

UNCLE DUDLEY WOULD LEAD

And for That Reason He Hired a Piper

To Play to the Cows While Being Milked—The Scheme Did Not Pan Out.

It is not in Uncle Dudley Boswick's nature to take things merely as they come. While reading in his farm journal one day, his attention was claimed by an item containing the information that cows are especially fond of the music of the bagpipe.

"By playing a bagpipe in the back yard," the writer explained, "cows can be induced to give more milk than they would otherwise, and they make less fuss about it than when they are operated on in the ordinary way. This is a fact that has been demonstrated by science, and the time is probably coming when every well regulated dairy will have its corps of pipe pipers."

Uncle Dudley, who owns a profitable dairy a short distance from the city, was not slow to act.

"I don't believe," he said to Pomeroy, his hired man, "in waitin' for other people to take the lead. The man who does that never gets very far ahead in this world. Look at the men that have done the great things. None of 'em ever waited for somebody else to do what they done first. Moses was the first that ever started out in his business. It was the same with Washington, Lincoln and all the rest. If they'd waited around to let somebody else go ahead and try it, where would they be today? So it is all through life. You can't ever be a leader from back behind somewhere."

Pomeroy said he didn't believe in the bagpipe theory, but he was silenced with logic that was not to be lightly put aside.

"Why are you workin' here for me, Dave?" Uncle Dudley demanded. "It ain't because you haven't had just as many chances in this world as I've had. The trouble is you haven't the go-ahead spirit. If you had the courage to try things before other people think of it, instead of bein' a hired man, you'd be hirin' people."

Uncle Dudley went to a Scotch clothing store in town the next day and found where he could hire a piper who was out of a job.

"I dunno," the old man said, after he had taken a long look at Sandy, "whether you'd best come with them kind of clothes on or not. Did you ever meet a cow when you was dressed that way?"

"Hoot, mon! Gang awa," replied the piper, who was a native of Connecticut; "gin I'm a man come this way, I won't come at all."

He had at once played the "Laird" in Tully, but that was in happier days, before his thirst had become chronic. Now, the "Hieland" costume furnished by the clothing company was the only suit he possessed. His inclination to give it up was, therefore, due to no inborn prejudice.

"It ain't the bare legs I'm thinkin' about specially," Uncle Dudley explained, "but I thought mebbe if you left off that red petticoat and the shawl the cows might give down better. It's all right, though, if you can't play without 'em. Come along, and we'll see how it works. If this thing turns out proper, I'll probably want to hire you by the month. Couldn't you make it go all right with a pair of them long golf stockin's on?"

The piper insisted that his costume was all it should be for the best results from the pipes, and he arrived at the farm during the next forenoon, when he was conducted through the sheds and barns by Uncle Dudley.

"There," the old gentleman said, nodding at a barrel as they were passing through the carriage house, "is some of the best hard cider in this county. Of course, if you can't play as well without the red petticoat, it's all right. Do they take much to hard cider in Scotland?"

"Well," replied the piper, forgetting his dialect, "I never saw any over there."

Uncle Dudley explained how much sugar and how many pounds of raisins were required to make a barrel of cider yield the best results, and then led the way to the milking yard, where the piper was to operate later in the day.

"Do you have to have your legs bare when you're just learnin' the thing, too?" the old man asked.

The piper explained that one might learn it up to a certain point with trousers on; and other matters claiming Uncle Dudley's attention, Sandy was then left to amuse himself as he pleased. If he had been watched, he might have been seen making frequent trips to the carriage house; but everybody about the place was busy, and he therefore used his long straw undisturbed.

Aunt Priscilla and her sister, Mrs. Weldon, who had been peeping around corners at him, without permitting themselves to be seen, thought Sandy remained in the vicinity of the cider

barrel because of a native modesty that he had not openly acknowledged.

"I s'pose," said Uncle Dudley's consort, "he natchelly feels shy with his bare legs around where he knows there's women. I don't see why he can't put trousers on when he ain't plain, though."

"Well," the other lady replied, "these musicians are mostly eccentric one way or another. You always hear of 'em wearin' long hair or dressin' peculiar, so maybe this is just his way of bein' a genius."

Uncle Dudley had approached while they were discussing the subject, and he explained that piping was an art that demanded bare knees. He had trustworthy information to that effect, and scouted his sister-in-law's theory.

"Seems kind of strange, though," Aunt Priscilla said; "pipers must have their lungs in the same place other people have, ain't they?"

Uncle Dudley didn't stop to discuss the subject, but, going out to the carriage house, he found Sandy sitting in the back end of the spring wagon, with his bare legs dangling down.

"Of course," said the old man, "you know more about this pipin' than I do; but if you think trousers wouldn't interfere with your playin', I could lend you a pair, just as well as not."

Sandy grunted and began to pipe mournfully.

"Or we could let you have a sheet or a blanket or something that would come further down than the petticoat, if that—"

The piper emitted a blast that Uncle Dudley interpreted as a sign of displeasure, and, returning to where the ladies were, he said:

"We've got to let him have his own way about this thing. It's wrong to interfere in professional matters a body don't understand anyhow. I s'pose if we hire him steady, we'll get used to it in time."

The piper continued to imbibe hard cider until milking time, when Uncle Dudley found him leaning against the barnyard gate, laughing softly to himself. The cows were driven up from the pasture, and Pomeroy and the boys he had to help him got their pails ready for action.

"I want to milk one of 'em myself," Uncle Dudley said, "so I can see just what effect the music has. I guess I'll take old Spot, there. She's always been a hard milker. If she gives down easy tonight, it'll be a sure sign that the plan works. We could still arrange about a blanket or a table cloth or something to hide the red petticoat," he said, turning to Sandy, "if you think it would be best. Hadn't you better stay outside the fence? Mebbe the cows would rather have their first pipin' not too close."

"No," said the piper, who had staggered through the gate, "I'm goin' to play in here, or won't play at all. I'll show you some pipin' that'll make you 'n the cows think of the bonnie brown hills far, far awa'."

"All right, boys!" shouted Uncle Dudley, as he sat down beside old Spot.

"Go ahead, Sandy!"

There was a long, low, plaintive wail from the pipes, which gradually became louder and assumed the general characteristics of the noise produced by seven cats on an empty shed. Aunt Priscilla and her sister looked on from a safe distance behind the horse barn, and a dog that had been decently following a team down the road came bounding into the yard, barking furiously. Then Sandy, in the full glory of his "Hieland" costume, began to stride in and out among the cows, playing for dear life, and occasionally whooping like an Indian.

In about forty-seven seconds from the time the first note sounded thirty cows were rushing higher and higher, bellowing like mad. Uncle Dudley was kicked over and partly disabled, but by crawling behind the pump he saved himself. The two milking boys managed to get into the barn without suffering serious injuries, and Pomeroy rushed for the fence.

Still the dog barked, still Aunt Priscilla and Mrs. Weldon screamed nearly everything they could think of at such short notice, and still Sandy piped and yelled, until a big brindie cow with horns that were made for better things, crazed either by the music or the piper's costume, or both, rushed at him, with her head down and her tail up.

"Look out!" yelled Pomeroy from behind the fence; but the warning was too late. The wailing ceased suddenly. The bagpipe flew one way and the piper another. He landed on top of a small straw stack, where he remained, more sober than he had been for years, until they had driven the cows down the lane and rescued Uncle Dudley. Some parts of the pipes were never found.

"Dave," said the old man, when they had helped him into the house, "don't ever go tryin' to be a leader. The happiest people in the world are them that ain't never heard of for what they've done. When a man gets to bein' great the saddest days of his life commence. You'll find a lot in the books about the troubles of Caesar and Cromwell, but not much about any fun they ever had. I wish you'd write a letter to the fool editor of that farm paper, tellin' him to stop my subscription right away."

E. S. KISER.

THE LATE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

is to be Known Hereafter as Victoria Day.

Call for a Celebration of the Day in Dawson—Will be Generally Observed Outside.

An act has been introduced in the Dominion parliament and has already passed its first reading making the late Queen Victoria's birthday, the 24th of May, a legal holiday.

Heretofore the birthday of the reigning sovereign of England alone has been celebrated by British subjects but now in honor of the memory of the late queen whose reign was so long and successful and who was so truly beloved by her subjects, her memory is to be perpetuated by making her birthday a holiday, which will be known as Victoria day.

A call for a meeting has been issued to arrange fitting exercises for the day. The form the exercises will take will have to be decided and committees appointed to arrange for the sports. As the time is limited the meeting should be held and preparations commenced immediately. The following communication bearing upon the subject has been sent to this office for publication: Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—So far there appears to be no movement towards celebrating the old and most respected of all days to a British subject, namely the late Queen Victoria's birthday, and as that day is close at hand I take it that my brother Canadians have decided to allow it to sink into oblivion, so far as a fitting celebration is concerned. Such a condition of affairs would be sincerely regrettable, as from late reports from the outside we are informed that the day is still to be revered, and in future will be known as Victoria day, and that the usual form of celebration will be recognized.

In the Yukon territory it would be impossible to hold a sports celebration on the 9th of November, King Edward's birthday, and as Dominion day will be absorbed by the proposed Fourth of July carnival, America's banner day, we Canadians will be without a day on which we may do homage to the traditions of our mother country. It would be a pity to allow our American cousins to be alone in the matter of celebrating, especially in Canadian territory, thereby denoting that there was no time or occasion in the annals of British or Canadian history of sufficient importance to us for the indulgence of our traditional feelings.

Even at this stage it may not be inopportune for some moving spirit to take the matter in hand, and with that object in view I would request all who feel as I feel in this respect to assist me in that direction, and to arrange for a speedy meeting at which we may discuss the probabilities of a celebration.

WILLIAM E. BURRITT.

Output of Gold.

More than twenty-two million dollars' worth of gold dust and bullion, out of a total output of thirty-three and a half millions, mined in Alaska, the Klondike, British Columbia and the Northwestern states, passed through the Seattle assay office during the year 1900; and there is now every possible indication that nearly thirty million dollars' worth of the same precious metal, out of a prospective output of forty-eight millions, will come to this city and pass through the assay office as the result of the present year's cleanup.

These are sums the colossal proportions of which cannot readily be grasped or understood by the average man, but which, if handled on Wall street or some other eastern financial center, would be treated and heralded the world over as phenomenal. Here, however, in the land of gold and plenty, millions are handled and talked of with the nonchalance of speculators in breadstuffs or provisions, and form part of the every-day business transactions.

The present season is already far enough advanced to enable a fair estimate to be made of the probable output for 1901, and although many reports are coming out of Alaska and the Klondike which place the increase in the output at fully 50 per cent greater than last year, among the more conservative mine operators of the various districts the belief is gaining ground that the increase over last year's output, from all sources, will be about one-third; that is to say, where the 1900 output footed up a total of \$33,590,000, this year it is expected to reach a total of \$44,700,000.

The Nome district alone is expected to double its last year's production and give a total of \$10,000,000. The Klondike district is estimated to give about \$5,000,000 more than it did last year, the total estimate being \$27,000,000, against \$22,700,000 last year.

F. A. Wing, United States assayer in charge of the Seattle assay office, is already at work preparing to meet the increased demands that will be made on that establishment during the com-

ing summer, and is both enlarging the plant and increasing his working force from the eligible list of applicants who have passed the required civil service examinations, one of which was held here not long ago.

Speaking of the coming summer's work, Mr. Wing yesterday said:

"From all the data that I have so far received, gathered from parties returning from the north and cognizant of the development work being done in the different districts, I feel that I am justified in estimating the receipts of the office for the coming season at much larger figures than they were last year, and I shall be disappointed if they do not come pretty near reaching the thirty million mark. The reports from the Klondike district are very flattering, with considerable development work in many new directions in that district. The estimates from there range from \$24,000,000 to \$27,000,000, with a preponderance of opinions in favor of the latter figures. Last year's output was \$22,700,000, of which our office received \$16,946,437.09. The larger part of the balance went to San Francisco.

"Everybody seems to expect that the Nome district will double its output of last year, which was \$5,100,000, and of which the Seattle office handled \$3,723,272.14. San Francisco received the balance, over \$1,300,000.

"We also look for increased outputs from the mining camps in Alaska other than Nome, which include all the camps on the American side of the Yukon, Fortymile, Circle City, Fort Yukon, Rampart, Tanana and others, as well as the Copper river, Cooke Inlet and other coast points. These various camps last year gave a total output of \$2,800,000, of which the Seattle office received \$568,458.27. Conservative estimates covering the coming output from these places give a total of about \$4,000,000.

"British Columbia, which includes Atlin, gave this office \$667,246.13, and a material increase is also looked for from that district."—P. I.

Business of the Soaker.

In the neighborhood where pawnshops abound the soaker flourishes. The soaker acts as middleman between the pawnbroker and his customers. He explains his mission and accounts for his usefulness thus:

"The people down here employ me," said he, "not because they are ashamed to be seen going into a pawnshop themselves, but because I can get more for the goods than they can. There's an art in pawning a coat or a ring, just the same as in everything else.

"I've known people to go into a pawnshop with some old article to pawn and to look the proprietor over with a supercilious air, as if they considered themselves so far above him socially that he couldn't touch them with a 40-foot pole. Naturally, for sheer spite, the broker offers them only about half as much as they would get if they approached him properly. Having had a wide experience of my own, I know how to avoid such difficulties. I am not servile, but I am polite and respectful, and as those two qualities touch the most generous chord in the broker's bosom I get all I want on the proffered chattels.

"As recompense for my services I charge my customers 10 per cent commission. I have regular customers, and then, of course, I do many odd jobs for occasionals. There are families down here for whom I pawn the same things over and over again, one week after the other. On pay day they take their things out of soak. Three days later they put them in again, and the next pay day they take them out again. And so it goes, month after month. I canvass the houses just like a bookagent or corn plaster peddler or insurance solicitor.

"Anything to be loaned today?" I ask.

"And if there is I take it around to some shop and raise the necessary dough and take it back and get my commission. Once in awhile I come across somebody who abuses me and calls me a shark, but I'm nothing of the sort. I'm earning a decent living at a legitimate business."—E. X.

He Used the Salt Test.

In the early days of Union Pacific railroading Victoria, Nana and Gerónimo, the three chiefs of the Arizona Apaches, with 100 of their best bucks, came through to Green River, Wyo.

They heard of the "heap wagon and no hose" and had come to stop the train. They made a jasso of rawhide, and 50 men on each side held to the rope as the freight came down the Wasatch divide. The engineer saw when several miles away that the Indians were up to, so he whistled "off brakes" and opening his throttle, let her loose. The cowcatcher struck her and hurled the Indians in all directions, literally tearing them to pieces, headless, armless and legless. The three chiefs went south to their cactus plains very crestfallen.

Before they selected these men the old Chief Victoria had them all eat a piece of rock salt about as big as a pecan, run swiftly about 100 yards, sit down on a log or rock and cross their legs. Then he watched the vibration of the feet, which were crossed. The feet which vibrated the longest or had the longest strokes he declined to accept for a severe duty or a dangerous

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Notice to the Public. The public will take notice that from and after this date the undersigned is the only person having authority to dispose of half interest in creek claim No. 5 above lower discovery on Dominion creek, owned by S. G. Kaufman, of Skagway. Neither Leroy Toller nor A. J. Kroug has authority to negotiate any sale of said interest. Dated Dawson, April 24, 1901. HENRY BAATZ.

ARCIFIC 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 Boy's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.

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