

THEY WERE BRAVE GIRLS

They Were Not the Least Afraid of Burglars

And Would Just as Leave Be Home Alone as to Have Someone With Them.

It is wonderful how burglars always seem to know when you are all alone in the house. There must be a fairy burglar somewhere who has ways of spreading the news. Of course if there are fairy queens, and witches, and godmothers, there is no reason why there shouldn't be fairy burglars.

Ethel and Rose both believed in burglars, but stopped to say, they had outgrown their belief in fairies. Ethel was 16, quite grown-up; Rose was 12, and she thought Ethel knew everything. Perhaps Ethel thought so, too; but, if she did, no one ever heard her say so, for she rarely talked about herself.

Whatever Ethel knew, she could do a great many things. She rode horse-back on a fiery little colt, who would not let any other lady come near him. She could beat Cousin Tom, who was 18 also, at a half-mile boat race; she could sail a boat, and had a good golf record. Moreover, she was not afraid of anything, much less burglars.

That is why she insisted upon staying alone with Rose in the cottage, one night in September. Father and mother had gone back to the city house, and had taken all the servants but faithful Nellie and Jim, who had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Moore for twenty years.

Ethel and Rose both hated to leave the cottage so early in the fall, so they begged to stay. Mrs. Moore had some buying to do, as she was planning to refurnish the town house, and Mr. Moore's business called him, but they consented to let the girls stay two days longer with Nellie and Jim.

At 8 o'clock the night after father and mother had gone Nellie came out on the piazza where the girls were sitting making wishes to "Star Light, Star Bright."

"I'm in great trouble, Miss Ethel," she said. "Meither is 'took sick, very bad, quite suddint like, an' it's a good twenty mile to her, an' no train. Jim's been down to the livin' to get someone to take me, but th' teams is all off to th' picnic, an' th' man says as how there's no horse among them as 'ull be fit to go twenty miles when they get back."

"Then Jim must take you, of course, Nellie. I'm so sorry. But maybe you will find your mother better when you get to her. Tell Jim to harness right up. Rose and I will help you get ready."

"But, that 'ull leave you two all alone, an' if anythin' should—" "What nonsense," cried Ethel. "What could happen to us? Of course Jim must go, and at once. We're not a bit afraid, are we Rose? I guess I'm stronger than Jim, anyhow."

Nellie and Jim, with many cautions and protestations, were finally started off, and the two girls were left alone.

It is queer how things that seem quite safe and cozy and homelike when all the family are around seem altogether different when you are alone.

The piazza, where the girls had been talking to the stars, seemed, the minute the carriage wheels rolled away, to be having a shadow ball. Dark shadows played puss-in-the-corner among the vines, the rocking chair creaked ominously all by itself, and Rosie shivered a little as the night breeze came sighing through the pines outside the cottage.

Ethel put on a very brave front. "Now, I'm a very brave hero, and I'll protect you. You shall come in to sleep with me tonight. Meanwhile, as we are our own mistresses, let's sit up till midnight!"

Rosie agreed. She had never sat up as late as 12 in all her life. "And let's make molasses candy in the kitchen," went on the valiant Ethel. "There's nothing quite so cheerful as a kitchen with the smell of boiling molasses about it."

They locked all the doors and windows on the first floor and made molasses candy in the kitchen. Then as they ate it Ethel read Rose some exciting stories. But in spite of the exciting part Rosie went sound asleep before it was 12 o'clock. She was curled up on the big rug that she and Ethel had brought from the hall into the kitchen.

Ethel read on to herself until she too was sleepy, then she woke Rosie and together they went upstairs.

"We aren't a bit lonely, yet, are we Rose?" Ethel said, brightly. "Well," yawned Rosie. "We aren't really, but down underneath, I wish we had gone to the city with papa and mama."

Ethel laughed and talked until they were quite ready for bed, then, all of a sudden, there came a rumbling sound from the parlor, which was just under them.

"Hark!" said Ethel and Rose together. Through the stillness of the night it sounded very fearsome. "Rose, begin to whimper. 'Hush, dear,' said Ethel. 'If it is burglars, they mustn't know there is

any one in the house. We'll look our door and keep very quiet."

Ethel softly locked her door and hugged Rosie close up to her in the far corner of the room.

"I'm sure they'll take my new music box," whispered Rosie, as the racket continued. "And my new game of crokinole, and my little wicker rocker, and my new golf clubs, and the cabinet with my new golf boxes and golf clubs."

The noise ceased presently, but the two frightened girls sat huddled up in one corner listening for four long hours.

By that time it was beginning to grow a little light in the east, and they both crawled into bed, too tired to move, and before they knew it they were fast asleep.

It was bright daylight when they awoke, and faithful Jim was shouting to them from under the window. He had gotten fresh horses and come light back to his charges.

His face never seemed so handsome and trustworthy before.

They dressed and went downstairs fully persuaded that they would find their pretty parlor and dining room exactly as they left it.

Everything was as they left it, with the exception of the folding doors that led from the dining room into the parlor. They had been left closed; now they were wide open.

Ethel and Rose sat down to a merry little breakfast of their own cooking.

"I think we will go down to the city today, won't we, Rosie?" Ethel asked, as she poured the cocoa.

"Yes," said Rosie. "Oh, oh! Look at Grendel and Gurtha!"

Ethel looked. The folding doors had been closed again, all but an inch, and into this inch Grendel and Gurtha were each inserting a paw.

With no apparent effort Grendel pushed on one door, and Gurtha on the other. With a loud rumbling noise the doors rolled back on their rollers, Grendel and Gurtha both

Ethel looked at Rose and Rose at Ethel. "Burglars!" they exclaimed. "It was the very sound they had heard the night before. Then how they laughed. And how Jim laughed when they told him all about it."

They arrested Grendel and Gurtha in the name of the law, and put them in closet prison for two whole minutes. Then they packed up and went to the city.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Seattle Begins Work of General Purification.

The local police are still vigorously pursuing the policy of ridding the unsavory characters out of the city and of keeping all men of known criminal records on the move. Recently the large number of highway robberies and house breakings in the suburbs has been causing the force much trouble. It is manifestly impossible to cover the whole district included in the suburbs of the city with the small force at the disposal of the department and so the only effective manner in which a campaign can be waged against the class of criminals committing the crimes is to watch the resorts at which they congregate in the city and when one is sighted who acts suspiciously or has no visible means of support and yet continues to live in the atmosphere of crime and lewdness, to arrest him on a vagrancy or some other light charge and by the aid of persuasion, aided if practicable by a small jail sentence, induce him to move on.

This is the method which the department is pursuing. Yesterday was an unusually busy day in this line of work. During the twenty-four hours ending last night at midnight there were a total of thirty-six arrests made. Of this number ten were drunks, nine disorderly persons, two run-ins for safe keeping, eight for fighting, one was prostitute, two were brought in to serve sentences which had been previously passed and suspended on condition that they leave town, one was accused of carrying concealed weapons and three were arrested on suspicion of having been participants in highway robberies and burglaries.

Of these three men arrested on suspicion, two were recognized at the station by Sergt. Powers as having been arrested by the department before and convicted. One of these gave his name as Sexton, but was formerly known to the police as Eugene Riley and under that name was arrested four years ago yesterday for larceny. He is said to have since served time in Nainaimo, B. C. The other is John Flynn, who was held in jail for a while last winter.

This morning there were nine more arrests up to 2:45 o'clock, making a total of twenty-eight between the hours of 9 and 3 last night.—Seattle Times, Oct. 17.

FOR SALE—The best located road-house on Hunker creek. Apply Nugget office.

FOUND—Vest memo book with papers, belonging to D. H. Holder. Apply Nugget.

WILL AID MINING INDUSTRY

New Device for Carrying Dirt and Ore Just Introduced.

It is Expected That a Revolution Will Be Worked in the Methods Now in Use.

Mr. B. A. Howes, who arrived with a scow of machinery day before yesterday, has an appliance which he hopes to introduce to Klondike miners and which is promised to be a tremendous labor saver in the handling of materials. The appliance is known as a Robbins Belt Conveyor and its uses, as may be implied from the name, is the conveying of ore, coal, sand, gravel or anything of kindred nature from the spot where it is mined to the dumps, bunkers or ore cars, or any other place where it is desired to be placed. Simplicity of construction, an almost impossibility for it to get out of order, and a tremendous carrying capacity at little cost are predominant features claimed for the conveyor by its inventor. It has but two component parts—a belt and a set of fixed pulleys over which the belt travels. The pulleys are so arranged that the belt in passing over them assumes a trough shape. Into, or rather onto, the belt is the material to be conveyed either automatically or by hand, and as the belt is endless and moves constantly, being driven by an engine of light power, a never ending stream of ore or gravel or whatever material may be being handled, is maintained. Nor is there scarcely a limit to the distance over which such material may be conveyed, as by using a succession of belts one could be carried a mile as easily as a hundred feet, plus, of course, the extra power required to move the additional number of belts.

The Robbins conveyor has been before the public less than five years, but in that time it has been put to half a hundred different uses throughout the east from conveying grain to that of coal, broken stone, ore, and other similar materials. The belt in most general use is 32 inches in width, which at a speed of 60 feet per minute has a capacity of 50 tons of material per hour.

The use of such an apparatus in the placer mines of the Klondike is at once apparent. By its use, claims worked from an open cut could do away with cars, inclines, hoists, etc., the belt being placed with the lower end in the cut, which could be shifted about, as necessary, the upper end dumping its load directly into the boxes. Another use which would prove it of inestimable value is in the handling of tailings which often are almost as expensive to care for as the gravel itself. The belt could be so arranged that all the tailings would fall directly upon it from the end of the last box, from which point they could be conveyed to any point desired.

Mr. Howes is enthusiastic over the merits of the conveyor and hopes to convince Klondike miners that it will fill something more than the proverbial long felt want.

Senator Towne was the last speaker, it being long after midnight when he arose. As he did so hundreds of people sprang to their feet and cheered vociferously. Mr. Towne extended eloquent thanks and spoke in remissiveness of the whole region which would be tapped by a road from Dawson to the sea, and it is no optimist who believes that the Klondike in ten years' time will be producing as much gold as it does today. True, the mining may not be in the hands of the pioneer placer man, who delved in the bouldery wash with pick and shovel, but the arduous gravels of the riverbeds will be worked by dredges, as is done in one instance at present with most satisfactory results, and the benches will yield their treasure to the impact of the monitor's column of water. Then again the quartz deposits are becoming more and more known their claims to recognition, and already stamp mills are on the ground, of prospecting size it is true, but there is one mill of ten stamps now in course of erection which will be open to custom work as soon as completed, and coast smelters are now receiving test shipments.

It is this infinite faith in the future of the Klondike country which has induced Dawson capitalists to investigate the chances of success which would attend the construction of another line of railway in competition with the White Pass road. It is a well known fact that in the north there has been expressed dissatisfaction with the tariff scale of the White Pass road, and it is contended that with lower transportation rates many sections of the country now untouched would be opened up and many paying properties would be the result, the maxim of the northern miner and merchant being, "Every dollar of freight charges leaves so much more for mining development," and the merchant is as desirous of obtaining lower tariffs as the miner for it is by the latter that the former lives.

It is no secret that the White Pass road has been more than a paying proposition ever since the first jag of freight was pulled over the line from Skagway to the shores of Lake Bennett, and with the extension of the road to White Horse the dividends have kept piling up, but the freight charges still remain higher than is thought justifiable by Dawson business houses. The management of the road has made promises that reductions should take place, and it is even now said that next season the tariffs will be revised, but be this as

it may, the conception of another line has taken firm root in the minds of men who have money behind them to construct the road, and they will look to the future prosperity of the country to recoup them for their investment.—Skagway Alaskan.

His Dogs Are Useful. Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 28.—"No, I don't bother about giving my dogs any individual names," said the druggist who makes most of his profits by selling whiskey to such customers as he can trust with his secret. "I just call the Boston terriers Collar Button and name the Blenheim spaniels Button Hook, and that's all I need to sell them. You must know that my dogs, while nothing extra in blood of record, are bred for a special purpose, bred to do a given thing and nothing else. That's why I can sell them for \$25 each as fast as I can produce them, while my neighbors have to wait a long time and do a lot of lying to sell their dogs for \$10."

"All come from being honest and giving the goods that your customers require. There is nobody you can trade with so easily as the rich summer visitors, if you will keep the things they want. When I started in to breed dogs for sale I kept Blenheim spaniels for the women and Boston terriers for the men, always trying to have the best that money could buy."

"At the end of two years I found my money getting low and myself with more unsold dogs on my hands than a poor man cares to feed, and pay taxes on. Of course, I did some fancy thinking, as any one will do when he is poor and growing poorer every day. I asked myself what I could do to make that dog valuable to the rich folks."

"Before I had decided what to do my wife came into the game and set the thing by accident. It was Sunday morning, and when she was 'most ready to go to church she wanted to button her boots, and, of course, she couldn't find the button hook. Nobody can find one when he wants it. She was getting cross, because the second bell was ringing, and having no new dress to appear in, she didn't want to be late."

"She went through the house calling out: 'Buttonhook, buttonhook!' Oh, Lord, where is that buttonhook! Huffy like, so I knew it wasn't prudent for me to put in a word. At that time there were a dozen or more of my Blenheim spaniels asleep on the piazza, and when they heard my wife calling in a loud voice, every one of them got up and ran to her."

"At this the idea came to me like a flash. I would name my spaniels Buttonhook, and snap a real buttonhook to the collar of every one, and then when the owner lost one of these useful articles, all he would have to do would be to call the dog's name and he would come and bring what he wanted. Inside of six months I had sold every spaniel I could spare for my own price, and had a lot of orders booked ahead."

"The next thing was to find a sale for my terriers. It didn't take me long to remember that a man lost his collar button as often as a woman mislaid her buttonhook, so I named my terriers Collar Button, and they sold as well as the spaniels. Bigger still with a big collar with a lot of brass collar buttons in their surface, the dogs did more for the support of my family than any other venture I had undertaken, with the possible exception of selling liquor to papers who were too proud to enter a barroom."

"It would have been just as easy to teach the same dog to answer to both names and make them bring collar buttons as well as buttonhooks, but a wealthy visitor doesn't want anything mixed, except his drinks. He had much rather pay for two dogs, each one a specialist, than have one cur that could do many things indifferently well. Here at a summer resort, one must study his customers and keep what they need. If he will do this, he can sell 'most anything.'"

Astounding Theory. The meeting of the presbytery of Kansas City was formally opened last night with a sermon by the Rev. A. D. Madeira, D. D., of Independence. He chose for his text Revelation xxi. 5: "He that sat upon the throne said, 'Behold, I will make all things new.'" The Rev. Mr. Madeira contended that man has been deteriorating mentally, morally and physically, since the creation, and that he is now farther from a state of moral perfection than ever.

"Human civilization is degrading a descending scale," he said, in part. "Man is just as wicked today as he was in the days of barbarism. He is just as bloodthirsty now as he was then. The only difference apparent is that now in these days of civilization, he is a polished assassin instead of a proclaimed barbarian."

He illustrated his argument that man is deteriorating mentally by imploring his hearers to note the fact that every great man, from the statesman to the poet, that the world knows, was a being of the past ages to the present in illustrating his statement that man is becoming more and more degraded, as the human race lives.

"We are living in the last stage of the world's existence," he said. "Man will grow so wicked that God will not be able to stand his sinning longer and will destroy the world. God will then make his children white as snow by making all things new."

Two mortals, knocking at heaven's gate. Stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport of earthly sign, But she a pardon from Love Divine.

O ye who judge "twixt virtue and vice, Which, thank you, entered to Paradise? Not be whom the world had said would win, For the woman alone was ushered in.

ALASKAN RAILROAD STORY

According to a Skagway Newspaper Writer

Dawson Capitalists Will Advance the Money Necessary to Construct a New Railroad.

Although the matter has been kept a dead secret for some months, there is now in preparation plans for a line of railway from Dawson to salt water on Lynn canal, and the promoters of the scheme are residents of Dawson who have faith in the future of the northern country and entertain the scheme as a business undertaking, says the Vancouver Province.

Some people may say that there exists not the necessity for such a road, that the White Pass & Yukon railway already has solved the transportation problem, and that it would be folly to jam the line mentioned. Dawson residents will admit that the construction of the White Pass & Yukon railway has done a great deal towards opening up the territory through which it passes, and that it is possible for that road to handle all freight for Dawson; but on the other hand it is contended that the high rate of tariff charges now in force on the White Pass road have greatly retarded development. This is the main reason why the construction of another line has been considered absolutely necessary to the future well-being of Dawson and adjacent territory. It is averred that freight can be sent clear around the world for the same price for which it can be laid down in Dawson at present via the White Pass road.

While as yet no details can be ascertained concerning the probable route to be tapped by the right-of-way, it is only considered possible that one or two routes could be followed. The first would be to follow the banks of the Yukon to the vicinity of White Horse and then parallel the line of the White Pass road to the coast range, and reach salt water either through the Chilkoot pass or the White Pass, the former to Dead Dyea, and the latter to Skagway. The alternative route would run along the Yukon to Fort Selkirk, and from that point strike off along the line of the old Dalton trail and eventually pass and drop down into the valley of the Chilkat, still following the general trend of the Dalton trail till salt water is reached at Pyramid Harbor. A large portion of this latter route has been surveyed in years gone by, and the parties who then had in contemplation the construction of the railroad from Pyramid to Fort Selkirk even went so far as to have the right-of-way cleared for many miles up the Chilkat river before actually abandoning the project on account of the then nearly matured plans to construct the White Pass road and the general belief that the mines of the Klondike would only last at the most three or four years.

Now all chance of the bottom falling out of the country has been eliminated by the ever-growing prospects of the whole region which would be tapped by a road from Dawson to the sea, and it is no optimist who believes that the Klondike in ten years' time will be producing as much gold as it does today. True, the mining may not be in the hands of the pioneer placer man, who delved in the bouldery wash with pick and shovel, but the arduous gravels of the riverbeds will be worked by dredges, as is done in one instance at present with most satisfactory results, and the benches will yield their treasure to the impact of the monitor's column of water. Then again the quartz deposits are becoming more and more known their claims to recognition, and already stamp mills are on the ground, of prospecting size it is true, but there is one mill of ten stamps now in course of erection which will be open to custom work as soon as completed, and coast smelters are now receiving test shipments.

It is this infinite faith in the future of the Klondike country which has induced Dawson capitalists to investigate the chances of success which would attend the construction of another line of railway in competition with the White Pass road. It is a well known fact that in the north there has been expressed dissatisfaction with the tariff scale of the White Pass road, and it is contended that with lower transportation rates many sections of the country now untouched would be opened up and many paying properties would be the result, the maxim of the northern miner and merchant being, "Every dollar of freight charges leaves so much more for mining development," and the merchant is as desirous of obtaining lower tariffs as the miner for it is by the latter that the former lives.

It is no secret that the White Pass road has been more than a paying proposition ever since the first jag of freight was pulled over the line from Skagway to the shores of Lake Bennett, and with the extension of the road to White Horse the dividends have kept piling up, but the freight charges still remain higher than is thought justifiable by Dawson business houses. The management of the road has made promises that reductions should take place, and it is even now said that next season the tariffs will be revised, but be this as

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Great issues are at stake; great interests are involved, even our civilization itself, and through us the civilization of the world. This nation is a world power, it has not acquired its influence by war, but for a century its ideas have been permeating the world, and every citizen owes it to his country, as well as to his generation and posterity, to throw the weight of his influence on the right side of every public question."

Senator Towne was the last speaker, it being long after midnight when he arose. As he did so hundreds of people sprang to their feet and cheered vociferously. Mr. Towne extended eloquent thanks and spoke in remissiveness of the whole region which would be tapped by a road from Dawson to the sea, and it is no optimist who believes that the Klondike in ten years' time will be producing as much gold as it does today. True, the mining may not be in the hands of the pioneer placer man, who delved in the bouldery wash with pick and shovel, but the arduous gravels of the riverbeds will be worked by dredges, as is done in one instance at present with most satisfactory results, and the benches will yield their treasure to the impact of the monitor's column of water. Then again the quartz deposits are becoming more and more known their claims to recognition, and already stamp mills are on the ground, of prospecting size it is true, but there is one mill of ten stamps now in course of erection which will be open to custom work as soon as completed, and coast smelters are now receiving test shipments.

Two Yerdicks. She was a woman, worn and thin, Whom the world condemned for a single sin; They cast her out on the king's highway, All passed her up as they went to pray.

He was a man, and more to blame, But the world spared him a breath of shame, Beneath his feet he saw her lie, But raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray At the temple of God on a holy day; They scorned the woman, forgave the man; It was ever thus since the world began.

Time passed on and the woman died; On a Cross of shame she was crucified; But the world was stern and would not yield, And they buried her in the Potter's field.

The man died, too, and they buried him In a casket of cloth with a silver rim And said, as they turned from his grave away: "We have buried an honest man to-day."

Two mortals, knocking at heaven's gate, Stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport of earthly sign, But she a pardon from Love Divine.

O ye who judge "twixt virtue and vice, Which, thank you, entered to Paradise? Not be whom the world had said would win, For the woman alone was ushered in.

FIRE HOT AND HELLISH

Duluth, Minn., Oct. 16.—Eight hundred men of all shades of political opinion sat down at the farewell banquet tendered by Duluth citizens to Charles A. Towne, at the Army to-night, while nearly 600 ladies were present in the galleries to hear the speeches by William J. Bryan, Mr. Towne and others, after the discussion of the menu.

The affair was non-partisan and carried out the intention of the promoters to make it a testimonial to Mr. Towne's personal popularity among his friends and neighbors. Scores of prominent Democrats, however, were present, from all parts of the state, to add their tribute and listen to the eloquences of their brilliant leaders.

Mr. Bryan's subject was "Moral Courage," and he took occasion to shower eulogiums on the guest of the evening for his noble display of that quality in 1896, at the time of his withdrawal from the Republican party to follow silver. He said: "Some may be disposed to stamp the word 'failure' upon the political career of our distinguished guest."

"But he has set an example that must weigh heavily on the side of civic virtue. He has faced without flinching a fire as hot and hellish as ever came from cannon's mouth, and has won a victory greater and more glorious than ever crowned the life of one who fawned at the feet of power or bartered away his manhood to secure an office."

Mr. Bryan did not inject any politics into his speech, which was brief and directed largely to Mr. Towne. He said: "Great issues are at stake; great interests are involved, even our civilization itself, and through us the civilization of the world. This nation is a world power, it has not acquired its influence by war, but for a century its ideas have been permeating the world, and every citizen owes it to his country, as well as to his generation and posterity, to throw the weight of his influence on the right side of every public question."

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"She went through the house calling out: 'Buttonhook, buttonhook!' Oh, Lord, where is that buttonhook! Huffy like, so I knew it wasn't prudent for me to put in a word. At that time there were a dozen or more of my Blenheim spaniels asleep on the piazza, and when they heard my wife calling in a loud voice, every one of them got up and ran to her."

"At this the idea came to me like a flash. I would name my spaniels Buttonhook, and snap a real buttonhook to the collar of every one, and then when the owner lost one of these useful articles, all he would have to do would be to call the dog's name and he would come and bring what he wanted. Inside of six months I had sold every spaniel I could spare for my own price, and had a lot of orders booked ahead."

"The next thing was to find a sale for my terriers. It didn't take me long to remember that a man lost his collar button as often as a woman mislaid her buttonhook, so I named my terriers Collar Button, and they sold as well as the spaniels. Bigger still with a big collar with a lot of brass collar buttons in their surface, the dogs did more for the support of my family than any other venture I had undertaken, with the possible exception of selling liquor to papers who were too proud to enter a barroom."

"It would have been just as easy to teach the same dog to answer to both names and make them bring collar buttons as well as buttonhooks, but a wealthy visitor doesn't want anything mixed, except his drinks. He had much rather pay for two dogs, each one a specialist, than have one cur that could do many things indifferently well. Here at a summer resort, one must study his customers and keep what they need. If he will do this, he can sell 'most anything.'"

Astounding Theory. The meeting of the presbytery of Kansas City was formally opened last night with a sermon by the Rev. A. D. Madeira, D. D., of Independence. He chose for his text Revelation xxi. 5: "He that sat upon the throne said, 'Behold, I will make all things new.'" The Rev. Mr. Madeira contended that man has been deteriorating mentally, morally and physically, since the creation, and that he is now farther from a state of moral perfection than ever.

"Human civilization is degrading a descending scale," he said, in part. "Man is just as wicked today as he was in the days of barbarism. He is just as bloodthirsty now as he was then. The only difference apparent is that now in these days of civilization, he is a polished assassin instead of a proclaimed barbarian."

He illustrated his argument that man is deteriorating mentally by imploring his hearers to note the fact that every great man, from the statesman to the poet, that the world knows, was a being of the past ages to the present in illustrating his statement that man is becoming more and more degraded, as the human race lives.

"We are living in the last stage of the world's existence," he said. "Man will grow so wicked that God will not be able to stand his sinning longer and will destroy the world. God will then make his children white as snow by making all things new."

Two mortals, knocking at heaven's gate, Stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport of earthly sign, But she a pardon from Love Divine.

O ye who judge "twixt virtue and vice, Which, thank you, entered to Paradise? Not be whom the world had said would win, For the woman alone was ushered in.

FROM SATURDAY AND MONDAY'S DAILY

Now that winter has fairly arrived with its short days and long evenings, sociability has once more become the active force in human nature and the question of how to make the time pass pleasantly and quickly has become the most prominent in the minds of the people of Dawson. This question is to receive its solution in the many private and public social events