

LOVE ROSE THAT SUCCEEDED

To Win Georgia, Rex Made Love to Her Sister

With Most Satisfactory Results at the Expiration of a Month—Was Not Wedded to Maudie.

The girl was looking out of the window, humming softly, with a fine air of indifference. The man was leaning his back against the mantelpiece, gloomily observing the points of his boots.

They were good boots, but hardly worth the amount of serious observation he was giving them. To any person of moderate understanding the situation was obvious. To the two actors in it it was becoming embarrassing. The man moved first.

"You are sure your mind is made up, Georgia?"

"The girl stopped humming abruptly and turned round.

"What is the use of beginning again?" she said, with an impatient movement. "You know one cannot serve two masters. I am going to give my life to my art."

"But, Georgia, you know what it means to me. I mean you know I could never change or forget."

"Why not?" she returned quickly. "That is just what I wanted to speak to you about. You see"—and her proud head was raised a trifle higher—"you only want a wife who can see that you get a good dinner every day and sew the buttons on your shirts. You have known us all for years. Why do you expect me, the unpractical one of the family, to snatch at the offer of this post? You would have shown more sense in asking Maudie or Lillian, and I dare say one of them might have had you."

For a moment there was a dangerous gleam in his eyes, but it changed to a tender look of amusement as the girl hung herself viciously into a chair with the air of a sulky child.

"I suppose it would have been more sensible," he agreed, "only I don't love either Maudie or Lillian. If you will only have me," he continued, a twinkle in his eye and abject humility in his voice, "I will do my best to overcome my disgraceful appetite and dine off a sentimental song if you

deem it best. I will also look out for some patent shirt fasteners which will save you the trouble of sewing on buttons."

Georgia looked up quickly. "You needn't try to be funny, Rex!" she said severely. "You know quite well I should have to become a domesticated woman if I married, and I won't. I am going to devote my life to music, and if I were to sacrifice that and marry you I should stop loving you in a fortnight and hate you in a month. There; that's all!"

Rex looked up quickly. "You would stop loving me in a fortnight?" he asked. "Then I may infer you have begun already?"

"You may infer nothing, sir!" she retorted sharply, but her face was crimson.

"By Jove, that's the nearest I've ever got!" thought Rex. "I believe she does half like me, but must make her cave in before she'll respect me."

There was a moment's pause, then he said gently:

"I beg your pardon, Georgia. I believe you may be right, after all, though it is hard to think of giving you up." And he sighed softly, but resignedly. "If you are not too angry with me, will you tell me which you think it would be best for me to try to like, Lillian or Maudie?"

"I am so glad, Rex, you are sensible at last! Really, I have thought it out carefully, and, though Lillian is awfully sweet and—everything, I think Maudie is the one best suited to you. You see, she cooks splendidly and knows exactly how everything ought to be done in a house and would be perfectly satisfied if you kissed her once a month or so and occasionally said the dinner was excellent. She really would, she is so easily pleased. While I— Well, you know what I am."

"Yes, I know what you are," he replied quietly. "You are very young."

She misunderstood him, as he had intended she should, and assented eagerly.

"Yes, I am young—only 19—and you are nearly 30. Maudie is nearest you in age, and I believe you could make her love you if you tried."

"Shall I try? Do you want me to?"

"Yes, of course, I want you. It is for your own sake. She would make you a better wife than I because I don't want even to be loved. I am satisfied with my life as it is."

"All right, Georgia. In a month I shall have made up my mind, and I will tell you. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," she murmured, vaguely

afraid of what she had done. She tried to reason out the causes of her depression, but it seemed to have no cause, and with a lagging step she made her way to the sunny den which she shared with her sisters.

Maudie was sitting there alone, sewing and singing gayly. She looked up, with a smile, as Georgia entered, and an unusual merriment danced in her eyes.

"Guess who's been here?" exclaimed Maudie.

"Who?"

"Rex. And he's got a box for 'The Loves of Henrietta' tomorrow, and he's asked mother and me to go."

"I'm so glad," said Georgia, but with singular want of enthusiasm.

And Maudie stole a furtive look at her, and the corners of her mouth quivered.

A month had passed. Once more Georgia stood at the same window, softly humming. She was waiting for Rex, and her face was very pale. It was the same face still, but there was a difference, the difference which marks every girl's face when she becomes a woman.

She had learned her lesson and borne her punishment in silence.

Today she had nerved herself for a supreme effort that she might do no wrong to the sister who had stepped into the place she had voluntarily resigned.

She had thought love not worth the sacrifice of art, and if art without love had turned to dust and ashes in her hand who was to blame but herself?

She was waiting for Rex—Rex, who had fallen such a helpless victim to Maudie that he had had scarcely a look or a word to spare for her the whole month. It was this that had first taught her what she had lost and that had afterward nerved her to play her part—for a week's experience had taught her that it was only a part—of careless indifference and entire absorption in her art.

When it seemed too hard for her, she reminded herself sternly of her own words, "I am satisfied with my life as it is."

"They shall never see I am not satisfied," she said and struggled on.

Today there was a stern set, look on her face, for this was to be the supreme ordeal, and at present there was no one to see her. But as she leaned her head listlessly against the window there came from the hall the sound of a familiar whistle, and instantly her expression changed. A smiling, expectant face greeted Rex as he entered, and she scrutinized him with playful anxiety.

"The funeral and wedding marches

are side by side on the piano," she began, with an affected attempt at seriousness, "but I was waiting to choose between them till I have seen your face."

"What does my face tell you?" he asked.

She looked at him critically. "That the momentous question is to be asked no later than this evening," she replied. "Good luck attend you."

"Wrong. Try again."

"Is it possible it is to be postponed till tomorrow morning?" And she held out her hand with a playful gesture of sympathy.

"Wrong again. I see I must tell you."

He had seized the hand she had offered and was looking her straight in the face.

"What do you say to the question having been asked already?"

The last month had wrought many changes in Georgia. She had, for one thing, learned to keep her face under control, and only the slightest trembling of the eyelid showed that she was taken by surprise.

"My dear brother to be," she said, regaining possession of her hand, "I consider I have been grossly ill treated in having this fact sprung upon me so suddenly. I had heard of a delightful book called 'The Right Word in the Right Place'—a help to those people born devoid of tact. I was going to purchase it on the assurance that I should find a paragraph entitled, 'What to say to a future brother-in-law,' or words to that effect, and now you pounce upon me like this and crush me. I feel unfit for conversation. You had better go." And she turned majestically away.

"I will. Only you must first allow me to make one remark. You did not ask what Maudie said to me." He paused impressively. "She has refused me."

It was his trump card, and he was growing desperate. He took advantage of Georgia's back being still turned toward him, and, creeping softly behind her, took one glance at her face before she knew he had moved.

It was enough.

"Georgia," he cried, "hasn't the play gone far enough? I am tired of acting, and I want you, Georgia—I can't tell you how much I want you!" There was passionate entreaty in his voice.

"What did you mean," she asked slowly, "by saying you were 'tired of acting?' I don't understand."

"No; I know," he answered guiltily. "I've got to tell you. Maudie and I

Steam · Hose

EVERY FOOT GUARANTEED
...AT...

The Dawson Hardware Co.

Telephone 36
SECOND AVENUE

have been playing at being lovers during the last month. I have even asked her to marry me, and she has refused. It was the natural climax to the play, she said, and she told me to do it, because nothing else would put you off your guard. I had to know whether you loved me or not," he ended desperately.

"It was very cruel," she whispered at last.

"Ah, Georgia, don't!" he entreated. "I thought of that, honestly, would you ever have known you loved me if we had gone on in the same old way?"

There was a moment's silence.

"I should never have known I loved you," she answered softly.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Rest Your Eyes.

The moment you are instinctively inclined to rub the eyes that moment cease to use them; also it is time to give your eyes a rest when you become sensible of an effort to distinguish. Cold water is about the safest application for inflamed eyes. Never sleep so that on awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window, the better light being that that comes from above or obliquely over the left shoulder. Too much light is an evil, just as is scant light. It creates a glare that pains and confuses the sight.—Ex.

F. A. Cleveland is prepared to do heavy or light freighting and packing to Montana and Eureka creeks, the Black Hills country and the conglomerate mines across the Indian river. crt

Latest Kodak finishing at Goodeman's.

WANTED

WANTED—Tailor at Brewitt's tailor shop on Second ave. Apply at once. 31r

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Between Dawson and Grand Forks, one Eastman Kodak, size 13x2. Camera was in a case with a strap to go over the shoulder. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

FOUND—Small Shepherd Dog, dark, with red feet. Owner can have same by proving property and paying advertising charges. Cor. Fifth street and sixth avenue. p 25

— FOR SALE —

Four Horsepower Tubular Boiler And Engine

Apply Nugget Office

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS
Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
Tom Chisholm, Prop.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STAGPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 22.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second St., near Bank of B. N. A.

WADE & ALEM—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELECOURT, McDONALD & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. Y. A. Belecourt, Q. C. M. P., Frank J. McDonald, John F. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer— Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 41 Below discovery. Hanker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. G. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Secy

S-Y. T. CO. == S-Y. T. CO.

WE HAVE SOLD OUR ENTIRE STOCK

Of Groceries to MR. S. ARCHIBALD, who will dispose of the same at Our Store on Second Avenue.

S-Y. T. CO. == S-Y. T. CO.