

The Nugget's Children's Department

The Foolers Fooled.

Four little girls, Al-
May, Elsie and Lena, dressed in
day clothes.
Richley, a wealthy and am-
old lady, who walks with a

A room or out of doors.
May and Lena are dancing

Oh, look at your dress,
Brown! won't your mother
when she sees that tear!

No such thing! April Fool!
Girls, here comes Elsie Scott.
play a trick on her. She thinks
too good to play with us, but
put on such airs. She
been invited to Mrs. Richley's
afternoon, and we all

I wonder why? Perhaps
Richley doesn't like her nieces
with Elsie.
I don't blame her; Elsie is

I'll tell you what—let's get
envelope with a blank sheet of
it, address it to her and
think it's an invitation.
get one. (May goes out as
comes in).
(shyly): Oh, how do you do,
and Laura: Hello!
Been April fooled yet, El-

(laughing): Me? No one has
anyway, I never get fooled.
Well, you must be a Miss
Never get fooled!
Are you going to Mrs.
party this afternoon?
(slowly): No, I think I
go.
Ahem, ahem. We are going.
you've invited the first thing. Here
May, I wonder what that let-
ter is waving.

(entering): Oh, hello, Elsie.
a letter for you. I found it
street. (Hands letter to Elsie
other girls giggle.)
(delightfully): A letter for
How sweet of you to come
with it, May. Thank you very

don't mention it.
I know what is in it. It looks
an invitation to Mrs. Richley's
party, doesn't it, Laura. It's just
one of her envelopes.
What a surprise!

(blushing): No, and I can't
read why.
She takes envelope, opens paper,
while the others stand
behind Mrs. Richley.

Laura and Alice: April fool.
Richley (who is a little deaf):
What do you mean,
girls? How do you do? Have
you seen—why, dear me,
Elsie Scott, now reading it.
(Elsie): My dear, I see you've
been April fooled.

(shyly): Good afternoon,
Richley. May Brown was kind
enough to bring me your letter, and
thank you so much for asking me
to the party. I know mother will
be coming.

Richley: There was some mis-
take about mailing the letter yester-
day and I said I would be sure to
put it into your own hands. Why,
wouldn't dream of forgetting you.
The name was the very first one
mentioned by my nieces when I of-
fered to give this party.

(to May): What has hap-
pened? Did you play a trick on us?
Elsie: May Brown, what have you
done? We thought it was an April
fool letter.

(perplexedly): So did I, honor
to me. I fixed it as we planned and
shipped it as I ran, but I must
have found the wrong letter. Now,
what shall we do?

Richley: Good-bye, little
girls. I hope you will all come—
especially you, Elsie, for my nieces are
fond of you.

(Good-bye, Mrs. Richley, and
the girls go.)
(turning to the others): Oh,
how so delighted. I could not imag-
ine why I had been left out, and
thank you, May, for the letter.
Girls, I am ashamed of my
own skill. I'm going to tell. (To Elsie)
I hope we—
Elsie: Yes, Elsie, we meant—
Laura: We meant to fool you, El-
sie.
But you didn't, did you?

Chick's Complaint

All: No, and we are very glad. We
want to tell you—
Elsie: Never mind telling—just
think of the fun we will have at the
party.
With arms over each other's shoulders
they dance from side to side, as the
curtain falls.

I wish I hadn't never left my mam-
ma, yes I do,
I'm cold and hungry—peep, peep,
peep—and much afraid of you.
If you were just an incubator chick-
en, you'd be too.

When first I cracked my little shell,
and saw the light of day,
I had a hundred other chicks to help
me play and play,
But now a dreadful man has come
and carried them away.

But I'm pure white, an Easter chick,
his daughter said,
And so I am her Easter gift to be
indulged and fed—
And I will whisper this to you, "I'd
rather—most—be dead!"

I miss my mamma incubator's warm
and pleasant air;
To take a little chick away I hardly
think is fair;
Indeed, I think I'd run to her if only
I could dare.

Still, it is really not so bad as if I
had been candy.
For then I'd pop in Missy's mouth
which always is quite handy,
And never live to show the world
that I can be a dandy.

Here's Missy now—what's that she
says? She'll give me to old Spot?
That is a dear old hen, I'm sure—
I'd rather go than not.
Good-bye—when next you see me I'll
have grown an awful lot.

Aunt Kate's Penny Lecture

Easter day! Doesn't that sound
beautiful and joyful, and make you
think of lovely flowers and music and
budding trees and green grass and
kind thoughts?

I know a little girl who has a very
tender heart, though at times she
forgets that others have feelings too
—or she forgets until afterward.

Once there were guests at this little
girl's house, and in the family
was a dinner table, and a maid
was at the door, and a lady
was sitting in the room
directly over the dining room.

"Dear me," said her mother next day
"why did my little girl make such a
noise last night? You spoiled our
dinner by your crying."

"Oh," wailed the culprit, with an-
other burst of tears, "I was so sorry
mamma—the tears ran through!"

We are about to enter the month of
tears—April. But those tears belong
to the skies, not to us, and we
should do all that we can to stop the
tears—or the cause of tears. And a
very good way is the way our grand-
mothers were told to do—think twice
before saying or doing anything
which will make another person cry.

If it twice doesn't work, think three
times—or four. And in three cases
out of four you will find that instead
of saying or doing some mean little
thing which is unworthy of your
beautiful little self, you will say
some sweet word or do some pretty
act which will bring Easter gladness
and smiles, no matter what the sea-
son.

Ye Pigge Book

Any clever boy or girl can make
"Ye Pigge Book" of drawing paper
or any unwrinkled paper about five
by six inches in size, and contain-
ing about fifty pages; cover it neat-
ly with brown linen on which can be
painted, in black or gilt or colors,
fanciful designs together with a pic-
ture of a pig in the lower left hand
corner. This book can be strapped
with a broad elastic, or tied with
ribbon and a pencil-holder of a loop
of ribbon can easily be fastened to
one side.

On the inside cover of the book are
the directions which must be follow-
ed accurately to see the fun:
You may be clever and you may be
wise,
But can you draw a pig with tight
shut eyes?
Now take up your pencil and try
your skill,
And after it sign your name with a
good will.

This can amuse a roomful of peo-
ple, for the pig is very hard to hitch
together, and the eye and the tail

That Rogers Boy.

That boy of Rogers', Lord spare me
From rasin' such a one as he!
Ef ever mischief was boiled down
Into a freckled, red-haired clown,
And turned loose on two spindlin'
shanks,
T'bother mankind with his pranks,
'Twas that ar boy o' Rogers!

Th' warn't no question that he'd be
Inside the penitentiary
Afore he was a man full grown;
He could conspire more tricks
Than any boy I ever seed;
Th' biggest scamp, we all agreed,
Was that ar boy o' Rogers!

He went to school, then went out
west;
I 'low we thought it was the best
Thing that had a-happened yit
When he made up his mind t' git;
For us he couldn't go too fur,
An' we all said 'good riddance,'
sir,
T' that ar boy o' Rogers!

He left us twenty years ago:
I was out west a month or so
Las' spring, an' Jack, my boy, says
he,
'I'll take ye up today t' see
Th' Governor!' Wall, sir, I'm non-
plused.
I knew him when I seed him fust;
'Twas that ar boy o' Rogers!

Last Shot of the War.

"I alone, sire, am the rear guard
of the Grand Army!" exclaimed
Marshal Ney as he fired the last shot
at the Cossacks on the banks of the
Berzina. This melancholy feature of
Napoleon's disastrous Russian cam-
paign will doubtless be recalled by a
few survivors of the last battle of
the Civil War when they hear of the
death of Gen. Egbert Brown.

When a line of Confederate caval-
ry was slowly retiring from the field on
the plains of Brazos Santiago in
Texas, where the blue and the gray
had met in deadly encounter, for the
last time a soldier turned in his sad-
dle and after repeating the words of
the great French Marshal, he threw
his gun to his shoulder and fired. It
proved to be the last shot of the last
battle and it was certainly the last
shot of the long war. Fortunately,
as a matter favorable to the truth
of history the man who achieved dis-
tinction in connection with this
memorable event is a perfectly re-
liable man. His name is S. H. Barton.
He was a captain in the Con-
federate army, and he was held in
high esteem by his superiors and
dearly loved by the brave Texans
with whom he shared the privations he
shared on the march and in the
trenches where balls fell like hail.
Promotion sought him many times
after the smoke of battle had cleared
from a red field and soldiers were
talking of his dauntless courage, but
he preferred to serve with the com-
rades of his boyhood.

He now lives at Del Rio, in west-
ern Texas, where he owns one of the
most desirable small ranches in the
state and considerable valuable town
property. Everybody knows Capt.
Barton, and those who have known
him long and intimately speak of
him in the highest terms of praise.
He has lately purchased the Del Rio
Record, and doubtless will some day
tell the public all about the last bat-
tle of the war.

There are others still living who
can bear witness to the fact that
Capt. Barton fired the last shot at
Brazos Santiago, and, strangely
enough, among these is an old sol-
dier of the name of Ney, who claims
that he is a descendant of the fam-
ous French Marshal who fired the
last shot at the Cossacks.

A reliable citizen of Del Rio, in
discussing this matter said: "Capt.
Barton is sure that he fired the last
shot at the close of the last battle
of the civil war, and I believe him,
for he is a perfectly truthful man,
and he would not misrepresent a
matter of that kind in the least, not
even to have his fame spread over
forty pages of history."

The story of that last battle,
which was fought on the 13th of
May, 1865, after the war was ended
and peace declared, has escaped the
attention that it merits, for it was
an affair of no little importance.

Gen. Egbert Brown, who recently
died at West Plains, Mo., was in
command of the Federal troops in
southern Texas, and he was doubt-
less well informed concerning the ter-
mination of hostilities. Gen. J. E.
Slaughter, who commanded the Con-
federate troops encamped at Brazos
Santiago, had heard rumors of the
surrender of the armies commanded
by Lee, Johnston and other generals,
but had received no official notice
of these facts from the war department.
Gen. Brown, under a flag of truce,
informed the Confederates of the
state of affairs about Washington and

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naval circles and is generally com-
mended by the press. One of his
colleagues, however, Vice-Admiral
Penrose Fitzgerald, has written to
the London "Times" a criticism of
Lord Beresford's utterances.
Referring to his Lordship's speech
before the London Chamber of Com-
merce, March 14th, Admiral Fitz-
gerald characterizes it as "all gas;
brilliant gas, incandescent gas, if you
will, but still gas." Admiral Fitz-
gerald maintains that the Admiralty
is quite able to meet an internation-
al emergency. He admits that some
minor reforms may be desirable, but
says:
"It is not necessary to upset the
coach because one of the wheels want
greasing, nor is it desirable to wash
our dirty linen in public, supposing
we have any."

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Job printing at Nugget office.

Richmond, at the same time inviting
them to come in and lay down their
arms, as the war was certainly
over.

Gen. Slaughter refused to act in an
affair of such importance until he
was better informed. Thereupon Col.
Barret, at the head of a considerable
force, was despatched to break up
the rebel camp. A hot battle en-
sued, and curiously enough, most of
the fighting was done on the old
field of Palo Alto, where Gen. Tay-
lor achieved a victory over the Mex-
icans nearly twenty years before. The
French soldiers encamped on the
southern shore of the Rio Grande
were in sympathy with the southern-
ers, and they kept Gen. Slaughter
and Col. Rip Ford posted as to the
movements of the Federal troops.
Several spirited encounters occurred
and the loss sustained by some of the
negro regiments must have been
severe. While the battle raged the
Confederates were frequently in-
formed by some bold cavalryman in blue
that the war was over. One daring
fellow shouted, "Lee surrendered a
month ago. The war is ended. Why
don't you go home?"

When the engagement was hottest
Gen. Slaughter received despatches
and the French sent him a bundle
of newspapers. Fully satisfied that
the cause for which they were fighting
was forever lost, he ordered the fir-
ing to cease. At that particular mo-
ment neither side could have claimed
any advantage over the other, but
both armies began to retire from the
field at the same time.

As Capt. S. H. Barton, in com-
mand of the rear guard, was slowly
riding away a stray ball struck a
young man by his side, and he fell
from his saddle. That was certainly
the last man killed in the long war.
Capt. Barton was unable to recall
his name, but he has it in a note-
book which he will publish some day.
"I thought that was hard luck,"
says the old soldier. "The young
man had served four years and never
got a scratch. The last bullet that
came out way killed him. Prompted
more by spite at fate than bitter-
ness toward the enemy, I turned in
my saddle and fired toward a dark
blue line, which I hope was out of
range. That was certainly the last
shot of the great war."—St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

He Had One Trial.

I heard at Uncle Jim White's, at
the base of the Cumberland, that
they had trouble with a preacher at
Thompsons Cove, half way up the
mountain, but I did not get at the
rights of the case until arriving at
the Cove. Then Aunt Sally Benson
sat down to explain matters to me.

"It was this way, yo' see," she be-
gan, as she smoothed out the
wrinkles in her calico dress. "Our
preacher, he'un left us about three
months ago, and we hadn't any
preachin' for a long time, when Tol-
iver Barnes lights on a critter over
the ridge.

"Toliver totes him over yere as
proud as yo' please, and he says to
all of us that the elder is the fittest
man to make us all fitten that he
ever did meet up with. It was three
Sundays ago that the elder sot out
to pound the Bible and tell us about
Dan'l in the lions' den, and I do de-
clar' to goodness he got along as
pearl as pertness for about half an
hour. Then he began to mix things
up."

"How mix?" I asked.

"Why, he dun let go of Dan'l and
took up moonshine whiskey, and the
revenoo, and when he closed nobody
could make out the pint he was try-
in' for. It was Tom Hope as slides
up to him and says:
"Elder, mebbe that war' a power-
ful sermon, but didn't yo' mix up
things a leetle?"

"I didn't reckon to," says the
elder. "I was warnin' yo', as it is
my dooty to do, agin bustin' the
revenoo laws by makin' moonshine
whisky."

"But yo' let go of Dan'l," says
Tom.

"I had to," says the elder.
"And yo' left out Jomer."
"Had to do that, too."
"And nuthin' was said about
Elijah."

"He'll come in later."
"He never will," says Tom, feel-
in' that all of us was back of him.
"If you'un dun come over yere to
leave Moses in the bulrushes while
yo' go smellin' around for moonshine
whisky, why, yo' kin pick up yo'r
feet and tote yo'r body back over the
hilltop and be dawg-goned to yo'."

"And that's why we hain't got no
preacher no mo'," continued Aunt
Sally, as she rose up, "and that's
why my ole man and Tom Hope and
the rest of 'em ar' runnin' off 10
kegs of whisky a day and waitin' fur
somebody to cum along and tel 'em
how the whale swallered Jomer!"—
Detroit Free Press.

Beresford's Speech.

London, March 22.—Rear-Admiral
Lord Charles Beresford's outspoken
criticism of the methods of the Brit-
ish Admiralty since his return to

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