SHE WAS PURELY SOUTHERN

And Could Not Think of Marrying a Yankee

Until He Gave Her His Overcoat and Stood in the Rain to Show That He Was All Right.

It was during an encampment of Confederate veterans that Howard Pearce first saw her. She wore a gray riding habit with a double row of small brass buttons leading up to two black stars to the collar. On her sunny locks a small gray slouch hat rested, tilted the least bit over one eye. She rode well. Pearce leaned so far from the window to catch a glimpse of the girl that he almost fell. It was a warm day toward the end of July and he was not sorry that he had no business on hand that must be rushed.

Evidently the girl in gray had gone to the camp ground, and with Saunders. But Saunders was married—happily married Pearce hoped. Anyhow, he was glad that Saunders was married.

That evening he sat before Captain Saunders' tent; with the captain, his wife and Miss Moore—the girl in gray. To the east of the camp ground the ridge rose in gentle slope. To the southwest, seemingly towering just over them, was the mountain.

Pearce's heart beat faster as the thought came to him that 30 years before white tents had marked the foot of the ridge as they did that day. But then they had stretched for miles north and south.

"Captain," he said, turning to Saunders, "it is easier to get up the ridge than it was once. There are no men in blue there tonight."

"No," the captain replied, "but the sons of some of those men are there," pointing to the company street, in which blue clad figures lounged. 'Loyal? Without doubt. Listen!"

The bands, which had united for the evening concert, had just struck up "The Spar Spangled Banner." When the air was recognized a cheer arose from the tented wood.

"Hear that?" said the captain.

"Wait," said the girl in gray.

"For what?" Pearce asked.

"They will play 'Dixie' after awhile."

"What then?"

"Then they will yell," she said, looking at him with a bright smile and nodding a confident "You'll see or hear."

And he did. When the national air was finished, there was a brief wait. Then the quick, stirring tones of "Dixie" started the woods into life with sharp echoes, which were drowned by one long, loud yell.

Pearce looked at the girl to receive an expected "I told you so." But she was not looking at him. Her cheeks were dark with color and her eyes, brightened with excitement, were fixed upon the young men tossing their caps high above the tents and shouting with all their sturdy lung power.

"I wonder," he mused, "if she hates the north as she loves the south."

When the tumult had ceased he turned to Saunders.

"Well, captain," he said, "what do you say to that?"

"Of course, they love 'Dixie,'" said the captain earnestly. "So do I. But there is no deeper meaning in that cheer than the love of a memory. They are loyal."

Miss Moore said she must go back to town.

"As it is late I shall have to leave my horse with you, captain. I shall send for him tomorrow. I reckon I can walk to the train. I can walk to the train in this rig."

She looked down somewhat doubtfully at her riding skirt. Pearce said that he would be glad to go with her, and though it was not apparent in just what way he could overcome the disadvantage of the long dress, she seemed grateful for his escort.

Well, that was the beginning of it, and the end is not yet. An incident that occurred under a large tree in the old Confederate fort on the mountain may give a hint of the trend of events.

Pearce and Miss Moore were under the tree because it was the shelter nearest when the rain suddenly began to fall, and it rained probably because a number of young people of the city had come up on the mountain to spend a September day that promised in the morning to be pleasant.

Mr. Pearce was not in good humor. He and Miss Moore had separated themselves from the others. One topic of conversation had led to another which in this instance was a declaration by Mr. Pearce that he was irretrievably in love with Miss Moore and that if she refused to make him happy he should be forever miserable. At a critical stage in this declaration a raindrop kissed the girl's cheek.

"Oh, it's going to rain!" she cried.

The next instant the downpour began and both rushed through a breach in the earthen wall of the fort to the tree, whose branches, to which the leaves yet clung, offered protection. There they stood in silence for several minutes, she busily brushing raindrops from her hat, which she had taken off, and he watching her moodily.

The silence became oppressive, and she glanced at him curiously and apprehensively from under her lashes.

He caught the glance and, moving toward her, said:

"Well?"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, starting away, her eyes still fixed upon a ribbon with which she was working.

"Why, Katherine—er—Miss Moore—

"Oh, you mustn't!"

He walked to the edge of the circle protected by the leaves and looked out over the clay wall of the fort, down which tiny rivers ran. She, having dried her hat, placed it again on her head and began brushing her skirt where, here and there, rain had spotted it. She glanced several times at his back, stubbornly turned towards her. He evinced no intention of moving nor speaking again, and she became nervous. The situation was unbearable, and she exclaimed:

"We must get back to the others!"

"We can't very well go through this rain," he said, without turning round.

Another prolonged silence, broken only by the monotonous fall of the rain. Finally, when she had almost made up her mind to gather up her skirts and run to the hotel, a quarter of a mile away, he turned and came quickly toward her.

He put out his and as though to take hers, but she quickly put her hands behind her and stepped back. He folded his arms and stood before her, looking earnestly into the eyes that she raised to his almost appealingly.

"Katherine," he said, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

A beautiful color stole slowly from the ribbon at her throat up, up, until it tinted the edges of her small, perfectly formed ears. His gaze held hers for a moment, then her eyelids fell and their long lashes swept her cheek.

"Mr. Pearce," she said slowly and hesitatingly, "I am so sorry, but I—I—can't."

"Because you do not love me?"

She looked up quickly into his face; then down again, but she did not reply.

"Katherne, tell me," he siad. "Why is it that you cannot marry me?"

"Because"—she was very busy dislodging a half buried stone with the toe of her shoe—"because you are a Yankee!"

Another swift glance met his steady look. Then she moved a little farther away and stood half turned from him. His first impulse was to laugh. But flushed cheeks and bright eyes with which she had listened to "Dixie," flashed across his mental vision. The "Yankee" might be an obstacle not to be laughed away.

"But I am not a Yankee," he said with emphasis. "I am from Illinois."

It seemed a long time to both that they stood in silence. Again she was the first to speak.

"This is an awful rain," she said.

"Yes, a very wet rain," he replied.

"Oh, you are going to jest about it"

"But I am not jesting," he answered walking rapidly to where she stood. "What I mean is that you will get wet. The water is beginning to drip from the leaves. Here," stripping off his coat, "let me put this around you."

"Oh, no," she said stepping back.

"But you must. The air is chill and if you get wet you will catch cold."

"But you—you"—

"It won't hurt me a bit. Come."

He assumed a commanding tone, and that or something else accomplished his end, for she made no effort to free herself when he placed the coat about her shoulders. It took a long time to get it fixed just right, and his arm was till around her when he looked into her face and saw that she was looking up into his. Something in her eyes prompted him to draw her close to him and to say very tenderly:

"Sweethert, I come from the north, but I love a southern girl. Don't you think that she can love a northern man just a little—if he is not a Yankee?"

She studied the arrangement of his necktie closely, and then transferred her scrutiny to his watch chain. But she evidently was not thinking of either, for when she spoke she asked:

"Illinois people are not Yankees?"

"Certainly not," he replied with conviction. "They are a long way from Yankeedom—more than 1000 miles."

She examined the necktie again, looked into his eyes for a moment, then over his shoulder, off into the rain.

"Katherine," he said softly, "do you love me?"

She turned her head slowly until their eyes met. A wave of color rushed into her cheeks and she murmered faintly, "Yes."

"And you will be my wife?"

With perhaps a sudden thought of her surroundings and of a stormy day 40 years before, she replied, "I—I surrender."

The rain, as if to hide the scene from any possible observer, fell more heavily for a moment. Then it ceased altogether and soon the sun shone through from a blue sky where the gray clouds had parted.

Fresh Lowney's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

SARAH FROM ST. MICHAEL

Which Place She Left September Fourth

With 50 Passengers and 450 Tons of Freight—Will Tie Up for Winter After Discharging Her Cargo.

From Saturday's Daily.

The N. N. Co. steamer Sarah arrived last night 16 days en route from St. Micahel on her third and last trip of the season. According to Captain Looney the trip was devoid of any incident worth mentioning. They left St. Michael September 4 with 50 passengers and 450 tons of freight, steaming night and day until the flats were reached. On the lower river four days of extraordinary strong head winds were encountered which with continuous fogs delayed progress not a little. The Rock Island and Seattle No. 3 were billed to leave St. Michael the day following the Sarah, but as the Seattle is bringing a heavily laden barge they need not be expected for another week. The Rock Island will probably travel with her sister ship in order to render any needed assistance. The Leah wilel not be up again this year, neither will the Powers. The Sullivan boats, the J. P. Light and Tyrrell, were still living at St. Michael waiting for their cargo. It had not arrvied up to the 4th, but was expected at any time. The boats hoped to get away not later than the 15th. Among the passengers on the Sarah were A. Hendricks and party from the Koyukuk, who were picked up at Pickett's coal mine 12 miles below the mouth of the Koyukuk. They all speak of that camp in the most flattering terms. One of the party is exhibiting a flat shaped nugget nearly as large as the palm of ones hand, probably the largest which the Koyukuk has yet produced. After putting his boat in winter quarters in steamboat slough Captain Looney will proceed to the outside for the winter. T. L. Rutherford, who is finishing his second season as purser on the Sarah, will also return to his former home in Oakland, California.

STEAMER CAMPBELL

Reached Dawson Last Night From St. Michael.

The steamer D. R. Campbell, of the N. N. Co. fleet, Captain C. Y. Malmquist, master, and W. M. Dutton, purser, arrived last night, 28 days out of St. Michael. The Campbell prior to the amalgamation of the big companies was one of the S.-Y. T. fleet and the present is only her second trip to Dawson. Her first was last year about this time, her load, time of voyage and other circumstances being quite similar. St Michael was left August 23 with a cargo of 281 tons on the steamer and the barge Seattle No. 1 in tow containing 270 tons additional. The barge was loaded with goods for the company stores at Fortymile and was left there to be discharged. The Campbell arrived in port with but nine passengers, those who shipped at St. Michael transferring to the Susie and Louise when those faster boats overtook and passed the slower steamer. The trip up, though lengthy, was nevertheless pleasant and was almost without incident. When about 40 miles below Fort Yukon one of the shafts cracked and a day was lost in making needed repairs The Will H. Isom was passed and repassed several times about the Tanana, the last seen of her being September 10 near Fort Yukon. At that time the Isom was double tripping through the flats. She had already arrived at Circle with one barge and was returning after the others. A peculiarity of the Isom is that she possesses but one rudder, but it is 28 feet long. It was rumored that this extraordinary steering apparatus had been broken, but whether it is true or not could not be ascertained. As an instance of the remarkable work the Susie has done this year, it is noted that she passed the Campbell, going down, at Andreafski and on September 9 when 40 miles below Fort Yukon she again passed the same boat going up, having made the trip to St. Michael, procured her cargo and was returning to Dawson. Going down, the P. B. Weare was passed September 3 above Tanana and a day later the T. C. Power was met above Rampart. The last boat for Dawson this year has left St. Michael and with the departure of the Campbell either this evening or tomorrow morning the last one will have left for down river points. In addition to the Isom there are yet to arrive the Seattle No. 3, Rock Island and possibly the Leah. But little additional mining news of the lower country is brought. The strike at Glenn gulch, above Rampart, continues to excite wonder in the Minook district. Though limited in extent there can be no doubt of the richness of the ground so far opened up. Since the discovery a few months ago between $20,000 and $30,000 have been taken out, principally with rockers. Several miners from the Koyukuk were picked up by the Campbell at Nulato. Among them was D. E. Durie, who after a continuous struggle since '98 has at last struck something good. The particulars of his find could not be learned, but it is known he had a poke containing nearly $1000 which he rocked out the last week he was on the creek prior to leaving for the outside. Mrs. Durie, who has been in the Koyukuk with her husband the past three years, is remaining there to look after their property while he has gone outside in search of health. Concerning Nome, a returning passenger says:

"Nome is but little different from what it was early in the season. Everyone is broke and three-fourths of the entire population would return up the river if they could. I venture to say that no where in the world can be seen such a wanton waste of money as has been witnessed along the beach at Nome. For seven miles one can walk along the shore and at intervals of every few rods see all kinds of machinery abandoned and lying partially buried in the sand. Though something like three quarters of a million dollars were taken out of the Nome beach, yet I believe the discovery of gold there proved a positive curse to ten times the number of people it benefitted."

CARKEEK CAPTURED

Adsconding Debtor Is Overhauled at Fortymile.

Carkeek, the absconding debtor for whom a capias was issued night before last by the N. C. Co., was overhauled Thursday as he was passing Fortymile in a canoe. He left town Wednesday evening at 8:30, his absence not being discovered until 10 o'clock. At that hour the capias was sworn to before Sheriff Eilbeck and for fear that the government telegraph office was closed and that his man would succeed in making Fortymile before morning, the sheriff, himself an old telegrapher, went to the old office in the rear of the courthouse where there is still a connection and sent the message in person to Fortymile. The detachment of police at the latter station is deserving of much commendation for the vigilance shown in patroling the river.

Carkeek was brought back to Dawson in custody of a member of the Fortymile police detachment. He arrived on the steamer Sarah, and is now in jail.

SCOWMAN MIKE KING

Says the Demand for His Craft Is Very Heavy.

Mr. Mike King the well known scow builder of Whitehorse and Cariboo arrived in Dawson Thursday. Mr. King says that the outlook promises as lively and active a season in the scow trade this year as it did last. He has a large number of contracts now on hand and is employing a large force of men.

One of the largest scows built by him this season brought 120 head of cattle from Whitehorse to Dawson. There are at the present time 1500 sheep on the way to Dawson in scows.

The scow trade at Bennett has also received an impetus and a number are now under construction at that place. Large herds of sheep and hogs which are driven over the summit from Skagway are to be shipped from Bennett.

The heavy tariff of the railroad company makes the shipment of live stock over the road almost prohibitive and as a consequence the railroad loses that trade.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price $2.50.

Kodaks $2.50; fresh films 50c. Goetzman.

Killed on Gold Run

Word reached here today that a man named Rebour was killed on Chute & Wills' claim, No. 30 Gold Run, last night, by being crushed by the caving in of a drift. Capt. Rutledge is now on his way to the scene of the accident and will hold an inquest tomorrow.

YOUNG MAN OF ABILITY

Is Assistant Gold Commissioner T. Dufferin Pattullo.

The sketch published in today's Nugget will be readily recognized by everyone as being the genial face of Mr. T. Dufferin Pattullo, whose appointment as assistant gold commissioner, vice Mr. J. Langlois Bell, suspended, has just been received. Mr. Pattullo, familiarly known as "Duff," came into the country in the winter of '97 as private secretary to Major Walsh, then commissioner of the territory. He remained here until the summer of '98 accompanying his superior to the outside. In the fall of the same year he returned to the interior and during the following winter was the mining recorder stationed at Selkirk. The next summer Mr. Pattullo was transferred to Dawson where he received the appointment of chief of the staff in the gold commissioner's office, a position which he has creditably filled ever since. His promotion to that of assistant gold commissioner is extremely gratifying to his friends, an advance that is merited in more ways than one.

Mr. Wilson Arrives.

Among the passengers arriving last night on the Sarah was Mr. J. W. Wilson, accompanied by his wife and son. For several years Mr. Wilson has managed the Hotel Healy at St. Michael for the N. A. T. & T. Co. His mission here is for the purpose of taking charge of the Hotel Regina to which he will devote his abilities in the future.

Fuel Is Abundant.

There is now more fuel piled up on the edge of the Yukon in the upper portion of the city than was there last year and it is said that thousands of cords will be rafted down the Yukon and Klondike rivers before winter closes in. There will be no scarcity of fuel in Dawson this winter.

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TOO MUCH APPLAUSE

New Brand of "Oil of Joy" on Tap in Dawson.

If an analytical chemist was to "dissect" the various brands of hootch to be obtained in Dawson his report would probably be about as follows:

Slumber brand—Rainwater, venetian red, strychnine and six cockroaches to the quart.

Fighting brand—Yukon river water, Spanish fly, turpentine and sufficient carbolic acid to give it a good, fiery color.

Applauding brand—All the ingredients of the former two with a dash of Hoyt's German cologne and a pansy blossom as a floater.

It was probably the latter brand that caused Mike Bartlett to be persistent in vociferous applause at one of the local theater last night. The fact that the applause was complained of is evidence of both its quantity and quality for applause is part of the actor's salary.

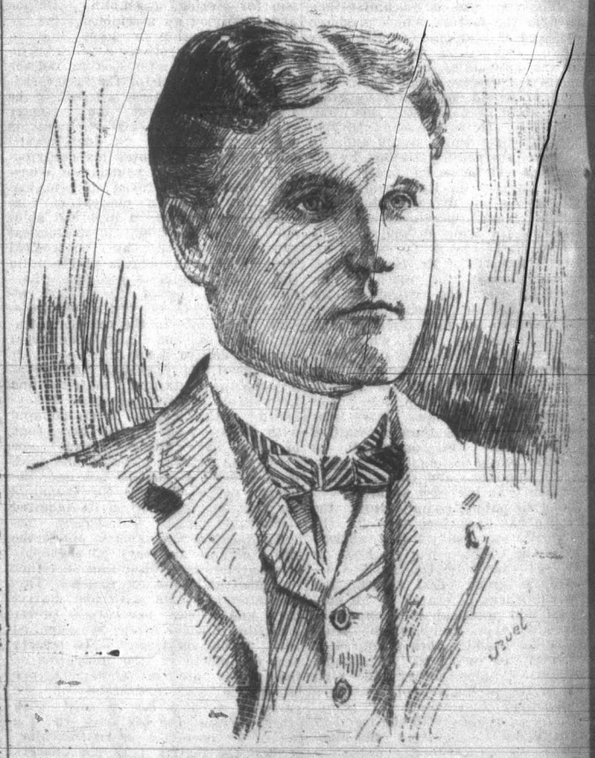
It was not stated whether the applause was intended for the low-browed villian who hisses and says "Ah, ha! I will reduce you to Hamburger steak," or for the leading lady who wrings her hands, turns her eye-balls inside out and says "With all my wealth ($15 per week and dance after the show) I am the most miserable woman south of Moosehide," then with her beautiful dress doing the spiral act like a balloon falling from the ethereal regions, falls on the stage with a loud kerplunk. At any rate the applause was given and it is no matter whether it was intended for one of the above mentioned or for the "supe" who sweeps the jig dancer's sand off the stage and boards for his clothes and gets his washing for his mending.

In Magistrate McCauley's court this morning Bartlett pleaded guilty and was given an option on paying $10 and costs in the legal exchange of the realm or of manipulating a crown saw for 20 days. An officer went with him out on the street and the money was pungled up.

A Disappointment.

Caribou Sinclair and Ed Kelly met last night to a well-filled house in a ten-round go. The match was one of the most disappointing affairs ever witnessed in Dawson, and at differant times in the progress of the tiresome rounds the house evidenced its impatience by groans and malamute howls. Kelly did not make more than one effective punch during the contest and that seemed to discourage Caribou, for he kept away from his man with but few exceptions, and his man did likewise until the contest ended. Eddie O'Brien acted as referee and an unknown but loud-mouthed youth held the watch. The go ended in a draw.

PEOPLE WE MEET.



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