The Klondike Nugget

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ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN.....Publisher

From Wed. and Thursday's Daily.

COMPOUNDING A CRIME.

The News has again essayed to come to the rescue of the White Pass railroad. Its latest effort is on a par with previous attempts of a similar nature, and will accomplish nothing except to confirm the already well established conviction that our contemporary is in the pay of the company.

In an article dealing with the subject of "future freight rates" the News endeavors to dissuade the merchants and mine owners of the community from attempting to recover a portion of the money of which they have been mulcted by the railroad company.

"Now," says our contemporary, "we are approaching another season, and we would like to see more time and attention given to an equitable rate for the coming season, than a long fight to obtain a rebate upon something long since dead and buried. * * * The course to pursue is to deal with the future conditions and let the dead bury their dead."

In other words, simply for the reason that the railroad company has been compelled through the force of public opinion, backed by the strong arm of the government, to announce a radical change in its policy for the coming season, the News urges that no effort be made to secure redress from the grievous wrongs of the past, and that by-gones should be allowed to remain by-gones. We can scarcely credit the fact that a newspaper professing to be an advocate of the interests of the community from which it derives its support, would place itself in such a position.

The government has declared that the rates charge by the railroad have been exorbitant, excessive and wholly and entirely unwarranted by law; that the freight schedules have never been approved as required by the federal statutes and that the company has proceeded in direct violation thereof.

The company has extorted every dollar that by any pretense whatsoever it could wring from the community and by its arbitrary and unjustifiable exactions has done its utmost to prostrate the industries of the territory and bring its commercial interests to the verge of bankruptcy. Nevertheless, the News says that the past should be overlooked and the railroad forgiven, because, forsooth, it has at length yielded, under compulsion, to the demands of justice.

Such a shameful proposal is not worthy of a moment's consideration. Either the policy of the railroad has been right or it has been wrong. If the former is the case, then there has been no ground for complaint, and the fight which the Nugget has made against the road, and the declarations which have issued from the government in support thereof, are inconsistent and unwarranted. On the other hand, if the railroad has been in the wrong—as is maintained by the almost unanimous voice of the community, then it becomes the duty of every individual interested to exert himself to the utmost to see that the wrong is righted. The position of the News is that of one who advocates compounding a crime.

TIMBER SUPPLY.

Fears have been expressed at various times that the supply of timber available for the Dawson market will not last for any number of years. This fear has been grounded partially upon the fact that immense bodies of timber are annually destroyed by fire and by the further fact that in the comparatively short period of four years the shores of the Yukon and Lewis rivers have for many miles been practically stripped of their forest growth.

It must be remembered, however, that the work thus far done, has been confined to the immediate banks of the rivers. In very few instances have loggers or men in search of firewood penetrated any distance from the banks. Their operations have necessarily been confined to the shore timber owing to the great expense involved in getting logs to the bank. There is left untouched an almost inexhaustible supply of splendid timber, which will be ready for market soon as loggigg becomes established as a practical industry.

Not only is this true of the country immediately adjacent to the Yukon but along the Klondike and Stewart rivers the same conditions prevail.

There need be no uneasiness felt in respect to the timber supply. Millions of cords of splendid logs are awaiting the introduction of modern methods of logging. The cost of placing timber in the local market may increase slightly as it becomes necessary to go back in the interior, but that there will be enough for all demand for years to come there can be no doubt.

The Seattle P.-I. is greatly agitated over the origin and use of the word "electrocuted." The word is described in a late dictionary as "a vulgar newspaper coinage." This may be perfectly true but nevertheless the word is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was invented—viz.: to express the idea of putting to death by means of electricity. As there is no other word in the language which possesses a similar meaning, it may be expected that "electrocuted" has come to stay.

The resignation of Chief Stewart from the fire department recalls the fact that the resignations of all the men in the department were filed some time ago. At that time the Nugget urged upon the council the necessity of reorganizing the entire department. This necessity seems more apparent now than ever before. It may be well, however, to wait until the organization of a municipal government is accomplished.

Our good neighbor the Sun extends the olive branch of peace and softly murmurs a hope that the newspapers of Dawson will be able, hereafter, to get along without quarreling with each other. If the Sun really and truly wishes to avoid all strife it should continue its time honored policy of taking its editorials from the Toronto Globe and Montreal Star. The Sun never makes a mistake until it essays to become original.

As usual the chronic talkers and agitators were to the front at last night's meeting and the men who pay the bills remained by their comfortable firesides. If the legitimate business men of Dawson do not come together shortly and determine what they want, they will wake up some morning and find the community dominated by professional agitators and mischief makers.

Every steamer arriving at Skagway from the coast cities, brings a crowd of returning Klondikers. When the trail once becomes settled and travel actually begins, there will be a constant and uninterrupted stream of travel headed in the direction of this city. A great many people left Dawson before the close of navigation, but most of them went with the expectation of returning.

If the Sun wishes to achieve fame that will be undying, it will form a company of South African volunteers to include the entire Sun staff. Such an act of patriotism would be greatly appreciated by this long suffering community, no matter what its effect might be in bringing the Boer war to a termination.

Parties who passed the mail which arrived yesterday, in the neighborhood of Stewart river, reached Dawson 24 hours ahead. Given plenty of time, the mail will be sure to reach its destination.

It is estimated that the cost to the government of bringing the mail which arrived yesterday, would average in the neighborhood of $1000 per sack.

A Skagway newspaper complains that the mounted police have taken a a crazy man to Skagway and turned him loose. Skagway is a chronic kicker.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT

Small Boy Drives Peice of Glass Through His Hand.

While a number of boys at the Sister's school were playing with a small mirror yesterday it was broken and in grabbing for the pieces Howard, the ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Heman, drove a piece of glass through his mitten and clear through his left hand between the knuckles of the third and little finger, the glass breaking and leaving a piece an inch long in his hand. The little fellow hurried home when his father took him to the office of Dr. Cassells who, assisted by Dr. Sutherland, administered chloroform, removed the glass and dressed the wound. The boy suffered great pain from the time of the accident until the glass was removed.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, dyed and repaired—both men and women's.—R. I. GOLDBERG, tailor for Hershberg.

WHERE LOVE IS NOT KNOWN

Instances of Where Men Have Married Out of Hatred

One Man Marries to Avenge a Lost Brother, Another to Ward off Having a Step-mother.

For a man to marry a woman he hates simply out of a feeling of detestation appears a most unconscious thing, but it has occurred, though cases of the kind are exceedingly rare, and it is extremely difficult to possess oneself of the whole facts of such cases.

The younger of two brothers who were strangely devoted to each other had been engaged to a young lady for some few months, when he received a letter from her breaking off the engagement on a mere pretext. Being at the time in very poor health, the young fellow was so terribly shocked by the letter that he fell ill with brain fever, and after some weeks of illness he died.

At first the elder brother was inconsolable in the loss he had suffered, but after a time he astonished and even shocked his relatives and friends by paying obvious court to the young lady who was really responsible for his brother's death. He turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and, after a brief courtship, married the lady. Soon after the marriage it began to dawn upon his friends that he had married simply to revenge his brother.

Totally ignoring the duties of a husband, he settled down to make his wife's life as unutterably miserable as possible. Never, of course, stooping to violence or abuse, he subjected her to a course of systematic malice and ill-usage such as few women have ever had to suffer, so that when they had been married barely eight months, and she was not twenty-seven, her hair was turning grey and her face was lined by sorrow. Yet she was always ready to confess that he had never done a single thing for which she could have prosecuted him, and it is questionable whether, if she had sought a judicial separation from him, the court would have granted her prayer. The husband made no secret of his reason for having married her, and eventually her friends insisted upon her leaving him, which she did with his consent after they had been married about eighteen months. But her health had been so ruined by his cruelty that she died soon after the separation.

An actor well known in the provinces is said to have married his wife out of hate, not for her, however, but hate of a gentleman, a solicitor, to whom she was engaged to be married.

It seems that the actor had some good reasons for detesting the solicitor, who had been his friend, and, discovering by chance that his enemy was hopelessly in love with a talented young actress, he at once set himself to alienate her affection to himself. Despite the fact that the actress was engaged to the solicitor, a fact of which the actor was not then aware, the scheme was successful; the actor succeeded in inducing the actress to jilt her lover in favor of himself and marry him. He left his wife on their wedding day, explaining to a friend who remonstrated with him about his heartless conduct that he could "not bear the sight of the woman," and had only married her to spite the solicitor. Subsequently, husband and wife found themselves in the same touring company, and gradually, by her charming character, the wife won her husband's admiration and affection, and today there is not a more devoted couple on the stage.

A short time ago there was on trial at the matrimonial courts the petition for a judicial separation from her husband on the grounds of desertion. The lady was forty-three and the husband just turned two-and-twenty, and the lady won her suit. But very few persons who heard the case tried were aware of the extraordinary circumstances which led to the marriage which had resulted so unhappily.

The truth, however, was that the young man had married the lady simply and solely to prevent his father doing so. The father, who was a widower, had persistently courted the lady, who was a widow with some means, and the son, rather than submit to her becoming the step-mother of his three sister and himself and the wife of his father, set himself to win her affection by flattering attentions and all the arts he could command, and he ended by marrying her. Having thus rendered it impossible for his father to marry the undesirable lady he straightway deserted her, as a result of which she instituted a suit against him to compel him to support her. To meet this he filed a petition in bankrupty on the strength of the law expenses of the trial, and he thus left her in precisely the same position in which she had been before she took action against him.—Ex.

Soak—Do you always pay as you go?

Freshby—Always.

Soak—Why?

Freshby—Because they won't let me go without.

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

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

EMPIRE.

Milton Brochort, city; Miss Jessie Zimmerman, Portland.

REGINA.

John J. Donovan, Dominion; Chas. M. Logan, Hunker.

FLANNERY.

A. Christie, Sulphur; D. A. McCaskill, Hunker; Chas. McLinde, Montana; Messrs. McRae and Foley, Dawson.

AGAINST THE MILITARY

Lawyer Corcoran of Nome, Says Money Was Accepted.

San Francisco, Nov. 5.—M. J. Corcoran was introduced by the respondents in the Nome contempt cases today to testify in their behalf. He is an attorney who was appointed by Judge Noyse as commissioner of the Kougarok district. Among his first statements was the assertion that he had "no time" for the military since 1879 and would not ask a favor of them under any consideration, and when the court adjourned he had just testified that "the military was a serviceable tool in the interest of certain parties." He alleged that a Lieutenant Cragie had placed a guard over a claim where the two contestants had just shot each other to death, this, he says, being followed, after Judge Noyes reached Nome, by Capt. French sending a soldier with an order dispossessing two clients of his from their "lay" on a claim and installing representatives of others. He knew of no interference by the military after Maj. Van Orsdale assumed command, but said that at Topkok Capt. Walker arbitrarily drove sixty or more miners from the beach in the interests of the Lane syndicate. He stated it was generally understood around Nome, and he thought it true, that the aid of the military could be invoked if the proper price was paid, and said it was done in more than one instance.

The witness claimed to have practiced as an attorney in mining camps for twenty-four years. He testified that while he had been granted a one-third interest in claims extending along Anvil creek for a distance of two and one-half miles, and knew that from $10,000 to $15,000 a day was being taken out from the property during McKenzie's receivership, he did not take any interest in the litigation involving them and did not know that an appeal had been taken in one of the cases in which he figured as a defendant. He was also an owner of several claims in the Kougarok district, where he was commissioner by virtue of Noyes' appointment, and said that Mrs. Noyes also owned claims in that district.

Lafe Pence was called as a witness in rebuttal by the amicus curiae, and testified that he was with the attorneys who visited Maj. Van Orsdale after the arrival of the writs, and demanded that the military assist in their enforcement. This is opposed to that officer's testimony when he said on Monday that no demand had been made on him. Pence likewise contradicted the testimony of Respondent Frost by asserting that he had seen him at the bank on the day the writs arrived, in company with Wheeler, McKenzie and Wood, when Frost had claimed that he was not in the company of these parties and did not see them. His testimony in part substantiated that of Corcoran, who stated that "Nome was as quiet as a New England village before Noyes arrived, and life and property was just as safe after his arrival as it is in San Francisco."

LANTERNS NOT NOW REQUIRED

To Light Children on Their Way to School.

The schools of the city have very sensibly delayed the hour of opening in the morning until semi-daylight arrives. The Sisters' school now begins theday at 9:30 and the public school at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Since the shortening of the days and until the opening hours were extended, had it not been for the street the little tots would have had to carry lanterns to light them to school. Not at any other place on the North American continent do so many children go to and from school in darkness as right here in Dawson, where it is necessary to look almost stright up to see the North Star.

Started This Morning.

Sergeant Tweedie with Geo. St. Cyr, the insane prisoner, in charge, got away early this morning for the outside. A dog driver left with them and will accompany them to the first police station which is at Indian river. From there another escort will attend them to the next station, each station passing them on to the next until Whitehorse is reached.

"I have called," began Mr. Forchen, "to speak to you about your daughter. You must have noticed that there is something between us."

"No," replied Mr. Goldrox, "but I'm sure there will be pretty soon."

"Ah!"

"It will be the Atlantic Ocean. I'm going to send her abroad till she learns a little sense."

THE GOLDEN BOWL OPIUM DEN

And the Purposes to Which the Spiked Room Was Put.

It Contained the Secret of the Loss of Sir Richard Neville Wearing an Empty Sleeve.

I have often been asked how it came about that Sir Richard Neville possessed but one arm during the last twenty years of his life, but the circumstances under which he lost the other were of so painful a nature that I have never, during his lifetime, felt justified in making them public.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Sir Richard must have noticed the unhealthy appearance of his face, which was attributable to the fact that he was an excessive consumer of opium—he never did things by halves—and when he took to opium he did not belie his reputation for thoroughness.

We were in Paris in 1874—had gone there to spend the season; and it was towards the end of our stay I perceived that Sir Richard had been partaking far too freely of the frightful narcotic. I knew that remonstrance was useless, so did not attempt it, but I worried considerably and wondered what the end would be.

One morning he did not make his appearance at the breakfast table, and though I was rather surprised at this I did not make inquiries, but when he did not appear at lunch I asked a waiter to ascertain if he were still in his room, and was then much concerned to learn that his bed had not been slept in.

Knowing the firm hold his weakness had taken upon him I began to fear that he had by some means got into one of the opium dens which at that time abounded in Paris, my knowledge of such places not in any way allaying my fears; for I had heard of men, especially wealthy men, who had left them in far different circumstances from when they had entered—indeed, some never came out at all.

Well, he did not appear the next morning, and I at once went and put the police in possession of the facts. All particulars of Sir Richard's dress, habits, etc., were noted, and the authorities, not forgetting that he was a rich man, promised to do their utmost.

* * * * * * * *

During the next two days I heard nothing of Sir Richard—the police had discovered nothing, although everything that was possible had been done. I cancelled all our social arrangements and joined in the search myself. Assuming that Sir Richard was in an opium den—had he gone there of his own accord or had he been trapped?

On the third day after his disappearance I found myself in one of the lowest neighborhoods of Paris, outside the "Golden Bowl," one of the most notorious of Paris dens. I went into a dirty looking little shop, opposite the entrance, on the pretence requiring some matches—in reality to acquire if possible, some information. A man with a wooden leg and smelling vilely of garlic was seated behind the counter. I put down a franc and told him to keep the change; this, as I had anticipated, put him into a good humor, and we were soon on the best of terms. Gradually I worked the conversation round, to opium dens in general, and the one opposite in particular.

"Yes," said he in French, "I see almost everyone that goes in, and they remain for some days sometimes and," he said, pulling my coat confidentially, "sometimes for ever."

"Did you see anyone go in on Tuesday?" I asked.

"Any stranger, I suppose you mean?" replied he. "Let me see, yes. There was a gentleman who went in with another fellow; he was a tall, well-dressed man, and the fellow who took him in, I should think, was connected with the place, as he opened the gate with a key of his own." He then described as well as he could remember the appearance of the man, which tallied exactly with Sir Richard's.

I took my departure, determined to see the inside of the den. I waited for an hour or so, until it was quite dark, and then I quietly and rapidly climbed to the top of the wall and let myself down in the yard. I crouched for a few minutes in the shadow of the wall, and then made my way to the nearest window.

There was no blind, but the thick curtains were drawn together, and try as I might I could see nothing. After looking thoroughly in all directions to see that I was not watched, I went to the next window, which was immediately above an iron grating, on which I had to stand to look in at the window. Here the curtains had not been drawn so carefully. The room was a large one, reminding me somewhat of a Turkish divan; it contained upwards of a dozen couches, on each of which reclined a man. They mostly appeared to be asleep, looking more like corpses than living men. I looked for Sir Richard, and saw a man with his back toward me whom I took to be him.

I shou,d think I had been there for about five minutes, though it seemed much longer, when I decided to go to the next window, but to my astonishment and alarm I found I could not move. What had happened was this: whilst I had been gaxing into the window someone had bound my feet to the iron grating; directly I tried to remove the cords which had been slipped loosely over my boots they were pulled taut, and I was a prisoner.

I hastily put my hand to my pocket to get my knife, but I had scarcely moved before I was seized from behind, my arms were bound to my sides, my legs tied together, the ropes binding my feet to the grating were cut, the grating removed, and in less than thirty seconds I was inside the opium den.

The room, or rather cellar, in which I found myself was, I should imagine, a sort of lumber room; it was half full of rubbish, and standing round me were three men, one of them as evil a looking Frenchman as ever I saw, and whom I afterwards found was the man who ran the place He shurgged his puny shoulders and asked me in French if I did not think I could examine the "Golden Bowl" better from the inside. I gave him to understand that I wanted Sir Richard Neville — how should he? Perhaps I would like to go through the building and find him?

My legs were loosed, and I was conducted up a staircase on to the ground floor. I was taken at once to the room where I had seen the man whom I took to be Sir Richard. I found that my surmise was correct—it was indeed Sir Richard, but how altered! My blood boiled at the sight. Bursting my bonds, and before I was aware of what I had done, the man who ran the place was measuring his length on the floor.

It was a terrific blow between the eyes I had dealt him, a blow that would have felled an ox, and I was not therefore much surprised to see that he did not rise again. Directly I had done it I repented, for I was entirely in his power, and the noise of the heavy fall I knew would immediately bring other "officials" to the spot. I was not wrong, for almost instantly four or five men rushed into the room. I made a dash for the door, but before I reached it I was tripped up and fell with a thud to the floor. Before I could rise they were upon me, and one villain gave me a knock on the head, making me almost insensible. I was once more bound, this time more securely, and was left on the floor like a trussed fowl, while they attended to the injuries of their master.

Presently he regained consciousness and his eyes immediately rested upon me. He came to where I lay and told the attendants to put me in the room with the spiked ceiling," and he added, "put his high-down baronet with him." I was pulled along to the end of the passage outside the room, followed by Sir Richard; we then went down a flight of steps, along another passage, until we came to a door looking very much like the door of a huge safe. The door was opened and I was thrown in and Sir Richard pushed in after me.

If the door outside was like the door of a safe, the room was still more like the safe itself. It was about 6 feet square, the sides and floor seeming to be made of metal, and the only light that entered the compartment came from a small aperture about 3 inches in width running the length of one side of the floor; but what struck me as being most extraordinary was the ceiling. It was a brick one, but completely covered with iron spikes about a foot apart one from another with their points downwards. I looked and looked again. What were they for? At last I gave it up and asked Sir Richard to feel in my pocket for my clasp-knife and to cut the cords which bound me. After several efforts he managed to liberate me, and I then questioned him as to what had happened since he had been in the "Golden Bowl." I found that his mind was a complete blank; he could remember nothing that had happened on the previous day. He could remember my coming into the big room and the struggle, but beyond that he remembered nothing. A magnificent diamond ring, valued at £150, and his gold watch and chain, besides gold and notes to the value of $20, had been taken from him. I looked round for some means of escape. This seemed impossible. Whilst I was examining our prison Sir Richard fell into a deep sleep, and, knowing I could receive little help from him, I sat down to think matters over by myself. Whether it was the fumes of opium or the blow I had received on my head, I do not know, but presently I found myself following the example of Sir Richard.

I do not know how long I slept, but when I awoke the first thing I was conscious of was the throbbing of machinery, and as I looked upwards the spikes seemed to be much nearer than when I had fallen asleep. Of course, I argued with myself, such a thing was impossible, it was my fancy, and yet the spikes certainly appeareh to be quite a foot nearer. I went to arouse Sir Richard to point out this curious phenomenon to him when, like a flash of lightning, the awful truth flashed across my mind. The floor of the room was slowly rising toward the spiked ceiling!

At the rate at which I judged it to be moving I reckoned it would take about five hours and a half before we should be impaled upon the murderous spikes. Presently my mind began to weave a strange plan. The ceiling was composed of bricks, and I could by means of my pocket-knife remove the mortar, thus loosening a brick—then, when one was removed, to remove a dozen or a score would be comparatively easy; but how could I reach the ceiling? Was Sir Richard strong enough to bear my weight upon his shoulders? I awoke him.

I explained the situation to him, also my plan. His sleep had done him good, and now fully realized the peril we were in. We must remove sufficient bricks and spikes to make a cavity in the ceiling to contain us both," I said, "and I want you to stand still and let me work from off your shoulders." He took me on his shoulders and I commenced working on the centre brick. For ten minutes I hacked away at the mortar, and then I took Sir Richard's place and he worked from my shoulders, and after a half hour's work we had removed the first brick. How I blessed the quality of a Birmingham-made clasp-knife I should think it was an hour and a half before we had removed the first layer and we were 2 feet nearer the spikes, which were as tight as ever in the ceiling. When I had removed the first brick of the second layer out came two of the spikes. Now, just at this moment, when I felt that success was not absolutely impossible, a most deplorable oversight forced itself upon me. The very bricks we were removing would crush us to death; a death, if possible, worse than the other. Then I thought of the aperture from which the light came. Springing from my platform I seized a brick and threw it down. It was just too large, but using another brick as a hammer I smashed it and threw the broken pieces down the aperture, trusting to Providence that nobody was below who would give the alarm.

Nothing fresh happened, however, and with frenzied hands I tore the bricks from the ceiling. I now needed nothing to stand upon, for the ceiling was not more than 4 feet from the floor, and I had to stoop to work. All the time I was working Sir Richard was breaking the bricks and forcing them below. I had got about fifteen of the spikes out when I noticed that we were rising much more rapidly, and urged him to hasten; and just then, fortunately, I made the disoovery that the next four or five spikes were joined together like a harrow, and bricks and spikes came away together with a crash. Now I had to kneel down to the work, as only 3 feet separated ceiling from floor.

At last I considered that the hole was large enough for our purpose; it was about 4½ feet square, or rather longer than broad. By the time I had finished Sir Richard had got rid of most of the bricks. I took off my coat and laid it down on the floor in the place I had intended for Sir Richard, and laid him down upon it, tucking his legs up well within the 4½ feet limit, and then laid myself down beside him. Oh, the agony of those tortuous minutes!—higher, higher, and higher we got; now more slowly; and presently one of the remaining spikes was trying its point in one of the bricks which we had omitted to dispose of. We were well within the cavity and still had half a foot of space above us, but surely there was now more than half a foot yes, a foot, two feet, and in less than a couple of minutes we were level with the ground again.

I then sat up and talked matters over with Sir Richard. We had been talking for about twenty minutes when a key was inserted in the lock. Hastily pulling Sir Richard to the back of the door, I seized a loose spike and waited. The door was pushed open, and our old friend the master was inside.

"You fiend," said I, springing at his throat and bringing him to the ground.

At this moment a most unfortunate accident occurred. The door, directly he let go his hold, started to swing back with the key outside. Sir Richard sprang forward to stop it, but stumbled and fell with his right arm outside the door. It saved the situation, but lost him his arm.

I tore off my braces and bound the semi-conscious keeper. I then asked him which he would prefer: like Jael to have a spike driven through his miserable head, or to save his life by leading us safely out of his den.

He chose the latter and I unbound his legs, and taking a spike I held it at his forehead, the point just piercing his skin, from which trickled a drop or two of blood. The coward shook with fear. Sir Richard's arm was hanging limp at his side, but he took another spike ready to strike at the slightest suspicion of a struggle. Thus we led the villain forth. After traversing numerous passages and halls we at last saw the glorious sunshine streaming under a door at the end of a passage. The master put the key into the lock and opened the door, and at this moment Sir Richard fainted. Throwing him over my shoulders I struggled up the outside steps into the yard.

I put Sir Richard in a cab, and gave the address, "Hotel de Nouveautes," and at last we reached it. He had now lost consciousness, but in less than half an hour the best doctor in Paris was attending him, and in another week his arm was off.

For six months he had to keep to his bed, and that six months' forced abstinence broke his desire for opium, and I believe saved him from an early grave. The "Golden Bowl" was burnt down about a year later, and the curious machine attracted much attention, but what its uses were few knew. Sir Richard and I did, but for obvious reasons we did not make it public.—Tit-Bits.

CLEVERLY DESIGNED

The Windows of the N. C. Co. Attracts Unsual Attention.

Jim Thornton in cahrge of the N. C. Co.'s dry goods department, has arranged a most attractive and originally designed window for his company in which countless handerchiefs are artistically displayed. The window is lighted with multi-colored electric lights which flash intermittently, making a striking and pleasing effect.

A handsome doll is swinging in the window, the same to be the property of the girl who comes nearest to guessing the number of handerchiefs displayed. To the boy coming nearest a set of hockey sticks and a pair of skates will be given.

ROOSEVELT AND BOOKER

As Sized Up by the Great Editor of Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 31.—In a lengthy editorial in tomorrow's Courier-Journal Henry Watterson will discuss what he says will soon be known as "The Booker Washington incident."

"One does not know precisely whether to laugh or to whistle," he says. "Assuredly, it is the part of wisdom in the Democratic party to say nothing and saw wood."

Mr. Watterson contends that every American citizen has the right to pick his own company. He goes on to argue that Mr. Roosevelt is only shown to be true to his political religion, and cites that its foundation was to free the negro, to seat him in the highest places of the land, and that for a great moral lesson it kept the seat of Jefferson Davis vacant until it could be filled "by a gentleman of color."

Mr. Watterson mourns for Booker Washington, and says that in the end he is to pay the freight. "Truly," he says, "the President did Booker Washington an ill turn."

In his concluding paragraphs Mr. Watterson says: "Looking at it from a partisan point of view, Democrats may take not a little comfort to themselves. Whatever happens, this in not our funeral. Out in the cold as we may be, shivering as we are, and hungry, yea, verily, and thisty, yet as we stand around the White House anh look in through the windows and see Teddy and Booker hobnobbing over their 'possum and potatoes, not one of us is disposed to envy either of them or to exclaim of either, 'Wouldn't it be bully to be him.' We prefer to take our chances of the future. We had rather wait till our time comes. Somehow the look ahead does not seem so hopeless nor the distance so long. For there is here a radical infirmity of judgment, a plain lack of common sense, and, bless the Lord, we are not in it. Indeed, the shortcoming implied by it means a great deal to us. Mistakes, like misfortunes, never come singly. They travel in groups and are cumulous.

"We Democrats have but to go together and to keep our powder dry to carry all before us three years hence, because this young man is a broncho-buster and he is going to raise more of that stuff from the very hot place with the very short name to the square inch than was ever raised before in that particular kind of woods, sursum corda.

"There's a good time coming, boys, wait a little longer."

Talking the Thing Over.

He is a young man whose unbounded assurance has ever been his chief characteristic. When he proceeded to talk to the practical old gentleman about marrying his daughter he was evidently prepared for the usual question:

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

The parent spoke this phrase with the air of a man who thinks he has uttered a poser.

The suitor looked him in the eye.

"Let's talk this thing over," he said. "Do you think your daughter is qualified to make a man a good wife?"

"Yes, sir. Her mother and I are both practical people, and we have given her a practical education. She can not only read Greek and play the piano—she practices three hours a day—but she can cook a good dinner, and do the marketing as intelligently as an experienced steward. Moreover, her abilities with the needle are not confined to fancy work. She's a treasure, and we don't propose to have any doubt about her future."

"You were asking me if I thought I could support her in the style to which she had been accustomed."

"I was."

"Well, I could. But I don't propose to. After she marries me she's not going to practice any three hours a day on any piano, nor cook dinner, nor bandy words with market people. She's going to have all the work done outside the house, read what she enjoys, whether it is Greek or Choctaw, and go to the theater twice a week. It's time that girl had some enjoyment out of life."—Ex.

Toys of all descriptions at Barfolo's.