

WERE DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

And Loved Each Other Even
in the End.

Both Fell While the Woman They
Fought Over Was Flirting With
Polish Jew.

From Wednesday's Daily.

"No gentleman would defend such an action, much less be guilty of it," and the speaker emphasized his remarks by a gesture of disgust.

"Charlie," said the other man quietly, "you must be going mad."

"Mad or not, I have warned you, Mr. George Radford. If it occurs again, you will regret it only once, and that will be forever."

"Really, Mr. Leslie," replied the other man coldly, dropping the more familiar name, "you have missed your vocation. I would suggest tragedy."

"Yes. By—, if you venture so much as to address her, I will knock you down, even if I have to do it in public. You admit yourself that your intentions are nothing more than a flirtation."

"They were not even that."

"Very well. My relationship with her means more. It is my desire that the lady shall be my wife."

"Good heavens! You cannot mean it. Why, you have not known her a week. By her own account she is roaming through Europe alone!"

"That will do. We will not discuss the matter further."

"If you take my advice, old man, you will pause and consider well before you tie yourself up," said Radford, dropping again into a more kindly tone.

"Take your advice and friendship to the devil!" was the response.

"It seems that I have," remarked his companion, with a smile.

Mr. Leslie was not in the frame of mind required to appreciate a joke, so the other man bade him "Goodbye."

"Here! One moment, sir. You have not given me your promise that you will avoid the lady in future."

"I give no promise demanded in the way you have thought courteous, nor is it my intention to do so. Hold!" he cried as the other was about to blaze out.

"The companionship of the lady is nothing to me, nor is she, in my mind, worth talking about, but you have gone out of your way this afternoon to use language which I cannot allow even you to use, and I warn you not to repeat such conduct. It pains me to say anything at the expense of a lady, but she is playing you false, for by her account your presence is not at all to her taste, and your attentions are an annoyance. In other words, she is merely flirting with you, but at the same time keeping her eyes open for any one else more suitable to her taste."

"You lie," he hissed, "and what is more!" Without another word, the exasperated man raised his cane, but the one who confronted him gripped his arm firmly and prevented the blow.

"Leslie, you mad fool, what are you about?" he whispered hoarsely. "Have you parted with your senses over this painted adventuress?"

The other man lowered his arm.

"You are right. We can settle this in another way." And without another word he swung in the direction of the hotel.

For awhile the man who was left behind stood thinking over the disturbing element which had come between him and his friend. Since Eton days they had been firm friends. At Oxford where you saw one you saw the other, and they were popularly known as Damon and Pythias, whose devotion to each other, it is said, did not exceed theirs. Each would have surrendered his life for the other; now, through a woman, they were bitter enemies, and as he thought of the woman he bit his lip and swore.

He was not surprised to find on arriving at the hotel that there was an officer waiting to see him, in whom he recognized a casual acquaintance which they had made in the coffee room a few days previous. Like all Italians, he was studiously polite.

"Any time and weapons; just let me know," was the gruff reply of the Englishman as he flung himself into a chair. "I don't know anyone in this infernal place. Can you procure me a second? It doesn't matter who he is; merely a formal matter."

That was quite easy. Fortunately a brother officer had arrived that very day, and he assured Mr. Radford that nothing would give his friend greater

pleasure. There was a quiet little ruin about half a mile along the Appian way, and the duel could be fought there. He was most careful to impress upon him the exact spot, and, with many protestations of service, he left.

That night each of the principals went through a mental martyrdom. Strange to say, Charles Leslie did not seek the company of his lady love, as he usually did, for a walk on the terrace. He sat in his room trying to smoke, for he had not the heart to go down and join the genial company.

Many times he was on the point of rushing to the room of his friend. Then the remembrance of the deadly insult of which he had been guilty caused him to shrink. He behaved like a bear when his second returned with the information that all was arranged, pistols the weapons, half past six the time.

It was useless for Radford trying to sleep. Each time he succeeded in dozing over the most horrible nightmare haunted him. Again and again he saw his friend lying on the ground, with his face upturned to the sky as if in appeal to heaven for justice on his murderer. Then they played together as lads. The old scenes of boyhood came back again. Twice he got up, half dressed himself, determined to go to his friend's room in order to open the matter again, to put before him all he knew of her—the cause of it all. Then the thought of the insult offered to him, as also the certain knowledge of Leslie's pigheadedness, acted as deterrents.

Next morning, soon after 6, Radford was at the rendezvous with his second, a chatty, fussy, little officer of the cavalry.

Was the signor a good shot? Yes. That was good. He believed that the other signor was too. Ah, well it was much more satisfactory when men understood the use of weapons, especially pistols.

The Englishman, mentally cursing him for his chattiness, paced up and down. He was a stern looking man, but the hours of agony he had gone through had made him look more so and given him the hard lines about the mouth. This duel, he knew, was no child's play. His old chum could hit a 5 shilling piece with ease at 25 paces. Each of them had done it scores of times.

He took off his cap and allowed the cool breeze of the Campagna to fan his hot temples, which, strive as he would, throbbled as if the blood were impelled by some powerful engine.

George Radford would have given all he possessed to have retained his peace of mind, for what was his life to be afterward if he killed his friend? Then, with frowning brows, he entertained a suggestion that came into his mind. Why had he not thought of that before? The noise of wheels called him to the immediate present.

"They are here," said his second, "just two minutes before the time arranged, so we have nothing to complain about." And he added a few remarks on the virtue of punctuality.

Radford stepped forward with outstretched hand, but he was too precipitate. His old friend had just entered the ruin, and although he seemed to be looking at Radford, his thoughts were really elsewhere, so the would be peacemaker turned away, with a crimson flush on his face, as the newly arrived Italian shook hands with him, which he accompanied with another mental note on the eccentricity of the English.

While the two seconds paced off the ground Leslie tried to catch his friend's eye, ready at the first recognition to rush forward and offer his hand, but to his grief as well as astonishment he noticed that his old chum kept his face away from him.

"I suppose any other solution is out of the question?" said one of the seconds, and George Radford answered "Yes."

Both seconds murmured something and retired to toss up the coin which decided who should give the fatal command. The toss was won by Radford's, who decided that the other man should count.

"Get ready!" he shouted, and the two men who had so often shared each other's bed as schoolfellows and each other's blankets in many a hunting adventure, took up their pistols.

"One—two—three—fire!" And two shots rang out in the morning air.

In the fraction of a second from the snapping of the caps to the fatal destiny of each shot the men looked into each other's face, and in that brief interval read each other's inmost soul.

"George!"

"Charlie, old!"

But the sentence was never finished, for each man dropped forward on his face. George Radford lived for a few seconds, during which he tried hard and desperately to drag himself to his

friend's side. The seconds noticed this, and, with solemn faces and with eyes that softened with tears, they carefully carried him to where they saw he would be.

He grasped the hand of his friend, warm in the grip of love, just as he had done in the old days. Then his eyes turned up in death, and the light passed out of them forever.

"Ah, they loved each other! See!" cried one of the seconds. "You never can understand these Englishmen, they are so eccentric. To love each other like schoolgirls, and then to—Santa Maria! It is too horrible!"

That night the woman over whom they had fought sipped her coffee, smoked her cigarette, and concluded that her English cavaliers, having possibly found out her antecedents, had moved on to another town, soled herself by making eyes at a Polish Jew with an ostentatious display of diamonds, and next night they walked the terrace together and discussed the latest version of Damon and Pythias.—St. Louis Star.

Topeka Without Saloons.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. Feb. 11.—As a result of the meeting of the citizens of Topeka yesterday afternoon all the joints of the city are closed tonight. The citizens made the peremptory order that the saloons be closed by noon today, and as far as is known the order was obeyed. Early this morning Chief of Police Stahl, with some of his officials, made the rounds of the joints and notified the keepers as far as they could be found that they would be expected to close at once. They were in each case presented with a printed copy of the citizens' ultimatum, and commanded in the interest of law and good order to close at once. Chief Stahl told the jointists that there was an army of a thousand men waiting to march on a minute's notice to close the joints of the city, and that they were of a class that would not be frightened out of performing their duty as they interpreted it. Notices were slipped in under the doors of the closed places.

In only one place did the officers find any liquor sold, and this place agreed to close at once.

Tonight Topeka is practically a dry town, so far as the joints are concerned. Some of the drug stores are said to be doing a thriving business, but the condition is much different from a week or even a day ago, when there were about 80 joints running openly, all of which were equipped with the finest of fixtures.

The citizens' committee has made all the necessary arrangements for the enforcement of their orders regarding the joints, and will insist that the order be carried out to the letter, and that every drinking place be closed and the stock and fixtures removed from the city by next Friday noon.

The condition of public sentiment in Topeka tonight is something remarkable. There has never been anything here approaching it. The vigilance committee is ready to move on very short notice.

Prof. F. W. Ellis, of Washburn college, addressed a large meeting of the students of the college this evening, and advised them to ally themselves with the joint-smashing movement started in Topeka. He said he had great reverence for law, but this was a time for drastic measures to be taken. Every man in the college, he said, who had the interest of the good government of the community at heart, should be glad to help us force to drive out the joint element from Topeka.

Red Liquor Wasted.

Holton, Kan., Feb. 11.—The crusade against the jointists which was commenced here Saturday, was vigorously continued today. At a mass meeting held in the Methodist church a committee was appointed to investigate the report that the place owned by Mrs. Hicks, which was raided Saturday, was again open. The committee discovered that the report was true, and as a result the temperance workers again raided the place and compelled Mrs. Hicks and her son to sign a contract, drawn in legal form, to the effect that they would never again sell liquor during their natural lives; and that the son agree to leave Holton and remain away for ten years.

Later in the day another mass meeting was held to consider a proposition to destroy all the liquor that had been seized by the sheriff, and stored at the courthouse. A motion that this be done was defeated, but after the meeting adjourned most of those in attendance went to the courthouse and demanded the liquor. The deputy in charge made a tame effort to protect the property, but to no avail. The employees turned the liquor into the gutter, and taking the bar fixtures outside, burned them in the street, making the work of destruction complete.

In the Lord's Hands.

Muscantine, Ia., Feb. 11.—Mrs. Nation arrived here at noon today and was met at the train by 400 men. A squad of police were on hand, as she had requested, to escort her to her hotel. The crowd, however, was peaceable, and evidently turned out through curiosity, for less than 500 people attended her meeting tonight.

After the meeting closed and the receipts of the evening were counted, the financial manager of Mrs. Nation dissolved partnership with her, and he, with four of the six women who accompanied her returned to Kansas City. He said:

"My management of Mrs. Nation ends here. I return to Topeka tonight and four of the six women go with me. The women will return to their homes and Mrs. Nation, I understand, will proceed to Chicago."

Mrs. Nation says: "I am in the hands of the Lord and will leave for Chicago tomorrow morning. I will do no smashing in Iowa or any other state until all the hell hols in my own state are wiped out of existence. Then I shall organize a band of women who will smash all of the saloons in the world. The United States first, Europe next."

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Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for an act to amend the act respecting the Dawson City Electric Company, Ltd., and to extend the time limited for the commencement and completion of the electric railway and tramway by said last mentioned act authorized to be constructed.

BELCOURT & RITCHIE,
Solicitors for the Applicants.
Dated at Ottawa, this 10th day of December, 1900.

Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval in the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

CREAK CLAIMS No. 32, 36, 37 and 38 Gold Run creek and creek claim No. 2 on a tributary at 30 Gold Run creek, in the Dominion mining division of the Dawson mining district, a plan of which is deposited in the Gold Commissioner's office at Dawson, Y. T. under No. 40 by T. D. Green, D. L. S. First published February 6th, 1901.

A FEW SNAPS

...FOR MEN...

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Men's Scotch Tweed Suits	Reduced from \$35 and \$40 to 25.00
Men's Heavy All Wool Overshirts	Reduced from \$4.00 to 2.50
Men's Fleece Lined Underwear	Reduced from (suit) \$6.00 to 4.00
Men's Moosehide Moccasins	Reduced from (pair) 2.50 to 1.00
Men's Heavy Felt Shoes	Good value for \$6, reduced to 4.00

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