

### A Romance of Philadelphia

There is something attractive about real romances, especially one that has occurred many years ago. Perhaps it is because the people of the past were different from ourselves and more different than we are from each other.

How different from that immense city which today is spread over thousands of acres, whose streets are adorned except with colossal buildings and whose people are engaged in the mad rush for money! Then beautiful trees lined her thoroughfares, her houses were quaint little buildings, and her Quaker population wore broad brimmed hats, broad tailed coats and knee breeches.

Polly Pennell, nineteen years old, was the daughter of a Philadelphia Quaker father—the strictest sect a Pharisee—and a Church of England mother. Polly was pretty as a picture and had hosts of admirers, all of whom were sharply watched by her curmudgeon father. Her most intimate friend was Rebecca Hamilton. Rebecca was not to the taste of old Pennell, she being of the world, worldly. She took a fancy to Polly, however, and soon after their first meeting one Sunday, after church she came down the street carrying aloft a beaver hat, two feet on the brim, looking for all the world like a balloon jib, leg of mutton sleeves, for spinnakers, and gloves laced to the elbows. The rest of her rig was a profusion of full and India muslin. Meeting Polly, she swooped down upon her and carried her off to dinner.

Polly was rescued by her Quaker attendants and received a severe admonition to restrain the worldly creature. But Rebecca was as much to Polly's taste as she was to Polly's parents' distaste. A high bred dame, she disdained conventionalities as only necessary for inferior people who did not know how to behave themselves and made her own rules. Within a week after the rescue Polly had visited her in her home. There she was taken in to dinner by a young Virginian, the very antipodes of a Quaker, named Francis Dulaney. His dress was far more effective in impressing a young girl than the con-

ventional black "steel pan jacket" of today—a canary colored waistcoat embroidered with blooming red silk roses, a claret colored coat (with cuffs), flat brass buttons the size of a modern individual butter plate, breeches and stockings of the color of the coat, buckles on his shoes and plenty of lace about his throat. How could any young girl resist a handsome fellow in such attire? Polly certainly did not resist him, for she fell in love with him, and her love was returned. Rebecca Hamilton fostered the courtship not only for sympathy with the young couple, but to score a point on the Quakers.

Think of the broad brim hatted, coal scoop coated old Pennell having for a son-in-law a young man addressed like Francis Dulaney! Fancy the scene when these two costumes containing the two men stood before each other and the younger man, a perfect stranger to the older, asked for the hand of his daughter! Of course he was refused. Could Quaker drab mate with canary and claret color? One might as well think of a daughter of a prophet mating with a spangled circus rider. The old man stood rigid, listening to the young one's entreaties, then gave a curt refusal, and Dulaney beat a sullen retreat. Pennell sent for his daughter. Instead of meeting an obedient child he found a firm woman. She told him that she had pledged herself to marry Dulaney and would do so.

Pennell placed Polly under the care of his sister, Patience, a woman more austere, more Quaker dressed, more commanding, than her brother. Polly was forbidden to leave the house unaccompanied by her aunt and her father made preparations to take her to England.

One crisp October morning in 1800 Pennell put on his broad brimmed hat, took his long staff with a silver head as big as a dinner bell, and went down town. The duenna went to her room to put it in order. She had no sooner entered than the door was locked from the outside. The family black servant, was locked in the cellar. Then Polly, pale and excited, came downstairs and, pausing a moment to bid farewell to home, sallied forth, followed by her maid. Under a large buttonwood tree standing on a corner, were Dulaney and Miss Hamilton, with the Hamiltons' tilbury. Entering the tilbury,

the party were driven to the home of the Hamiltons. All the wedding arrangements had been completed. No less a personage than the mayor of the town performed the ceremony, and Andrew Hamilton gave away the bride.

When Mr. Pennell returned to his home, he found a gaping crowd of broad brims before his house, attracted by the screams of his sister and his servant, who were demanding to be unlocked. Entering, he found the house abandoned by the child whom he had striven to keep from mingling with the sinful world. But, though he considered a canary colored waistcoat embroidered with flowers the livery of Satan, he did not consider forgiveness a part of salvation. He never forgave his daughter and died unrepentant.

Dulaney took his wife to Virginia, that home of the iniquitous Cavaliers who, in 1800, they had cut their hair, were still sufficiently sinful to wear powdered wigs. Thus the bride and groom lived for a while on Dulaney's plantation and then went to live in England.

Rebecca Hamilton, who had taken so important a part in the elopement, married unhappily, and her divorce case was one of the most important that have ever occurred in the Quaker City.

#### Shot at Ball Game.

Quintman, Georgia, June 29.—As the result of a ball game near here between lines composed of negroes from several plantations, Sam Johnson, one of the players, is dead and Empire Edmonson is seriously wounded.

There had been great rivalry between negroes employed on the Spain and Griffith plantations, and trouble was anticipated when the game began. In the ninth inning, with the score a tie, Sam Johnson, a Spanish negro, started to steal second. The man at the bat, interfered with the catcher, and the "steal" seemed easy for Johnson, when he was shot by an anti-Spanish roofer among the spectators. The umpire insisted that a man take Johnson's place at second, and this decision so enraged the Griffith rooters that the umpire was shot and the game was broken up. Johnson died soon after being shot. Officers have made no arrests as the negroes refuse to inform.

### The Soldier's.... International Union

"Soldiers!" said Major-General Jinglespur, concluding his brief address to the Canadian army, "the enemy is before you. I need say no more to patriotic Canadians, eager for the fray. I know that every man of you would shed the last drop of his blood for his country. Let the battle begin. Forward! March!"

"Excuse me, general," said a smart young private, stepping out of the front rank and saluting. "There are one or two little matters to be arranged first. At a meeting of the union held last evening, a resolution was unanimously adopted to the effect that we go on strike unless the non-unionists are discharged."

"What's this?" exclaimed the general, who was one of the old school. "Sergeant, have that man shot instantly."

The sergeant addressed apparently took no notice of the command. "Mutiny, rask, mutiny!" roared the general. "What does all this mean? By heavens, I'll have the regiment drummed. Arrest both those men, somebody! Can you explain this, colonel?"

"I don't really know what's got into the men's heads," replied the colonel. "I heard some fool talk about the men forming a union, but I never dreamed that it would go so far as this."

"Union! A soldiers' union! By heavens, I never heard of such a thing. Are they all crazy? Forward, I say! Forward, on the double! The enemy is advancing."

Not a man moved. "There's no hurry," said the spokesman for the unionists. "They won't attack us until this matter is settled."

"Now who the devil are you, anyway, and what have you to say about it?"

"I, sir," said the young man firmly, "am the secretary and business agent of the Canadian Soldiers' Union, affiliated with the international body. There are a number of scabs in the ranks. We demand the discharge of these men. We will not fight with scabs."

"Traitors! Scoundrels!" shouted

the general. "Are you going to stand there and let the Yankees shoot you down without resistance? Is the honor of your country nothing to you?"

"We put the interests of our class before our country, as your class has always done," replied the young soldier. "But the enemy won't shoot us yet. As I said, our organization is an international one. Nearly all the American soldiers are in it. I have only to send a message that there is trouble on here, and there will be a sympathetic strike."

The general was too overcome to reply, and the secretary, drawing a note-book from his pocket, hastily scribbled a few lines. He signalled to a cavalry corps near by, when one of the troopers rode forward, to whom he handed the message.

"To the secretary of the international," he said. "He's a sergeant in a Michigan regiment."

"What's this? What's this?" said the colonel. "Reasonable communication with the enemy?"

Just then a shell burst near their lines. The artillery was opening fire. "This is merely a note to tell them to keep away because there's a strike on. Is it to go?" asked the secretary, as another shell exploded near them.

"Yes, yes—for heaven's sake—let him take it," said the general, and the horseman, waving a white flag, dashed off towards the enemy's lines.

"Now, sir, you see how it is," said the secretary. "We are well organized. Ninety-ninth of the army belong to the union, and will obey its officials. Sooner than your commands we demand the discharge of all non-unionists, otherwise, not a man will fight. What do you say?"

"It's most unheard of and unprecedented," replied General Jinglespur. "But this is what comes of popular education and universal suffrage. I must consult the officers."

Hastily summoning a council, the question was debated for an hour or so, the firing having ceased, and the enemy apparently showing no disposition to be troublesome. At the end of the time the union officials were summoned to the tent, and told that their demands had been acceded to, and that all the scabs would be sent home.

"Now, I suppose you are ready to

attack the enemy?" said the general.

"Well, no," replied the secretary. "You see, our messenger has just returned with a message that a sympathetic strike has been declared in the American army, and that while they were about it they thought they might as well ask for considerably higher pay. That strike is still on. If they get an increase to \$2 a day we must have the same. In the meantime, a meeting of the international executive to consider the whole situation has been called for tonight. We can't have the business of the union interfered with by battles and such. In fact, it is quite possible that we may conclude not to fight at all."

—Phillips Thompson

Some heavy insurances are now being effected in London and Liverpool upon the battleship Canopus, valued at £700,000, says the United Service Gazette. She is about to be repaired and refitted at Birkenhead, during which period the builders insure liability for fire and marine risks. It may not be generally known that, although British battleships, when in the service of the admiralty, are never insured, they are almost invariably covered against all risks while in the hands of the builders. Quite recently insurances were effected upon the Astraea for £200,000 while under repair at Glasgow, and on the Euryclon for £330,000 during her fitting out at Belfast. The machinery and boilers built at Belfast for the King Edward VII were insured for £137,000, and later the torpedo destroyers Velaux and Erne were covered for \$67,000 each during construction on the Tyne.

#### Pool Rooms Raided

New York, June 27.—Six alleged pool rooms in the tenement district, including "Allen's," have been raided, and 591 prisoners captured, making the raid the biggest of the kind ever executed here.

Allen's place was raided while the alleged proprietor was burying his wife. None of the inmates of any of the six places escaped. A lot of racing paraphernalia was confiscated.

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THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

## The Klondike Nugget and Toronto Globe.

### PIONEERS' PICNIC

Largest Ever Held the Yukon

Six Hundred People go an Enjoyable Time have it.

A more perfect day than could not have been had by the Yukon Order of Pioneers and their many friends and there was there such a crowd from Dawson. The big steel rail left on her first trip to the picnic grounds at the mouth of creek shortly after 11 a.m. just previous to her departure with women and children. The fore with canteen packed in from hand-satchels to boxes could be seen going the wharf from all parts of and when the steamer pulled 300 people were on board. Members of the Order of Pioneers especially solicitous that should have a good time.

A little difficulty was in finding a suitable landing moor of Swede owing to low water, but one was found and five minutes later the picnic grounds in the Yukon stamped and staked in purposes. After discharging engines the steamer immediately turned to Dawson for and taking out nearly 200 on trip and upwards of 100 on evening.

As soon as the first boat discharged a number of Frank Walton rigged their went in search of the Among the most successful were Sir John Mulligan, Kelly, each taking up a dozen fine greyling. But Kelly's fish, caught them himself and in the excitement to getting aboard the evening came off and he who spent much of the afternoon in the clear, warm Swede creek.

Freimuth's full orchestra pieces was aboard and desired took part in the. The steamer brought every on the last trip and although a great crowd, every good natured and the very der prevailed. The boat returned with the tired but happy about 10:30.

The day was not without some, nearly all of which the very mouth of Swede a landing was effected on side of that stream it was to walk up about 200 yds to cross to the picnic obliging wood cutter had to fall at the mouth of the with it he ferried over were to lazy to walk up provided puntions. Among enjoyed the trip by Jerry and woman. Though the man is a known gally voyage across the mouth the stream the fruit crate the man, feared that it and skinned the woman's red off into the water. He mandered his motives after his landing and bearing his down surface. Every time he like a full moon, would outline the woman would clutch for it, but at last regained his footing on bottom, straightened his guided; the excited was share. But with them the of the day were past and

Jailer as Stable Loganville, Tenn., June Logan, the Montana trail for sentence of 20 years from the Knox county prison. While his guard turned, Logan threw a head and tossed him light to the base of his one either side of the Logan next occurred placed in the corridor of the use of the officers, if Jailer Bell appeared in Knox from Logan, the ed took a bottle, saying some medicine. At his hand, Logan covered pistol, forced him to and take him to the jail. He then forced Bell to the sheriff's stable in sheriff's horse. This