

Guided by Mother Love

Mother love has made of Marion Thornton Egbert a wanderer.

Mother love has enticed her from city to city. It has lured her from east to west through America, from west to east through Europe. Disguised as a man, as a sister of charity, as a beggar she has wandered ceaselessly, searching for the foot-prints of the little daughter who was kidnaped from her side two years ago.

Friends feared for her mind, but on she went. No hardship was too great, no disguise too difficult. She suffered in body, but smiled at the pain, so slight was it compared to the pain at her heart.

Her baby girl had been taken from her. The most unselfish, the most tender, the most perfect love in the world upheld her.

Somewhere in the world her child, her little Erica, was living without her. Somewhere another woman perhaps fondled her, other hands touched the soft threads of her golden hair, other cheeks received the caresses of her dimpled lips, other ears heard the baby prattle.

These were the thoughts that haunted Mrs. Egbert on her weary trip and drove her ceaselessly on and on.

On the day of little Erica's disappearance, a fatal day in September of the year 1900, her mother registered a vow that wherever her child might be, however remote her hiding place, she would find her and clasp her in her arms.

That vow she has kept. Guided by mother love and mother instinct she has recovered her. After a search that has led her through America, Europe and Asia, Mrs. Marion Thornton Egbert has finally succeeded in regaining custody and control of her child.

Nearly two years have passed since that day in September when Erica Egbert, a dainty, dimpled darling of three, started out with her mother for a walk.

Mrs. Egbert had had unhappiness in her life, yet in that hour there was no hint of it in her face. It was known in Chicago, where she had been married some years before to Dr. William J. Egbert, a prominent dentist, that she and her husband had separated. After their wedding they had gone to India to live. There Dr. Egbert has become famous. He is court dentist to the potentates and princes of India, he has received presents and decorations and fees that attest his popularity.

He was popular in many places, but not in his home. Who is wrong, who is right is not for us to decide. What the public knows absolutely is that Mrs. Egbert had returned to Chicago in ill health, bringing with her a lovely little girl, who was born in India.

On that fatal September day that marked the last walk together many a neighbor looked out at the window and waved a greeting as they passed by.

Suddenly the block on Madison avenue where they lived seemed to be in a commotion.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, when she least expected him, her husband, Dr. Egbert, had stood before her. She had not seen him for months.

"Hello! How are you?" he exclaimed.

Baby Erica held up her doll in greeting. Her father stooped over her and lifted her in his arms. Instinctively the child turned and stretched out her hands to her mother. The doll crashed to the pavement.

It seemed to Mrs. Egbert that in that very same second her husband, bearing his precious burden, had jumped into a waiting carriage. The screams of her baby and the clattering of horses' hoofs reached the distracted mother where she stood. She tore after the carriage. A second man, whom she recognized as Mr. Font, her husband's stepbrother, thrust her rudely back. She fell to the ground, stupefied, trembling, in tears.

A crowd of bicyclers started in pursuit of the carriage. Police officers were summoned from the nearest station to track down the kidnapers.

She waited, expecting momentarily to hear that her baby had been found. Hours passed and there was no trace of her. One after the other the pursuers returned with the same story of failure.

It was then that Mrs. Egbert sprang to her feet.

"I will find my child," she cried, "wherever she may be, if the search takes me to the ends of the earth."

Within a week after little Erica's disappearance her devoted mother had begun her journey. In order that no hint of her purpose might reach

Dr. Egbert she went forth disguised as a nun.

In San Francisco she discovered the first trace of her baby.

She was told that such a man as she described had been there. Yes, he was a doctor, he had been seen there with such a child as Erica. He had rooms in a boarding house, in what is known as the Mission.

The news sent the nun flying out through the city.

"Faster!" she cried to the driver of her cab, "faster, faster!"

She moved swiftly to the basement door of the lodging-house that had been indicated to her as the one that sheltered her child. A maid answered her ring.

"A crust of bread," breathed the white-faced nun. She leaned against the side of the house, and the maid pityingly asked if she were sick.

"Is there a doctor here?" gasped the distracted mother at the first opportunity.

"There was," answered the girl, "till this morning."

The nun's face grew whiter still, so white that the girl tried to draw her into the house to recover.

"Oh, tell me when he left," she cried. "Did he have a child with him?"

"Yes, yes. He was Doctor Egbert."

"Where has he gone?" cried the nun.

"He said he was going to India," answered the wondering maid, and then she added that he had set sail that morning by steamer to China.

The nun waited to hear no more. She staggered to the street and back to the town, where, in the surging crowd, intent each one on pleasure or business of his own, she passed unnoticed.

For twenty-four hours the mother was obliged to wait over. It seemed like as many months. She petitioned the police to aid her. They counseled her to wait. Wait! She waited only for daylight.

It came at last, and on a steamer bound for China the black-robed nun set sail.

In anxiety that no words may describe she arrived at last in Yokohama.

Before night the mother was speeding to Madras, where she and Doctor Egbert had lived before Erica was born.

He was at his home on the hill. Surely the good nun would find him there.

Shabby, her black robes fast turning gray, tired and wan, the nun stood watching the windows of the great house for a sight of her baby's face.

"Just one glimpse," she prayed for before she invoked the aid of American lawyers and American friends.

The mother's prayer was heard. Little Erica had a custom all her own of kissing her hand to the stars to say good-night. It was her bedtime. In the front room a light shone. In her nurse's arms for a fleeting instant the child appeared at the window, in full view of the mother's longing eyes.

There was a pain in the mother's heart, a pang of jealousy, but at the same time a prayer of gratitude.

Her darling was safe.

From that hour the mother began a legal fight to recover her child.

In Madras they became accustomed to the black-robed figure that day by day watched for a sight of a golden-haired baby.

At last it became known that Mrs. Egbert and the nun were one and the same person. She threw off her disguise and began the fight which the other day ended for her in victory.

It has taken her nearly two years to recover her child. But she has won at last. Little Erica is returning to America with her mother, legally hers for many years yet, as she is only five years old.

She understands at least that she has the right once more to whisper the sacred word "Mother." — San Francisco Examiner.

Band of Sheep Killed

John Day City, Ore., July 28. — Word has reached here from Murderer's Creek in Grant county, that 280 sheep belonging to J. C. Moore of Mount Vernon were slaughtered, presumably by settlers and cattlemen. Murderer's Creek is a remote summer range district and, according to the information, several armed men came upon the band at night and commenced firing buckshot into them. The next day 280 dead sheep were found.

Mrs. Smith—So you think your son Reginald will make a great pianist?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, indeed. Why, the little darling won't ever take a lesson unless we pay him for it.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Found Dead in a Dive.

Chicago, July 28.—Her face black from strangulation and blood flowing from a wound in the side of her head the body of an unidentified woman, about 32 years old and fashionably garbed, was found in a wine room of Henry O'Hara's saloon in Wells street near the river early this morning. The police soon after arrested James Grant and Edward Goff, said to have been seen in the company of the woman.

The policemen on duty in Wells street were notified by an unknown man that a woman was dead in the saloon. The officers at once entered the place, allowing the unknown man to pass on. In a rear room they found the dead woman. Other women and men who were found drinking at tables in the place seemed to be ignorant of the tragedy that had occurred so near.

The dead woman is unknown to the frequenters of the saloon and from her appearance the police say they do not believe she was accustomed to enter such saloons. The theory of the police is that she was drugged, taken into the saloon and there killed. Bloodstains were found on the collar, necktie and shirt of one of the men under arrest.

Third Victim Found.

St. Paul, Minn., July 27.—Another body, that of a man believed to be W. E. Farrell of Butte, was found today in the debris of the Milwaukee train wrecked near Eiterra, Minn., on Friday night. The body was terribly mutilated, but was apparently that of a man about thirty years of age. A molder's union card was found bearing the name of W. E. Farrell, Butte, Mont., also a pocketbook bearing the name of John M. Farrell, Butte, Mont.

This makes the third fatality resulting from the wreck.

Desperado Shot.

El Paso, Tex., July 27.—"Black Jack" McDonald, a noted border desperado, was shot and killed in his saloon at Jaurez, Mexico, this afternoon, by an American whose name is unknown. The shooting was the result of a game of dice between "Black Jack" and three Americans. Two of the Americans fled and made good their escape, while the third was captured. "Black Jack" was no relative of the train robber of the same name.

The Sleuths of Seattle.

Every day comes a story, rich, rare and racy.

Of the tramp of the thousand on the heels of one Tracy.

One lone, single outlaw, who is foot-sore and tired,

Battling an army of sleuths that are hired,

Who chase him through cities, through ranches and bogs

With rifles and cannons, with ships and with dogs.

Today they are hotly in pursuit of a scent

From a place whence Tracy "had only just went."

Tomorrow they'll say, "He's gone o'er the Sound,"

To capture a vessel which is Alaskan wards bound.

Next day he'll appear, perhaps in Seattle.

Where all is at peace and none to give battle.

The sheriff and his thousand on Bel-lingham's Bay,

Tracy will stroll along old Yester Way

Buying revolvers and things for his kit,

With which to extend the "glad hand" and "big mitt"

To the thousand returning band of bushrangers

Who are braving the swamps and facing the dangers

Of a shot from the single but truly aimed rifle

In the hands of a man who thinks it a trifle

To kill a half-dozen of the sleuths of Seattle,

Who to him are no more than so many cattle.

When Tracy is captured 'twill be on the day

That Gabriel's old trumpet has sounded its lay.

The band of one thousand will have gone to the Lord,

And the devil will capture the six thousand reward.

—A. E. Chantler, in The Missoulian.

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Santos-Dumont Arrives

New York, July 32.—Geo. Voy L. Mayer, United States ambassador to Italy, and Alberto Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, were among the passengers of the steamship Kron Prinz Wilhelm which arrived today from Bremen. Santos-Dumont who is scheduled to make a series of ascensions near New York, said he was very glad there would be several competitors for the prizes offered at the St. Louis exposition, as it would stimulate interest in the building of airships.

There is great excitement in Belmont county, O., over the discovery of a new oil field at Uniontown. A well was brought in yielding 250 barrels and a second well that is estimated at 100 barrels was struck.

\$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mal-amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripes, 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.

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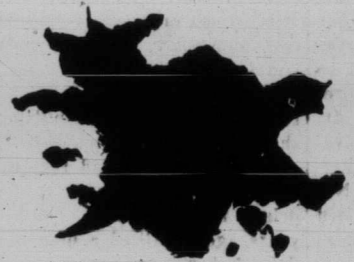
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