

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.

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 when Mrs. Gallup dropped down on 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. I'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evenin and 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

ing how to make a hammock out of a flour barrel, and he paid no heed to the question.

"And are angels purty, Samuel?" she continued after awhile. "I've never been purty since I was a baby and fell out of the winder, but if I've got to be an angel I want my face made over as soon as I get up there. I'm not goin to be p'inted out fur my homeliness as I fly around. If I was, I know I'd make up faces at some of 'em. Will I be changed in the twinklin of an eye and made as purty as the rest of 'em?"

Something like a smile flitted over the face of Mr. Gallup, but it was probably caused by the article he was reading.

"And about the music, Samuel? I can't play on no harp without lessons. I have never even seen a harp. When we was first married, I used to play on the accordion fur you, but it was awful poor playin, and you soon got sick of it. Is it goin to be expected that I kin fly right up to heaven and begin playin on a harp the very first thing? If it is, then I dunno as I want to die. I never could a-bear havin folks laugh at me. And the singin, Samuel—the singin! My voice is cracked, and I sing through my nose, and is that goin to do up there? I s'pose I could walk around with a robe on and talk and visit, but I can't sing nor play, and they needn't expect it. Samuel, shall we talk about whether you'd better take a second wife or not? Sometimes I think you had, and sometimes I think you hadn't. What do you think?"

Mr. Gallup turned from the hammock article to one on natural gas in Ohio, and he extended his legs again and prepared to digest it thoroughly. It might have occurred to him that Mrs. Gallup was in the room and that she or someone else was talking to him, but he answered not. Ten minutes had gone by when he finished the article and looked up and around as if he had suddenly missed something. Mrs. Gallup lay curled up on the lounge fast asleep, and in the corner of each eye still glistened a big tear. M. QUAD.

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, airiest and most elastic is necessarily the most suitable for long marches. The alparagatas 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 Wolseley, 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.

THEY ARE GOING

WE are pleasantly surprised at the ready sale of these goods. It shows an appreciation of an extra effort on our part as the stock of overcoats recently brought in by us were most carefully selected for style, texture and cut. They are all serviceable garments with no trash among them. Call and try one on.

WE HAVE YOUR SIZE

HERSHBERG

The Reliable Seattle Clothier

Opposite C. D. Co's. Dock

FAME'S PATHWAY.

The new duke of Argyll made a statement at Oban recently to the effect that he was innocent of music, and could not tell the difference between "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "God Save the Queen."

Joel Chandler Harris has resigned his position as chief editorial writer on the Atlanta Constitution, which he has held for a number of years, and will devote his entire time to purely literary work.

Several Chicago men, led by Charles F. Gunther, have promised to contribute generously to a fund for reproducing in marble one of the arches which ornament that city in honor of the Grand Army veterans.

Michael T. Farrell, late legal adviser to President Kruger, from whose pen is announced a work on the "Settlement of South Africa After the War," is an Irishman who commenced his career at Trinity college, Dublin, where he gained many honors.

Edmund Haviland Burke, a direct lineal descendant of Edmund Burke, is again trying to get into the British parliament. Although still a young man, he is somewhat of an orator himself. He has already stood for parliament as a Parnellite, but unsuccessfully.

The Parisian millinaire, M. Hutinet, has started a hospital for sick plants in the Boulevard St. Antoine. A number of gardeners take care of the plants in immense greenhouses and hothouses, where they are kept gratis until they recover and can be sent back to their owners.

Congressman Edward N. Dingley, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is a candidate for re-election, with a good chance of success. He wants to be speaker of the house, and is understood to be canvassing already with that object in view.

Prof. Gegenbaur, who has done more for the Darwinian theory of evolution than any other German excepting Prof. Haeckel, has resigned his professorship of comparative anatomy at Heidelberg, where he has taught since 1873. He is 74 years old.

The sultan is said to be in a very nervous state. Recently, it is said, he fainted in his park at Yildiz and was carried indoors by one of his black attendants. On returning to consciousness he was so pleased with the faithfulness of the servant, who might have abandoned him to the tender mercies of anyone who wished to murder him, that he presented him with \$10,000.

The Royal Academy of Science has commissioned Charles Upson Clark, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to prepare a new edition of Ammianus Marcellinus, the Roman historian of the fourth century, the award carrying a grant of 1500 marks. It is now many years since the last edition of this author was published, and Mommmsen and other German scholars have long desired that a new one should be prepared.

Police Justice Wachenheimer, of Toledo, has a tendency to forget the judicial dignity of which we often hear. The other day he was asked, while on the bench, to take some action in regard to a man who was said to be neglecting his wife. "I am not aware," said his honor, "of any law that will reach such a case as this. I would suggest, however, that a good coat of tar and feathers would probably have an excellent effect."

Skaguyan Burned to Death

In the broad light of day and in the rear of his own store, surrounded by 500 people, Jacob Salamon was burned to death Sunday afternoon. The blackened, charred and almost lifeless body was recovered from the debris after an hour's fight with the flames at about 3 o'clock, and at 9:30 death came to relieve the intense sufferings of the victim.

The fire which caused Salamon's death was in the People's store at the corner of Broadway and Fourth avenue owned by Beveridge & Salamon, and resulted from the explosion of a kettle of tar which a carpenter was heating on a stove in a little back room in which the proprietors slept and in which they frequently cooked their own meals. The alarm was turned in shortly after 2 o'clock and all the companies responded promptly. The flames were discovered in the attic and the two steady streams soon had it under control.

Str. Gold Star

CAPT. NIXON, Owner. Leaves Yukon Dock, Making Regular Trips to Whitehorse. A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Courts-ions treatment. Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

The water had been turned off and the crowd of sightseers dispersed when something was seen to move in a corner of the room down stairs by the firemen who were yet on the ground. Investigation disclosed it to be the body of Jacob Salamon, burned almost beyond recognition. The blackened form was partially covered with some blankets and a mattress and leaning with the back in the corner of the room near the stove. At his side was an empty water pail. It was evident that he had been attempting to put out the fire by first throwing water on it, and then attempting to smother the flames and had either drunk in the awful suffocating gas, flame and smoke and fell unconscious, or had accidentally fallen and failed to get up in time to get out of the death trap.—Alaskan, Oct. 2.

Rush Over at Skagway.

Supt. Rogers had telegraphic advices from Whitehorse last evening that 103 tons of freight had left there during the day on the Canadian, and 150 tons had been loaded on scows, leaving 1236 tons still to be taken down the river.

He reported a scarcity of scows at Whitehorse, and in view of the cold snap, advised every shipper to "get a move on" and take advantage of every opportunity of transportation that is offered.

Private Secretary Young, went to Whitehorse yesterday to see if the company could do anything further to expedite matters.

All the railroad freight has been cleared away from this port, with the exception of the small lots brought by recent steamers, and even this can be cleared by noon today. So that at present the only point at which freight can possibly be left over are Whitehorse and Bennett, and at the latter point there is only about 400 tons.

John Hislop, who returned from the Sound on the Dolphin, said the accumulated Alaska freight on the Seattle wharves had all been shipped; after the September rush of freight it seemed to have dropped. He heard there was considerable freight awaiting shipment at Vancouver, but he did not think there was sufficient of it to materially affect the situation here, as matters now stood.—Alaskan, Oct. 2.

Young Men Who Sinned.

The police court on Friday presented a sad scene to the few moral minded people who were present without compulsion. Thirteen bright and intelligent looking young men, were lined up in a row on a bench under the watchful eye of a stern and fierce looking officer, who commanded them one by one to stand up before the magistrate and answer whether or not they were guilty of the charge against them. With shameful faces they made their confessions and threw themselves on the mercy of the court. His honor was lenient and fined them all \$10 each while he might have sent them to jail had he wished.

The charge against the prisoners was gambling, and in view of the possibility of their having wives and sisters who would be grief stricken to learn through the public press of their disgrace, their names are withheld from publication.—Whitehorse Tribune.

Notice to the Ladies.

Mr. Geo. Brimstone, of Brimstone & Stewart, has arrived with the scows and they are full of nice furniture and household goods. See our pencil woven springs and children's rockers, carpets, window shades, etc.

Albert Mayer, the jeweler has removed to the Orpheum building.

THE RECEPTION
"A Monument to the handicraft of Dawson's artisans."
All the interior finishings were made from Native Wood.
Finest Beverages to be Obtained for Money
BARON VON SPITZEL HARRY JONES
BILLY THOMAS AT THE BAR ORPHEUM BUILDING

MRS. E. R. ROBERTS
...Furrier
FUR GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.
Third Avenue, Near New Postoffice.

GENTLE SLUMBER...
FOR SALE
HOTEL GRAND Look at the Rooms
Cor. Third Avenue and Second Street
FINGER & STRIFE, Props.

GOING SHOOTING?
See Shindler.

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

Want A Good... **STEAK?**
HAVE YOU TRIED
N. P. SHAW & CO.,
...Butchers...
Second Street, Near Bank of B. N. A.

REMOVED.
BILLY GORHAM, The Jeweler, has removed from the Orpheum Building to a new location on
THIRD ST., NEXT TO GANDOLFO'S
A Full Line of Souvenir Jewelry in Stock. Special designs made to order.

ORR & TUKEY'S
STAGE
During Quarantine at Grand Forks will run as follows to Magnet Road House:—
Leave Dawson at 9 a. m.
Returning, Lv. Magnet 2 p. m.
Pack Train will there connect for transfer of baggage.

Electric Light
Steady Satisfactory Safe
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building, Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

Wall Paper...
Paper Hanging
ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.
SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.