

TRIALS OF THE WEEKLY WAG

And How It Was Saved by the Editor's Daughter

But She Made a Mistake by Running Up Against Uncle Instead of Nephew.

Sept. 4, 1897, 10:30 a. m.—Just now, when I took dad his cup of coffee, I found him pouring over a bill and looking worried to the verge of distraction. At last I drew from him that the Weekly Wag is wagging all the wrong way and is bound to go to the wall unless he can secure a few articles from some comic writer of note. But, though he has written to several with that object, nothing has come of it.

"In a word, the paper has turned out a ruinous investment for me," he concluded bitterly.

As I came up stairs, feeling utterly miserable and depressed, a happy thought darted into my mind. Men don't like refusing a request when framed by feminine lips, so perhaps I may succeed where poor dad has failed. At any rate, "without a trial there's no denial," and a recent incident opens the way for me to "make the trial."

A few days ago, while aunt and I were whiling away an hour in the British museum, she bowed to a librarian. He responded to her recognition with a courtly bow, and a polite smile relaxed for the moment his clean shaven insensate face.

"That was the celebrated Mr. Rutland, the writer of those clever articles, my dear. I met him last week at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained as we passed on into another room. Seeing that she had turned as red as a peony, I concluded that he was a celibate as well as a celebrity! But he certainly did not look a bit like I imagined him, for, strange to say, dad had been speaking of him to me that same morning, when he had enviously pointed out an attractive announcement in a rival weekly to the effect that a series of brilliant sketches from the pen of the widely known humorist, Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in the columns. I am very glad now that we chanced to see him, since it paves the way for me to call on him and explain in confidence the sad straits of the Weekly Wag and beg of him to contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at Forest Gate, in a beautiful residence known as Olive Lodge. So tomorrow morning I shall take heart of grace and start on this forlorn hope.

Sept. 5, 1897, 1:10 p. m.—What a day of days this has been! I really ought to have dated it in red ink. This morning directly the dear, unsuspecting dad had started for the city, I put on my sailor hat and sallied forth on my secret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a broad flight of steps to the threshold of Olive Lodge, and I must confess that while I waited admittance my courage seemed to ooze out of my finger tips. "You are a little simpleton, Rose Harvey, quaking and shaking as though you were going to face an ogre instead of a wit," said angrily to myself as a boy in buttons ushered me into a large drawing room, very handsomely furnished, but lacking in pretty trifles. Giving the boy my card I subsided into an easy chair. As I did so I caught sight of myself in a pier glass, and was relieved to see that I looked perfectly self possessed—which I certainly did not feel.

The next minute the curtained door swung open, and the celebrated Mr. Rutland entered the room. Unless I was much mistaken a gleam of relief flashed from his steel gray eyes as they alighted on me. Possibly, since my aunt and I bear the same names, he had expected to see her, and of "two evils" would rather deal with the lesser! Producing the current number of the Weekly Wag, I explained—rather abruptly, I'm afraid—the nature of my visit.

While he listened his gaze of polite attention became a stare of unbounded amazement, and, instead of accepting the proffered paper, he sprang to his feet with an exasperated gesture.

"This is a most preposterous request, young lady! It is utterly out of the question that any article from my pen should appear through the medium of the Weekly Wag."

The slighting emphasis with which he named the poor little weekly, and the withering glance he cast on it, made me tingle with rage and mortification.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, except to apologize for having troubled you with this 'preposterous re-

quest," I said, rising to my feet. And making him a stiff little bow, I moved toward the door. He had the politeness to hasten to open it for me, and I passed out with all the dignity I could summon. At the same moment the hall door was hastily opened, and a tear-blurred vision of a tall, straight figure in cricketing flannels made me redouble my efforts to repress my inclination to burst out crying.

Removing his cap the young fellow held the door open for me, and keeping my smarting eyes bent on the ground I hastily made my exit. Never in all the 19 years of my life had I felt so annoyed and resentful.

"So much for my 'happy thought!'" I reflected briefly, as I descended the deep stairway into the station. Having ascertained that my train was no due for 15 minutes, I fell to pacing the platform, where the haunting posters of many a prosperous compeer of the luckless little weekly I still grasped gave a yet keener edge to my disappointment. Turning in my perambulation I was surprised to see the flannel-clad figure of my tear-blurred vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bigwig has repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought hopefully, while I bowed in response to the young fellow's doff of cap.

"Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there has been some unfortunate mistake, and I have followed you here in the hope of straightening matters," he said, his quick breathing and heightened color testifying to the hot haste he had made.

"I am the Rolf Rutland who scribbles nonsense; my uncle is a savant, and only writes for the scientific journals."

"A savant! No wonder he was so annoyed at my request!" I exclaimed, blushing painfully. "But, really, knowing you write humor, he might have guessed I had made some such mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten minutes ago. I have 'great expectations' in that quarter, and have kept my frivolous talent a dead secret from him," he replied, with a whimsical smile.

"Then I hope you will have no reason to rue this stupid blunder of mine," I said impulsively.

"I should certainly have rued it sadly if I had never discovered it—which is a rank Hibernicism, I suppose." And a mutual laugh set us both at our ease.

"And now, Miss Harvey, with regard to the Weekly Wag, I shall be most pleased to contribute to its columns," he said, as eagerly as though he were a struggling aspirant, anxious to see his effusions in print.

In the midst of my delighted thanks the train dashed in, and all was confusion. When he had handed me into a carriage he told me that directly the cricket match was over he should run into the city and see my father. Then the train moved on, and as our eyes met in a last glance, I saw a look in his that made my heart dance as it had never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a telegram from dad, to the effect that Mr. Rutland would dine with us at 7. In a flutter of delight, I helped out to improve our meal and then hastened to make my dinner toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room, I was surprised to see how much older and distinguished he looked in evening dress than in his flannels, and for the minute I felt quite shy. But his genial frankness of manner soon brought us "in touch" again, and I have passed the most charming evening I can remember.

Sept. 5, 1898, 10:45 p. m.—My wedding eve, and exactly a year since the day I made that absurd blunder. And now, thanks to the spur given it by Rolf's pen, the Weekly Wag is the foremost of its class and its editor his cheery old self again.

"But I shall never forget," he said to me this morning, "that it owes its success not to the editor, but to the editor's daughter!"—Exchange.

Output of the Koyukuk.

The following grossly misleading article, a sample of the many misrepresentations that cause people to stampede into practically worthless countries, was published in a late issue of the Seattle P.-I.

From time to time reports have reached the outside world regarding the Koyukuk country in Alaska, all indicating its richness in the yellow metal. The latest arrival from that section is Charles R. Clow, formerly a Seattle business man, but ever since the fire has been making his home in the east, until three years ago, when he turned prospector and cast his fortunes in the far northern district from which he now hails. He is en route east on mining matters, connected with his properties in the Koyukuk, and expects to return to that section just as soon as he has completed his business. Mr.

Clow, who is yet a young man, is enthusiastic over the Koyukuk, and gives it as his opinion that although only a few claims are as yet being worked, the output for this season will exceed \$1,500,000.

"The Koyukuk country is very rich in gold," he said at the Butler yesterday, "and will prove this assertion this year. As yet there are only about 25 claims opened up, but roughly estimated these will produce, I should say, over \$1,500,000 this year."

About 15 of these claims are located on Myrtle creek and the balance on Slate creek, Gold Bench and South Fork creeks. Gold Bench is probably one of the richest properties in that part of the country. It comprises about 60 acres and the best prospectors, who have gone over it, claim to have found the dirt pay 15 to 20 cents to the pan summer diggings. A thing most peculiar to the section is that the gold commences at the grass roots and runs anywhere from 3 to 6 feet deep, but so far has been lost at bedrock. In fact, the bedrock is on top there. There is an abundance of water there, and conservatively estimating this one section will produce at least \$200,000 this year. The claims on Gold Bench are owned by G. C. Bettjes and two members of the Katie Hemrich Company, which I understand outfitted in Seattle.

"The Koyukuk country proper is of an immense area and is not overestimated. In all I should judge there are not more than 500 people in the district. There is still plenty of room, for new comers providing they are men who will engage in mining."

Tramway bar has been paying, since June 1 last, three ounces of gold to the shovel of dirt. This dirt assays \$18.40 an ounce.

"The new crowd that has come into the district from Dawson and thereabouts, have, as a rule, been able to get good properties. They are well pleased and have expressed the belief that eventually it will be a valuable gold bearing district. The climate is most agreeable and healthful. There is no disease. Last winter our coldest weather was 72 degrees below zero but even that was not what might be called severe weather."

"It is a remarkable thing, when you come to compare the few deaths in the Koyukuk with the list in other districts. The health of the camps at all times during my three years' residence there has been excellent. The little graveyards in all the district do not include more than eight graves, even with those who met death by freezing."

"It may be of interest to their Seattle friends to know that D. A. McKenzie, formerly engaged in the real estate business here, and David E. Durie, formerly of Moran Bros., are both doing well. Besides some valuable properties they both own, their wives are also owners of rich claims adjoining Gold Bench. An effort was recently made to buy one of these adjoining claims, but the man who owned a one-third interest refused to dispose of it for \$100,000."

"The north fork of the Koyukuk has been thoroughly prospected, and is pronounced very fine. The gold so far found has run from 1-cent to 25 cents to the pan. Wild creek, a tributary to the Koyukuk, has yielded the best of any of the outside creeks. Prospectors report from 6 cents in gold and 5 cents in platinum to the pan."

"The Alaska Commercial Company is now engaged in shipping in an immense amount of provisions for a winter's supply, and when I left there on July 11 I was informed they expected to have at least 600 to 700 tons on hand. The stories I have seen regarding exorbitant prices for foodstuffs are untrue. The prices prevailing throughout the whole district are about the same as those that obtain in the Klondike."

"There is no doubt about the future of the Koyukuk."

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Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

It might pay you to drop in and see the new stock of drugs, stationery and sundries at the Pioneer Drug Store.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Notice.

J. L. Sale & Co., the jewelers, have moved their main store to the Aurora building opposite Aurora dock.

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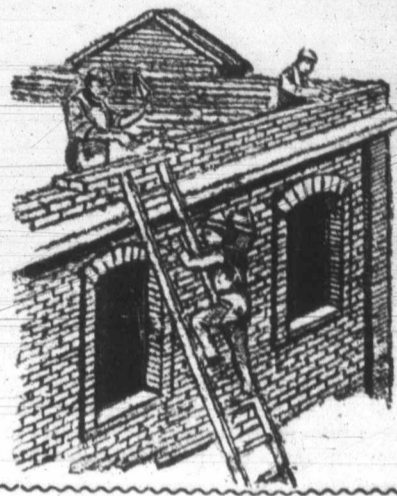
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