

THE SOUTH FAVORED

By the Aged Widow of Jeff Davis.

Refused to Sell Old Home to Yankees—Will Be Home of Veterans of the Gray.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, after refusing \$90,000 from Northern capitalists, has agreed to sell her beautiful and historic house Beauvoir to the Southern people. It will be used as a home for Confederate veterans.

For sentimental reasons she has placed the price at \$10,000. The Northern syndicate wanted the old Davis home for hotel purposes.

After the offer of \$90,000 had been promptly refused by Mrs. Davis, the United Daughters of the Confederacy inaugurated a movement looking to the purchase of the old Davis home not only as a home for Confederate veterans but as a memorial of the dark days of 1861-65.

Mrs. Davis was consulted, and, notwithstanding the fact that \$15,000 worth of buildings are on the property, she consented to sell it for \$10,000, on the proviso that the estate should be considered as a memorial of her late husband and retained forever in his memory.

The Mississippi senate had already adopted a bill to provide for the purchase of the property, but some fear has been expressed that the establishment of a Home for Confederate Veterans at Beauvoir might interfere with a state pension system in vogue for the same veterans.

Mrs. Davis is now in Mississippi for the purpose of conferring with the legislature regarding the sale of the property.

On the way to Jackson Mrs. Davis stopped at Birmingham and held a public reception in the parlors of the Morris hotel.

Notwithstanding her great age she bore up well during the informal ceremonies. She expressed regret that the weight of years prevented her from standing and acknowledging the compliments of the white-haired men who fought in the lost cause and by whom she had ever been revered.

She was delighted with the kind sentiments expressed by the veterans. She is living in the north by the direction of her physicians, as she has a heart affection which might prove disastrous if she should remain in the south.

The trip to her old home is therefore one of considerable hazard.

In the reception held at the Morris hotel there were many men and women who have known Mrs. Davis for almost half a century. As an old veteran expressed it:

"Yes, that is the same kind-hearted woman we used to know. A little grayer perhaps, a little feebler, but almost the same. While she has aged since we saw her last she looks comparatively young for her age, and almost as she did thirty years ago."

"Anybody who saw her in those days would know her now. You could never mistake the gentleness and kindness with which she greets those about her. It is one of her chief characteristics. Everybody hopes she will make this trip in safety."

Throughout the entire south there is much enthusiasm at the action of Mrs. Davis in selling her old home to the southern people.—Ex.

The Crucifixion.

The bell began to toll. A thousand people fell upon their knees, and with fascinated, yet abashed and awe-struck eyes saw the great tableau of Christendom: the three crosses against the evening sky, the figure in the centre, the Roman populace, the trembling Jews, the pathetic groups of disciples. A cloud passed across the sky, the illusion grew, and hearts quivered in piteous sympathy. There was no music now, not a sound save the sob of some overwrought woman. The woe of an oppressed world absorbed them. Even the stolid Indians, as Roman soldiers, shrank awe-stricken from the sacred tragedy. Now the eyes of all were upon the central figure; then they shifted for a moment to John the Beloved, standing with the Mother.

"Pauvre Mere! Pauvre Christ!" said the weeping woman aloud.

A Roman soldier raised a spear and pierced the side of the Hero of the World. Blood flowed, and hundreds gasped. Then there was silence, a strange hush as of a prelude to some great event.

"It is finished. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" said the Figure.

The hush was broken by such a sound as one hears in a forest when a wind quivers over the earth, flutters the leaves and then sinks away—neither having come nor gone, but only lived and died.

Again there was silence, and then all eyes were fixed upon the figure at the foot of the cross—Mary the Magdalene.

Day after day they had seen this figure rise, come forward a step and speak the epilogue to this moving miracle-drama. For the last three days Paulette Dubois had turned a sorrowful face upon them, and with one hand upraised had spoken the prayer, the prophecy, the thanksgiving, the appeal of humanity and the ages. They looked to see the same figure now, and waited. But as the Magdalene turned there was a great stir in the multitude, for the face bent upon them was that of Rosalie Evanturel. Awe and wonder moved the people.

Not a gesture, not a movement, only the slight, pathetic figure, with pale, agonized face and eyes that looked—looked—looked beyond them, over their heads to the darkening east, the clouded light of evening behind her. Her voice rang out, now valiant and clear, now searching and piteous, yet reaching to where the furthest person knelt, and was lost upon the lake and in the spreading trees.

"What ye have done may never be undone; what He hath said shall never be unsaid. His is the Word which shall unite all languages when ye that are Romans shall be no more Romans, and ye that are Jews shall

still be Jews, reproached and alone. No longer shall men faint in the glare—the shadow of the Cross shall screen them. No more shall women bear her black sorrows alone; the Light of the World shall cheer her."—Examiner.

Quite a Dangerous Feat.

For several hours yesterday the attention of pedestrians on First avenue was riveted to the task being accomplished by a man who seemed as much at home up in the air as on terra firma. Seated in a bos'n's chair suspended from a traveling pulley the wire cable which stretches across the Yukon at an altitude of 80 to 120 feet above the river was thoroughly greased. Attached to the pulley within reach was a five gallon can of oil, the lubricant which the daring aeronaut rubbed into the steel strands. Progress along the wire was made by a rope which reached from the pulley to the ground.

Must be Removed.

The bar opposite the old post office which in the winter time is used as a sort of public wood yard, is still strewn with fuel which is not removed by the time the river breaks will float off with the high water. Last year the police issued an order that if all wood was not removed within a certain date it would be liable to confiscation. The order had the desired effect and this year will doubtless see a repetition of similar measures.

Protest Being Heard.

Yesterday in the gold commissioner's court was being heard the case of John Baptiste Comeau vs. Damas Martineau and seven other defendants, the action involving the title to the upper half of 242 below lower Dominion. The defendants are the owners of the hillside and benches in the first and second tiers on the right limit which it is said conflict with the creek claim. Plaintiff lays claim to 1000 feet on each side of the base line.

Our \$2.50 hat is a stunner. Ames Mercantile Co.

What Rugs Cost.

The value of the best Persian rugs is \$40 per square foot. In the western world that seems expensive, but it is cheap from the standpoint of the labor involved. It took the weaver in the Orient 23 days to complete that square foot. This allowed about 44 cents a day for wool and labor. Three-fourths of the amount went for wool, and the worker had just 11 cents a day on which to live.

Flag Staff Erected.

The first section of the new flag staff being erected in the police square was placed in position yesterday. The upper portion will be added today or tomorrow and when completed the Union Jack will float from the highest mast there is in the territory—104 feet from the ground.

Handsome Residence.

Mr. H. Davis-Colley is having constructed a commodious two-story residence at the corner of Eighth avenue and Princess street. Seventh and Eighth avenues are fast becoming the most desirable residence streets in the city.

Pay Day yesterday.
Yesterday the white specter made his regular monthly visit to the government offices, the checks paid out by Comptroller Lithgow in salaries aggregating nearly \$39,000.

Men's linen collars, 6 for \$1.00—the Hamburger & Weissberg sacrifice sale, Second avenue.

FOR SALE.

A good dog team, harness and sled. A bargain. Apply Nugget office.

Hay, oats and provisions of all kinds at Barrett & Hull's. Rock bottom prices.

P. B. Butter, have no other.
Choice Rex Hams. Ames Mer. Co.

Just in Over the Ice Two Hundred Thousand . . . Havana Cigars

Benj. Franklin, La Africanos, Henry Clays, Magnificos, Velasco's Flor de Milanos, El Triunfos, Adelina Pattis, El Ecuadors, Henry Upman's, Bock & Co.

Look Out for the CAMEOS.

TOWNSEND & ROSE, Importers

ROYALTY ON DUST

Dawson, Y. T., April 25, 1902.

To All Our Customers:—

You are hereby notified that, owing to a notice published by J. T. Lithgow, Comptroller of the Yukon Territory, that on and after April 30th, 1902, royalty will be collected on all gold dust not sealed up, exported after that date, the Board of Trade passed the following resolution:

"RESOLVED, That said merchants in collecting such outstanding accounts receive the same in gold dust, provided the said export tax of 2½ per cent be added thereto, and that notice be given by said merchants to their customers, and through the press immediately of this resolution."

For that reason we will not receive gold dust at the rate of \$16 per ounce in satisfaction of past accounts, on and after the 30th of April, unless the persons paying the same produce export royalty receipts or pay to us the amount of such export royalty.

On business transacted on and after May 1st 1902, we will receive gold dust at \$15.00 per ounce and pay the export tax.

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

Traveling Made Easy

Nothing wears a person out like a bad fitting pair of shoes, especially if he has much walking to do.

We keep only the Up-to-date Lines. Our Lasts and Styles are the Latest.

N. A. T. & T. COMPANY

Retiring From Gent's Furnishing and Department Boot and Shoe

We have decided to withdraw the above departments from our business and will sell EN BLOC making payments agreeable to purchaser at RETAIL

NECKWEAR. NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.
HATS, all shapes.
CLOTHING, made by W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co.

Boots & Shoes
The Celebrated Slater and Ames Holden.
Full line Miner's Hob Nailed Waterproof, the most sensible shoe in the market.

SOCKS, largely English imported goods
COLLARS. CUFFS.
UNDERWEAR, Marino natural wool and Silk.

Our announcement as above is Bona Fide and by giving us a call we will convince you.

Macaulay Bros., One Door Below Front Street

Norquay's Drug Store