

# LABOR TROUBLE

### Now Prevades Bonanza From End to End and On Chechako

### STARTED YESTERDAY ON 34 ABOVE

Owned by Dick Butler and Alex McDonald.

### WANT \$5 A DAY AND BOARD

Rate Has Been \$4.00 Per Day With Board—Miner's Union Advocated—Demand May Be Granted.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

That the question of labor in the Klondike is becoming one of the most serious of the day there is no gainsaying for the reason that labor strikes are becoming of daily occurrence on the creeks, the miners feeling that they are not being sufficiently recompensed for their labor. Where \$4 per day and board has been the prevailing price paid, \$5 per day and board is being demanded and has been conceded on nearly every claim on Eldorado; but owners on other creeks have declined to make the advance, hence the strikes. Yesterday work suspended on 34 above on Bonanza, owned by Alex McDonald and Dick Butler, and one of the richest on the creek. The workmen demanded the increase of \$1 per day, which being refused, they walked out. Two or three new men were found who were willing to work at the old scale, but the force was so materially reduced that the work may be said to be practically suspended.

On Chechako Hill there was a general strike this morning which soon spread until it extended nearly all along lower Bonanza. The laborers are firm in the stand they have taken to remain out until their demands are acceded to. They insist that where they are forced to take their earnings of \$4 per day in dust at \$16 per ounce, the loss is too appreciable to make common labor remunerative. The organization of a miners' union is being strongly advocated today by a number of strikers who came down from Bonanza this morning and there is a strong probability that some such organization will be effected in the very near future. Over 200 men are reported to have quit work on Chechako Hill this morning, but there is a general belief that their demand will be granted and that work will be resumed tomorrow.

The strike started on Chechako on the claim of Howard & Andrews where 80 men quit work and in 30 minutes business on the entire hill is said to have ceased. If Howard & Andrews allow the additional \$1 per diem the smaller operators will fall in line.

The feeling on the part of the laborers in mines that \$4 per day was not sufficient has been growing for several months during which time it has been productive of more bunkhouse oratory than any other subject.

### Scared the Robber.

"The fact that a determined stand is all that is needed," continued the western man, "was illustrated a good many years ago by a peculiar little incident which took place on the old stage line running out of Tombstone, A. T. Holdups used to be frequent on that route; but, strange to say, nobody took any precautions against such a contingency. One day the stage was carrying an unusual number of passengers, and while it was going over an extremely desolate section of the road a masked man stepped from behind a rock, leveled a shot gun at the driver and ordered him to pull up.

"He obeyed at once, and the robber began the usual program by telling everybody to get out and range themselves in line with their hands above their heads. There were several nifty men on top, but none of them cared to court death by taking the initiative, and it was impossible, moreover, to say how many additional ruffians might be lurking behind the rocks. At any rate, all hands were clambering down when suddenly the door of the stage was swung violently open and out leaped a big, fierce looking man with a cocked revolver in each fist.

"At the sight of him the robber took an involuntary backward step and fell sprawling over a round stone. Both barrels of his gun went off. In the air, and in the confusion he picked himself up and ran like a deer for cover. He had a horse on the other side of the rocks, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was in the saddle and burn-

ing the wind' across the prairies. He got away, and now comes the funny part of the story.

"While the robber was beating his retreat the big man snapped both pistols ineffectually at least half a dozen times and then discovered in blank amazement that neither one of them was loaded. He was glaring dumb-founded into the empty cylinders when his wife stuck her head out of the coach and burst into vociferous weeping.

"'Oh, John,' she sobbed, 'I took the cartridges out of them guns this morning and forgot to tell you about it.' As she spoke she held out a handful of brass shells.

"'What the mischief did you do that for?' he roared.

"'I was skeered that they might go off in the coach and shoot the baby. Boo, hoo, hoo!' she replied."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### He Got Even.

He is a big, powerful man, a little slow of speech, with a large head and thoughtful face. He usually has the abstraction of a studious man, but on the day of this incident his acquaintances could see evidences of internal excitement and outward alertness.

He did not stop to shake hands or chat with any one, but with knitted eyebrows and shoulders lifted above the usual point of elevation he would sharply inquire: "Seen Jones, my partner? No? Well, if you run across him, just tell him there is a client in the office waiting for him. Needn't mention having seen me."

Then he would plod patiently on, watching both sides of the street. Half a block ahead of him he spied his quarry going north on the avenue. The big man took on a swinging gait and overhauled him at Grand Circus park. The pursuer knows nothing about the scientific rules of fighting, but he picked his partner up bodily, slammed him down on the pavement, thence tossed him into snow-drift, stood him on his head, shampooed him, took him by the collar and flayed the "beautiful" with him and then threw him ten feet into a fresh snow bank, turning and walking away without a word.

When Jones was helped to a drug store, it was found that a drink was all he required. He told the curious crowd that he guessed his assailant must be crazy, but to a friend said confidentially:

"I've quit. No more practical jokes for me. Come to think of it, I don't blame the old chap much. You know that he went down to his former home to deliver an oration on Marshall day. I stole his speech and substituted a long brief in a street opening case. You know how modest he is and can imagine what happened when he addressed the toastmaster and pulled out that brief. I'm going to telephone thanks for not knocking my head off and then see if he'll let me in the office to hold a parley. Thunder, but he's big and strong!"—Detroit Free Press.

### THE FARSEING CAMERA.

It Will Play a Great Part in Future Astronomical Work.

"The great astronomical discoveries of the future," said one of the Tulane faculty, "will undoubtedly be made by an artificial eye infinitely more sensitive and powerful than human vision. I refer, of course, to the camera. The natural eye has its distinct limitations and has gone about as far as it can, and now the photographic plate is taking up the work at the point where nature leaves off. It requires a certain definite amount of light, you know, to affect the optic nerve so as to produce vision, and many of the stars are so far away that less than that required quantity reaches the earth. The consequence is that an astronomer might look for a year in the right direction without seeing anything at all, and no telescope, however powerful, would be of the slightest assistance.

"But with the camera the conditions are exactly reversed. The longer a camera looks at anything the clearer the object becomes. A faint ray of light from an invisible star falls for hour after hour on the sensitive plate, and each moment increases the clearness of the picture, just like dropping water wears a hole in a stone. I have star photographs the making of which occupied four whole nights, and the planets which they depict have never been and never will be seen by man.

"Within the last few years hundreds of invisible stars have been definitely located and catalogued. We can't see them, but we know they are there, because whenever the camera is directed to that part of the heavens their hidden image appears on the plate. During the eclipse I secured a fairly good photograph of the phase of totality, and the picture shows all the surrounding sky dotted with little points of white. They are stars which did not give out enough light to excite the nerves of vision, but which were seen plainly enough by the faithful artificial eye in the box of my camera.

"Another great advantage of the photograph in astronomy is that it constitutes a definite record and does away with disputes. It is a rare thing for two astronomers to agree as to what they saw when taking a simultaneous observation, and the chances are that both are honest, but received different impressions owing to their different physical organization. All the old observers vary in their descriptions of the so-called 'canals' on Mars. The photograph does away at once with any chance of error, fraud or illusion.

"So I repeat that the natural eye will play only a secondary part in the great discoveries of the future. It is the artificial eye which will penetrate space yet unthought of."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

# ALL WILL REBUILD AT ONCE

### Scene of Yesterday's Fire a Lively One Today.

### Land Owners Arranging for Immediate Construction of Buildings to Replace Those Lost.

The work of cleaning up the debris caused by yesterday's fire preparatory to rebuilding commenced this morning. Nearly all of the merchants whose places of business were demolished when seen this morning signified their intention of rebuilding at once.

Mr. J. S. Barron who lost two buildings, one 28 feet front, two stories high, and the other a log cabin 20 feet front, has men already at work as has also Mr. Levy whose store was next to Mr. Barron's. Mr. Vernon who owned the 12-foot front building occupied by Abraham's clothing store where the fire started, will also rebuild.

Gandolfo, whose building occupied the corner will erect a large building on his lot.

The Fariebild bar is open today and the hotel will be ready for occupancy within a week.

A large force of carpenters has been at work today on the interior of the government offices. In the old postoffice building repairing the fixtures and putting up shelves and cases which were torn down yesterday.

The stock of A. C. Lockhead the hardware merchant is a complete loss. No one was at the store when the fire occurred and nothing was saved. He is undecided as to whether he will open again or not.

Waxstock and Brant will reopen their grocery store as soon as they can find a location.

The balance of the losers including Freeman & Co., clothing dealers, S. M. Shuman, Colky & Co., second-hand merchants, Ripstein & Co. and the others will probably reopen their stores as they saved the larger portion of their stocks.

There are a great many opinions being expressed today with regard to the way the fire was handled. Some are criticizing the department very severely while others are very free in praising their work. There is no question as to the wisdom of the department in putting all their energy into saving the old postoffice building as everyone admits that if that building had taken fire the consequences would have been much more severe and in fact it would be hard to estimate the amount of damage which would have been done. In the face of the strong wind which was blowing the fire directly towards the center of the town and the way in which the department was handicapped by the lack of one engine, which had just been moved from the river and which was not in operation, it would have been an impossibility to check the fire had it once got a start beyond that building.

Taking all these things into consideration the department certainly did proper in checking the fire at that place and are entitled to a great deal of credit.

### Watch Matches Whiskers.

The auctioneer with the strident voice held up a yellow watch and asked how much he was bid. The crowd of a half dozen "boosters" began to get active and to edge near the door so that the sucker who had just entered couldn't get out again without appearing rude.

The bidding started at \$4 and ran up to \$10.45.

All this time the sucker hadn't said a word. The nickel-plated watch in his overalls pocket was good enough for him, so he thoughtfully fondled the scraggy growth of whiskers on his chin, yellow as his own stubble field, and looked on.

"Ten fifty," called the man on his right.

There was confusion among the boosters at the door and then the man on his right addressed him:

"How much did I bid?" he asked of the sucker.

"Ten fifty," called the man on his left.

"You'll have to speak loud, I'm deaf."

"Ten fifty," bawled the sucker.

"And sold to the gentleman over there for \$10.50!" shouted the auctioneer.

When the sucker looked for the deaf man with the intermittent memory he was no where in sight, so he had to take the watch and pay for it.

"It's a fine ticker, Rube," said one of the boosters, "and it'll match your whiskers, too."—Ex.

### The Worm Turned.

"Are you going out tonight, dear?" said the husband to the emancipated woman.

"I am. It is the regular weekly meeting of the lodge."

"Then I want to say to you"—and there was an unusual defiance in the mid man's tone—"I want to say that if you are not home by 11 o'clock I shall go home to my father."—Leslies Weekly.

# PRIM LAURETTA WAS WON

### By a Pot of Easter Lilies Found on Her Table.

### She Melted Toward the Man She Thought Sent Them and Married Him Before Learning Truth.

Lauretta was my third cousin on my mother's side. She was a real pretty girl, one of the prettiest girls that ever lived. I don't care where, but she was very prim. As I remember her, Lauretta was about the primmest girl I ever saw. All the village girls were modest and well-behaved, but Lauretta went a step beyond everybody; she wouldn't do this, and she wouldn't do that, and she didn't act fairly natural about beauty. When Lauretta was 18 years old she had never let a young man go home with her, and I can see her face now when her sister Louisa told her how John Mitchell had seen her home from meeting and kissed her good night. Louisa married John Mitchell afterwards, but that didn't make any difference.

"O Louisa, you did not allow such a dreadful thing!" said Lauretta, and she colored up as if John Mitchell had kissed her instead of Louisa. Louisa didn't like it very well. "Yes, I did, and I am going to marry John if he asks me, and I can't see as I've done anything very dreadful," said she.

"I don't see how you could, Louisa," said Lauretta, and she still had that shocked kind of look, and her face and neck were red. Lauretta had the softest, finest skin, and colored red as a rose in a minute, and her blue eyes would widen and grow round. I can see them now.

"You are too particular to live," said Louisa. She told me afterwards that she didn't believe Lauretta was like other girls. "I've seen her coming out of meeting actually hanging on to mother's arm, for fear somebody would ask to go home with her," said Louisa. "Louisa had always a great many admirers, and did not resort to subtleties to keep them at bay.

"Edward Adams would be glad to go home with her, I guess," I said.

"He's just dying to," replied Louisa. "I can see him hanging around every Sunday night after meeting, but he can't go home with Lauretta unless he goes with mother, too. I never saw a girl like Lauretta. I don't believe she ever will get married. She won't give anybody a chance."

I felt sort of sorry for Edward Adams, because he was a good fellow and real intimate with Joseph Greene, the man I married three years afterwards. Joseph used to tell me about how Edward felt. "I never saw a man so used up as he is over Lauretta," said he; "but she won't look at him."

"She won't look at anybody else, any more," said I.

"No, that's some comfort," said Joseph; "but what is it, what has she got against Edward?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said I.

I told Joseph I would try to talk to Lauretta, and see if I could find out what the trouble was; and so I did, but I didn't make out much. I got a sort of idea that perhaps it wasn't so much because she was prim as she had always thought, as because she didn't really believe any young man wanted her, or loved her as much as her mother did; but I wasn't sure that I was right. She did bring up Hattie Jones getting jilted, after Amos Stetson had been keeping company with her for two years, and Caroline Anderson, after Jim Ladd had been ready to die for her, for five. "I don't believe men are apt to care very much about girls," said Lauretta. "They go home with them, and they go to see them, but I don't believe they care so very much more for one girl than another; and I don't see what people want to get married for anyway. I like my mother better than any man I ever saw."

I got sort of indignant at that. "I think men are just as good as women," said I.

"I didn't say they weren't," said Lauretta, in her scared, meek kind of way. "I just said I didn't believe they cared so much about girls as their mothers do."

"There's Edward Adams ready to worship the ground you walk on," said I.

"He went home with Annie Whitman last night," said Lauretta; but she colored up, and I sort of chuckled, for I reasoned it out that she must have been watching to know that Edward went home with Annie, for all she was going out of meeting herself, clinging as tight to her mother as if she couldn't walk alone.

"Well, he showed his sense if he did, as long as you wouldn't let him go with you," said I; "and Annie is a real pretty girl."

"I don't think she's pretty at all," said Lauretta; "her cheeks are too red, and she's too stout. But I don't want any man going home with me. I don't like men."

So it ended. I couldn't make out for the life of me whether Lauretta was

really so prudish that she didn't want any attention, or was afraid of being jilted, and did not believe that any one cared for her. Lauretta always was a very modest, meek little thing; she never pushed and scrambled for anything. I don't believe that even when she was a child she ever thought of the biggest piece of cake or pie, and she gave away all her apples and candy, and never teased for ours.

Well, time went on, and Louisa and I were both married, though Lauretta was older. She lived with her mother, and clung to her just as tightly as ever. Edward Adams wasn't married either, though he had paid attention to several. He acted as if he had given up Lauretta.

Lauretta was 28 years old when the new school teacher came to Ferrisville. She was a beauty, and no mistake. I don't know that she was any prettier than Lauretta; but you could see her further, and she came from the city, and knew how to dress. Edward from the first acted devoted to her. He was on the school committee, and so had a good excuse to visit her school often; and he used to walk home with her from meeting, and take her sleigh-riding, and Mrs. Lansing, the woman where she boarded, said he called on her real often. Folks began to think it would be a match. That was the winter when Lauretta's mother died, and she was left all alone. Louisa couldn't come to live with her, because her husband had his business in Morristown and couldn't leave; and Lauretta, though she had enough to live on herself, couldn't afford to hire help.

She settled down to live alone, and it did seem real pitiful, she was always such a timid little thing. For a little while I used to go over and stay all night with her; but, of course, I couldn't keep it up always. I said to Joseph that it was such a pity that she and Edward hadn't got married, but he said he guessed he'd got it over it, that the new school teacher suited him pretty well.

"I don't know," said I, "I've always thought Edward Adams wasn't one to shift about very easily from one to the other; and Mrs. Lansing says he hasn't been to call on the teacher quite so often lately. I know he didn't go home with her from meeting last Sunday night, and I saw him looking at Lauretta. I don't believe but he has a good deal of feeling for her, left alone the way she is."

"More feeling than she would have for him, I guess," said Joseph, rather grimly. He was a little inclined to be severe on Lauretta; he had always thought so much of Edward. "I guess Edward is pretty well suited with the school teacher," he said again; "and she's handsome as a picture, a sight prettier than Lauretta."

"I don't know," said I; "and I don't know about her being handsomer. You men always think if a girl has blazey red cheeks her beauty is settled. Lauretta is more delicate looking, but it seems to me she is much prettier."

"Not according to my way of thinking," said Joseph. Joseph is a good man, but he never trusts one woman's opinion of another's beauty.

It was some three months after Lauretta's mother died, and the poor girl had lived alone through one of the hardest winters we had ever known; snowstorm after snowstorm, and bitter cold, and she did have a lonesome time of it. I went in there all I could; but much of the time it was too bad for me to walk. I lived half a mile away, and we didn't keep a horse, and it was before the electric cars were put in.

Well, poor Lauretta got along somehow; she never complained, she was always just as sweet, and meek, and gentle; but she grew thin, and there was a sad little droop at the corners of her mouth, and her blue eyes seemed to be always looking past you, though she was prettier than ever. Black was very becoming to Lauretta.

It was Easter Sunday when that happened which no one has ever been able to explain. I, for one, have never tried to. It has always seemed to me just as well to leave some things unexplained. Easter Sunday was a beautiful day, the first real mild day we had had. The air was soft as June, the snow had gone except for patches here and there, the trees began to look green and flimsy, and once in awhile you could hear a bird. I may as well tell it just as it happened, as Lauretta told it to me. That Easter Sunday, when Lauretta came down stairs in the morning to build her kitchen fire, she noticed a very strong, sweet fragrance all over the house, and she could not imagine what it was; but when she opened the sitting room door she saw. There, on the table, stood a great pot of Easter lilies. The lamp was on the table, and the Bible, and her sewing, and the pot of Easter lilies scenting the whole room and the whole house.

She just stared at it. She did not know what to think for a minute. Then she saw that the window was open—the window close to the table—and she reasoned it out that somebody must have opened it and set the pot of lilies inside. Then all at once it flashed upon her that Edward Adams must have done it, for he had a little greenhouse, though he did not sell flowers. He was in the savings bank. She was sure that Edward did it, and I was, too, when she called me in and showed me

the flowers. I went to church that Sunday and had to pass her house, and she stood in the doorway and called me. "Won't you come in just a minute?" said she; "there's a time enough."

So I let Joseph go on, and I went in. "What have you got here so sweet?" said I, the minute I stepped inside.

"Look here," said Lauretta, and she led me into the sitting-room and pointed to the pot of lilies.

"I had never seen such beautiful lilies. I can't begin to tell how many blossoms there were, and the quantity of buds, and anything like the fragrance. 'Why, who sent them?'" said I.

"I found them here this morning," said Lauretta.

"Why, who sent them?"

"Who do you suppose?" asked Lauretta.

We looked at each other; then I began to laugh. I remembered Edward Adams' greenhouse. "I guess it doesn't require a very sharp wit to tell," said I, and Lauretta colored beautifully, and I saw that she thought as I did.

"Don't tell anybody," said she. She put her arms around me when she said that and hid her face on my shoulder. "Don't you worry, dear child," said I, and stroked her pretty light hair. Lauretta was older than I, but she always seemed younger.

"Well, I had to hurry out, and catch up with Joseph, but when I saw Lauretta come into church a little later I thought I had never seen her look so pretty. Her long black veil swept back from her fair hair, and her face was as delicate as a lily, with just such clear curves, and she moved with such a grace that people turned to look at her—and I didn't wonder. To my mind, the school teacher, in a new Easter hat, all covered with roses, was tawdry beside her; and I once caught Edward Adams looking at Lauretta, and I had my own opinion.

It was such a beautiful Sunday, full moonlight, that Joseph and I went to meeting in the evening, and Lauretta was there. When meeting was over I expected that she would do what she had always done whenever she had happened to be at evening meeting since her mother died—edge up to me and cling to me going out, as she used to do to her mother; but that night she did not. I looked around for her, and never was so astonished in my life I could not believe it was Lauretta. She was actually moving in that gentle, imperceptible, gliding fashion of hers, close to Edward Adams, and she actually moved on ahead of the school teacher. The school teacher's roses brushed Lauretta's back veil, they were so close together. Then I heard Lauretta say: "Good evening, Mr. Adams," of her own accord; and I could not believe my eyes when the school teacher passed me, walking very fast with Mrs. Lansing; it turned out afterward that she had been engaged to somebody in Boston all the time and never cold; and Lauretta followed behind us, leaning on Edward Adams' arm.

I looked around and nudged Joseph to look. "Good Lord!" said he, so loud that I was afraid that they would hear him, and I had to hush him up.

Well, it wasn't a month before it was all over the village that Edward Adams and Lauretta were engaged; and they were married in the course of the summer. Lauretta let her house and went to live in Edward's. But that isn't the strange part of it at all. Lauretta did not say much to Edward about the pot of lilies for some little time; she had a sort of feeling since he had brought them so secretly, as she supposed, that there was something sacred about it—that she would not even thank him. So all she did was to say how beautiful the lilies were when he came into the room which was so sweet with them; and he said yes, as well he might. There never were such lilies. But after a while, when the blossoms had all faded, and the buds had bloomed and died, she wondered what to do with the plant, so she said something to Edward about it. She thanked him for sending it, and asked if it would not be best for him to take it back to his greenhouse and keep it over until another year. Then it transpired that Edward had never sent that pot of Easter lilies; that he had none like it; that the pot was unlike anything he had ever had; that he had never seen the plant until that Easter Sunday when he came into Lauretta's sitting room.

They never found out where that great pot of lilies came from. Edward tried to keep the plant, but it died before the next Easter. He questioned all the florists for miles about; but none of them knew anything about it. No one knew, and no one ever will know. We can surmise and question, but we shall never know; but there is no doubt that those lilies have sweetened Lauretta's whole life, for she would never have married Edward Adams had not someone set them on her table.

Mary E. Wilkins in Globe-Democrat.

### The Guileful Girl.

The fellow was thrifty. The maiden was shifty. Such a shirt waists she bought As would look—and why not—As if made by her dear little self.—Detroit Journal.

### Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office