

CLARKE MEN ON THE RUN

Clarke Himself Appeared at the Rousing Meeting at South Dawson Last Night—Speeches by J. McGillivray and T. D. Macfarlane.

The meeting of Ross supporters at South Dawson last night was a by no means a general election, and his experience of the western people was that they always showed too much good sense to attempt to elect an opposition candidate in a by-election. In all new parts of the country, in all the northwestern portion of the Dominion, the communities were looking for the aid and support of the government. They could not afford to stand out on party lines and handicap themselves and the future by sending an opposition candidate (applause).

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Grand Cache of the Pioneers of the Klondike.

The recently organized lodge of Pioneers of the Klondike held an enthusiastic meeting last night at which officers for the Grand Cache were elected. It was intended also to elect officers for the Dawson lodge but that was postponed until next Saturday evening when the meeting will be held in the Eagle hall opposite the Nugget office. A badge emblematic of the order was adopted. It consists of a representation of a man with a pack on his back ascending a hill, the badge bearing the mystic letters P.O.K. August 14, the day of the discovery of gold by Geo. Carmack on Bonanza, will be commemorated as a day particularly sacred to the order. The following are the officers of the grand cache elected: Grand past chief musher, N. A. Fuller; grand chief musher, W. H. Welch; grand vice chief musher, R. B. Craig; grand missionary, H. M. Henning; grand recorder, George Brimston; grand keeper of the poke, William Fairbanks; grand dog puncher, H. Grotchier; grand inside watchman of the cache, Capt. Alcock; grand outside watchman of the cache, C. N. Pring; keepers of the grand cache, Louis E. Miller, R. Abernathy, George H. Barnes, Harry Cribb and P. Carey.

SCARCITY OF WATER.

Water Company Sinking Its Well Another Eight Feet.

The cold snap of yesterday developed a scarcity in the water supply, which D. A. Matheson is now remedying. The Dawson Water Company's well has been sunk this season to a depth of 28 feet, which was thought a sufficient depth to gather sufficient water for all city purposes, but during yesterday the water in the well fell three feet and there was consequently a scarcity of water in the mains. Mr. Matheson has a big gang of men at work on the well and hopes to have it down another eight feet by tomorrow morning. Meanwhile, the N. C. Company, for fear that for fire purposes, today began putting in a two-inch steam pipe under the four-inch main, to keep it from freezing. This main, however, does not carry water that can be used for household purposes, as it comes direct from the Yukon river. The men expect to get the new steam pipe in by midnight tonight. The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

A Bearer of Glad Tidings.

The heavy train came to a standstill and then quickly drew away again, roaring and rumbling across the fields and disappearing from the gaze of the loungers on the station in a billow of mingled smoke and steam. The time of the train's stop was very brief, but it afforded opportunity for a neat young woman to step aboard. She was a pretty young woman, and the stationmaster looked after her admiringly.

"The new girl that's teaching up to the academy," he muttered to himself. "I wonder where she is going."

The young woman walked through the day coach and found that every seat was occupied. The car was uncomfortable full, in fact, and the air was very unwholesome. The girl was glad to open the door and pass out on the platform. Then she moved ahead into a parlor coach. She was a girl of a frugal mind, an inheritance, perhaps, from her New England ancestors, and she hesitated a little at the thought of incurring an extra expense. But she really could not go back into that fetid atmosphere again. The parlor coach was comfortably filled and she was moving along the aisle looking for a seat when a man beckoned to her and pointed to the seat beside him.

"You are quite welcome to this," he said as she paused in the aisle. The girl thanked him and took the seat. He was a man above the middle height, with pale hair and a reserved yet not unfriendly look. He was leaning back in his chair with an air of fatigue, and the girl noticed that his left wrist was carefully bandaged.

Presently the conductor came through and paused beside the young woman and she handed him her tickets. As she did so she fancied the man beside her gave the official a little nod and he passed on. She looked after him. Then she turned to the man.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but these seats are not free, are they?"

"No," he gravely replied, "but I want you to accept the one you occupy with my compliments." The girl flushed.

"I couldn't think of it," she hastily said.

"Why not?" queried the stranger. "I had already paid for it. It is a custom I have to secure two seats so that I may choose my company if I desire any. Besides," he gravely added, "I am going to ask a favor of you presently that will be an ample equivalent for the price of the seat."

He was so quiet, so gentlemanly, that Laura Brainard found it difficult to take offense. Besides he was old enough to be her father and she fancied there really was something of a resemblance between her hard working parent and this careworn stranger.

The careworn stranger looked at her as if with a new interest.

"You are going to Yarrowbo," he said.

"Yes," she answered. She fancied he must have seen her ticket.

"I knew it when I noticed the college colors at your throat," he said.

"Is Yarrowbo your college, too?" Laura quickly asked. Somehow this stranger seemed to draw her confidence in spite of her resolution to hold no converse with him.

He slowly shook his head.

"No," he answered, "all my alma maters are adopted."

Which seemed to Laura a very singular speech.

"But you take an interest in Yarrowbo?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, "a lively interest. I admire the old school, and I admire its bustling young president. I've been reading up on Yarrowbo lately and am beginning to feel quite well acquainted with its work and its people. May I ask your name?"

put the school favorably before the public. They have all that to thank him for."

"I hope he will appreciate their gratitude," said the stranger. "He seems to be in a way to earn it rather cheaply."

"Not at all," said Laura gravely. "It was to cancel the debt for the chair, you know."

"That's the spirit that made the annual a financial success, I fancy," he laughed. "But now tell me about this trip to Yarrowbo. It is a reunion, I believe?"

"Yes," said Laura. "It is a reunion of all the friends of the old school. You have heard of the Geo. D. Stoneman offer, haven't you?"

"I have seen something in the papers about it," the stranger replied.

"Mr. Stoneman offered Yarrowbo \$100,000," said Laura, "on condition that President Briscoe could raise a like sum. Yarrowbo greatly needs the money for new buildings, and the president has worked very hard to secure the amount, but it has been a discouraging task."

"Then you think that he will fail?" said the stranger.

"I understood yesterday that he lacked nearly \$20,000 of the sum required," replied Laura.

"That seems too bad," said the stranger.

There was a great gathering in the chapel that night. The reunions of Old Yarrowbo were always well attended, but this quite surpassed all the records. They had been singing the old songs, and giving the old yells, and doing it all with a vim that seemed to be flavored with a sturdy defiance of the unpleasant fact that they had lost in the great race for the Stoneman purse.

And now the slender young president was telling the story of the losing struggle. As he neared the finish he feeling spoke of the good that had come from the effort. How it had knitted the college friends closer together and brought the institution and its work before an approving public. "We have failed to secure the Stoneman endowment," he concluded, "it slips away from us because we need nearly \$20,000 to complete the equal fund, yet who shall say that we are losers in the end?"

There was a little silence as he sat down. It was the unconscious tribute of sympathy. And then from a front row a young woman arose and stepped forward and beckoned to the president. He came to the edge of the platform and bent down. As he straightened up he announced that Miss Laura Brainard of the class of '01 had a communication which she desired to read to the audience. It was a trying ordeal for Laura, but she bravely ascended the steps and walked to the front. There was a little ripple of applause for Laura as she stepped forward, but she checked it with averted head. In the old fashion she bowed to the president and then to the audience.

"Friends of Old Yarrowbo," she said in her clearest and steadiest tones. "I have here a message for your school. It comes from a friend whose wish it was that I should deliver it to you in person."

She paused and with fingers that could not help but tremble opened the envelope. Her face suddenly flushed as she spread out the sheet of paper within. Then she bravely read it through. "My dear Miss Brainard," it began, "will you please convey to the president and trustees of Old Yarrowbo, with my best regards, the enclosed addition to their subscription fund? It has one condition attached. The amount herewith given is to be devoted to the erection of a gymnasium for girls, and it is my wish that the trustees who have charge of the matter will consult freely with you regarding the character and appointments of the building. Very truly your friend, GEO. D. STONEMAN."

As Laura finished the reading she stepped back and handed a fluttering slip of paper to the president, who arose to meet her. He took it with a low and went forward.

"My dear friends," he said in trembling tones. "Mr. Stoneman has added \$20,000 to our subscription list, and this secures to us his original offer."

He stepped back to Laura as a great shout went up. Her face was still flushed and her eyes were glistening. But she smiled as he took her hands and gravely said:

"My dear girl, I never before understood how beautiful are the messengers who bring us glad tidings."—W. R. ROSE in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hay and Ice Cream
"I have had all I want of the Klondike," said Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, to a Spokane reporter. "I played freeroot there for three years and quit loser. It was the first time I ever played the game and I shiver with cold yet when I think of it."

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Masked Robbers. Denver, Col., Oct. 7.—Two masked men held up and robbed four saloons in as many different sections of the city within an hour and a half last night, and at the last place shot and instantly killed Charles Blykin, who started to run as they made their appearance. The entire police force was put on their trail. The robbery all occurred in thickly settled parts of the city.

Another Combine. New York, Oct. 7.—Efforts are being made to form a \$40,000,000 combination of manufacturers and sellers of patented railway supplies, according to the Herald. The proposed combine is to include the manufacturers of car roofs, springs, doors, breakshoes and beams.

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