

## Josh Kinney, the Editor.

It was an odd name for a newspaper—The Sangamon Boy—but its career was so full of oddities that nobody minded that. The easy going country folk of the Lower Corners said it was a good paper. Anyhow, like the good boy, it died young. Its editor—there was a man who never was duplicated in or out of the newspaper business.

"That fellow was a queer one," said old Eph Edwards, "but he was smarter'n chain lightning. Did ye ever read about Ichabod Crane? I've forgot who it's by, but this Josh Kinney was a good deal like Ichabod."

Josh Kinney was a farm hand by day and an editor by night. Somebody said his nerves were made of iron. He rested his brain by busying his body and rested his body by busying his brain. The eyes that were set far back under the shaggy brows never lost their keenness in the shadows of his protruding brow. They were the unfailing signal lights that flashed the message of a vigilant, alert, observing mind. Kinney was patient, else he never would have learned the printer's art at odd moments. He was plodding and persistent, else he never would have toiled far into the night to bring out the weekly issues of The Sangamon Boy.

His office was even older than the man. To see it one could almost guess what manner of man was its presiding genius. It is standing today, a plain square cabin on the very crown of a desolate hill five miles removed from any town. Behind it and sheltering it from the spite of the winter's winds and the afternoon sun is a grove of great towering oak trees, lifting their branches high over the head of a tangled mass of forest shrubbery. Its one door is nailed shut, and strong boards cover the two squares on either side where windows once let in a timid light by day and sent out a ghostly glimmer of oil lamps by night.

For ten years not a foot has been set inside the door. The little old hand press was removed long ago and the worn type. One might find a rusty stick nestling here and there in the cracks of the board floor, and he might see a bit of yellow paper tucked near the door bearing the words in Josh's own handwriting:

"Loaders are invited to the blacksmith shop down the road. This is a printer's."

Coming from anybody else this hint might have invited trouble, but respect for Josh Kinney's iron muscle and his teeming brain brought it only silent obedience.

Lower Corners, which, by the way, is not a village, but a farming community, made sport of Josh when he first came and started his newspaper. That was before they knew anything about the big brain that dominated his angular body. He managed to get something into every issue that set his neighbors thinking and made them respect him for his learning.

In Lower Corners today there are men of families who were boys ten years ago—a big, lusty, mischievous boys who loved a fish fry in the summer and a boozed ride when the snow was knee deep on the Rochester road. Of course, they remember the night when a dozen of them, playing the gallant to as many country girls with ruddy cheeks, rode past Kinney's little office and bombarded the door with snowballs.

Kinney never forgot it, because the crash of those snowballs sent a shock to his heart that changed the current of his life. All night long he had heard nothing but the monotonous beating of the little press which his foot kept in motion. How prosaic it was against the rollicking jingle of the sleighbells, how harsh against the musical laughter of the girls in the sled! And what a strange thrill went through him as he heard one of these cry out: "Please don't throw any more, boys. You oughtn't to disturb Mr. Kinney when he's busy. Please don't."

"And is there really somebody who cares enough about me to think of that?" he asked himself. "Am I doing right to shut myself up here when I might be out with those boys and girls? I wonder whose voice that was. It sounded like—but what reason have I to think that?"

Maybe he didn't have any reason to think it, but a vague, tender hope rose above reason. "Mary"—what a pretty name it was, he thought—"Mary Manning—Kinney." So timid was this big, strong man that he actually blushed at his own audacity when he coupled her name with his. "Mary Manning—Kinney!" It kept ringing in his spiritual ear like the melody of a favorite song. When the last issue of The Sangamon Boy was run off and Josh Kinney crept into bed, a host of sentimental fancies kept him awake until far into the morning and then wove themselves

into the fabrics of his dreams.

Mary Manning was the only daughter of the richest farmer in Lower Corners and the one girl in the community who had tossed aside the blue bonnet of the district school and become a seminary girl abroad. She saw in Kinney something more than a clod, something higher than the creator of a weekly rural paper. She respected him for his wide fund of information, for his rugged sincerity, for his physical and mental power. She—but she herself could not have told by what process she came to hold a tender regard for this modest giant among pygmies. Possibly it was because he was at once so gentle and so strong.

Lower Corners was suspicious enough about most things, but it did not stop to give the subject a second thought when Josh Kinney took Mary Manning home after choir practice. He was just the bass singer and she the organist, and of course he would not let her go unprotected. Lower Corners thought he was accommodating, that was all.

Would she protest also when he should tell her of his longing, of his love? You, gentle reader, know she would not, and Josh made bold enough one night when the moonlight was glowing on the hills to find out for himself. It was not for others to know what he said.

"Not necessarily for publication, but just as an evidence of good faith," said Josh long after when twitted about it.

There came another night when the moon was not shining. The little office was as dark as the great world outside and as quiet. It was Thursday night, and the hand press was still. That seemed strange to passersby on the road. They were used to hearing the steady clack of the press on that night long after 12. If they had observed closely they might possibly have seen that the door was standing wide open and that over it was a square white patch of something.

The next day—ah, what a Friday that was for Lower Corners! It has been written in great big letters into the history of the neighborhood. By some freak of fortune or misfortune John Manning was the first man to ride down the road past Kinney's office. The sun was just lifting its red disk over the cornfields to the east.

He was whistling his favorite tune, the one he had learned in the old days when he wooed and won Nancy Corwin. He spied the bit of paper over Kinney's open doorway. He passed through the latticed gate and up the hill to the cabin. There he adjusted his spectacles and read these words: "To subscribers: Walk in and get your paper. The editor is busy elsewhere."

Manning, consumed with curiosity and never bashful about getting what was coming to him, went in and picked up a paper from a huge pile stacked on the office table. He glanced over the first page and then turned to Kinney's editorials—he always liked to read them even though he was not always convinced by them. There was something there this time that blanched his face and made him totter to a chair for support.

His first impulse was to tear his paper into fragments and burn the rest, but instead he folded it up, thrust it into his pocket and hurried from the office.

"Dad his hide!" he mumbled to himself. "He might at least have asked me. How'd he know what I might have said?"

In two hours every man, woman and child in Lower Corners who could read had devoured these double-headed lines:

"With this issue publication of The Sangamon Boy is suspended for lack of an editor. He came to you empty handed; he has gone with the fairest flower of Lower Corners, with the 'queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls.' He hopes he has gone, too, with the kindly wishes of all this worthy people. He bears with him no enmities, no regrets, save those that come from the sense of a work ill done. If he had ideals and failed to reach them, it was not because he lacked the inspiration of your generous support."

"Better The Sangamon Boy should die in his youth than be cast a waif upon the world. Of him I shall hold for myself the tenderest remembrance; to you I bequeath whatever of good he may have done. I loved him the more that he was only a boy, just a strip of a lad who longed to be a man and wield a man's power. Pity that one so young should not have had a wiser hand to point his way and guide his wavering feet. When you, my friends, shall read these lines, his life will have closed, and mine—will have begun in fuller measure. Do you doubt my prophecy? Read."

"KINNEY-MANNING. — Married, June 17, in Springfield, at midnight, by Rev. John Ingalls, pastor of the Grand Avenue M. E. church, at his residence, Joshua Kinney and Miss Mary Manning, both of Lower Corners. Shortly after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Kinney left on the Alton for Kansas City, where the late editor of The Sangamon Boy will give his entire time to newspaper work. The bride is the daughter of Mr. John Manning, one of the best known farmers of Sangamon county."

Two hours after he had read this concise notice John Manning held in one of his hands a telegram from St. Louis signed "Mary." It simply stated that she was very happy with the "dearest man in the world."

A cynical neighbor said Manning was conciliated by that statement about "one of the most prominent farmers," but, whatever the cause, Manning declared that "Kinney is a mighty long way from being the worst man in the world."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Fast Service

Vancouver, June 10.—The Imperial Limited service over the C. P. R. will be inaugurated with the Imperial limited train, No. 97, which will leave Montreal on Sunday, June 15, and No. 96, which will leave Vancouver on Thursday, June 17th. These trains have been numbered Nos. 96 and 97 respectively, as this happened to be the number of hours running time between Vancouver and Montreal. The trains will arrive in Vancouver on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, and will leave Vancouver on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The Imperial Limited train will have two eight-section double drawing rooms, first class sleepers between Vancouver and Montreal, a first class sleeper between Winnipeg and Toronto, and a tourist sleeper between Vancouver and Montreal. There will be no first or second class coach.

Trains leaving Seattle will make connection with the Imperial Limited at Mission Junction, eastbound, and close westbound connection will also be made at Mission Junction for Seattle.

Standard trains Nos. 1 and 2 will have tourist cars three times a week as at present, a first class sleeper between Seattle and St. Paul, and a first class sleeper between Winnipeg and Toronto four times a week.

### Expert on Shipping

London, June 10.—Sir Robert Giffen, ex-president of the statistical society and ex-chief of the statistical department of the board of trade, testifying today before the house of commons committee on steamship subsidies, said the changes in the position of British shipping, compared with those of other countries, was due largely to circumstances apart from subsidization. There has been diminution of British progress, while elsewhere, especially in Germany, there has been a great advance. The number of American owned ships sailing under the British flag, quite apart from those within the combine recently formed, had largely increased and was still increasing, and he regarded it as obvious that notwithstanding the fact that the White Star line was sailing under the British flag, the United States government regarded its steamers as being American vessels, and would be prepared to defend them as the property of American citizens.

Sir Robert said he regarded subsidies to be a political rather than an economic question.

### Meanings of Words

One of my children was reading to me in her English history how the mayor killed Wat Tyler. "I suppose it kicked him," she remarked. I explained that the mayor was a man.

"Oh," she said, "I thought a mare was an old gray horse!"

My mother told me that the word "sundry," which she heard in church in the exhortation, puzzled her much till she decided in her own mind it referred to the hot, arid land of Palestine, where the Bible was written—a sun dry place.—Good Words.

Job printing at Nugget office.

## MARKETS ARE UNCHANGED

Except for the One Item of Sugar

Of Which There is Very Little in Stock—Beef Takes a Slump.

The local markets, with the exception of granulated sugar, of which there is very little in the city and which is retailing at five pounds for \$1 or \$18 per hundred, shows no material change since last week, quotations being as follows:

| STAPLES.            |         |
|---------------------|---------|
| Flour               | \$ 2.75 |
| Sugar, per 100      | 18.00   |
| Beans, per 100      | 8.00    |
| Beans, Lima         | 10.00   |
| Rolls Oats, per 100 | 8.00    |

| MEATS.         |       |
|----------------|-------|
| Beef, pound    | 25    |
| Veal, pound    | 30    |
| Pork, pound    | 30    |
| Ham, pound     | 30@40 |
| Bacon, fancy   | 30    |
| Caribou, pound | 35    |
| Mutton, pound  | 25    |

| BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE. |         |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Agens' butter, 60-lb. | \$27.50 |
| Elgin butter, 60-lb.  | 27.50   |
| Coldbrook             | 22.50   |
| S. & W., 48-lb.       | 30.00   |
| Eggs, fresh           | 25.00   |

| MILK AND CREAM. |         |
|-----------------|---------|
| Eagle, case     | \$10.00 |
| Highland, case  | 10.00   |
| Carnation Cream | 10.00   |
| St. Charles     | 9.00    |

| CANNED GOODS.      |             |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Roast beef, doz    | 3.00        |
| Mutton             | 3.50@4.50   |
| Ox tongue          | 12.00@15.00 |
| Sausage meat       | 4.00        |
| Lunch tongue, case | 9.00@11.00  |
| Sliced bacon       | 3.00        |
| Roast turkey       | 7.00        |
| Corned beef        | 3.00        |
| Sliced ham         | 3.50        |
| Salmon, case       | 11.50       |
| Clams, case        | 11.50       |
| Tomatoes           | 5.50        |
| Corn               | 4.25        |
| String beans       | 6.50        |
| Green peas         | 6.50        |
| Cabbage            | 7.50        |
| S. & W. fruits     | 14.00       |
| Simcoe fruits      | 9.00        |

| Choice California Mission |            |
|---------------------------|------------|
| Fruits                    | 8.50@10.00 |
| Silver Seal               | 11.50      |
| Succotash                 | 7.00       |
| Lubeck's potatoes per tin | 8.00       |
| Beets                     | 9.00       |
| Asparagus                 | 14.00      |
| Asparagus tips            | 14.00      |
| Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz   | 12.00      |

| CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME. |        |
|--------------------------|--------|
| Poultry, pound           | 37 1/2 |
| Broilers, pound          | 50     |
| Greyling, frozen         | 40     |
| Greyling, fresh          | 75     |
| Halibut                  | 30     |
| Pickled                  | 50     |
| Salmon                   | 20     |

| MISCELLANEOUS. |       |
|----------------|-------|
| Potatoes       | 8     |
| Onions         | 20    |
| Cabbage        | 35    |
| Turnips        | 30    |
| Lemons, case   | 13.00 |
| Oranges, case  | 12.50 |
| Rolls oats     | 9     |
| Oats           | 6 1/2 |
| Hay            | 44    |
| Soap           | 12.50 |
| Tobacco, Star  | 1.20  |

| When man takes woman's place and she shall go to do the work of men.                                      |  |
|---|--|
| Oh, life will have a joy that we are now deprived of—there will be But little spring house cleaning then. |  |

| Chicago Record-Herald.                  |  |
|---|--|
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