her sweet smile came back. "You have perhaps wronged yourplest lass in the countryside.'

He smiled for an instant: then he something as intangible as gossamer, and wait on the Lord." as swift as the passing of a dewdrop

she worshipped, thoughts she could dinners to him, and what not; never hope to share, and a sudden should spare you any extra work, but

He presently turned to her; there was a thoughtful look on his dark expressive face.

"Have you noted the wild cherry ray on the valley.

"I have been thinking how lovely they are, but somehow you come beme and thoughts of outside

As she spoke she slipped her hand under his arm, and it cheered her to

"Little heart," he said gently; then he went on : "Tomorrow I

Mary stared, and then she sighed; a clerk in her uncle's counting-house, this idea to him. Mary was too son hoped he was earning money.

Suddenly he said :

ed," she said simply. light glowed in his eyes, "then we tions on every twig and flower.

ley, her footprints could be traced ev- you ?" en to the hilltops, bold grey and green summits which rose on either her, and the young pair walked sil- ted his easel and was intently reading followed the snow had drifted fear, own chamber, where she could sob. The day wore on her heart ached

the many tokens which assured it that winter had gone away. Sprays II. of white bloom wreathed the slender flower seemed to quiver with joy of but he had grown morose and irritif he were looking at the canvas on forehead, but she looked sad rather him back. The youth and the girl who wan- and in truth there was no longer

baby fashion to talk. ing twenty years old. He looked lov- His father resented his intrusion ; the child was a plain likeness of him-brilliant face on the canvas. claims on his mother. As long as he could, the young painter avoided he could, the young painter avoided he ichly-colored portrait.

Mary was still tovely, but she house. Little mary had pined away, loving woman had not grown used to ter her father's sudden departure for her solitary life. She glanced up at his expressive could, the young painter avoided be- richly-colored portrait. face, and saw the full dark eyes fixed ing in the same room with his boy, but when this became unavoidable he he hesitated, and his eyes fell under to his wife, he bade her farewell, grey and sullen. Mary shaded her eyes

him there, so that he might not be through the soft mist at the end of Mary loved her husband as devoted- dred spirits; the sympathy for which two women struggled on for some ed her eyes to this figure, as it slow she did not speak of her trouble even course."

to her mother. Her face had become pale and thin, and her mother was anxious about

"You have a trouble, child, I know lnow that you've made me the hap-young wife came in to ask her to mind Johnnie for an hour or so. "You fancy things, mother, the

at her it seemed to Mary that some- I'm too like Martha, when instead 1 thing, she could not tell what it was, should try to follow Mary's pattern, him, but when she was alone had wonderful new portrait painter, the "There's one thing I see," Dame

on a dainty leaf, had gone from her Wilson said. "That precious husband husband's eyes, and, when he spoke, of yours gives more trouble than he need, you don't ought to be trampin' She knew that he had "gifts which backwards and forwards carryin' his

he should take to honest work."

Mary looked shocked; her mother rarely mentioned her husband's name; then she remembered that the good trees, lass? They have put bridal ar- woman could not appreciate Richard's genius.

She smiled at her, and then kissed the vexed face. "I've heard you say, mother, many things. I can only think of you, my a time, that no man is a prophet in

his own country; why should not that come true in Richard's case?-he'll be amous yet, you'll see;" then she bade "and that is London. In London I note how fondly he pressed the hand Johnnie be good to his grannie, and went home.

must get back to my painting; that new baby into the world, but it to Reynolds himself, and what does is my trouble. Mary; how can I brought increased depression to Rich- he say? He rails at me for a fool, progress unless I have models, and ard Merton's spirits. Mary had says that if I have talent I have dewhere is a model to be found in this hoped he would show some interest stroyed any hope I might have had by in the haby girl which promised to my foolish marriage; he says, and be like its mother, but he turned says truly, that a wife is destruction secretly she wished that her Richard wearily away when its grandmother to the career of a painter, she is longer in recovering than she had gains, and robbing him of any hope but she would not say this to him; been after Johnnie's birth, and dur- of advancement. marriage, her mother had proposed ing portraits lately, and Dame Wil-do not mean it."

She put all this down to the hour's of her illness she had resolved titude disarmed him. account of the genius which she wor- to ask her mother to take Johnnie to

The day had been full of fascinating not, you shall not, hold me back !' "I might begin with you, if you contrasts, the air was soft and "But, Richard," she sadly pleaded, When I succeed, for I shall be sam- ready hot at mid-day, and to multi- ed bachelor. Why should not I one day, Mary," a wonderful ply mirrors for its prismatic reflectihe children go, with you?"

I see, when we begin life in earnest, of her husband. It was the first time Then he burst into a loud laugh. for you can spare the time I should she had left her infant, but a strong

she must at once see Richard.

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He sighed, bent down and krissed proached, that her husband had quit- night, and through the morning that At this Mary turned and fled to her stuff."

Merton hurriedly crumpled the paper the top of the doorway. Two years went by, the young hus-in the intruder, the light being be-cottage, not far from the snowdrift. band's expressed wish, Mary would be

The youth and the girl who want form in the cottage for him and his "Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaim- been when she married Richard Merone of his, while the arm nearest her artist litter, now that a merry little ed. "Is that the gypsy woman you ton. She was alone in the world.

"You like it, do you? Well then," London Richard Merton wrote once The sun had set, the sky was again Think, Mary, how I should paint if made name and fame, she should for the letter which never came. not, he bade Mary bring his dinner to I had what others have at will - hear from him again. Her mother,

steps away from his wife.

her, for there would soon be another. Mary stood tren bling, she did not know how to answer this appeal, for it seemed to her that her husband "You have pernaps wronged your self, Richard; I'm not half good you have, though you'll not own up against his lot in life. Twice alagainst the ties which fettered his toon. turned away. When he again looked weather's been dreary, and maybe such narrow surroundings. Each poured out her heart to her Heavenly Father, and besought: Him to give

> At last he spoke abruptly. "Have you nothing to say? Is it fair, is it right, that you, who pride ton ?" the lady repeated.

light to her and to her husband.

Mary's eyes brightened, and a flush popular: rose to her cheeks. She was still weak, and her heart was beating so on it to still it.

"I-I," she could hardly get the words out, she was so terribly frightened. "Do you mean, Richard, that you wish to live in a town?" "There is only one place for a

painter," he exclaimed impatiently, should find all the great painters, men whose very faces would be in-A bright lovely spring brought the wrote to the greatest among them,

the could not forget the disgust he ing that time her husband was fre- Mary clasped her hands together. had expressed, when before their quently absent. He had been paint- "Oh, Richard," she cried, "say you

He turned on her with flashing as well as too loving, to The end of April came before Mary eyes, and then something in her face, that her husband could be was about again; during the long or in the charm of her suppliant at-"It is the truth. Stay, I will be

Apped in him, and which, she told live with her, the infant she thought just; so far you have helped to save melt, she was as yet too ignorant would not disturb Richard, she my earnings rather than to spend understand. In time she thought would try to win him back to what them, but we cannot waste our existshe should improve herself, and that he had been when he married her ence, for this is not life, in saving living with such a man must in a. "He is my husband, and everything out of a mere pittance, I must make way educate her far better than book- ought to yield to him," she told her- money, and, what I value more, I must win fame, my-girl, you must

balmy with the fragrance of leaves, "can we not go together? I am not al should love anything you wish newly unfolding, while now a shower sure that this Mr. Reynolds gives fell as if to temper the sunshine al- good advice, he may be a disappoint-

For an instant he looked wondercould have a maid or two, and this. The baby lay sleeping in its cradle, ingly at her, it seemed to him that mould give you leisure, now, I hard- and Mary went to the barn in search his quiet lass had lost her senses. "Together, forsooth! No, Mary,

impulse had seized her; she felt that that would be fatal, besides I should be fool and brute, too, if I condemnsaid brightly, "I can't tell you The yard outside the barn was ed you and your babes to a London how I long to be in our own little strewn with straw, so that her foot garret in exchange for the green

He turned roughly away, but he walked twice the length of the barn before he answered.

"It is your fault if I am unkind; I tell you I must be free from all shackles if I am to become a famous painter. Then who knows what may happen ?" He went up to her, though he looked away from her ten-

"Go home, sweetheart, go home. I will come in to supper oy-and-bye."

It was a hitter afternoon in early spring; snow lay-thickly in the hottom of the dale and on the hillsides, even where the sun lingered near the summit, though its reflection changed

the dazzling white to a rosy glow, umph in her voice as she told the choke her. The eyes again closed and Fred Wade Tells Londoners tale to her mother. But she was not be lay still It lay too on the thatched roofs of prepared for the way in which Dame

the cottages at this end of the dale. Wilson received the story. There were not many of these. Two "I'm no scholar myself, child, and "I can do little," he said, "the stood away from four or five others, you know it, or I'd write to the lad mind is troubled as well as the body; and, of these two, one was evidently and wish him joy, I would; but you but he may recover, if anything can home; you always say my bread is steps were noiseless. The lower half deserted; no attempt had been made mun go to him, lass, when we've help the poor fellow, 'twill be your

er the stones beside the path and Mary had been born, and which was figure darkening the opening, Richard tion a solid white mass as high as rebellion her mother's words had flush of fever had faded, she fully reof white bloom wreathed the slender trees beside the hills, every blade and but he had grown morose and irrit. There were lines on her still fair more likely to alienate than to win onscious state, never knowing that being being benefitted, but he had grown morose and irrit. than careworn; her dark blue eyes

Mary had been sadly lonely since her mother's death, which had hap-Her boy, Johnnie, was now a grown pened in the autumn. Her son, He turned and looked at he grave man, and looked forward to being Johnnie, had come to spend Christly, inquiringly, then at the dark, partner one day with his mother's mas with his mother, and she hoped with an intensity that brought tears self; he resented too the child's Mary was still lovely, but she house. Little Mary had pined away, many weeks lay between, and the her surprise raised himself on his el-

took possession of a barn belonging her sweet, blue-eyed gaze, which was and said she need not trouble him with her hand as she looked down the the present itself into his shoulder, to a good-natured neighbor, and so, pure, so full of trust in him with letters; one day when he had dale; she looked always at this hour

All at once she fancied she saw models, and the work of others to with barely enough to keep herself, moving figure coming along the less love. study, above all, fellowship with kin- came to her daughter-s help, and the snow-covered road. Something chainly as at first, but his avoidance of every worker craves, the appreciation years together, at last Mary's pite. ly came nearer, the snow made rapid the valley, and the arm that had clasped his child greatly tried her, though of those who know of what they dishad power to find her employment, woman's heart beat with a wild She had never permitted her mother hope, the hope that had never died, out of his careworn face, and gladto blame Richard in her hearing, He had she not prayed every day that it dened her had earned a sum of money by paint- might be realized, if such were God's until "Little heart!" ing portraits of the neighboring gen- will ?

ers asked Mary if she was related to panting woman who could hardly show? keep herself from hurrying forward he was indeed her Richard, the idol of ly not to spend his feeble strength, lady said, and she added that soon all the fashion of London would flock. * * * * * * *

to his studio, as it did to the studios Mary took no count of the days and around her; "is there in the world nights she watched beside her hus- another wife, left so long alone, her "Is he related to you, Mrs. Mer-band, through the hours of unconsciousness and delirium which had who would love like you? Nav. I yours. If on being a Christian, should Blushing and confused, Mary an followed the stupor into which he cannot loose you, lest you leave me, chill fell on her loving heart, with no, not he, he just goes on daubing own power for art, to wear out his "I believe he is." She was chank- he opened his eyes and looked wildly sank on his first arrival. Sometimes and all becomes the dream it seems. the dread that she was indeed un away at his pictures; and what's the days, starving for counsel and fel- ful to go away, and escape further about him, but he did not seem to both of the last of the worthy of her husband, and that he good of it all, I say? He don't sell lowship, amid the surroundings of old questions; when the lady added, "I know where he was, or to recognize hear he'll soon be rich as well as the loving woman who nursed him. At last one morning, when brilliant Mary's heart swelled proudly as she light filled the small room in which

went home, had she not always be- he lay, the sunken eyes fixed themviolently that she pressed her hand lieved in her husband's genius? She selves on her pale face, and she saw re oiced warmly in his success. Then in them that reason had returned. her heart ached till it seemed ready | The colorless lips parted, and she to break, How completely his love bent her head lower to hear. for wife and children must have died "Nurse," the weak voice said. "I out of Richard's heart, he had left mind me of a face-like yours," he

the story of his success to be told by sighed wearily, "among so many-so many, I cannot fit a name to it." Mary's heart beat till it seemed to ner.'

While he slept, the doctor she had ummoned came to see his patient.

he was again in his old home?

bow and looked at her. "Did it rain awhile ago, nurse? 'I

dreamed it did," he paused and touched his face with his wasted fingrs. "Ah, I know now," he sank crouch into it. "Ah, Mary, Mary, I am not worth-not worth your price-

but she could not; they streamed. from her face on to his, and as she raised his head on her arm, and laid

try, and he had given more than half. She gazed yet more steadily at the that made the grey-haired woman was, as she had feared, in revolt of this money to his wife before he approaching ngure.

Who held him in har arms thrill wild ported 'drilling on the creeks' that happy girlhood. "My little heart the Vikon Field Form was despatch." spokenness, no one would have learn bent, grey-haired man, his face blue that has beat true all these fonely the Yukon Field Force was despatchready he had broken out of his usual ed the secret of her daughter's deser- with cold, his nose red and swollen. years. Ab, Mary, why did I come his eyes bleared, his gait shambling back so late, why did I leave my and ill-assured; yet to the eager-eyed, pearl of price for tinsel, for mocking as in case of an uprising of United

"Ah, Mary," his weak arm crept love cast back on her, is there one "It is no dream, dear Richard. We both of us to Himself

North Georgia Conference, after listening to Bishop Chandler yesterday, remarked "The Bishop reminds me of the de-

cription Old Man Reynolds of Hall county gave of Ben Hill when he said f him, 'He is dramatic, grammatic, epigrammatic and emphatic. "-At-

About the Boundary Dispute

side. A sparkling brook bubbled ov- ently back to the cottage in which a letter; she drew nearer, and her fully and now lay before this habitation out in peace and quief the grief and more, and which was figure darkening the controversy with ability and fairness, turbance of any nature is to be fearroused in her. It took some time to alized the wreck her husband was ed States trade with the Yuken is of an uprising, how could Canada he held and thrust it into his pocket. A white-haired woman stood rest-convince Dame Wilson that by such The doctor had given hope; but then declining, and that the tidewater send her soldiers over the disputed Richard was so weak, would he, she towns of Skagway and Dyea are not strip? The question is a serious one. asked herself, pass away in this un-

> lids, and as he raised them, she held postponed by the action of the Unit- undetermined line permeate every de to his lips the restoring drink she ed States commissioners in refusing partment of government. Although He drank it eagerly, and then to sible condition. So far as the Yukan been confounded for the time being is concerned, the ownership of the it is obvious that the now somewhat back on his pillow, and seemed to any claims she might be able to es- to suggest that our pewerful neightablish to the "towns and settle bors would allow their sense of justhat she should solemnly enter upon trade with the Yukon is rapidly against herself-brought deadlock." by existing arrangements, brings us

Continuing, he deals very carefully nearer to a settlement than before. with the difficulties which have arisen in legislative and other matters, her old words in a fond endearing voice and reviews with calm judgment the that made the ergy-haired woman canadian claims to the territory He Job Printing at Nugget office.

cd to the Yukon several years ago
The step was a precautionary one,
Notaries Convergencers, etc. Of Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Ridge States citizens in the Klondike it was by no means certain that Washington would permit Canadian soldiers to cross the disputed strip to suppress American filibusters on Canadian soil. The converance of the force over the all-Canadian Stickine route, the building of barracks at Selairk, and cost of maintenance entailed an enormous expense, all of which would have been unnecessary had Skagway been conceded her true position as a Canadian port. Rela-

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The breath of spring filled the valbetter raised than mother's, don't of the door was closed, but through to sweep the snow from it; there had made sure all is as the lady says, you patience, mistress. He needs care kon, contributes to The Empire Rea so amicable, so many Americans have view a good-tempered article on the become heavily interested in mining

There was still light in, the room In the introductory remarks of the trapped strategically from the start. from the last beams of the sun before article mentioned Mr. Wade says Other illustrations of the practical "The settlement of the Alaska-Yukon side of the boundary dispute might it sank behind the western hills. Mary boundary dispute was indefinitely be given. The baneful influences of an to negotiate except upon an impos- British and Canadian diplomacy have towns and settlements at tide-water aged and hoary struggle for our -Skagway, Dyea and Haines Mission rights must be vigorously renewed. is the chief point at issue. The The arguments in support of the Can stipulation that Great Britain should adian contention are as conclusive as yield to the other side in advance ever, and though it seems ungenerous ments at tidewater settled under the tice to be warped by self-interest. authority of the United States, perhaps the fact that United States prolonged international litigation be whittling away to a point, and the fore a tribunal with which she had tide-water towns, Skagway and Dyea already filed a consent judgment are being ruined instead of benefitted

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