

STRAINS OF ROMANCE

The engines of your yacht and getting her to Alexandria in the time, bar a breakdown, but more I cannot say. Will you risk it?"

The girl glanced at him hesitatingly. "The Scud must sail!" she began. "Guess we can see in an hour or so whether he's up to the job," said Captain Flint suggestively.

The man looked at the girl with an inquiring smile. She gave him one more glance, then made up her mind. "You're engaged," she said briskly. "It was in a short time he found himself at work on the yacht. In another three hours he had the steam up, and the ladies having come on-board, the Scud raised her anchor and slowly made her way out of the bay."

As engineer he was a complete success and quickly earned the warm approval of Captain Jake Flint, from whom he gleaned a good deal of interesting information. It appeared that the yacht was the property of Mr. Silas Lewison, a rich American, and that the girl on board was his only daughter. Her father had left her in England and a few weeks ago had made the journey to Cairo, leaving her to follow more leisurely in the Scud.

For the first two days he spent most of his time in the engine room. Once or twice, as he sat watching the movements of the big cylinders, he broke into a short laugh. It was on the third day, when he happened to be on deck, that she spoke to him. "We are getting on famously, Mr. Dennis. I think a good fate must have dropped you from the clouds," she said, with a smile.

He looked at her and tried to hide the look of admiration that had crept to his eyes. She seemed more gloriously beautiful than ever. He made some vague reply, and she went on talking about the yacht. It was intoxication to him. He had fallen desperately in love at first sight, and he wondered what it would all lead to.

The next few days passed delightfully. He had several conversations with her—indeed, she seemed almost to welcome an opportunity of speaking with him. The more he saw of her the more convinced was he that he had made no mistake. This was no fleeting fancy; he was really in love.

Then came a bitter shock of disappointment. They were within a day's run of Alexandria, and he was about to go on deck. As he raced up the companion something white on one of the stairs caught his attention. He picked it up and found it was a telegram. Glancing at it, he saw it was a cable that had been sent to her at Gibraltar by her father. Almost unconsciously he read the few words: "Get Scud to Alexandria by 22nd without fail. Lord Hillmarch has promised to come with us to England."

He stood staring at it stupidly, then, as the meaning of the words dawned upon him, a fierce wave of unreasonable resentment swept over him. Old Lewison had run across Lord Hillmarch, and considering him an eligible son-in-law, had schemed to bring the two together on the yacht—the old, stale arrangement, American heiresses and English aristocracy. Would they never tire of it?

With a frown on his face he made his way slowly on deck, the telegram still in his hand. A few yards away Miss Lewison was sitting in her deck chair, studying a book. She looked up as the engineer appeared and smiled. He crossed to her and held out the telegram. "I found this on the stairs," he said shortly. "He caught sight of the book she was reading and saw it was 'Debreit's Peerage.' He felt exceedingly bitter."

then he seized the opportunity and went on deck. He leaned over the taffrail and gave himself up to his thoughts. Another hour or so and she would have passed out of his life forever. In his fit of abstraction he had not noticed a torpedo destroyer which was out for practice. She was going at quarter speed past the yacht.

Suddenly a voice broke on his ears. "Why, it's Kenyon, by love! How are you, old man?"

The engineer awoke from his reverie with a start. A few yards away the bronzed face of the lieutenant of the destroyer was laughing at him. "Can't keep away from the old game, I see—happy chap to be able to choose your own fancy boat. Will you come around and see us tonight?" The destroyer was some distance away by now, and the last words came in a shout. The engineer nodded and waved his hand.

Then a slight noise behind him made him swing round. "He saw Miss Fay Lewison and Lord Hillmarch standing at the open door of the companion. The girl was watching him."

"He called you Kenyon," she said wonderingly. Lord Hillmarch stepped forward.

romance somewhere—in my composition," he added lamely. She did not speak. He moved his head slightly, and her gaze met his. Lord Hillmarch looked from one to another critically, then a slight smile crept over his insignificant little face. He pulled out his cigarette case.

"Supposing," he observed dryly, "we all be delightfully frank with one another?"

"I just love frankness!" said Miss Fay. Lord Hillmarch lit his cigarette coolly, "I'll remark that I don't think I'll come to England in the yacht with you. I rather fancy, you know, that being 33 and somewhere about five feet two in stature, with a bald head into the bargain, I will adhere to my old resolution and admire nothing but my own charming self. How's that for frankness?"

"Gigantic!" said Kenyon. The little lord smiled. "Then I'll leave you to do your share," he observed and stroled away.

The two stared at one another blankly, then suddenly they both laughed.

Under Water Forty Years. Lakeville Plantation, Me., Oct. 20.—Forty-six years ago, when the owners of Princeton tanneries came to the chain of Dobeis Lakes and purchased three townships of hemlock woods, Edward Mallet, a youth of 20 years, built a windmill on the shore of Middle Dobeis, and made a lot of money by grinding the oats and corn that were brought to the mill by the farmers who lived in his vicinity. No highways had been swamped through the woods at that time, so most of his customers came by water in the summer and on ice in winter for which reason the mill was placed in a cove close down to the lake. In May, 1855, a great storm with wind and rain came on and continued for four days, damming up the outlet to the lake with earth and stones and raising the surface of the water so high that when Mallet went out after the storm had passed, he found that his mill was wholly submerged. The water soon made a new channel for itself, but the level was much higher and the windmill remained under water for more than forty years.

After the hemlock bark was gone the land was converted into farms, and Mallet, still occupying his old

A Personal Matter. "I may be wrong, but if so I trust that you will right me," he said to a patrolman at the Fulton ferry. "Well, sir, what is it?" asked the officer.

"I was and still am desirous of seeing some of the commerce of Brooklyn."

"Well, I wandered down to a wharf to get a line on Brooklyn's commerce, and the gentle murmur of the waters, added to the general lethargy of the day, exercised a slumbrous influence upon me, and I lay down upon a box and slept."

"Something did, sir. A person of aggressive disposition came along and awoke the whole of me at once. Then he tried to get hold of the whole of me with his two hands. Sir, he bounced me, and he chucked me, and he toyed with me. He flung me over barrels, and he jumped me over bales, and when at length he deposited me on the street I was the wreck you see before you."

"And now what is it?" queried the officer.

"I contented sir, that I was on that wharf in the interests of commerce."



SOME DAWSON DOG TEAMS.

He was an almost middle aged little man, with a kindly face. He held out his hand to the engineer. "That happens to be his name, you know—Dennis Kenyon," he said, with a smile.

Miss Lewison was still more bewildered. "You know him?" "Slightly," he replied. "You see, his estate adjoins mine at home."

There was a pause. Lord Hillmarch shot a little aghast look at Kenyon and stroked his mustache. The girl stood waiting for an explanation. Kenyon gave a nervous laugh.

"I'm not really much to explain," he said. "You see, before an uncle died and left me a boisterous lot of money and an estate I was an engineer in the navy. You just heard one of my old messmates hail me."

home, became well-to-do by raising hay and pork to sell to the woodmen. Meanwhile the builders in Princeton needed stones for new cellars and underpinning, had been going to the heap of grout and stones at the outlet of Middle Dobeis for supplies, taking away many tons every season until most of the dam had been removed in scows. Last week the logs were cut away from Upper Dobeis dam, and when the water and timbers came down against the obstruction, which was formed in 1838 the pressure was so great that half of Middle Dobeis went out with a rush, restoring the lake to its old level and bringing Mallet's windmill to the surface nearly as good as new.

Since the freshest aged owner of the mill has put in new fans and supplied oil to the rusted bearings until the machinery is again in working order, and after the farmers do their threshing he is expecting to have plenty of business.

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"It's all very ridiculous," said Miss Lewison. Kenyon grew sober again. "I suppose," he said slowly, "I must be leaving the ship now unless I paused and looked at her intently—unless by a remote chance you also have."

"What?" she said, with her eyes on the deck. "—a strain of romance somewhere in your composition." He finished in almost a whisper.

She lifted her head and saw him looking at her pleadingly. There was a vague something about him that appealed to her. And he was undoubtedly very much in love with her. Her lips parted in a half smile. "I'm not certain," she said doubtfully. Then her eyes met his. "Why not give me a little time to find out?" she said frankly.

He did, and eventually discovered that there was—Mainly About People. Send a copy of Gutzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

"And that the transaction between the person and myself was in no sense a commercial one."

"No, sir. It was a purely personal matter, and I think he looks as if I am right, and I want to ask you if I was right in meeting him in the spirit I did?"

"What, in allowing him to chuck you out without resistance?" "Exactly, sir. Was my placidity of spirit for the best of all concerned, or was it an error of judgment?"

"I think you got out of it very creditably," said the officer as he patted the man on the back. "Thanks, sir; many thanks. Your corporation of my own personal opinion fills me with a holy calm. I will now wander along, and as I wander I will smock this lesson and reflect that, though I am neither purely nor rich, I am, as a general thing, the right man in the right place—that is, when there is any chucking to be done. I'm the one who always gets it in the neck."—Brooklyn Citizen.

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