

# Wooing of Mr. Ed. Jones

The engagement was announced the other day. The wedding will be celebrated in June. "Mike" is responsible for it.

"Mike" is a street dog. He had no intention of interfering in anybody's love affairs. "Mike" has been sleeping in ash boxes and areas ways all winter. Mostly he has dined on the contents of garbage cans. He has been kicked about the streets for two years, and he considers himself a good judge of human nature. Because he got a kick which severely damaged one of his hind legs, he suddenly found himself transported into dog heaven, with plenty of good things to eat, a gentle mistress and a warm, soft box full of straw to sleep in. Incidentally he entirely changed the destiny of at least three people. Which shows that in the case of dogs, at least a swift kick is often a blessing in disguise.

Miss Annette Logan was in her second season. She was an orphan—pretty, young and rich. She lived in a big corner house, with two maiden aunts and four servants. She had many suitors. During her first year "out" it was a free-for-all race for her favor. She played no favorites, and, by the exercise of a great quantity of tact, made only a few enemies.

By the time her second season was well under way her love affairs seemed to be rapidly nearing a crisis. The field was narrowed down to two young men, and the rivalry between them was so close as to furnish an endless subject for conversation and conjecture.

One of the young men was Tom Elliott. He had been born with a whole dozen of silver table spoons in his mouth, so it was not to be expected that he would be a thing of beauty. As a matter of fact, he was far from it. He had thin red hair, a projecting Adam's apple, a huge nose, a retreating chin, and a decent disposition.

"O, Tom; he'll never set the river on fire," was the way his best friends spoke of him. "He don't need to," the cynics would answer, "so long as he has money to burn."

Tom had never gone into business. People pointed him out as an awful example of the idle rich.

"I've got money enough," Tom said to people who remonstrated with him, "and I know perfectly well that there is nothing I can do more than decently well. I don't see any reason why I should go into competition with smarter fellows than I am who really need the money. Besides, I can't say that the idea of work appeals to me strongly."

A great many people looked on Tom Elliott as an exceedingly poor specimen.

Edward J. Jones was his exact opposite and his most deadly rival. Edward J. Jones had come in from the country only a few years before. Already he had begun to "make his mark." He was ambitious and energy personified. Rich and elderly persons with closely cropped white mustaches and deep lines in their faces spoke of him with respect as "a coming man."

"Give Jones ten years more and he'll be a rich man," was the way they spoke of him on La Salle street.

Meantime Edward J. Jones was husbanding his resources and forging ahead at a fast clip. People who got into his way were likely to get out again in a hurry, taking with them either financial or physical bruises, as the case happened. He lived at a fashionable boarding-house but he rather prided himself on avoiding the extravagances which weaker young men yield to.

Edward J. Jones arranged all his affairs so as to best suit the accomplishment of the immediate plan which he had in view. So when he settled down seriously to woo and win Miss Annette Logan he moved his household goods into a boarding-house which stood almost diagonally across the street from her big house. The audacity of the move set people to chattering like a flock of black birds. The general opinion was that now it was all up with poor Tom Elliott.

"When Ed. Jones starts out in earnest after a thing he gets it," was the way it was put. As a matter of fact, Miss Annette Logan was at first angered at the frank and practically public avowals of Edward J. Jones' intentions. It seemed to her almost insolent, and for a few weeks she treated the forceful Mr. Jones with a marked degree of coldness. But Edward J. Jones was a wise youth for his years and a good judge of human nature on the feminine side.

Every woman likes a strong man and a bold man, and within six months Miss Annette Logan had be-

come accustomed to the sight of Edward J. Jones. Also the seven days' wonder of society had died out. Then she reflected that a man who would move from one side of the city in order to be near a woman must really be dreadfully in earnest. Then she found that young Mr. Jones with his tall, athletic figure and his clear-cut face was really a pleasant thing to look at.

Gradually she found herself standing more and more frequently at the window at the hour when Edward J. Jones started for his office in the city. Of course there were lace curtains between her and the glass, and she never allowed Edward J. Jones to even suspect that she was interested in his goings and comings.

At the same time Edward J. Jones was gradually winning a firmer place in her affections and slowly Tom Elliott was being driven out of the way.

It began to look as if Edward J. Jones would, in his expressive phrase, "win out."

That was the situation when "Mike" came wandering along through the wet and changed everything.

"Mike," as aforesaid, was a dirty, lonely, black street cur. On the fateful morning Miss Annette Logan was looking out of her window, through the lace curtains, and had seen Edward J. Jones leave, his boarding-house and walk briskly down to the corner to take a street car. No car was just then in sight, and Mr. Jones stepped under the projecting awning of the corner drug store to keep out of the rain, which was falling heavily.

The streets were deep in mud and deep puddles of black water lay just along the curb.

"Mike," coming down the other street to the corner, saw Edward J. Jones standing warm and comfortable, under the awning and made the most fortunate mistake of his life. He "sized up" Edward J. Jones as a kind-hearted and humane man who would go out of his way to do a poor dog a good turn.

Miss Annette Logan saw "Mike" come along, wet and dirty, and saw him rub his dirty nose confidently against Edward J. Jones' carefully brushed trousers. Then she saw Mr. Jones draw back his right foot and kick "Mike" howling into the gutter. "Mike" was really extremely dirty.

Just then the street car came along and Edward J. Jones hopped blithely on to the front platform, serene in the consciousness that he had kept his trousers clean.

Mr. Edward J. Jones did not hear the little cry of horror inside the lace curtains. He did not even glance back to see "Mike" limp, whining, down the street on three legs, one of his hind legs doubled up in pain under his body.

If Mr. Jones had looked back he would have seen the front door of Miss Logan's house suddenly opened. Down the steps in the driving rain ran Miss Logan in a white morning gown. She called poor "Mike," and he came limping up to her. This time "Mike" knew he had made no mistake. She carried him into the house, mud and all, in her arms.

Edward J. Jones knew nothing about all this. All he knows is that when he called the next evening Miss Logan was "not at home," and that four Sundays later there was an item in the society columns of the newspapers announcing her engagement to Mr. Thomas Elliott. There is no use trying to explain it to Edward J. Jones. He would not understand.—Chicago Tribune.

## Stage Travel in 1837.

The average cost for stage coach travel, for the entire state, was a little less than five cents a mile. The rate of travel in good weather and favorable roads was seven to eight miles an hour. Most of the stages were operated on the plan of the Indianapolis, Crawfordsville and Danville road, with stops for night, and an average of fifty-five to sixty miles a day. On the National road however, the stages did not stop for night, and would average 150 or more miles a day, in favorable weather. The ride from Evansville to Logansport took almost a week, and that from Cincinnati to White Pigeon Mich., was but a day shorter, and took the traveler over the famous old line of Levi Coffin's underground railroad north to freedom for enslaved blacks. These "fast" schedules, however, are for good weather, favorable season and solid roads. When these conditions did not prevail, and the "corduroy" was often afloat, travel by stage was not only uncertain, but all schedules were abandoned and the "stager" floun-

dered around at a two or three-mile gait.

On a Wednesday noon, in 1837, Thomas Goodwin, the well-known veteran Methodist preacher, of Indianapolis, left Brookville for Green-castle to enter old Asbury University. It had been raining. The old four-horse stage lumbered along at a slow rate and reached Bulltown, seventeen miles from Brookville, that night at 7 o'clock. Goodwin put up for the night. The next morning he found a butcher's wagon, without springs, a seat or cover—the stage—waiting at the door for him, and in a rainstorm that had set the corduroy afloat, the start was made for Indianapolis. The fifty miles to Indianapolis was one great quagmire and at 8 o'clock that night, when the "stage" was still six miles from the capital, an axle gave way. The driver took Goodwin's trunk ahead of him on the "off" horse, and the contracting agent, with the mail in front of him and his passenger on behind, rode the "nigh" horse into Indianapolis, arriving at midnight and too late to catch the west stage. Goodwin had a day's lay-over, in which to inspect the new state house and the largest city he had ever seen.

At 10 o'clock that night he climbed on the nine-seated St. Louis limited stage and started for Putnamville. The road was macadamized as far as Eagle creek, but there the bogs were encountered again, and the stage came to a standstill. The eight other male passengers were ordered out and sent to the nearby rail fence to get pries. They extricated the stage from the mudhole and were ready to get aboard, when the driver announced that they had better carry those rails on down the road, for they would need them again. Plainfield, fourteen miles out, was reached in time for breakfast, and Putnamville at 4 o'clock. Goodwin reached Green-castle at 9 o'clock the next Sunday morning, having covered 124 miles in a little less than four full days and traveling two nights, at a total cost of about \$8 or \$9 fare and boarding and lodging.

With the old stages have disappeared the old taverns, with their uniform charge of 25 cents for a bed or meal and a "tip" for a "dram." Though in these days the rate seems low, many good fortunes were made in these old taverns whose proprietors bought at a dozen, eggs at 3 cents a dozen, whiskey at 25 cents a gallon, and all other supplies at correspondingly low rates.—(E. J. Lewis in Indianapolis News.)

## Bountiful Harvest

Winnipeg, Man., July 17.—Reports received from all parts of Manitoba yesterday indicate exceptionally good crop conditions. Though the season is several days later this year than last, the grain looks much better than it did during the corresponding state of growth last year. This statement does not refer to districts, but is true of the whole province. Hay will be an exceptional crop, and the warm sun and wind are permitting the farmers to get it in in good condition. Grain will not be ready for harvesting before the first week in August, and unless most unexpected developments occur an even larger number of men will be needed to harvest it than last year.

## Umpire Shoots Pitcher

Cannelton, Ind., July 16.—During a ball game here Arthur Derrett, umpire, shot and fatally wounded Wm. Whallen, the pitcher. The game was played between the Owensboro and Cannelton teams. In the last innings Whallen was at the bat, and took exception to a ruling made by Derrett. After several words had passed, the quarrel ceased. Whallen hit a fly and started to first base, when it is alleged Derrett pulled a pistol and shot him twice in the back. The wounded man fell and the crowd gathered about Derrett and there were cries, "Lynch him." Derrett was placed under arrest. He is about 28 years old. There is a strong feeling against Derrett, but the sheriff says he does not fear any mob violence.

## Warmest in Dominion.

Toronto, July 9.—According to the meteorological office, Toronto was the hottest city in the Dominion yesterday, and the fourth in the degree of heat in North America. At four o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer registered 91 degrees.

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## The Mystic Four

Editor Nugget,  
Dear Sir,—If you will kindly give us space in your valuable paper we would like to say a few words which would interest some of the numerous readers of the Nugget.

In these times of commercial monarchy and peacock parade, there are few people engaged in mining who have any time or attention to spend in the pursuit of mental or moral culture. There is a striking exception to this rule; however, here on the prosperous little gulch of Victoria. This center of mental and moral gravity is located at present on No. 8. Messrs. Pearson, Martin, Carlyon and Fisher, owners of the claim, are constant and never tiring students of the ethical codes and mental philosophies of the ancient and modern world, and especially those of the Orient. They are also devout worshippers at the mystic shrine. They have succeeded in placing themselves in communication with the most prominent of the mystic adepts of America and Europe, and they are now trying to penetrate those mysterious and hidden recesses of the secret circles in the Orient, but so far have been unsuccessful. These investigations have finally culminated in the formation of a Psychic Circle on Victoria gulch for the purpose of practical research. This circle is known as the Mystic Four. Its members meet once a week at the cabin on No. 8 and the neighbors are invited in. We had a rousing time there last Thursday evening. Mr. Pearson conducted the circle as usual, and many wonderful phenomena were produced. One of the feats performed was the placing of Pearson by Messrs. Martin and Carlyon in a trance condition. He was then placed in a horizontal position three feet above the floor where he remained suspended in mid-air for a space of six minutes.

Another extremely interesting feature of the evening was the receiving of communications by Messrs. Pearson & Fisher, not from spirits of dead men but from real actual living human beings. These communications were verbal and could be distinctly heard by a number of persons outside the circle. Among those who proved capable of hearing them were Mr. and Mrs. Burnee, Mrs. Sykes, Mr. Wade, Mr. Riley, Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Stone. There were others, names not known. To close the evening's exercises Mr. Pearson lectured for half an hour on psychic force. He said these silent messengers were simply the thoughts of his and Fisher's most intimate friends, that they are floating about through space and are naturally attracted to them through the law of affinity. Mr. Pearson is a logician, an invincible debater and an elocutionist of no mean order. He has been prominently associated with occult science for a number of years. He anticipates spending a couple of years in the Orient under the tutelage of the masters. He is determined to know more of the unknowable. There is also a Sunday bible class at the cabin conducted by Mr. Fisher which is no less interesting than the Mystic Circle. There is always something new being developed as Fisher is not strictly orthodox in his application of the text. His construction of the scripture is rather after the up-to-date order. He is scheduled for a lecture some time next week. The subject will be "Martyrdom and the Millennium."

W. E. NEVERSLEEP,  
Victoria Gulch, July 25.

## Encourage if You Can.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you leave some human flower to suffer for want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training, but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can. Give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise.—Catholic Home Companion.

## More Transport Animals

Chicago, July 16.—The British transport service, which for so many months conducted an active trade at Port Chalmette, is to reopen its camp there for the shipment of horses, mules and cattle to South Africa, says the Chronicle's New Orleans correspondent. It is found that the American animals are the hardest for theveldt work, and the British government will need a great number under its agreement for restoring the farms of the burghers who suffered during the recent war. The officers are now on the way, and the camp will be reopened immediately upon their arrival.

## In South Africa.

Pretoria, Transvaal, July 15.—The settlement of the annexed territory is not being accomplished without considerable friction. This is especially noticeable in the bitter hatred and persecution on the part of the Boers who stayed in the field to the end of the war to Boers who served as British scouts. It is expected some of these native scouts have been shot or beaten.

So intense is the feeling that many of the burghers who fought to the end distinguished themselves from those who surrendered during the war by wearing a green badge. The Transvaal and Free State colors are also freely worn and this custom is encouraged by the Dutch who did not take an active part in the war. Many of the burghers declare they were induced to agree to surrender by the false representations of their leaders, who painted the terms too rosily.

Discordant elements are numerous and any attempt to place the burghers who surrendered during the war in authority over those who fought throughout, will conceivably result in a renewal of hostilities. The majority of the Boers have apparently in no way abandoned their nationality, and some of them preach the advisability of opening Dutch schools so as to keep alive their nationality. The whole situation so bristles with difficulties that there are not

lacking those who doubt if the settlement signed May 1st was the final settlement of the South African trouble.

## A Little Unpleasantness

Belfast, July 15.—A report reached here that a score of men and district inspectors were injured while attempting to break riot tonight at Newry, near Down and Armagh. A number of Orange and the Nationalist agents also were injured. H. Presbytery clergyman, was thrown from his bicycle and severely injured by a blow on the head with a

## Heavy Fire Loss

St. Remi, Que., July 15.—Grand Trunk station and the yards of Lamarre & Co. were destroyed by fire this morning. Loss is estimated at a hundred and dollars.

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Job Printing at Nugget office.

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**Stroller**  
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