

### ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT

#### Mrs. Gallup Knew She Was Going to Die Very Soon.

#### But Her Husband Read On and Didn't Manifest Interest in Her Contemplated Demise.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

Mr. Gallup had finished his supper, removed his coat and shoes and sat down in the rocking chair to read the copy of the Chemung County Gazette he had brought home from the postoffice in the lounge with a sigh and began:

"Samuel, if you could spare a dyin woman three or four minits of your time I should like to talk to you. I know you don't like to be bothered when you are readin, and I wouldn't say a word if it was only a bile on my leg or one of my back aches, but it's more serious than that, Samuel—fur more serious."

Mr. Gallup stretched his legs out to their fullest extent and made his toes crack, but he never looked up from his paper.

"I don't want to give no sudden shock," continued Mrs. Gallup as the tears began to stream down her cheeks and her nose to twitch, "but it's my duty to tell you, so you kin prepare yourself. Samuel, you'll be a widower before Saturday night! Tonight is Tuesday night. Before sundown on Saturday night the funeral will be over. You'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evenin and play checkers. Do you hear me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup may or may not have heard her, but if he did he paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes; I've got my call to go," she resumed as she wiped her eyes on her apron. "I've had rheumatiz, fever, consumption and heart disease, and many and many a time I've expected to go, but I have never felt like this before. My heart goes tunk, tunk, tunk, my lungs seem to be hitchin around, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrow, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin, will you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup turned his paper over, pulled in his feet and crossed his legs, but made no reply.

"Folks can't help dyin, Samuel—that is I can't. I hate to go before I've made the soft soap and put up the fall pickles, but I can't help myself. It was so with Mrs. Watkins. She had the soap grease all ready and was all ready to dye rags fur a new carpet, but when Gabriel's horn sounded she had to spread her wings. You'll miss the soft soap, Samuel, fur you're a great hand to wash up, and you'll miss the pickles, fur you love sour-things, but will you miss me?"

Mr. Gallup held the paper in his left hand and reached down his right to scratch his heel through his sock, but he was dumb. Mrs. Gallup looked at him through her tears for a time and then choked down a sob and said:

"Well, if you don't miss me I can't help it. I've allus had hot water ready when you wanted to wash your feet, and you've never found me without stickin salve fur sore fingers. I've nursed you through colic and sot up with you through fever. You've never had to tell me my bread was heavy or the biscuit tasted of saleratus. And when I'm laid away, Samuel, you'll remember that I wore the same bonnet and shawl fur 21 years and that I allus made a pair of shoes last three years. Haven't I done purty well all things considered?"

Mr. Gallup might have agreed with her, but if he did he didn't say so aloud. He crossed his legs the other way and scratched the other heel, and when Mrs. Gallup could restrain her tears she observed:

"I ain't leavin this house the way some wives would, Samuel. When I am gone, you'll find your shirts and socks and everything in the usual place, and you won't have to sew on a button. I'll even scald out the teapot and scour out the dishpan if I have time. If angels can look down from heaven, then I want to look down and see that I've left everything in order. I want to ask you about angels, Samuel. Are they all old or young angels, or are they sorter mixed up? Will I be set back 30 or 40 years, or will I be an old woman angel?"

She looked directly at Mr. Gallup and waited for a reply, but he was read

### A HORNED TOAD UNPACKED

#### By a Customs Official After It Had Made a Long Trip

#### By Mail—Lots of Packages Awaiting Claimants in the Dawson Customs Office.

In the customs office there is quite an accumulation of packages, the bulk of which arrived by the more recent mails, but there are many which have been there for some time. These packages come by mail, and are sent through the customs office because they contain in many instances dutiable matter. On the receipt of a package a printed postal card is mailed to the party whose name appears thereon, notifying him of its arrival and where he can get it. In many instances, however, these postal cards never reach the person addressed, and the package likewise fails in delivery. So if you have any reason to suppose that a package has been sent you, it would be well to call at the customs office and inquire if your name is on the list. You will find an accommodating official there who will give you the desired information, and if you have a package there he will untie the cords and help you to ascertain what has been sent you, and if it is not of intrinsic value you may take it away without more expense than if it came through the postoffice direct.

"If these things were all opened up and spread out where they could be seen," said one of the officials this morning, "you would be surprised at the variety of goods these packages contain. The contents of many of these parcels are very valuable, as it is not only the things that are sent as presents from home to friends and relatives here, that are represented, but much merchandise is shipped in this way. Jewelry for instance, is often sent in this way, which is fully as safe a means of shipping as any other.

"The regulations demanded that this class of matter shall be held for a month, but under the conditions prevailing here it would in many cases work a hardship if this rule were strictly adhered to, so we carry them on for a much longer time.

"Some of the things sent in this way are of a nature to startle one a bit when first seen. I have seen some very strange things uncovered, so strange in fact that I don't believe I should be surprised at anything any more.

"Once there was a man came into the office with a notification card which he presented and asked for his package. I delivered it, and asked him what it contained and he said he had no idea. It was sent by a friend of his in San Francisco, but he had no notion what he could have sent him.

"Together we untied the strings, and removed the paper, disclosing a small wooden box with a sliding top, such as is used for the shipment of jewelry. The top was provided with a thumb hold at one end, and as the lid worked pretty tight I had to hold it in such a manner that I could not see what was inside as the top slipped slowly back.

"It didn't matter though whether I could see or not. I could feel, and that answered my purpose just as well, because I was in a hurry. As the lid went back something cold and clammy reached up from the interior of the box and fastened itself about one of my fingers, filling my mind on the instant with all the stories I had ever heard or read about infernal machines, diabolical contrivances shipped through the mails to work death and destruction to anyone unfortunate enough to handle them. I also thought of snakes and reptiles and all the deadly and venomous things which creep and crawl about decimating the population, and I did all this thinking without the aid of any brain stimulus other than the thing holding my finger, and I do not wear an electric belt. I just fired the thing whatever it might be, as far from me as I could get it; box and all, and got as far away from it as possible. Then the man who owned it came and investigated, and what do you suppose it was. A horned toad!

"Now, can you conceive of anything more peculiar than this reptile to find its way into a country through the agency of the mail?

"In places where the production of honey and the culture of the honey bee forms one of the industries, queen bees are very often received by mail from Italy.

"Ever since I got that horned toad I have expected to see a rattlesnake poke his head out at me every time I open a package."

It is understood that arrangements

### NAVIGATION NOW DIFFICULT

#### Zealandian Blocks Hellsgate Channel and Delays Traffic.

#### Other Steamers Glide From Bar to Bar—Heavy Storm on Lebarge in Which Many Scows Are Wrecked.

The Klondike Corporation Co.'s steamer Nora, in charge of Capt. Cox, with Capt. Gardner as master, arrived at 9 o'clock last evening with a full cargo of freight and the following passenger list: Mrs. R. S. Heuthevea, Mrs. E. Scott, Leo Hartstead, Ole Hartstead, Sam P. Oien, R. B. Woodward, F. Walch, W. Screddri, P. G. Morew, F. Matna, Messrs. Broome, I. Patterson, Trite, H. Jay and Barringer. The Nora left Whitehorse on the 6th, running night and day, made the trip in two and a half days. Capt. Gardner reported the following steamers Zealandian on a bar at Hellsgate, blocking the channel; the Gold Star on her way down and the Canadian on her way up are tied up waiting an opportunity to get by the Zealandian. The Bonanza King was also stranded at Hellsgate, but succeeded in getting off and passed Selkirk this morning on her way down. The Anglian, which for some time has been piloting scows from Whitehorse to Hootalinqua, was to have left Whitehorse with freight for Dawson on the 7th. The Joseph Closset is engaged in pulling scows off sand bars on Lake Lebarge and Thirty-mile. The Pelly and Stewart rivers have begun spouting ice, which the captain says is coming down in large quantities.

The following is the position of the boats as reported by the government telegraph: Five Fingers, Columbian 11 p. m., Sybil 11:30 p. m., Bailey 4 a. m., Ora 4:30 a. m., all going up. Bonanza King at Selkirk coming down; Monarch still on a bar at Selkirk and the Eldorado on her way down passed Hootalinqua at 10 a. m.

About a dozen of the many hundred scows that are on the way from Bennett and Whitehorse arrived last night and today. Two of Orr & Tukey's scows carrying about 40 tons of hay and grain, in charge of Tom McGuire, arrived last night and are unloading on the beach this morning. They started with three scows, but one dropped behind and landed on a bar 15 miles this side of Hellsgate.

Messrs. Hatch and Burkhard also arrived last night with two scows. They report having experienced a very severe storm on Lake Lebarge, and during which one of their scows was completely wrecked. Fortunately no lives were lost, but the scow and contents are a total loss. Hlicher and Hemple are also reported as having lost two large cattle scows in the same storm. It will be a hard matter to ascertain the extent of the damage caused, but it is supposed to be very heavy.

The steamer Joseph Closset arrived this afternoon 19 days out from Whitehorse, where she left conveying 16 scows for the railroad company. She arrived here with 13 of the fleet, having lost three on the way. These are the first of the large fleet of scows which are said to be among those listed for late arrival this fall.

**Nita's First.**

"Nita's First," a farical comedy by T. G. Warren was the attraction at the Standard last evening, and enjoyed the patronage of the usual large attendance of first nighters.

Irascible Fizzleton, as portrayed by All Layne, was a whole comedy in himself, and Frank Gardner as his son, the younger Fizzleton whose troubles with the baby, Nita's First, go a long way towards making the piece go, was a decided success.

Miss Prim, a maiden lady, was presented by the character veteran, Julia Walcott, and that she made a hit is a matter that can be taken for granted.

Corinne Gray played Nita and got all the fan there was in the part out of it to the enjoyment of the audience, and so the whole cast might be gone through with and no fault found with the work of anyone. The piece itself is funny, and would get a laugh out of any audience if the lines were merely read. There is little or no plot to it, and its chief attraction lies in the humor and wit with which it abounds.

"Nita's First" is a good thing and those who miss seeing it miss the chief theatrical attraction of the week.

**Married.**

At the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. A. E. Heatherington, Mr. Ole Pinstad and Miss Amanda C. Burt were quietly made man and wife yesterday evening. The groom has been here for some time and has hosts of friends among the miners. The bride is but a late arrival.

### MADE DROWNED

#### Steamer Monarch Has Run Up Against It Again, This Time on a Bar Opposite the Telegraph Office at Selkirk.

#### Steamer City of Seattle and City of Topeka are at Skagway Today.

Steamer Monarch has run up against it again, this time on a bar opposite the telegraph office at Selkirk. Her agent, L. W. Craden, is very much exercised over her misadventures coming down stream, as he had sold a large number of tickets for nother run to Whitehorse.

The Gold Star left Whitehorse Friday night, but has not been reported since her departure from that point. The least that could have happened to the boat is her being tied up on a bar. It is hoped that such will prove the case.

**Mate Drowned.**

J. S. Williams, manager of the steamer Clifford Sifton received a telegram this morning from the captain of the boat stating that W. Stone, the mate, had fallen into the river and drowned.

It appears that Stone was in a small boat, engaged in carrying a line ashore. In some manner as yet unexplained the boat swamped and the unfortunate man lost his life in spite of efforts made on the part of the Sifton's crew to save him. His body was recovered after drifting, some distance down stream. He has a brother Ed Stone in Dawson. The Sifton passed Five Fingers this morning. She will sail from Dawson tomorrow.

**Getting Foxy.**

"The country is full of would be miners and prospectors," said a sour dough yesterday after returning from Moosehide. "A lot of wise gizays went down there and covered the surrounding landscape with initial posts, and yesterday when I went down there to do a little digging round, I found a whole raft of them leaning on picks and shovels working hard to find out what they had staked. I went at it and began sinking a hole, and the whole blamed outfit came and sat down to give me a chance to do the developing for the whole stampede."

**A Dangerous Passage.**

All along the south side of Third street between Second and Third avenues there is a most dangerous glare of ice on which pedestrians are seen constantly slipping and falling. Some have been seriously bruised. The condition of the sidewalk is due to frozen water which has splashed from the buckets of water carriers.

Storekeepers along the streak of ice complain loudly of the dangerous condition of the walk and suggest that water carriers be compelled to take the road, otherwise someone will be seriously injured.

### TOMMY ATKINS' NEW BOOTS.

#### The question of providing a new marching boot for the army is engaging the attention of the war office, and an important announcement may be made on this subject before long, says the London Mail.

#### In forced marches in hot weather the head and feet suffer most, and of the two the cases of exhaustion arising from inappropriate covering for the feet are 10 times more numerous than those arising from inappropriate covering for the head.

The boot or shoe which, while affording sufficient covering to the feet, is lightest, ariest and most elastic is necessarily the most suitable for long marches. The alparagata of the Spanish soldiers and peasantry, though by no means a handsome or fashionable article, is believed to be by far and away the most serviceable in a hot, dry country.

The soles of the alparagatas are made of thick elastic cord resembling lamp wicks sewn tightly together, and while affording as much protection as leather, are as pliable as india rubber. The tops are made of canvas, and the whole is so light that a pair could be carried without inconvenience in a side pocket of the tunic.

Some time ago, while making a walking tour through Spain, the writer attached himself through the courtesy of the colonel to a Spanish infantry regiment at that time engaged in a series of forced marches. Though a fairly seasoned pedestrian, he found it impossible to keep up the pace of the Spanish soldiers, and was about to relinquish the enterprise when the colonel loaned him a pair of marching shoes, with the result that he was able without difficulty to accompany the troops for seven consecutive days at an average of 30 miles a day.

The German war office about the same period sent two emissaries from Berlin to try the boots. Every morning before daybreak they were out among the hills, one wearing alparagatas and the other ordinary army boots. Their report was so satisfactory that large quantities of alparagatas have been purchased by Germany.

Spanish military men declare that the difference between ordinary walking boots and alparagatas represents at least six miles a day.

The cost is about 1 shilling 6 pence a pair. Lord Wolsey, it is understood, is having a report prepared on the subject. In a hot country the utility of alparagatas is undoubted, and had the British war office possessed large supplies at the time of the Sudan and Transvaal campaigns the troops might have been saved much suffering and inconvenience.

It is not likely that any of these boots can be obtained in time for the operations in China, but they would be useful there.