

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1902.



The Enchanted Table.

By Ramond Fuller Ayers.

Once upon a time there was a powerful magician. "Threaten- ing to do all sorts of terrible things to each other, and the more they threatened the angrier they got, and the more fearful the things they threatened to do, until one day when they happened to meet each other in the middle of the sidewalk they were just as angry as they could possibly be.

"Ah!" said the brownie. "You are the fellow who is going to turn me into a four-legged table, are you? Well, I'd like to see you do it, that's all."

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yank of course it bruised the table's legs, and it said he was just as rough as he could be, and no gentleman. It made such a fuss that Willie's mother came running into the kitchen to see what was the matter.

"I just found this table running away," said Willie, "and it wouldn't tell me to whom it belonged, so I brought it home with me."

"Why, the very idea!" exclaimed Willie's mother. "Whoever heard of a table running away? Willie, don't you know it's wrong to tell stories?"

"Of course it is, Willie," said the table. "I was going about my business."

"Land sakes alive," said Angelina, the servant. "Did you ever hear such talk? It must be something heathenish."

"Heathenish yourself!" exclaimed the table angrily. "If you pull my ear again I will slap you."

"Why, the impudent thing!" cried Willie's mother. "I never saw a table act like that in my life. If it wasn't

that being a table was not so bad, after all.

That evening the whole family were very anxious to eat dinner off the new table, but the table did not like it a bit, for the dishes and things were heavy and made his head ache. It kept getting crosser and crosser, and finally, when Angelina brought in a dish of onions, it lost its temper completely, for the brownie never could stand the odor of onions.

"I wish you would put those things somewhere else if you must have them around," it said. "Oh, hush!" said Willie's papa. "Tables should be used and not heard. You talk too much; it's ill bred."

"Well," said the table, "I don't think much of people who would eat off the top of a gentleman's head and never offer him a bite. You may call that polite, but I don't." That made Willie's papa so angry that he hammered on the table with his fist, and the table tried to duck its head and it stepped on Willie's mamma's corn,



EACH BEGAN TO ENCHANT THE OTHER.

things of the same kind, and finally began to enchant the other just as hard as he could. The magician knew much more about enchantment than the brownie, and the first thing the brownie knew he was turned into a beautiful, highly polished dining-table! There he stood right in the middle of the road, while the magician walked off with his head up in the air and said: "Humph! I guess that brownie won't try to enchant me again!"

Now, when anyone knows anything about enchantment they cannot be enchanted nearly as much as one who knows nothing at all about it, and so, while the brownie was turned into a table, it was not all table, but only part table and part brownie. So the table could talk and even move its legs a little. Of course, it was so nearly a table that its legs were stiff, and as the brownie was not used to walking on four legs it could only wobble along very awkwardly.

The table stood there in the road for some time, and then it made up its mind that it might as well go somewhere, and perhaps it could find some one who could change it back into a brownie. So it started down the road in the direction opposite to that which the magician had taken, and had not gone very far when it met a little boy. He stopped and rubbed his eyes as hard as he could. "Goodness, gracious me!" he said. "Well, never! Who ever heard of a table walking?"

"Table yourself!" said the brownie. "I'm a gentleman, I would have you know! Come, get out of the way there, Johnnie; I want to get on."

"Now, see here," said the boy. "My name is not Johnnie, but Willie, and you are a table, for I guess you know what a table is, and I am going to have any table order me get out of the way, either. Whose name are you, anyway?"

"I am no one's table," said the brownie angrily.

"Well," said Willie, "if you are no one's table there is nothing to prevent my taking you home with me, for we need a nice new dining-room table."

"I just won't go home with you—there!" said the brownie.

"We'll see about that," said Willie, and he took the table on his back and carried it home, not paying any attention to it when it kicked off all its legs and called him names.

When Willie tried to take the table into the kitchen door it stretched out its legs and caught them on the side of the door. Then when Willie gave a

such a handsome table I would not have it in the house."

Then they took the table into the dining room and tried to make it stand in the middle of the floor, but the table made a jump to get away and tried to jump out of a window, but they caught it and it only broke five pieces of glass. Just then Willie's father came in, and when he saw the broken window he was very angry. He was a very stout man, and he had entered in such a hurry that he was quite out of breath. He leaned against the table for a minute to breathe and the table ducked so quickly that he fell heels over head, and fell on the cat, who thought he did it on purpose, and scratched him on the nose with all four feet. Just then the table kicked him violently in the stomach and made a dash for the door. Of course it couldn't open the door and they caught it easily, but Willie's father was so angry that he

which made her jump four feet. Of course, that upset her table, and it kicked Willie's papa in the stomach, spilled all the hot gravy on Willie's mamma's black hair, made the red pepper all fly into Willie's eyes, and landed spang on Angelina, who had her hands full of mustard dressing, and knocked her flat.

"Oh!" cried Willie's mother. "Ow!" cried Willie. "Wow!" cried Willie's papa. "Hoo!" cried Angelina. Then

when they all got their breath and had some of the dinner wiped out of their eyes so that they could see, they found that the table had disappeared entirely, and there stood a little brownie, bowing and smiling as hard as he could bow and smile. "Oh, how can I ever thank you enough?" said the brownie. They sat up and looked at him in astonishment. "You have uttered the magic syllables," added the brownie. "I didn't know



IT KICKED WILLIE'S PAPA IN THE STOMACH.

said he was going to make short work of that table. But just then Willie proposed that they nail it fast to the floor, so that it would just have to stand still, and when it heard that the table said it would be as good as pie if only they would not chop it with an axe or drive nails into it.

The table behaved beautifully all the afternoon, and when some of the neighbors came in to call it helped to entertain them in a perfectly lovely manner, joining in the conversation, telling funny stories, and even singing a perfect alto when one of the ladies tried a new song. The ladies said it was just too charming for anything, and it was just utterly sweet, and then the table thought

what they were, but you all said them by accident and set me free! You know that when anyone is enchanted, if someone else pronounces the right word or words they immediately regain their former shape."

"Well, I wish you had regained your former shape before you kicked me in the stomach, that's all," said Willie's papa.

"Never mind," said the brownie. "I am about to reward you all." Then he changed Willie's papa into a king, Willie's mamma into a queen, Willie into a prince and Angelina into a princess. Before they had recovered from their surprise at being made noble in this way the brownie had disappeared.

"Just clear up those broken dishes

and that fearful mess of spilled gravy as quick as ever you can, Angelina," said Willie's mamma. "This is a nice looking house for a queen to stay in all right!"

"The very idea!" said Angelina. "I'll do no such thing! Who ever heard of a princess cleaning up gravy and broken dishes! Let Willie do it! He brought that wicked table in here."

"Well, I guess not," said Willie. "You don't catch a prince doing anything like that! Pa, attend me to my couch. I wish to retire."

"See here, young man," said his father, "just remember that if you are a prince I am a king, and you can't expect a king to do anything but let other people wait on him. If you are not respectful to your sovereign I will spank you!"

"I know what is the matter," said Willie's mamma. "The brownie has forgotten to tell us where our kingdoms and things are."

"Well, I do declare!" said Willie's papa. "I don't feel a bit like a king, anyhow, and if we did not each have a crown I should not know that there had been any change. I don't see how we are going to get along this way, anyhow, for, of course, now I am a king, I can't go down to my office and work, and if I don't work I can't make any money, and I would like to know who is going to pay the bills."

"I tell you what to do," said Willie. "We just won't tell anyone that we are kings and princes and things, and then we can sell the crowns. Of course, if people don't know that we have been changed they can't expect us to wear crowns, and so we won't need them." The others said that was the very thing, and they sold their crowns for so much that they were very rich indeed, and lived happily ever after.

Esquimaux Children.

One sees boys of all races in New York in these days, but the Esquimaux boy is still infrequent in this metropolis. It is not every day that one meets a little Esquimaux attired correctly in the costume of an American boy of the period running to catch a cable car, which is what happened to the present writer last Saturday morning.

About two years ago The Tribune published an account of Mene, one of two surviving members of a band of six Esquimaux brought by Lieut. Peary from a point on the northwest coast of Greenland, six hundred miles within the Arctic Circle. Of these four fell victims to tuberculosis, Mene's parents among them. One returned to his northern home, and Mene was adopted by Superintendent William Wallace of the American Museum of Natural History. At the time of the former notice of this interesting young example of experimental acclimatization appeared in The Tribune supplement, January, 1899, Mene was only nine years old. It seemed well worth while to inquire how the interval of 23 months had affected his development into an American boy.

"You had better go and talk to him yourself," said Superintendent Wallace. "The only day in the week when you are likely to catch him at home is Saturday, unless he happens to be playing Rugby football; on

Bronx to see, and the information appeared to strike him as entirely commonplace. Mene had met newspaper men before, and a boy who is accustomed to look at his own effigy, clad in hyperborean furs, in a glass case, is apt to regard interviews for publication as one of the ordinary duties of life. The experience of being thus waylaid he took with the most placid philosophy, had no objection to the company of the self-introduced stranger on his car ride, and though not volubly communicative appeared resigned to answering questions.

Before the car reached 77th street Mene had fairly indicated in a few words his boyish tastes and preferences. Mrs. Wallace, who regards herself, and with good right, as Mene's second mother, says that the child is decidedly studious, and gives not the least ground for complaint from his teachers in the fourth grade at the Tremont school. He makes no boast of proficiency in scholarship, however, and does not profess any special fondness for any study except arithmetic. His fluent correctness of expression is the best evidence that the efforts of Miss Boyd and his former teachers to familiarize him with the English language have been eminently successful. But it is plain that outdoor games are nearest his heart; he speaks of the football club to which he belongs with a nearer approach to enthusiasm than any other subject seems to awaken in him.

At the museum every employee seemed to know Mene; his progress from the basement entrance to the fifth floor where Mr. Wallace's office is, was marked by handshakes, smiles and familiar pats on the back, all of which he took with calm, well-mannered ease, neither awkwardly shrinking from all this petting nor presuming because of it to put on pert airs with his elders, but evidently appreciating the kindly spirit in which it was meant. He was at the museum on that particular morning by special appointment, it turned out. Miss Meagher, the artist of the anthropological department, was finishing a tinted clay portrait head of him, and wanted to make a careful study of his complexion in order to secure exactness. And in the modelling room, where Miss Meagher welcomed Mene and his newspaper acquaintance, another interesting young personage happened to be also waiting to have her complexion scientifically registered for the information of the American public. This was Zaksriner, a little Esquimaux girl, who, like Mene, had had a share of unsought newspaper notoriety.

Zaksriner is only nine years old. Her name means "one of two," and it has a pathetic significance when taken in connection with the fact that her twin sister, Artamahoke ("Little Fish"), who was brought with her from Southern Alaska by a scientific explorer two years ago, died soon after reaching New York. Zaksriner has been as thoroughly taken in hand by Miss Meagher as Mene has by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and in her more demonstrative way the little girl shows a warm affection for her benefactress. The two form a most interesting, and, to the scientific mind, no doubt a most instructive pair in their similarities and their contrasts. Miss Meagher says that "Zaks," as she is called for short, and Mene have a few Esquimaux words in common, but to expect them to understand their native dialects is, as Dr. Franz Boas, of the anthropological department, expressed it, "like expecting an Englishman to understand Danish."

The boy comes from the remotest northern limit known to be inhabited by the human race; the girl is from the southernmost habitat of the Esquimaux family. Mene's complexion is ruddier and darker than that of "Zaks," whose whole cast of feature suggests the palms and plantains of a southern island, rather than the snowy wastes of the north, while his face, like his whole figure, is of altogether a broader and stockier build. The little Alaskan girl has made, apparently, even greater progress in the English language than the Greenland boy, and has also remembered more of her language than he has of his. It took much persuasion to make Mene count up to four in his language, and then "Zaks" did her part up to six, but Dr. Boas outstripped them both. After that Mene sang a strain of a wild native song, and "Zaks" followed with a much longer fragment, distinctly less wild, of a song of her people. Dr. Boas concluding the programme with a chant of the Baffin Bay Esquimaux, learned during his sojourn in that little-visited section of America.

But all this was evidently done under a strain to the feelings of the two children. They are not the kind of children who enjoy "showing off," and when, a little later on, seated on a bench among the Esquimaux exhibits in the basement, Mene was asked by Mrs. Wallace to repeat the story of an adventure on the ice fields, in which he had taken an important and perilous part, his embarrassment became painfully evident. A crowd of everyday New York little boys and

girls had begun to swarm all around the group, some almost climbing over the back of the bench in their curiosity. It was time to bring the scene to an end. Enough had been done, said and sung to bear out Mrs. Wallace's statement that in the quiet of his own home Mene can tell some very interesting tales of the Arctic Circle, and Miss Meagher's account of the pretty descriptive dances with which "Zaks" sometimes entertains her. In these dances—or poses plastiques—the little woman passes from one pose to another in a regular rhythmic series, regulated by the clapping of Miss Mesgher's hands. "Zaks" is a pupil of a private school in 42d street, and one of her accomplishments is drawing, which she sometimes put to good use in portraying the scenes of her earlier childhood in Alaska.—New York Tribune.

To Recover Money.

Washington, Feb. 13. — Some fifty years ago Matilda and William Burch, it is alleged, deposited a considerable sum of money in a bank in Paris, or at least money was deposited to the credit of the Burches, and has never been withdrawn. The matter of endeavoring to secure the return of this money has been taken up by Mr. Jas. H. Causten, of Sitka, Alaska, formerly a resident of Port Townsend, Wash. The matter has been submitted to the consul general at Paris.

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