ENJOYED VACATION

E. C. Senkler the Guest of Captain Cosby

Stewart River Section Looks Prosperous—Ogilvie Dredger in Operation.

Gold Commissioner Senkler, who last week was a guest of Commodore Cosby on board the police boat Scout on a trip up the Stewart as far as McQuesten, returned well pleased with the results of his short vacation, the first, by the way, that the gold commissioner has been privileged to enjoy in several years. Lack of time prevented Mr. Senkler taking an extended trip over the creeks tributary to the Stewart as he would have liked to, but enough was seen from the deck of the steamer and at the various stops made en route to justify the opinion that the mining industry along the Stewart river is only in its infancy. Between the mouth of the river and McQuesten there were probably a hundred men engaged in rocking on the bars that were becoming more and more exposed as the water receded, many of which were worked over as far back as '86 and '87, ten years before the Klondike was dreamed of and long before the discovery was made on Fortymile. The Stewart river was the first stream of any consequence that was worked to a profit in the old days and many of the bars yielded an ounce or better a day to the shovel. That was before the era of deep shafts and the knowledge of how to thaw the gravel by means of wood fires had been gained.

Excellent reports were received all along from Duncan, Clear and McQuesten creeks, particularly the first named which this year will be lined with miners from one end to the other. Over a dozen boilers have already been placed on the ground and the indications are that the cleanup of Duncan next year will swell the total output of the territory not a little.

The Ogilvie dredge, which is located about seventy miles up the river, was in operation as the steamer passed but no stop was made to inspect its working, and it is not known what success is being met. The Ogilvie concession covers thirty miles of the bed of the Stewart but does not take in either of the banks, only that portion that is submerged. If the manner in which a great many of the bars have turned out in the past may be taken as a criterion of what the river bed is like, the dredging proposition of the ex-commissioner will prove one of the most remunerative enterprises ever launched in the territory.

Quarrelled With Peary

New York, Sept. 22.—Dr. Thomas Dedrick of Washington, N. J., who had a disagreement with Peary, the Arctic explorer, and left the latter's expedition on August 27, 1901, has arrived in New York, after an absence of four years in the far north. Concerning the criticisms of his actions in the Arctic regions, he was inclined to be reticent.

"I will not discuss in any way," he said, "any misunderstanding that I may have had with Lieut. Peary, and that may or may not have been the cause of my leaving the ship."

"What about the intimation that the reason you left the party was because you were not exactly in a sound state, mentally, at the time?" he was asked.

"The report that I was mentally unsound," he replied, "is a malicious lie."

"Are you going to make a statement in regard to the affair?"

"At the proper time I will make a statement in full of the reasons that led me to pursue the course I did, both as to remaining in the Arctic and as to the charges about my mental status.

"Pending the report that Lieut. Peary will make about the work and experiences of the expedition, however," said Dr. Dedrick, "I do not think that any person who was identified with the expedition or who may have been connected with it, should do any talking. It is very hard to be maligned as I have been and not to talk, but I shall nevertheless adhere to the determination on my part. Concerning my trouble with Lieut. Peary and my experiences while living among the Eskimos and the denial of food to me by Lieut. Peary, even a little coffee without sugar, I shall say nothing at this time.

"The reason I remained in the Arctic was purely one of duty to the expedition and was not for any monetary purpose. When I was a member of the expedition, I contracted not to publish articles, and I shall not act otherwise now. There has not been a single day since I left the expedition, over a year ago, that I have regretted the step I saw fit to take, and the knowledge that I acted in an honorable manner, has done much to mitigate the unpleasant experiences I had and the attacks made on me."

Beresford at New York

New York, Sept. 17.—Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford of the British navy, who arrived yesterday from Southampton in the North German Lloyd steamship Kron Prinz Wilhelm had some opinions to express about the naval affairs of the world. He said: "England has benefitted much by her experience in the South African war. The value of movable heavy guns has been demonstrated. Hitherto long-range artillery has been considered exclusively for use in battleships and stationary coast works.

"In regard to submarine boats, of which we have five, I believe there is still much to be learned. The tendency is to either overrate them, as the French perhaps have done, or to under-estimate their value. The criticism I would make is that the submarine is not large enough to act independently. The submarine to be of great utility should be able to cruise by itself. It forms at present part of a battleship and is carried on the ship's deck, where it takes up valuable room. If a submarine could be constructed large enough to take care of itself, the question of the defense of the British channel would be settled. Warships in action need all the room they can get. We are making our ships modern as fast as we can, but we are not doing as much in that direction as France, which has modernized with surprising rapidity vessels that not long ago were considered almost obsolete."

About the ship combine, Lord Charles said: "Talk of the British government assisting in the organization of a rival syndicate by granting subsidies is nonsensical. We cannot compete with American railways. The through rates from the west across the Atlantic, ships acting as a natural continuation of your railways, enable you to have a monopoly of the freight-carrying business across the sea."

REFUSED TO TESTIFY

Woman Arrested for Attempted Robbery

Man Robbed Declined to Give Evidence and She is Discharged.

Margery Morrison was charged in the police court this morning with the attempt to rob a drunken man named Nelson, and pleaded not guilty. Sergeant Smith put one of his men on the stand who testified that he saw a crowd around a drunken man and the accused on Third avenue the previous evening, and two gentlemen said the woman was trying to rob the man. He watched her for fifteen minutes and thought her actions suspicious enough to warrant her arrest.

The accused said the party whom she was accused of robbing was in court and would testify in her behalf.

Sergeant Smith said the man denied knowing anything of the accused, and that he did not have any money on him at the time, but the sergeant knew that he had $60 to $70 with him just before the arrest was made. He did not want to say anything at all about it now.

Mr. Justice Macaulay said the charge was a serious one and the result would have been serious if the evidence had been forthcoming. This was fortunate for the prisoner but unfortunate in every other respect. The accused was discharged.

Protest Is Brought

Ambrose Van has brought a protest against Elzear Sansterre, Peter W. Jackson and L. M. Durocher in the gold commissioner's court, the ground involved in the action being 187 below lower on Dominion. Van in his complaint states that on December 23, 1899, he purchased an undivided one-half interest in the claim from Durocher since which time he has performed all the representation work necessary to hold the claim. Durocher left the country three years ago and his whereabouts are at present unknown. January 22 of the present year Sansterre staked the lower half of the claim and Jackson took the upper half on February 3, both obtaining grants for the claims. Van asserts that at that time the ground was not open to relocation and asks that the grants of Sansterre and Jackson be cancelled and he be given the interest of Durocher who has left the country.

Fire in Mine

Prescott, Ariz., Sept. 26.—Smoke was discovered at an early hour this morning issuing from the shaft of the Maccabee mine. As the company has not been working a night shift for some time an alarm was given and another man attempted to go down the shaft to investigate. The smoke was so strong that they were brought to the surface partially overcome, without being able to locate the fire. It is known to be below the 200 foot level. The origin of the fire is unknown.

At Auditorium—Sweet Lavender.

ATHLETES AT HOME

First Meeting in New Building

Enthusiastic Shareholders of the D. A. A. A. Adopt Constitutions.

That was a great meeting held at the athletic building last night. Not great in point of numbers, but as a representative gathering and one in every way unanimous in its enthusiasm. It represented every kind of sports and athletics among its younger members, and there were not a few with a sprinkling of grey who have long sighed for a social club where they can quietly enjoy a rest in congenial company after the business of the day. "Chief" McKinnon was one of these. He has belonged to clubs ever since he was tall enough to hand his two bits into the circus box office, and when he puts on all the medals he has won in athletic sport his manly breast is covered as with a cuirass of mail. A compliment from him is therefore "praise from Sir Hubert," and he said that in all his long experience he had never attended a meeting of sports which at its first gathering showed such an enthusiastic unanimity. The whole of the constitution, he observed, had gone through without much discussion, only three minor amendments being made, and no greater compliment could be paid to the committee which had so carefully drafted it than this fact.

The whole evening was an interchange of compliments, and the man who received the most, and was the most deserving and the most proud of them, was the promoter of the undertaking, C. B Burns. He was so suffused with happy blushes that his natural torrential eloquence was completely silenced.

Of the fifty shareholders present one after another arose to express his surprise that so large a building could have been erected in the short space of less than three weeks; others drew attention to the reception room in which they were gathered, comfortably seated and well lighted, as light as day with the new Safety Gas Light, and with a collection of pretty prints in the tastefully papered walls that gave the lofty room an appearance of a home firmly established. Other parts of the immense building were littered with builder's materials, but these little touches made this one room look as if the institution might have been co-eval with the territory itself.

Then there were the rinks, the hockey games that will begin on the large one in a few days, the gladsome yells of "soup, soup," that will distinguish the curlers on the other; the enjoyments of the gym and the Turkish baths; the cosy corners for a quiet read, and the wee nippey occasionally. The latter is a point for the directors to consider but a vote was taken upon it last night, as it was held that there might not be so large a meeting of shareholders for a long time and it was desirous that everyone should express his opinion on the subject. Chairman McKay introduced the matter timidly, and the members seemed shy of expressing themselves. But when it was moved that a buffet should be maintained in a quiet, out-of-the-way corner there was not a dissentient voice against it.

Upon this as upon all other questions, except the selection of an auditor, there was a wonderful unanimity. Even upon this point the dissention was merely one of friendly rivalry. No less than seven names were place in nomination, any one of which would have been perfectly satisfactory to the whole of the shareholders and directors, but it was an occasion for showing appreciation and testing personal popularity and the most popular man connected with athletics, Tom Hinton, won the election.

D. A. Cameron, the provisional president, being absent on a trip up the Stewart, W. M. McKay was chosen to preside, and looking proudly in the crowd of happy, expectant faces he pointed out the many things upon which they had to congratulate themselves upon, running over some of those which have been mentioned above. When he handed a bouquet to Secretary Burns there was warm applause. The chairman said they had long been talking of an athletic association, but had it not been for the energy put into the undertaking by Mr. Burns they would not have had one for two years at least. He also referred to Joe Boyle, one of the hardest workers both on the building committee and the committee appointed to draft the constitution—there again cheers.

Mr. Boyle was then called upon to read the report of the building committee, and said that as the building was not yet complete a full report could not be expected. They had only been at work a little over two weeks, and he was glad there was no kicking and that everybody seemed pleased with the progress made. When the treasurer reported to the committee $9600 had been paid in to him. Of this the committee had paid $3000 for the site. Mr. Stauf had asked $5000 for it but the committee took it up when Mr. Stauf was away hunting and while little Ben was not looking they bought it for $3000. They had paid for labor $4462.75, for recording fees $18.25, and far stationery and incidentals $29.50. This left a balance of $1359.50, and since the treasurer's report about $700 had been paid in, making a total balance in hand of $2089.50.

Mr. Boyle then gave the details of the work of the committee, particularly drawing attention to the fact that each department of the institution was connected with but could be entirely cut off at will from the other departments, and every part of the club be made distinct from the others. He mentioned that when billiard or other rooms were needed they could be supplied by another story instead of having to extend the building, and the plans had been drawn with this object in view. Mr. Boyle was several times applauded and the report was adopted without discussion.

Then came the constitution, which was discussed section by section. It divides the membership into two classes, charter members and ordinary members. Shareholders are to be charter members and to pay dues of $25 annually. Ordinary members are to be elected by ballot and to pay $10 entrance fee and $50 annual dues, or $15 per quarter. To the rink the public will be admitted, and the families of members at a nominal price of admission, to be fixed by the directorate.

The constitution having been adopted with some few minor amendments, the election of officers followed. A committee was appointed to select a list of names for balloting, and it was instructed that the desire was that each department of the institution should be represented in the directorate chosen. The following were elected:

President, D. A. Cameron; first vice president, Mayor Macaulay; second vice president, W. M. McKay; treasurer, E. W. Ward; secretary, C. B. Burns; directors, J. H. Boyle, G. A. Calvert, Dr. A. F. Edwards, T. Lithgow, Charles McKee, M. D. Rainbow, J. A. Segbers, A. E. Tobin, Hugh McKinnon, C. C. McGregor.

After some spirited ballotting T. H. Hinton was elected auditor and on the suggestion of Chief McKinnon the meeting discussed the appointment of honorary presidents, mentioning the names of the commissioner of the territory and the respected consul of the United States. Dufferin Patullo asked why not include the Swedish consul, and as he himself occupies that distinguished position there was a hearty laugh. The discussion ended by the officials named being made honorary presidents while holding those positions.

On the motion of Secretary Burns a vote of thanks was passed the territorial council for remitting the incorporation fee; and on motion of Mr. Chataway a similar vote was given to the city council for exempting the athletic building from taxation.

Other votes of thanks were passed to the building and constitution committee, and Mr. Boyle brought the first meeting of shareholders to a significant end by moving that the full board of directors meet this afternoon, at five o'clock, in the reception room, "to do some work."

STRIKERS ARE FIRM

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Pittsburg, Oct. 8.—President Mitchell has issued a statement to the effect that a meeting of the striking miners resolved "not to return to work until the demands as formulated at the Shamokin convention are granted or until the strike is called off by a convention of mine workers or by President Mitchell," and if all the troops in the United States were brought to the coal fields they could not force the men back to work.

DAWSON BOUND.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Skagway, Oct. 8.—The steamer Humboldt arrived last night with the following Dawson-bound passengers: Mrs. C. Soper, Mrs. N. Taylor, G. T. Bibby, W. C. Colbet, Mrs. Drumm, Mrs. C. A. Gill, E. L. Wheeler, H. R. Jasensky, A. Dour, J. Forsythe, E. Prather, J. Nelson, D. Day.

Who is Liable?

Editor Nugget:—

Suppose that on a dark night on a badly lighted street, one should put his foot through a hole in the sidewalk and break his leg, or wrench it so badly that he could not work for several days. Could he sue the city for redress, or the owner or occupier of the lot where such defective pavement caused such an accident. On Duke street alongside the Alman baths between Second and Third avenues there is a rotten pavement that has had holes in it for many months.

J. T. SLOAN.

THE NEW GIRL

The April sun was pouring in through the half open window and a gentle breeze from the south swayed the long curtains. But there was very little sunshine in Annabel Maitland's heart, and the south wind brought no soothing relief to her flushed brow.

She had just cleared away the breakfast things and dusted the library and hall, and now she was standing at the window of the little reception room, looking anxiously out on the street.

Presently there were two sharp whirrs at the telephone. Annabel ran back to the instrument. It was a call from George. His Aunt Mary hadn't come. She must have missed the train somewhere. The next train wouldn't be in until 5 o'clock. He would meet it then and bring his aunt home with him.

"Any girl yet?" he called.

"No," replied Annabel with a little catch in her voice.

"That's tough," said George. "But we'll get along some way. Good-bye."

Annabel hung up the receiver with a petulant little jerk.

"It's all very well to say we'll get along some way," she grumbled, "but what good does that do? George can't lift his finger to do a thing about the house. Poor old dear. And I did want to have everything so nice when his aunt came. Well, I'm to get a few hours' respite, anyway. I'd better be studying that cook book some more, or shall I dust?"

And then the telephone bell gave its double whirr again.

"This is the Unique Employment Agency," said a voice. "We have a girl that we think would suit you. She has an excellent recommendation. And she says she can take the place at once."

"Send her right up, please," said Annabel.

"She will be up soon after luncheon," said the voice.

This time when Annabel hung up the receiver she smiled. Then she stepped into the library and, picking up the cook book, threw it back on the highest book shelf.

"I'll take that girl, no matter what she's like," she murmured.

Then she hung up the feather duster on its hook in the closet under the front stairway, and after inspecting the kitchen to see that everything was neat and clean, and shining—for Annabel was an excellent housekeeper, despite her culinary limitations—she sought the upper part of the house and busied herself tidying up the room that was set aside as the "girl's room."

Annabel felt relieved; so very much relieved that she broke forth in song. It was a song that George had liked before they were married. How the time had flown. It seemed but yesterday that he was leaning over the piano and begging her for another verse. And now they were staid old married people. Married two years last October. She stopped her song just long enough to interpolate a little sigh, and then went on.

Probably it was the song that prevented her from hearing the door bell. It rang, and several times, too. And then Annabel was startled by a loud rap at the kitchen door. She hurried down stairs and hastily turned the key and the knob.

There stood a neatly garbed woman, a woman of middle age, with a pleasant smile on her motherly face.

Annabel smiled, too, when she caught sight of the stranger.

"Come right in," she said. "I'm so glad you didn't disappoint me. They telephoned that you wouldn't be up until after luncheon."

"Who telephoned?" inquired the stranger, and she still smiled.

"Why, the agency people," replied Annabel. "Won't you sit down?"

The stranger accepted the invitation and Annabel seated herself before her.

"Of course you cook?" she said.

The stranger smiled again.

"I've had twenty years' experience at it, ma'am," she said, with a queer little twitch to her mouth.

"Plain or fancy?"

"I think I may say both, ma'am."

"I like the modest way you say it," said Annabel. "They most always boast so. Do you make good bread?"

"I have been told so, ma'am."

"And pies and cakes?"

"Yes, ma'am, and cookies."

"George likes cookies. Yes, and he likes fried cakes. Do you make fried cakes?"

"Yes, ma'am, and johnnycake, too."

"He loves johnnycake, but we never had a girl who could make it to suit him. What afternoon would you like out?"

"I'm not very particular, ma'am," said the stranger. "Perhaps we can arrange that later."

"I'm sure we can," said Annabel. "I pay $4 and have a laundress two days in the week."

"That is satisfactory, I think," said the stranger. "Have you much company?"

"Very little," said Annabel. "And I always help with the work, too. You wouldn't mind my coming into the kitchen, would you?"

"Not in the least," said the stranger, "I think I'd rather like it."

"Thank you," said Annabel. "And I hope you find the kitchen suits you."

The stranger looked about her with a critical eye.

"It seems very convenient — and very clean," she said with an approving nod.

"I think you will find the place a comparatively easy one," said Annabel. "There will be no children to bother you."

"I am sorry for that," said the stranger.

Annabel gave her a quick glance.

"I think I am going to like you very much," she said. "Will you look at your room now?"

So she took the stranger up the back stairs to the airy and sweet smelling chamber, with its snowy bed and curtains, and the stranger, as she laid aside her hat and cape, said the room quite suited her. Then she asked Annabel to lend her a common frock that she could wear until her trunk came. And Annabel bustled about and decked her in an ancient gown, and a white apron and a white cap, and then stood back and contemplated her work with great satisfaction.

"Why, you're a picture," she said.

"But you are not thinking of making an art gallery of your kitchen," laughed the maid.

And somehow Annabel failed to see any incongruity in this remark.

She escorted the new help back to the kitchen and then hastily slipped into the dining room and telephoned to George.

"George," she murmured, "a new girl has come, and I know she's a jewel."

"Don't let her slip from the setting until I can see her," laughed George. "What is she, an emerald?"

"She's a diamond of the first water," said Annabel.

"If she's a diamond she must have carroty hair," chuckled George. "But say, don't forget about Aunt Mary."

"Not for a moment," said Annabel. "I am all ready for her now."

So Annabel and the new maid got the little luncheon together and ate it together, for here, thought the young mistress, is a maid that familiarity will not spoil.

But right in the midst of this little repast Annabel stopped short.

"Dear me," she cried, "I've never thought to ask you for your name."

The maid looked up.

"It doesn't much matter," she said. "Suppose you call me by the name the children called me at my last place. It was Auntie."

"It sounds a little familiar," said Annabel, "but, of course, I'll call you that if you prefer it. George will think it funny, though."

"Your husband?"

"Yes. He can see fun in almost everything. He has even cracked jokes over my being without a girl."

"I am afraid he is a little irreverent," said the maid.

"But he began to feel more serious about it last night," said Annabel.

"How was that?" queried the maid.

"Why, he had a telegram from his Aunt Mary saying she would be here today. He had been expecting her for several weeks. She has been abroad and with a niece in California, and George hasn't seen her for four years. And he was so anxious she should have a good time while she was with us, and he even hopes to coax her to stay here indefinitely because she has no settled home. He thinks so much of her, you know. She was very, very good to him when he was a boy, after his mother died. And he was anxious to have her see me and like me, too—she has never seen me, you know. But, really, what sort of an impression could a young housekeeper make when she hadn't a girl?"

The new maid laughed.

"And is this aunt supposed to be a very exacting person?"

"George says she is kindness itself but I'm afraid she would be a little critical. You know how we women are? Of course, I suit George, but then he is quite blind to my faults. I'm really a rattlebrain, you know. Mercy, how I'm going on now."

The new maid laughed over her teacup.

"I think," she said, "that you've been hungering for somebody to listen to you."

"That's just it," cried Annabel. "It was different when Lena was here. She was a German girl, and very well educated, and so sensible. We often read German together, and really she used much more careful English than I do. But her mother's health failed, and she had to go home and look after her father and the younger children. That was five weeks ago, and I've been trying to replace her ever since. And really, you know, it's been dreadfully lonesome here ever since she went away."

"I can imagine it," said the new maid. "I've been lonesome myself a good many times." And she quickly and deftly cleared away the remains of the simple meal. "You said your husband's aunt was coming today?"

"So she telegraphed," replied Annabel. "But she wasn't on the train. George says she must have been delayed somewhere, but he expects she'll surely be here on the late afternoon express. And I want to have a real nice little dinner for her, you know."

"Of course," said the new maid, with a sympathetic nod.

"And you must let me help you get it," said Annabel.

The new maid laughed.

"You have my most gracious permission," she said.

"Oh, I'm not as useless as I look," protested Annabel.

"And I'm quite sure there is nothing useless about your looks," said the new maid as she put her head a little on one side and glanced admiringly at the pretty face with its flushed cheeks and its bright eyes.

"Oh, thank you," cried Annabel and the flush grew deeper. "That's what George would call a barefaced jolly."

When Annabel's sharp ears heard George on the porch she was waiting in the library, and ran to throw the door open. George was alone.

"Why, where's Aunt Mary?" she cried.

"Not on the train," said George. He was much disappointed. "And I don't know where to telegraph. Of course it's barely possible she got off at the upper station by mistake. But she's too old a traveler to get lost or into trouble."

"Of course, dear," said Annabel. "I've got such a nice little dinner waiting for her." Then she dropped her voice. "We've got a jewel in the kitchen, George."

"So you telephoned," said George. "Hope you won't find she's paste."

"I only hope she'll stick," laughed Annabel.

It was a dainty little dinner, the joint production of Annabel and the maid. And how Annabel laughed when George sampled the golden johnnycake.

"And how does that compare with Aunt Mary's?" she asked.

"It's all right," said George, whose mouth was too well filled to permit of any further eulogy.

"The new maid made it," cried Annabel.

After they had returned to the library and George had again studied the table of train arrivals in the evening paper, he looked up suddenly and said, "Did you get a reference with this new girl?"

Annabel started.

"Bless me," she cried, "I forgot all about it!"

George shook his head.

"That's bad," he said. "We can't be too careful about these strangers. Biscom told me today about a girl they took without a reference. She stayed one night and disappeared with his wife's best frock. I'll see this girl and find out about her."

"Don't say anything that will hurt her feelings, dear. Perhaps I'd better go with you."

"You stay here," said George. "I'll be right back."

But he didn't come right back. He was gone a long time. Once Annabel thought she heard the sound of laughter in the direction of the kitchen, and pretty soon she grew so fidgety that she determined to follow George and discover what had become of him.

She softly entered the dining room and stole across and opened the door into the china closet. The swinging door into the kitchen had glass panels in it and through these Annabel could look without being observed.

The new maid was standing by the table, washing dishes, and beside her stood George. He had taken off his coat and there was a big blue apron tied about his neck, and he was wiping the dishes as fast as the new maid washed them.

Annabel softly retreated back to the library wondering what it meant. And after a while George returned.

"The reference seems to be all right," he said. "I know some of the people she mentioned, and I'll look the matter up more fully tomorrow."

"I thought I heard you laughing out there," said Annabel.

"Perhaps you did," said George. "She needed a little cheering up. It seems that she's seen better days, or something like that, and comes of a pretty good family, and we've got to try to please her. I found that out right away. She's no ordinary woman, and we must expect to humor her."

"Then she thinks she'll stay with us?" said Annabel.

"Yes," said George. "She likes you, and she likes the house, and I think she's going to like me. Anyway, she said she meant to stay just as long as we'd make her welcome."

"I'm very glad," said Annabel. "I never was so much taken with a stranger before."

"Yes," said George, "but don't forget that we have to treat her well. We must let her sleep in the front chamber tonight."

"Why, George, that's the guest chamber!"

"Yes, I know."

"And it's all ready for Aunt Mary."

"That can't be helped," said George. "We'll let the — the maid sleep there tonight, and then we can make other arrangements. Sort of let her down easy, you know."

"Why, George, I never heard of such a thing! You'll spoil her."

"Very well," said George. "I'll take the responsibility. We've got to humor her. I'll go up now and light the gas. The—the maid is tired and wants to retire early—and she has to arise early, too, you know."

He paused in the hall doorway and looked around.

"Annabel," he softly said.

"Well, dear?"

"You're a little goose."

And he went up the stairs chuckling.

Annabel did not rise early the next morning. She was tired and sleepy, and a load of responsibility was off her mind. She did not know that George was up at daylight and bustling down stairs and rattling about the range.

But after awhile she dimly comprehended that somebody was calling her. Yes, it was George. What was he saying?

"Annabel, Annabel, come down, you lazybones. Aunt Mary is here and breakfast is waiting."

Aunt Mary come! And the hostess not up to welcome her. Oh, what a shame!

How she hustled on her garments and twisted up her pretty hair.

When she tripped into the library she looked about her eagerly. George was standing by the mantel, and in the dining room doorway the new maid looked at her with a smiling face.

"Where is Aunt Mary?" she cried.

George answered her questioning glance by opening his eyes very wide and then shutting one of them very tight.

"The reference proves to be all right, my dear," he said with a comical quaver in his voice.

Annabel looked from George to the new maid, and the new maid's smile slowly deepened.

Then she suddenly understood.

"You—you are Aunt Mary!" she cried. "Oh, oh, how stupid I am!" and two big tears suddenly trembled on her long lashes.

"It wasn't a very nice piece of deception, my dear," she said. "But you know how I drifted into it. Besides, it gave me such a nice chance to make your acquaintance. And then I knew this wicked boy would appreciate the little joke so much. You mush forgive me, dear."

"Your jewel stands the test, my love," laughed George.

Then Annabel couldn't help smiling.

"Breakfast is waiting," said Aunt Mary.—W. B. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WATER FRONT NOTES.

There are rumors along the waterfront that a congestion of freight at Whitehorse is certain to take place, but Mr. Rogers still has confidence that with the large fleet at the disposal of the White Pass company it will be able to get every pound of the freight here before navigation closes. The open weather is a feature in the company's favor, and it is thought the boats now on their way here will be able to make another trip if there is enough freight left to warrant it.

The Mary Graff and the Yukoner are due early in the morning, and the whole of the company's fast steamers have left Whitehorse by this time and are well on their way.

The Selkirk made another exceptionally fast trip to Whitehorse, even beating her last record. She left here Friday, after making the round trip in six days, and arrived at Whitehorse on Monday. This is less than three days, and she had more hours of darkness than on her previous trip.

The Lightning leaves tomorrow night for Whitehorse.

The Casca sails on Friday evening.

The Zealandian arrived from Fortymile at half-past eight last night with the following passengers: J. McDonald, W. Walker, M. Steipovich, D. C. Macdonald, A. H. Roberts, T. Kvitrud, J. R. Anderson, T. R. Frazer, W. Thornburn, S. S. Beyts, W. F. Braggins, G. C. Florine, T. G. Wilson from Twentymile landing.

The Zealandian left for Whitehorse at half-past five this morning with the following: F. G. Moore, J. B. Warder, Carmen Brown, W. J. Hayter, J. Wile, W. H. Trump, Clyde V. Nafe, J. A. Walker, J. D. Williamson, A. F. Raynor, Wm. Paris, Mrs. Chaffey, Pat Kinslow, R. Dillon, J. McMillan and G. Wadie.

The Tyrrell left on her last trip for the season at nine o'clock last night with the following passengers: Miss M. Sutherland, A. F. Pray, W. McDonald, B. Wilhelm, M. McLane, E. Griffith, H. Jackson, D. Sweeker, G. R. Jackson, V. Bertrand, W. Bertrand, Mrs. L. B. Gunn, F. Simeon, F. Brown, Mrs. F. R. Vurney, Geo. Gratig, N. Swanson, H. Malmi, J. R. Macklin, Mrs. C. Sonniskson, Miss M. Hickey, A. Perlande, F. S. Neill, Mrs. C. Daniels, N. B. Henderson, J. Duyrette, B. Nee, C. A. Harrington, H. Jacobson, C. Frishke F. Amberg, Miss Smith, D. Brown, J. Morris, T. G. Wynn, H. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gur, A. Bartholdi, A. Seleck, Miss James, E. Welsh, R. Daron.

Conspiracy Charged

Scranton, Sept. 26.—In a statement issued today District President Nicholas accuses Michael Grimes, an ex-mine foreman, of being "at the head of a movement inaugurated by the coal companies to bribe a number of mine worker locals, for $2,500 apiece, to vote to return to work."

Mr. Nicholas declares at the close of his statement that his "informants stand ready to prove their assertions in court."

Mr. Grimes denies the Nicholas statement, and the coal companies also say it is not true.

It is proposed to make use of mine mules in forming a cavalry troop of the Thirteenth regiment men. The long marches through the mud are beginning to fatigue the soldiers.

Blue and yellow French tobacco at Gandolfo's.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in