

ALMOST A BURGLARY.

An Old Lady Has Her Way and Her Niece Has a Wedding Present.

Mrs. Driscoll had a mind of her own. Some uncharitable people went so far as to say that if she had not had so much mind her husband might have been living today. Be that as it may, he died and left her sole mistress of a handsome property, with no one to oppose her will.

She adopted one of his nieces and loved her as well as she could love any one but herself.

The niece grew up a winsome lassie and had lovers, as maidens will.

Luckily her choice was her aunt's as well, and the day was set for her marriage with Henry Winship without opposition, the only condition being that they should return to Mrs. Driscoll's home after a brief wedding tour.

"Well, Kate," said the stately lady the day before the wedding, "everything is ready, and I must say that I never saw preparations more complete—not even for your uncle's funeral, poor man! I always meant to give you a handsome marriage portion. So get your hat. We'll go to the bank."

What girl would delay under similar circumstances?

The carriage was speedily ordered and soon stopped before the bank.

Except the bank officials, there was in the building only George Travis, one of Kate's discarded suitors, who was getting an insignificant check cashed.

Mrs. Driscoll was not slow to see an opportunity to flutter her sails, as her worthy husband had been accustomed to say.

Drawing her checkbook, she smilingly wrote a check for £2000 and presented it to the cashier.

"Payable to Miss Kate—a marriage portion, I presume. Ah, very generous of you! Miss Kate, I congratulate you," said the cashier. "Shall I make the new book in your own name?"

"She wants no book—at least not yet," retorted Mrs. Driscoll sharply. "When I give a thing I give it. I want good, solid money for that check—bright, yellow gold."

"But—why—you live fully a mile from a neighbor. Have you—do you think of the temptation?" he said hesitatingly.

"Did I ask your advice?" snapped Mrs. Driscoll. "I am able to take care of my own property, and if it will not break the bank I want it in gold."

"Certainly, madam. My conscience is clear if you wake up to find yourself murdered tomorrow morning. This bank can pay ten times that sum at sight, madam," was the dignified reply, to which Mrs. Driscoll listened in curt silence.

The cashier went into the vault, closing the door behind him.

George Travis, having counted the money received on his check, went out without a glance at the two ladies.

"There! Now I reckon Travis begins to realize what he has lost," said Mrs. Driscoll.

Kate blushed slightly.

"But, aunt," she said uneasily, "wouldn't it be better for me to take a book with the money left to my credit? Harry will not be here until tomorrow, and—think think of the risk! It is unsafe."

"How long is it since I came to be told my duty by a miss of 18?" breathed Mrs. Driscoll scornfully. "What a coward you are! If you don't want the money, say so, and I'll let it remain here it is. If you do want it, hold your tongue and help me take care of it until I can give you both into Harry Winship's keeping."

Further conversation was prevented by the cashier's return.

He carried a strong iron box.

"Count it!" commanded Mrs. Driscoll.

One by one the golden coins were counted under her admiring eyes.

"There, that is money! That is like a wedding gift!" she ejaculated in a satisfied tone.

"Better let me give you a receipt for it and put it into the safe tonight," suggested the cashier.

"Put it into my carriage!" was the sharp order to the bank porter.

The man obeyed and watched with a puzzled face the carriage out of sight.

"She beats all I ever saw," he said. "I don't wonder her husband died."

Meanwhile Mrs. Driscoll returned home well satisfied with the world and herself in particular.

She had her own way.

"I shall not put this money under my pillow as I generally do," she said

to Kate. "This box is harder than feathers. I shall put it under the corner of your bed."

"Thanks, aunt! Iron is as soft as feathers for me to lie on," laughed Kate.

"You needn't lie upon that side of the bed at all," was the cool reply.

"There's a man in the kitchen as says he's had not a mouthful to eat for ten days," said Norah, the servant, appearing at the door.

"The farm is only a mile farther on. Send him about his business," answered her mistress.

Norah went out.

Soon a figure clothed in rags went by the open window.

The man turned and shook his clenched fist at the astonished lady.

"Of all things! The impudent thing!" she gasped.

"Oh, but, aunt, I'm sure he has heard all that we said about that horrid money!" faltered Kate.

Mrs. Driscoll's face told the concern which she felt, but she turned her back upon her niece and took up a book.

Darkness came.

The lights in the house were extinguished at the usual time.

Kate could not sleep. In vain she counted slowly from 101 and said the letters of the alphabet backward.

She heard the village clock slowly strike the hour of midnight, then 1, 2 and 3.

Kate's apartment was dark but the moon shone dimly into her aunt's room just across the hall.

Suddenly a form stood in the doorway, then vanished within.

Was it the tramp? Was that something in his hand a knife?

Kate stole softly through the doorway listening breathlessly. Then she darted into a small room near Mrs. Driscoll's door.

Suddenly the door was noiselessly closed and a man stood so near her hiding place that she could hear his hurried breathing.

The faint odor of chloroform told why the door was closed.

What if he gave an overdose?

Kate loved the stern woman, and notwithstanding her timidity that thought nerved her to action.

She sprang from the room with a shrill cry, clenching both hands in the hair of the intruder. It is needless to say that he was startled out of what little common sense he possessed.

He threw her violently aside with a muttered oath and fled. But he left a generous lock of hair in her hands.

Her head struck a corner of the door in falling, and it was dawn when she awoke to full consciousness of what had happened.

Womanlike, she rushed to see if the iron box was still safe. It had not been disturbed. Then she threw open the door of Mrs. Driscoll's room. That lady was unconscious, but breathing evenly. Kate's courage returned.

Silently she opened the window, letting the fresh morning air draw freely through the room. Then she crept into her own bed to await developments.

Before sunrise Mrs. Driscoll awoke.

"Mercy on us!" she screamed.

"Norah did not shut the window last night. I shall get my death of cold, Kate!"

But Kate did not stir until her name had been called several times. Then she answered drowsily.

"Get up, child! It's your wedding day, too, and I in danger of pneumonia," called her aunt.

Kate shut the window and helped the irate lady to dress, touching her hair with dainty, soothing fingers as she arranged it.

The household arose and went about its tasks. Visitors came and went. Kate kept her secret well. The ceremony was over which made her a wife. The bridal dress was exchanged for a traveling costume.

"I shall take the iron box to the bank as we go to the train, auntie," Kate said as she bade her goodby.

"As you please. I've had my say about it, and no harm came of it either," was the tart reply.

No one knew of the tragedy which did not take place in the silent watches of the night.

No one knew until Kate, nestling in her husband's clasp as the train sped onward, told him the story in her own way and time.

"But the hair—did you save it? It is a clew," he said quickly.

"I burned it," was the calm reply.

"I did not need to save it, for I knew whose it was. I always thought he liked aunt's money better than me. Now I know that he coveted the dowry more than the bride. But the money is safe in the bank, and wasn't it strange that he should be there to see it deposited?"

"Not George Travis?" ejaculated Harry.

"Yes; let him go," she whispered softly, nestling closer. "Think what he lost—what you gained, Harry dear. Let his own conscience punish him—if he has any. We'll never let aunt know

We will keep our first secret forever!" Harry Winship was a man. He could not refuse his wife's first request, and Mrs. Driscoll does not know to this day what danger menaced her.—Fred Small, jr., in Cincinnati Herald.

Marriageable Ages.

In Germany the man must be at least 18 years of age.

In Portugal a boy must have seen at least 14 summers and the woman 12

In France the man must be 18 and the woman 16; in Belgium the same ages.

In Spain the intended husband must have passed his 14th year and the woman her 12th.

In Switzerland men from the age of 14 and the women from the age of 12 are allowed to marry.

In Austria a "man" and a "woman" are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the ages of 14.

In Hungary, for Roman Catholics, the man must be 14 years old and the woman 12; for Protestants, the man must be 18 and the woman 15.

In Turkey any youth and maiden who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious services are allowed to be united for life.

In Russia and Saxony they are a little more sensible, and a youth must refrain from entering into matrimony till he can count 18 years and the woman till she can count 16.

Wasting No Opportunities.

In the interval between coffee and toothpicks the two men who had been dining at the Freeanezy club fell to discussing a personal friend in this manner:

"Millsaps is far from well this summer."

"I know it. He looks like a corpse."

Whereat a solemn looking person sitting at the next table wheeled about in his chair and tendered his card, which bore this inscription:

"O. I. Plantum, Undertaker and Embalmer; Funeral Director, Fine Livery and Rubber Tired Carriages a Specialty. 989 Doloros Avenue."

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," he said, "but don't forget me when the time comes. That's my business. I take care of 'em when their friends are done with 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

A Radical Suggestion.

"I tell you what I'd do," said Cracker Jim to some of his fellow soldiers in the Philippines. "Le's stop the war."

"How'll we do it?"

"Le's get the consent of the general to go after Aguinaldo as the all round tough citizen that he is. Ef we can quit callin ourse'fs an army an organize ourse'fs as a posse, I'll guarantee that we'll have Aguinaldo lynched all good and proper inside of 36 hours."—Washington Star.

Wolf at the Door.

They were barn storming in Arizona. "Alas, we must starve!" wailed the peniless heroine. "The wolf is already at the door."

Instantly the sympathetic audience drew six shooters.

"Let him in, lady," said the spokesman; "thar's a bounty ev \$12 on wolf scalps in this state, an we'll git it fur you."—Philadelphia Record.

She Knew.

Hiram (describing his trip to London)—I went inter the stores an got in one of them things that take you right up tew the roof in a jiffy—what d'yer call 'em, Marthy?

Martha—Them's shop lifters.—Nuggets.

A Married Man's Observations.

Thompson—That couple who moved in across the street from us hasn't been married very long.

Johnson—How do you know?

Thompson—She goes to the gate with him every morning when he starts to work and comes out and watches for his return in the evening.—Ohio State Journal.

Disparagement.

"There is a great deal more in Herbert's mind than he chooses to say," remarked Ethelinda.

"There'd have to be," said her father savagely. "Otherwise they'd have had him in an asylum long ago."—Washington Star.

Same Effect.

Summer Girl (at popular bathing resort)—This must be salt water. I can almost float in it.

Experienced Aunt—No, dear, it is not salt water. But you are so very fresh, you know.—New York World.

Sulphurous.

Johnny—Say, pa, what is hot scotch? His Father—I guess it must be the kind of Scotch the golf players talk.—New York Journal.

STORAGE—Boyle's wharf, under the management of the Nugget Express.

THEATRES.

OPERA HOUSE.

NEW PEOPLE. NEW PEOPLE.

The Latest Songs and Dances.

Entirely New Sketches.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. SUPREME JOLLITY.

Every Monday night a complete change of program. Come early and see the fun. Under management of

OPERA HOUSE COMPANY.

THE Monte Carlo

...THEATRE...

Crowded to The Doors Each Night.

Entire Change of Program Every Week. . . .

SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.

The Monte Carlo has recently been newly refitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the northwest. Drop in and have some fun.

THE BOARD OF TRADE

Our Liquors Are the Finest Money Can Buy.

CAFE ATTACHED.

Games Run in Connection With The House . . .

NEWLY FITTED THROUGHOUT

Remember the Location.

North of Monte Carlo, First Avenue.

City Market

GEISMAN & BAUER, Props.

Second Ave., Bet. Second and Third Sts.

Freshest, finest, fattest beef, pork and mutton in Dawson. Wholesale and retail. Special prices to restaurants, steamboats and hotels.

AIR-TIGHT HEATERS AND ROADHOUSE RANGES

AT . . .

McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO., Limited

Front Street, Dawson.

Green Tree Saloon

Cafe and Club Room Attached.

...FINELY FURNISHED ROOMS...

Yukon Sawmill Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

First Quality Matched, Dressed Rustic, Roofing, and Rough Lumber

House Logs Furnished, Cordwood &c

Orders filled promptly

D. A. SHINDLER,

Hardware . . . Building Material

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, LAMPS.

Front Street, Dawson

MRS. C. F. BOGGS,

...TYPEWRITING...

Office in Green's Grocery

GRAND FORKS

HERE'S HOW.

STILL AT THE SAME OLD STAND

Chisholm's Saloon

Drop Around and Crack a Bottle.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop'r

ATWOOD & CANTWELL

...Photographers...

Alaskan Views, Outdoor Portraiture, Finishing and Supplies for amateurs.

Third Avenue, Opp. Dr. Bourke's Hospital

Dawson, Y. T.