

MEMORABLE RUN ON A BANK

When Dick Saved His Father From Bankruptcy

And Married the Girl of His Choice Pilipli, the Lion Tamer, Came in Handy.

She was probably the prettiest beggar that ever stepped daintily in patched shoes. Yet, probably speaking, she was not a beggar at all, save for a few hours; she had put on a bewitching robe of misery to please her own fancy, and perhaps to show womanlike - that even that poor dress could not hide her beauty, and would, in fact, only add to it, by force of contrast.

Grace Ingram was the spoiled child of a man who had suddenly and unexpectedly grown enormously rich. Old John Ingram had been a moderately prosperous tradesman, and a patent which came into his hands had proved to be, as the advertisements say, a long-felt want, and had enabled him to retire at a little over middle-age with a big fortune. Grace, being his only child, sprang at once into a position of importance, ceased to preside over the modest housekeeping arrangements of the cosy little house of which the shop had formed a part, and became a fashionable young lady and a considerable heiress.

But wealth carries its responsibilities, and Grace Ingram found that the old comfortable days were gone, and some of the old comfortable things with them. Old friends, with innocent memories for times of striving, had to be left to plod along in their own fashion; new friends, who had no memories at all, sprang up round the man with the big house and the many servants, and patronized him - and tried to patronize his daughter. In the last they did not succeed, for Grace had a will of her own, and seemed to know instinctively the right thing to do, and the right thing to say, at the right moment.

Of course there had been a lover to deal with; there always is a lover, who turns up inconveniently, and refuses to let that unfortunate past decently bury its dead. Grace Ingram, in the days when she lived over her father's shop, had been genuinely in love with a poor and struggling man, Grace Ingram, when she took up her abode in her father's new and splendid house, tried to forget (at her father's bidding, let it be said) that she had ever been in love at all, and wanted to start with a clean slate, as it were, and to wipe that out, together with other impossible things.

It must not be supposed for a moment that Grace was heartless. It is probable that, after her maid had left her at night, she went over that old lover of hers, and wondered anxiously what he was doing, and longed desperately to see him. But the world is a world of change, and we are never content with the same thing very long, if Fate gives us the opportunity to step out on a new road, and Grace Ingram was young, and the fine and splendid golden ball of life was at her feet, to be trundled where she would. Necessarily, she called herself bitter names in solitude and told herself that this breathless rush for place and pleasure was worth nothing as compared with the love of a good man; but other thoughts came in the morning - and she told herself then, with an impatient stamp of the foot, that she was made for better things, and must leave such foolishness behind.

Of course, it is scarcely necessary to say that other lovers put in an appearance - lovers good, bad and indifferent. But old John Ingram knew pretty clearly what he wanted for his daughter; sorted the lovers, as carefully as he had once sorted samples of goods in his shop, and picked out the one he thought had the best qualities for the wear and tear of life, and the most substantial banking account to stand wear and tear also. Let it not be thought that the old man coerced his daughter in any way, probably he knew her too well to attempt it. But the pride and wealth had turned the girl's head a little, and she saw, only too clearly, with her father's eyes. More than that, the suitor proposed had much to recommend him, quite apart from his wealth and social position - he was really a good fellow - quite young, and honestly in love with the girl. There was no forcing of the inclinations, no shedding of tears in secret; Grace Ingram really liked young Clem, and was quite content, to marry in the old-fashioned way, to marry in a word, she staid contentedly with old towns and promised

and resolutely determined not to be reminded of something which never ought to have been, and which never could be now.

Tonight, when she played that most incongruous role of beggar, she took her place firmly and strongly in the great world that her father's money and her own beauty had carried by assault and won. Her engagement to Clement Vicary - of so many thousands a year, and of the ancient family of the Vicarys of Shropshire - had been formally announced, and at this great fancy dress ball she was to receive the congratulations of the great world, and - as old John Ingram tersely put it - "do the thing in proper style."

She had chosen in a very spirit of daunt to be the humblest figure in the room, to appear in the midst of that splendid throng of gaily-dressed lords and ladies, queens and kings, cavaliers and powdered dames, as a simple beggar-maid. In a tattered dress and without an ornament of any kind. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say - and perhaps Grace Ingram knew it only too well - that she stood out, as she had desired to do, conspicuously among them all; moved, a quaint and picturesque figure, through the beautiful rooms, observed by everyone and complimented on all hands.

Now, whether it was the fact of wearing such a dress and of appearing in that mockery of poverty in her father's house; or whether some strange, half-strangled thoughts came back to her on that night of her triumph, it is quite impossible to say. Indeed, all that afterwards happened may have been the result of a mere freak - a whim - on her part; may have had in it no settled intention at all. But certain it is that at nearly midnight, when the noise and gaiety were at their height and when she was most in demand, a sudden wild, daring thought came to her and was put into execution. The first novelty of her dress had worn off; all the pretty compliments which could be paid to her had long ago been given; she wanted to conquer new worlds; longed for some adventure, outside the warm safety of the house.

Watching her opportunity she escaped from the ball-room and glided through the house in the direction of the servants' quarters; tremblingly and yet eagerly she gained the tradesmen's entrance unobserved; darted up the steps and found herself in the quiet street. Laughing delightedly and thinking what a tale she would have to tell of her frolic when she returned, she ran, up the street and found herself in the demure and formal square in which the big house of John Ingram was situated.

There was no fun there; all was quiet and still, save where the house itself threw out a flood of light, and the twinkling lamps of the waiting carriages were set in a double line down one side of the square. As she stood there she could hear the faint sound of the music and knew the waltz they were playing.

Strangely enough, her thoughts turned to the old place she had known so well - the old home wherein she had been born and where she had, after all, been so happy. She thought of it with a new tenderness - as of a poor deserted old house in strange hands, with all the old familiar things changed or gone. In a foolish, sentimental fashion she wanted to look at it on this night when she was closing down the old, closely-written page of her life so firmly - wanted to see what it looked like - wanted to bid farewell to it, as it were, for the last time. There may have been even a sort of feeling in her mind, devoid of tenderness, which prompted her to stand in the street through which she had passed so often in old times - to stand there in that curious dress - a very parody of the poverty she would never touch again. Be that as it may she started off, without a moment's hesitation, straight for the place.

She began to grow a little frightened when she was nearing the place; the streets seemed to have narrowed somewhat, even in the comparatively short time since she had left them; the houses were smaller and neaper. Once or twice, too, a drunken man lurched towards her, and only her swift feet saved her from molestation. She began to wish ardently that she had never started out on such an errand.

She reached the house at last - the dear old quaint shop, with the peeping eyes in the closed shutters. The place was empty, and a forlorn-looking board announced the fact that it was to let. From the appearance of the board, it had apparently been to let for a long time. But she was glad now that she had come; was glad that those old, softened, tender feelings had awakened in her. The brilliant scene she had left seemed very far away; was set back in the years somehow, and had nothing real or tangible about it. She was back again in the old life, dreaming the old dreams, thinking the old thoughts.

Then, in the most natural fashion, she began to think of the man who had loved her - the man who had been filled with brave ambitions for her - the man who had been willing

and ready to conquer the world, for love of her. She began to wonder, with a quickening heart, what had happened to him, and where he was; whether he had succeeded or failed; above all (strange thought for a girl in whose ears the congratulations of her friends on her approaching marriage were still ringing!) she began to wonder if he had taken any other woman to his heart, to console him. Almost without thinking about the matter at all, she found her feet were taking her in the direction of the place where he had lived; found, in a few minutes, that she was going up the old, dark staircase which led to his rooms. She stopped at last outside the door at which she had so often tapped, in old days, when she had run light-heartedly up there to see him. She hesitated for a moment and then knocked softly on the door.

There was no answer. In former times she remembered how he had grown to know the touch of her hand upon the door; so that he would dash to it, and fling it open, almost before her hand had left the panel. But now there was no sound at all; she began to fear that he had gone.

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learned to forgive. Slowly, as though she called him from some depth into which he had sunk, he seemed to come to the surface, to wake, slowly and with difficulty, to the knowledge that she was there - close to him - touching him.

"Maurice - can you hear what I say? Can you understand all that I want to tell you?" she whispered, speaking, hurriedly, and with her lips close to his. "Indeed, I have never really forgotten. I have been weak and cowardly; now my heart is stirred, as it should have been long ago, with love of you. Now I understand all that we were to each other, all that we shall be again, Maurice - speak to me."

"I was dreaming of you - such a foolish dream," he whispered, with a smile. "Help me - help me to get up. It's so good to be awake and alive again. I dreamed that I was dead - just like the old fashion. I'm not awake yet, I shall wake up - more fully - presently."

She helped him to sit up, and he looked at her, as he might have looked at something for which he had hungered, but had never hoped to see again. The fever was still strongly upon him; only out of the mists and shadows of it her figure stood clear and strong, as something he knew and remembered.

"There - now, you're nearly well again - eh?" she said, with a little nervous laugh, and with the tears standing in her eyes. "Now you shall tell me what your dreams have been - what you have been doing - all this long time without me."

He stretched out one weak hand and stared before him, as though he saw something she could not see. He spoke without looking at her. She kept her arm about him still, to support him; once or twice as he went on with the poor, pitiful tale she hid her face against his shoulder for very shame.

"No, it hasn't been a long time," he began. "It has only been the dream that has seemed long. Oh, you don't know how glad I am to feel that I am awake - that the dream wasn't true, after all."

"Tell me what it was," she whispered. "Someone told me that you - that you had gone, that you had cast aside all the promises you made me - had left me without a hope in the world. That was foolish enough, eh?"

"She did not speak," she hid her face and waited for him to go on. "But it was worse than that. I dreamed that all my old ambition left me, that I couldn't paint any longer, that my work wouldn't sell. That was the worst part of my dream, that all the life and color had gone out of my work - and that only your face, cold and hard and mocking, crept in everywhere, and would not be kept out. I dreamed, too, that I longed for you, and waited for you, and wept for you, and all in vain, that

empty days went by me, purposeless and worthless. I dreamed, too (and that was the most foolish part of it all), I dreamed that you were rich, that I saw you once in your carriage in the street, and that you swept past me without a look. What a poor, mad dream, and how glad I am that it was not real."

He seemed suddenly to become aware for the first time of her dress and appearance; he touched the dress lightly, lifting the pretty rags, and looking at them; then turned to her, with a wondrous smile.

"And now - now that I wake to find you poor, as I am - forlorn, as I am - it shows me how wrong the dream was. You've come back to me, just as in the old days, and we'll begin from tonight, shall we - begin the world, and fight our way together. Poor little beggar maiden, to think that you should come back to me like this!"

"Don't - don't, for God's sake!" she whispered, and hid her face again. "Why, there's nothing to be ashamed of," he said softly. "Don't you know all that we have said so often about its not mattering in the least if we loved each other?" Then, his face changing a little, he looked round at her, with a startled question in his eyes. "It - it was a dream - wasn't it, dear? I - I'm so tired - so weary - but we'll make a new beginning, won't we? We'll forget our dreams - that is, the bad ones - and remember only our faith in each other."

"Yes," she whispered humbly, "remember only our faith in each other. Let us make a new beginning, as you say; it isn't too late - if I can't be too late."

"No - why should it be - too late?" he muttered. Yet the fear was strong upon her, that the time was very short for making amends in this world. But she cheated herself, with the false hope that they were indeed to begin again and mercifully to forget the past. More mercifully still, the man was destined to remember the past, or, at least, the sweeter part of it.

"There was something - something I wanted - to tell you," he whispered. "But it doesn't matter - now. My little beggar maid - we're going to begin - all over again."

He slipped gently out of her arms and fell upon the bed. In an agony of remorse and terror she bent over him and cried his name, and pressed her face to his, and sobbed out all

her repentance, and all her wild promises for a future that was never to dawn. Only once, as she listened eagerly, she heard a faint whisper come from him, while he lay smiling, and drifting out of life. "Not - a bad dream - after all."

They were still dancing merrily when she got back to her father's house, and they were desperately anxious about her. She crept into the ballroom and one of the first to greet her was the man she was to marry.

"Why, Grace, how white and scared you look!" exclaimed Vicary, looking at her curiously. "Where have you been?"

She looked round upon it all for a moment, in silence; saw the brilliant room, and the crowd of gaily-dressed people; heard the sound of the music. She suddenly cried out, and pressed her hands to her ears.

"Stop them - stop them!" she cried. "Put out the lights - send them all away! Put out the lights - stop the music! You don't know - you don't understand how it tortures me! You don't know what I've seen tonight!"

Yet, in all the after years, she never told them what she had seen - Tom Gallon.

STAGES FOR WHITEHORSE

Are Now Leaving at the Rate of One Each Day.

Another stage operated by a private party, V. E. Perry, left for Whitehorse today with five passengers. As there is more travel in than out, there is no doubt but that all the stages will have as many passengers as they can accommodate on the return trip. The indications now are that travel over the ice to Dawson this season will far exceed that of the previous winter.

No Wonder They Prot Editor Nugget - Dear Sir, - In looking over the names of the men on the Kid Committee one can hardly understand that they are the persons who have raised the city of Dawson from a camp of tents to the substantial city of the present day and yet do not own real estate enough themselves as well to qualify them for a municipal corporation. The unselfish zeal shown in years past by them has lost none of its vigor as is well shown by their actions during the past two weeks. They have devoted their whole time and talent in behalf of the poor unfortunate of the Yukon territory to arm them with the power of a vote, as they say, establish their franchise, with no other motive in view than to gain the privilege of assessing the property owners and appropriating the proceeds as they may deem fit. Surely this small boon will not be denied them, seeing they are so generous as to do all that is required of a mayor and council for the honor and glory of the office. Moreover, in view of the number of men they employ and the sum of wages paid - by them annually for all sorts of labor from the carpenter to the teamster, from the merchant to the clerk, from the engineer to the fireman, and from the master to the deck hand, etc., not forgetting the amount of merchandise and traffic that passes through their hands - is it not a wonder that such men as T. O'Brien, Dr. Willis and others should protest against their little scheme. Yours respectfully, A SUBSCRIBER.

I. O. O. F. Meeting. The regular meeting of Dawson Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., will be held Wednesday, January 8th, at 8 p. m., in the Masonic hall. Installation of officers. All Oddfellows in good standing are cordially invited. J. A. GREENE, N. G. A. F. EDWARDS, Sec'y.

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WINTER WORK FAIRLY BEGUN

All Claims to Be Worked This Winter Are Now Busy.

Many claim operators who have waited, in some instances for two months, for weather sufficiently cold to take up the surface water, have at last been rewarded and are now busy at the work of building up dumps, and on every claim on which winter work is intended there is now marked activity. Some have not yet begun taking out dirt but are busy procuring wood and locating machinery. The most busy creeks in the district are said to be Eldorado, Hunker and Dominion. Considerable work is also being done on upper Bonanza. Present indications are that next season's clean-up will equal if it does not exceed that of the last season.

GEN. GREELY FAVORS IT

Construction of Alaska and Honolulu Cables.

Washington, Dec. 9. - The bill drafted by the Seattle Chamber of Commerce for a cable to Alaska and the Aleutian islands will be introduced in the senate tomorrow by Senator Foster.

Gen. Greely, chief of the army signal corps, favors construction of the cable from Seattle to Juneau outside Queen Charlotte island, a distance of 310 nautical miles, at a cost of about \$600,000. He also estimates an alternative route, from Cape Flattery to Dixon straits, 550 miles, at \$500 to \$550 per mile, from Fanning island to Honolulu 1,320 miles, at \$600 to \$650 per mile. He allows \$30,000 for shore ends, and \$50,000 for landing privileges and instruments, making the total estimate for such a line \$900,000.

Gen. Greely says that the Great Northern Telegraph Company has the sole right to land a cable from the Aleutian islands to Japan, and the government could not construct a cable over this route for this reason. Senator Foster says this difficulty can be overcome, and adds he is working to have the cable go over the northern route instead of the southern. It is said that while the northern route is smooth and almost like a plain, the southern route is full of valleys, and in addition to requiring more slack cable, if the cable should be broken it would be extremely difficult to locate. The presence of the valleys is conducive to breaks.

Representative Corliss, who has introduced a Pacific cable bill in the house, favors the southern route.

SEANOR FOSTER SAYS THIS DIFFICULTY CAN BE OVERCOME, AND ADDS HE IS WORKING TO HAVE THE CABLE GO OVER THE NORTHERN ROUTE INSTEAD OF THE SOUTHERN. IT IS SAID THAT WHILE THE NORTHERN ROUTE IS SMOOTH AND ALMOST LIKE A PLAIN, THE SOUTHERN ROUTE IS FULL OF VALLEYS, AND IN ADDITION TO REQUIRING MORE SLACK CABLE, IF THE CABLE SHOULD BE BROKEN IT WOULD BE EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO LOCATE. THE PRESENCE OF THE VALLEYS IS CONDUCTIVE TO BREAKS.

HOTEL ARRIVALS. Hotel Flannery, Jan. 8, 1902 - Antonio Stander and wife, No. 4 Eldorado; T. R. More, Huzker; J. R. Yeager, Dominion; E. Hart, Grand Forks; J. B. Kazinsky, Hunker; N. Jerry, Hunker; J. R. Gilkes, Upper Klondike.

Casper Koruth, the well-known butcher, arrived in Dawson Saturday night from the outside and will resume his former position with the Bay City Market. R. L. Goldberg, tailor for Hershberg, cloaks, presses, repairs or dyes clothing for men and women.

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