IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A Story of Love, Jealousy and Treachery.

Where the Traitor Got His Just Deserts and Two Happy Hearts Were at Last United.

A prominent store in Paris was [illegible] of Jean Guileau, baker, a widower with one child, Hortense, [illegible] 17 years of age and very beautiful.

Jean wisely took no part in the communistic orgies running riot on the streets immediately subsequent to the Franco-Prussian war; but, with plenty of provisions in his cellar, he philosophically closed the doors and windows, withdrew his sign of business and smoked his pipe contentedly in the seclusive companionship and [illegible] love of Hortense.

One so pretty and piquant as she did not be exempt from a besieging lovers. The two most prominent these were her father's graduating apprentices, Henri Edouin and Giuseppe—"dark Giuseppe" and "the [illegible] eye"—the latter was frequently applied by his intimates, because the treacherous glance in his hard, [illegible] orbs and a lurking smile forever fixed about his lips.

[illegible] Henri Hortense had long since [illegible] her heart.

It was quite late one night when Henri departed from the embrace of [illegible] promised bride. As Hortense re[illegible] through the narrow doorway [illegible] unexpected form, like an apparition from the gloom, confronted her. "Giuseppe!" she cried.

"It is I," he replied calmly.

"Oh, you frightened me! Whence [illegible] you so suddenly?"

"From close beside, girl. Ah, thou [illegible]ette! A word. I have heard [illegible]—

"A listener—you? Shame!"

"Tell me, is it true, indeed, I need [illegible] no more to win you?"

"You say you have heard all?"

"Yes. I am not deaf."

"And you have seen too?"

"Yes. I am not blind."

"Much good may it do you, then, [illegible] you are answered!"

[illegible] with the sharp speech she [illegible] the door in his face, angry [illegible] having spied upon what was [illegible] a sacred interview.

[illegible] many nights after that her [illegible] were haunted by the baleful [illegible] of dark Giuseppe, and in her [illegible] continually rang the fearful im[illegible]tion she heard him mutter, [illegible] with the name of Henri [illegible].

[illegible] favored lover was greatly sur[illegible] a few days later at receipt of [illegible]munication from the Versailles [illegible]ment. It was delivered by an [illegible] stranger, who whispered these [illegible] ominous words

"For your eyes only. Be discreet!"

The sealed billet contained this:

"Last dispatches by balloon acknowledged. Inclosed herewith an [illegible] for 500 francs, payable when France is redeemed from her enemies.

"Paris. M. EDOUIN."

Henri should have destroyed the mysterious scrawl instantly. Instead he stood gazing at it in sheer amazement. He had had nothing whatever to do with the Versaillese, though his heart was honestly with those who struggled so nobly to save the country from the doom of a bloody anarchy.

The few moments' stupefaction proved his greatest misfortune.

There was a peremptory tap at the door.

Giuseppe entered, grinning infernally. Behind him "dress" three ruffians of the national guard.

"Ah, M. Edouin!" he said.

"Oh, is it you, Giuseppe?" replied Henri.

Giuseppe advanced with snaky quickness and ere Henry could anticipate snatched away the fatal paper. Flourishing it aloft, he cried:

"Away with him! See what I hold—a paper that will have him shot unless I greatly mistake!" And Giuseppe hissed maliciously into his rival's ear: "I am now a trusted spy of the commune. Your death is certain. You will never wed with Hortense Guileau!"

Unfortunate Henri was soon in prison. He fully realized his danger, and it required but little reflection to convince him of the foul trick played by crafty Giuseppe.

The days of his confinement went tediously by, while ever before him loomed the horrid prospect of a violent death. Then Guiseppe confronted his victim and accompanying him—could it be reality?—was Hortense.

"I bring to you a gleam of sunlight, M. Edouin," said the dark browed villain, with grinning sarcasm.

Henri sprang forward to embrace his betrothed, but Giuseppe interposed.

"Hold! I did not bring her here for a love seene. Give ear to me. Minutes for Henri Edouin are valuable. Judgment is to be given in your case within the hour. You know, what it will be—death! I come to offer you life."

"You?"

"And, pray, why not? I hold the document that is to riddle you with bullets. Say the word and I will destroy it. I will retract my charge as a stupid blunder."

"What word shall I say?"

"Henceforth you will work and fight on the side of the commune. That will save you—if I choose. Giuseppe the spy is quite another person than Giuseppe the baker's apprentice. Money and influence both are mine now. Besides, our prisons are cramming with too many hostages. Exchanges are slow, and we need men. So, come, I have your sworn word?"

"Never!" burst from Henri's lips indignantly.

Throughout Hortense had remained passive. Now she threw herself on her knees, with clasped hands, before the man she so dearly loved.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried passionately. "For me—for your own precious life! Anything for your life! Promise! Swear! Here on my knees I beg you, Henri!"

Her voice was broken with wild sobbing; her eyes were brimming with tears. The young man's head dropped, then raised desperately, while his eyes flashed on the treacherous spy.

"So be it, villain Giuseppe! I give my sacred promise as you ask."

The mysterious and convicting letter was instantly torn into fragments. Giuseppe had not boasted vainly. Two days later Henri Edouin was liberated and mounted in the national guard.

For a long time he found no opportunity of seeing Hortense. When at last the lovers did meet, it was to realize the greatest sorrow of their two fond hearts. As the price of saving Henri's life Hortense had solemnaly agreed to wed with Giuseppe.

Ever memorable will be the 28th of May, 1871, when the following proclamation appeared:

INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

The army of France came to save you. Paris is delivered. Our soldiers carried, at 4 o'clock, the last position occupied by the insurgents. To-day the struggle is finished. Order, labor and security will now survive.

De MacMahon, Duc de Magenta,
Marshal of France, Commander in Chief.

Crowds and columns of prisoners were being marched to Versailles. The prisoner's camp at Satory was an anomalous picture, even shudderful to contemplate.

A man with baleful eyes anh snaky lips approached one of the entrances to the stable pens. The prompt "Qui vive?" halted him.

"Pardon," was the affable, grinning response, "but I am a quartermaster. You have here, by a great mistake, a good cousin of mine who will answer to the name of Henri Edouin. Be so good as to summon him to me. I am not so great a fool as to ask his release just now, but would speak with him if I may."

Villainous Giuseppe, ever treacherous and fearing that Henri might escape to annoy him in the future and jealous to insanity that the man should live to whom Hortense was so avowedly attached, had sought the prisoners' camp with murderous intent. In his bosom he carried a pistol, and with the weapon he was resolved to slay the rival he hated.

His speech at the gate was interrupted by a savage cry.

A bronzed gendarme who was standing near threw aside his musket and, springing forward, gripped the pseudo quartermaster by the throat.

"This wretch lies!" he vociferated excitedly. "He is Giuseppe of the commune, Giuseppe the spy, who ordered 40 of my comrades shot. I alone escaped! I know him well!"

A fierce struggle ensued.

There were a flash, a bang, and the gendarme dropped dead.

But simultaneously a musket butt crashed down through the skull of Giuseppe. The baleful eyes were dimmed forever.

It would be difficult to describe the tearful pleadings of beautiful Hortense before the gentlemen of the military bureau in Rue Satory. She knew and revealed the trick which had placed Henri in Giuseppe's power. She told the story of her heart's sacrifice to save her lover's life and his unwilling yielding to the proposition of his arch enemy. It was an appeal to touch the deepest sympathy of her hearers.

Henri Edouin was forthwith set at liberty.

He and his true Hortense were shortly afterward wedded, and when Paris has subsided to comparative quiet old Jean Guileau gave a merry feast to the handsome couple.—Saturday Night.

Why She Did It.

Mrs. Greene—For the land's sake, how did Miss Prettiwun ever come to marry that homely old fool of a Hudgkins?

Mrs. Gray—I understand he was attached to the money she wanted.—Boston Transcript.

Candies, nuts, etc., for the holidays—Kilgore & Landahl's.

Don't fail to see the cartoons at the Pioneer saloon.

Will Retire From Business Jan. 1st

I am Now Selling My Stock Consisting of Everything in the JEWELRY LINE at Prices Never Offered Before in the City of Dawson.

ALBERT MEYER, Jeweler, Orpheum Bldg.

WHEN MIRANDY GOT A BEAU

Her Mother Consulted the Carrier of Uncle Sam's Mail

Who, Being a Representative of a Great Goverment, Gave Her Some Sensible Advice.

Just as I reached Farmer Riker's on my trip the other day my cart broke down, and Mrs. Riker came out and said:

"Now, Abe, I'm gladon't. It does seem like a stroke of Providence. I've been wanting to have a talk with you for a week past, but you was in a hurry or Benjamin was around."

"What's on your mind, Aunt Sally?" I asks as I works away at the repairs.

"It's about our Mirandy, Abe. You know she's 27 years old and never had an offer of marriage, but it do really look as if things was coming her way at last. What you got in that box up there?"

"A porous plaster for Uncle Tobe Brown, a box of pills for Jim Hobson, a bottle of liniment for Mrs. Dawson's rheumatism and pins, thread, needles, hairpins, cough drops, shirt buttons and shingle nails for various other folks."

"What a kind hearted, accommodating man. But about Mirandy. She's in the house cutting over carpet rags and singing the 'Sweet By and By,' and I don't know when I've seen her look so happy. Say, Abe, I want"—

"Hold on, Aunt Sally," I says—"hold right on till I know whether what you've got to say is an international question for the state department to handle or only a confidential communication between you and me. Don't never forget that I'm representing the United States of America through the postoffice department. It's a powerful burden on a man's back, but I'm trying to bear it without busting my overcoat."

"You needn't worry, Abe," she replies. Mirandy hain't been walking around on the Mohroe doctrine or sticking up her nose at our colonial policy. She's got a beau at last, and I don't reckon that has anything to with Uncle Sam. He rather encourages such things, as I understand it. I'm talking to you as an old friend and not as the feller who carries the American eagle under his arm."

"Then go ahead and tell me all about it, and I'll do my best to encourage the match. Who wants Mirandy?"

"It's a feller what come along a few days ago with a new sort of wire clothesline. He puts up 200 feet for a dollar, and if you ain't satsfied after six months' trial he takes it down and leaves you a corn sheller or a parlor organ in its place for nothing. He came along here the other week when Benjamin was gone to town and I was busy with the churning, and I sent Mirandy to the door to tell him to move on or take the end of the broomstick. She was so long about it that I finally followed after, and I was never so astonished in my whole life. There that fellow stood smiling at Mirandy, and there Mirandy stood smiling at him, and you'd thought he'd been her beau for the last six months."

"Case of love at first sight," says I.

"It was, Abe, it was, and they was bold as brass about it. When I started to box Mirandy's ears, she turned on me, and when I told the fellow we didn't want no windmills, patent gates, washing machines, pianos, beartraps or lightning rods he almost winked at me as he enters the house and takes a cheer and says he has at last met the the angel of his dreams. If Mirandy hadn't put her finger in her mouth and run up stairs, I believe he'd have proposed to her then and there. Do men fall in love that war, Abe—good men?"

"Are you asking me as representing the postoffice department, the present administration and the United States of America at large, Aunt Sally?"

"Of course not. The postmaster general and the United States can go to ballyhack if we can get Mirandy married off to some good man. Don't you try to make out that this has anything to do with the Alaska boundary or the Nicaragua canal."

"Well, then, giving you my private opinion, which heedn't go no further, a feller is sometimes hit with love the same as with a crowbar, and maybe a woman is too. What's the chap's name?"

"Hawkins, and Mirandy says it's awfully romantic."

"What does he look like?"

"Like a bean ploe with clothes on, but Mirandy says that all the cavaliers and knights she has ever read of looked just that way. She sorter thinks this feller is a cavalier in disguise, and and she goes around purring like a kitten after supper."

"Has the feller declared his love for her?" I asks as my job is almost finished.

"Has he!" shouts Aunt Sally as she throws up her arms. "Well I should say that he had—more'n a hundred times. He don't do nothing from morning till night but eat three square meals and declare his love for Mirandy. Law me, but he ain't a bit afraid of me or Benjamin. He goes right on talking about his love the same as anybody else would about turnips, and Mirandy sits and hitches around on her chair and giggles. I'm sometimes almost afraid the Lord will bring some awful punishment on me for allowing of it. It's for Benjamin to do something, but he won't move hand or foot. He won't even ask the feller if he's able to support Mirandy in luxury. Abe, I wish you'd let go the American eagle and the star spangled banner long enough to tell me what to do."

"There ain't nothing to be said, Aunt, Sally."

"But there must be. When a gal falls in love with a wire clothesline man, shouldn't it be found out whether he's worth the clothes on his back, what denomination he belongs to, whether he's a hand to stay out nights or stay home with his family? I'm free to say that Mirandy ain't no great shakes as a gal and that if she loses her feller she may never have another chance, but I don't want her to be took in by a pirate. What would you do if you was me, Abe?"

"I shouldn't worry. It's no good to worry about gals, Aunt Sally, especially old gals like Mirandy. When they fall in love, it's all over with 'em, and they've got no sense left. She wouldn't listen to me, knowing that I represent this glorious American republic and that to stop me on the highway is unlawfully detaining the United States mail. They've fell in love, and they are to marry, and you've just got to let things slide. You hain't no right in the case."

"But don't I even get 200 feet of wire clothesline out of it? He ain't put up a single inch yet, and it don't look as if he meant to."

"You might insist that the wire go up before the marriage takes place, but if he hangs off about it continue to spread your washing on the currant bushes and the grass. It appears as if Providence had brought 'em together, and nobody ought to fly in the face of Providence. That's the way of Aunt Sally, and whom the Lord hath joined together let no man put asunder, and I'm half an hour behind time and have got to rattle on."

M. QUAD.

Plant Life.

Even in the brightest room plants are never of so rich a green as those grown out of doors. In a dark cellar no chlorophyl is produced at all. Every one has seen potatoes growing there, with their long attenuated stalks and little white leaves, which exist but for a time and when the reserve material in the tuber is used up wither away because they have no light. To produce chlorophyl the light must be at least of sufficient intensity that this page may be easily read by it, and to act as a reducing agent it must be very considerably stronger.

Everyone has learned by sad experience how impossible it is to keep plants in their rooms for any length of time, and the reason is that the light is not bright enough, and what there is does not last long enough to produce the necessary quantity of food material to support life. There is another fatal thing to the growth of plants indoors—viz., the dryness of the air—and this can only be overcome by covering over the plant with a glass shade. As plants die from want of light, so, too, there are some which die from too much. Many of the mosses which cover damp shady walls and banks with their soft covering of green velvet die from too great an exposure to sunlight.—Good Words.

A Profane Interruption.

The late Father Petit was one of the best known priests in the Milwaukee diocese. It may well be said that he was a fine representative of the pioneer priest. With a wide experience and an appreciation of the humor of a situation, many interesting stories are told of him.

On one occasion he was preaching in St. Raphael's church, Madison, of which he was pastor. It was a fine summer day and the windows were open. In an adjoining vacant lot a number of boys were playing a game of baseball.

Father etit's sermon was on heaven and the means of reaching there. He had just come to the end of a passage. "How, then, shall we reach heaven?" he asked, and paused in a solemn manner. Just then came floating through the church window in a high keyed voice, "Slide like the devil, slide!"

It was one of the boy baseball players coaching a base runner.—Current Literature.

When Surgeons Are of No Use.

The driver of the stage which was rolling down the Rocky mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it may have noticed that I was, writes a correspondent, a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly said:

"No use to grip that railin so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger p'int for half an hour yit."

"Then it's on ahead?" I queried.

"Yes, three miles ahead, and I may say fur your benefit that hangin on won't do any partikler good."

"But I don't want to slide off."

"And you won't. If anything goes, it'll be mewls and coach and the hull caboodle altogether, and as the drop is plump 300 feet you won't have no use for arnica or stickin plaster afterward."—Boston Courier.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price $2.50.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd.
is the Place to Buy Your Fittings.

OUR LINES ARE COMPLETE IN ALL SIZES.
Steam Pipe ¼ to 8 inch. Steam Hose ¼ to 2 inch.
Giant Powder Caps and Fuse.
Store, Second Ave. Phone 36. Tin Shop, 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

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

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price $2.50.

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINES
THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.
Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901.—Week Days Only.
FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via. Carmack's and Dome ..... 9 a. m.
FOR GRAND FORKS ..... 9 a. m.
FOR ST. BELOW LOWER DOMINION, Chase's Roadhouse, via Hunker Creek, 9:30 a. m.
FOR QUARTZ CREEK—9 a. m. every other day, Sundays included.
Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.
ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.
Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS
Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

Regina Hotel...
J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.
Dawson's Leading Hotel
American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.
2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering
Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.
Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.
..... Exceptional Service the Rule .....
All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

... Rochester Bar ...
During the Holiday season, in addition to the usual good 25c drinks I will sell
....AT $2.50 Per Bottle.
THE CELEBRATED
Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky
—ALSO—
GOLDEN LEON RYE
....At $2.50 Per Bottle.
Having a large stock of liquors on hand I propose to give the public a cheap buy
BILLIE BAIRD, Prop.

HICKS & THOMPSON, Props.
Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE
HUNKER AND DOMINION
TIME TABLE
Leaves Flannery Hotel 9:00 a. m., Arrives Caribou 4:00 p. m.
Leaves Caribou Hotel 8:30 a. m., Arrives Dawson 3:00 p. m.
Freighting to All Creeks.
FLANNERY HOTEL.
First Class Accommodations
Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals.
BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.

SILK.. GLOVES, MITTS $3.50
Sargent & Pinska
118 Second Avenue.

Auditorium Theatre..
GRAND SACRED CONCERT
Sunday Evening, December 8th
GREATEST MUSICAL TREAT EVER OFFERED A DAWSON AUDIENCE.
Helen Jewell.... SOLOIST
Assisted by The Chancel Choir Boys—Mark Forest, Clair Wilson, in Costumes
SOLOISTS
Beatrice Lorne, G. H. McLeod
Helen Jewel, Wm. Karkeek,
Florence D'Epia.
GRAND SACRED CHORUS WITH ORCHESTRA "Nearer My God to Thee."
Prof. Freimuth's Orchestra of Picked Musicians..
Tickets on Sale at Box Office and Reid & Co.'s Drug Store.
Admission - - - 50c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.
Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.
—FOR—
Copper River and Cook's Inlet
YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.
FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From Juneau on First of Each Month
OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yesler Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street

Best Scotch Whiskies $25 Per Case
Gold Dust at $16 Per Ounce.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Best Scotch Whiskies $25 Per Case
Gold Dust at $16 Per Ounce.

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

By Using Long Distance Telephone
You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks.
By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town
You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments.
Yukon Telephone Syn. Ltd.
GENERAL OFFICE THIRD ST. NEAR A. C. STORE.