

Little Cupe's Invitation.

The lace curtain was limp with rain, the windows of the house opposite reflected the clouds, and Little Cupe's own window sill was blistered with little backs of rain on which floated tobacco atoms. Little Cupe felt much as the day looked. "Go anyway," encouraged the medical students.

The day before Little Cupe had seen Eb (all the medical students knew Eb, for he had been one of the more distinguished men in college), and Cupe had told his medical mates that Eb had invited him to spend Sunday at his home in the country. The medical student knew that Eb had colored carriages and when at college had dined with the most exclusive families. They said he was "a darned bright man" and always talked earnestly and bravely when they met him.

Eb was now a lawyer in his first year's practice "and doing darned well," they had wisely agreed.

Little Cupe had begun the recital of his invitation as "if it was nothing," but had grinned with delight before he had ended it, and had dilated that a lot of girls from the neighboring houses would be there with a young chaperon.

The fact that Eb had once given a theatre party was the basis of Cupe's belief that he always entertained.

But now Little Cupe wasn't sure if he had been invited. Possibly Eb had said, "Drop in some time, and we'll go out for Sunday," or, "Let me know how you're doing. Drop in some Saturday, and we'll go out Sunday."

Suddenly a puff of determination carried him to the closet. He had decided nothing consciously. From its drawers he pulled two white shirts, seven single cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes (only 3 per cent. diluted, of these things bore Little Cupe's own red stamp mark) and was shaking the creases out of a dress suit.

"Drop it!" yelled one medical student. "I've got to wear it this evening." All the rest had to wear theirs too. "Lord, we're sorry," Cupe's own was torn and hadn't been mended. "I can't go," said he, depressed and looking frightened.

"Sure you can. Eb and the girls will understand."

Eb sat in his own "box," his desk topped by two rows of fresh leather books and a black tin box, "Re Moulton." The senior officers opened through the sunny doorways back of him. With business precision he was deciding that he would not stay in town that night, but would go to his home for a nine hours' sleep and in the morning drive to a friend's for the day. With a business chirography that had made Little Cupe when he had seen it predict for him a trust presidency he started to write to his friend to said effect (see above). But he noticed the door.

For thirty seconds a shadow had been hovering over its gray glass. Little Cupe was outside trying to muster courage to knock. At Eb's voice he couldn't go down the elevator, so he pretended he had not heard him and made the glass shiver.

"Come in!" again called Eb. With a frightened little grin Cupe entered. His hands felt cold. He shut the door so that it would not disturb anybody. He held behind him his birthday dress suit case.

"How are you, Cupe?" Eb was always glad to see his friends. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute." And he handed him a fragrant box of cigars. "Have one."

Cupe took one and held his dress suit case in his lap, but he didn't smoke, for he had no matches. Those cigars had always impressed him, and he had often told his medical students that he occasionally dropped into Eb's office and smoked his cigars.

Eb continued writing to his friend that he would be there tomorrow and, handing the note to a messenger who came from the main office—Cupe was greatly impressed—and, leaning back, added: "Well, Cupe, what can I do for you?" as if surveying a client.

The stone faces through the window grinned fiendishly. "Nothin'," answered Cupe. "I was bringin' this empty dress suit case from a store"—he pointed in definitely out toward the street—"and just stopped in. I'm goin' right along, got to go now." He arose meekly and held out his hand, which felt as if its veins pulsed with mist. When he said "empty" dress suit case, the two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes weighed heavy with guilt.

"Can't you come out to dinner?"

Eb thought Cupe would enjoy that more than his boarding house.

"Haven't any dress suit," Eb assured him, but made no difference, not the least. Cupe, after deliberating a proper while whether he could get away, said he guessed he could go, he'd be glad to.

Eb's house hid in a park and was dwelt in by two maidservants, one manservant and a chatty housekeeper. There was but little entertaining, though Eb occasionally brought home some friend for the night.

The room in which Little Cupe stood was pink with flowered wall paper, flowered chairs and a flowered quilt on the bed. He had been shown into this bower by a man with side whiskers and a strange dress suit and who had been very polite. When the man had bent to lift Cupe's dress suit case, Cupe had said, "No, no, no, thanks," and told him and Eb and the chatty housekeeper, who were also in the hall, that he would carry it upstairs himself, for he needed the exercise.

His unfolded dress suit case surged with his two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and the two changes of other clothes. Then he heard girlish voices in the hall; they must be the dinner guests chaperoned by some young wife from across the hedges. They were really the two maidservants.

"Knuckle, knuckle," deferentially on the door.

"Come in," said Cupe. In poked the side whiskered head of the butler or porter. "Will you have a cocktail, sir?"

Cupe's own head was full of dress suits, so he thought the butler said, "Will you have a cocktail?"

"Yes, please," answered Cupe, and while waiting for the dress suit to come began deciding between his two white shirts in the case.

"Knuckle, knuckle," again on the door. Cupe hoped the suit would fit, but it was Eb who entered.

"Knuckle." The butler entered with the cocktail.

"And the cocktail?" inquired Little Cupe. He said this partly to Eb. He would let him upbraid his own servant. Eb stared, the butler stared, the house seemed to sight to Little Cupe.

There had been no relieving feature to the situation. Eb thought Cupe might have meant to say some indelicate joke; the butler or porter probably thought so too. Cupe was now at the dining room table with his napkin fallen to his feet, where he was unable to pick it up. He had entered the dining room very erect, for he had expected to find the invited girls there and wanted them to be favorably impressed and whisper to each other, but he learned he was to be alone with Eb and his only conquest the courses. He didn't know how to take all of them out of the platters, but that same porter or butler was a valuable man and did it for him.

After the dinner Little Cupe felt much relieved. He discussed the paintings, for he had taken a course in "fine arts" once as a "snap" and smoked many cigars. He didn't know when to stop smoking, and Eb marveled.

That's about all that happened to Little Cupe. Eb, who at last realized that Cupe had expected to stay over Sunday, if not a week, explained to him that he himself, unfortunately, had to be away for the day, but urged Cupe to remain and have at his disposal the house and horses.

"No, thanks, no," said Cupe. "I promised the fellows I would be back for church."

This latter tale was unfortunate, for Cupe had to rise in the morning earlier than he would have otherwise.

He felt much like this story, which started with graphic enthusiasm and then wilted away like a bashful schoolboy. But you should have heard the reasons he gave the medical students why he didn't stay over Sunday. Nice Little Cupe!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Sayings About Breadcrumbs.

In the days when the "bread loaf" was dear careful mothers had a set of thrift sayings which are seldom heard in this time of the big, cheap loaf. Crumbs were regularly swept up and kept for some useful purpose.

If a child threw crumbs in the fire, the old fashioned mother lifted a warning finger and said, "If you throw crumbs in the fire, you are feeding the devil." Children were told that the better part of the loaf was the crust, and when a child was sent to the shop for bread the order was to ask for "a crusty loaf." If a child left its crust, came the warning: "Yes, my lady (or my lad), you'll want for a loaf some day. You'll find hunger's a sharp thorn."

—Notes and Queries.

A Quick-Witted Doctor

A certain French surgeon, of whom The Young Ladies' Journal tells, had so much more thought for his patient than for his own safety on one occasion that he resorted to an expedient which although efficacious, might have resulted in his own death.

He had been commissioned to bleed the grand seignior and either through timidity or nervousness had met with an awkward accident. The point of the lancet broke off in the vein, and the blood would not flow.

That point must be got out somehow. Without stopping to consider the consequences to himself, the surgeon gave his highness a violent slap in the face. This produced the desired effect, for surprise and indignation on the part of his august patient put the blood into violent circulation. The vein bled freely, and the lancet point came out.

The bystanders were about to lay hands on the surgeon when he said, "First let me finish the operation and bandage the wound." This done, he threw himself at the feet of the sultan and explained his action.

The sultan not only pardoned him, but gave him a handsome reward for keeping his wits about him in a critical moment.

Had Visited Bartholin.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—Edward Counselman, who was arrested yesterday in connection with the Bartholin-Mitchell murder mystery, was subjected to a rigid examination today, but told nothing that would throw any light on the case. Counselman contradicted himself several times.

The most significant circumstance developed was the fact that he had repeatedly visited Bartholin at his home, twice without the knowledge of the young man's mother, who had ordered him to stay away from the house.

After an hour's questioning, Counselman finally blurted out: "If I knew where William Bartholin was I would not tell you."

Counselman evaded an explanation of why he abused his wife when she refused to return to him the letter that he had received from Bartholin, July 11, summoning him to Bartholin's home, five days after the murder of Mrs. Bartholin.

To Investigate Robbery

Owensboro, Ky., Aug. 17.—Several officials of the Adams-Express Company, who arrived today from St. Louis, have gone to Fordsville to investigate the robbery reported from there yesterday. Nothing has developed to indicate the whereabouts of the \$25,000 which Mr. Boatner asserts he shipped from Deaenville, and which it is alleged was taken from a train there. A man sent out to the agent at Fordsville after its arduous trip, reports that he found the wires cut under the table in the office at Deaenville.

No Redress Against Companies

San Francisco, Aug. 18.—Judge De Haven has decided that those persons having relatives drowned or otherwise lost at sea, have no redress against the steamship company owning or operating the vessel upon which the casualty may have occurred.

The decision was made upon the hearing of the petition of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company for a limitation of liability in the case of the Walla Walla which was lost off the north California coast last January. The decision has excited much interest here and may be appealed from.

For Their Own Calves

A couple of young men were out fishing one day and on returning were going past a farmhouse and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?"

The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

The boys calculated that they had business away, and they went.—Country Gentleman.

TO BE MADE BEAUTIFUL

Will be Transformed Into a Pretty Park

Tenants on the Government Reserve Requested to Vacate Their Premises.

Soon after the completion of the Administration building Commissioner Ross announced that he intended to eventually beautify the grounds adjoining by converting the tract into a splendid park with well kept lawns, flowers, shrubbery and other such accessories which would transform that portion of the city into a spot more pleasing to the eye than the present expanse of ginger-heads dotted here and there with excrescences in the shape of cabins of the vintage of '97. The first step looking toward that end has been taken and in less than a year from today the predictions of the commissioner will have at least partially come true.

Occupying the tract upon the sufferance of the government are the barracks of the Salvation Army, the Masonic hall, the building now utilized by Mr. Tyrrell as a residence and the court of the Dawson Lawn Tennis Club. These have all been notified to vacate the premises occupied by them and as soon as they have found other quarters the buildings not moved will be razed to the ground and carted away.

That portion of the government reserve is about 1000 feet in length and 383 feet in width, extending from Fifth avenue east to a thirty foot alley between Sixth and Seventh avenues, and from Church street south to within 100 feet of Turner street. On the extreme southern end of the tract is a row of lots facing Turner street, that on the corner being occupied by J. Langlois Bell.

The reserve contains a little less than ten acres and can be made into an ideal beauty spot. It is reasonable to presume that the unsightly slough which at present crosses one end of the tract will at some time in the near future be filled in. As a drainage canal it is of little or no consequence and may be easily done away with and no one will be inconvenienced. That done and the ground leveled off and made into a lawn would transform a spot now worthless from an artistic point of view into a veritable oasis.

The idea was the conception of Commissioner Ross and had he not been overtaken by his unfortunate illness it is not at all improbable that active work would have been begun on the scheme ere this. In the matter of providing other sites for the Salvation Army and the Masonic order, a suitable location will be found for them which will answer their purposes equally as well and which they may regard more in the light of a permanent home. None of the tenants on the tract have any

\$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince.

F. J. HEMEN.

Klondike Nugget.

title to the ground occupied by them and thus but little difficulty, if any, will be experienced in causing their removal. The improvement which will result in so beautifying that portion of the city will be of immeasurable benefit in more ways than one. Dawson does not today possess the slightest semblance to a playground for children and a spot of green grass is so seldom seen that it is generally regarded in the light of a curiosity. The possibilities are almost limitless and the scheme is worthy of the most profound approbation.

Margie Newman at Auditorium.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, at Hershberg's.

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