

The Repentant Burglar.

The moon dipped behind a cloud just as the old fashioned street lamp was extinguished. Stealing down a dark alleyway, the side entrance to the Elms, a large private residence on Boulevard D, was a lone figure. It halted beneath one of the lower windows and remained in a crouching attitude for at least ten minutes. Then it stood erect, a figure not more than five feet three, slender and active. The window opened slowly, and the figure disappeared. Moving like some creeping thing from room to room, the burglar finally emerged into the hall, and quietly ascended the stairs, but suddenly came to a halt before a door through which came a dim light.

A child lay there alone. Through a second door, leading to an adjoining room, the burglar could discern the form of a woman, fully attired, asleep on a couch. It was a nurse. The burglar looked back at the child. "Sickness here, I guess; had place for my work."

He stood intently watching the baby face resting on the snowy pillows. Then, lost in thought, he stole over to the cot.

"O God!" A moan of anguish came from the burglar's lips.

The little one stirred, and the burglar made a move toward the hall.

"Want — some — watter," murmured the child. The curly head rolled restlessly. "Mamma, baby want d'ink."

At the sound of a voice from the adjoining room the figure disappeared quickly beneath the bed.

"Nursie's coming, dear." And the woman hurried to her charge. The hidden figure could have reached out and touched the hem of her dress.

"Poor little girl!" the nurse said soothingly.

"Gladys want mamma!"

"Oh, mamma is asleep, dearie. Baby wouldn't wake mamma!"

"Mamma, mamma!" pleaded the child. As if in answer, from down the hall a low, sweet voice called softly:

"Mamma's coming, pet."

In a moment a woman entered the room and crossed quickly to the bedside. Reaching over, she kissed the feverish lips and forehead.

"Mamma's here, darling." The little arms reached up and were clasped about her neck. "Gladys loves mamma," whispered the child. "Mamma stay with baby?"

"Yes, darling, mamma will stay." She folded the babe in her arms and hushed her to sleep. Then she crossed the room to where the nurse was sitting in silence.

They whispered together in low tones. The figure beneath the bed was eagerly straining to catch every word.

"She is a little better, nurse, is she not?" the mother asked anxiously.

"I think so madam. This is the first time she has awakened since 8 o'clock. You had better rest while she is asleep."

"I cannot bear to leave her. If that child were my own flesh and blood, I could not love her more. She was brought by the police to the Orphan Asylum of the Gray Nuns in Montreal one day when Mr. Rogers and I were visiting the institution. She has brought such happiness into our lives! The evenings we have spent at home during the two years we have had Gladys have been more than all the rest of my life to me."

Both sat in silence. Ten minutes passed, and the burglar beneath the bed was getting restless. The mother was speaking slowly again, as if in thought.

"Poor little darling! The police say her mother was a wretched creature and the father a confirmed criminal, a brute of a man. Both were serving a term in prison when we took baby. Think of it, nurse — a sweet, innocent little tot like that from such parents! La Roche, I think their name was. They know nothing of the child's whereabouts."

Tears glistened in the woman's eyes as she looked tenderly and yearningly at the sleeping baby and left the room.

The nurse lingered a few moments by the child's cot. Then she turned the light very low and stole back to the adjoining room. Later heavy breathing told the burglar beneath the sick child's bed that the household was asleep once more, but for how long?

He crawled out stealthily, but did not hasten from the room. While yet in a kneeling posture, very gently he raised the child's tiny hands and kissed them passionately, then reached over and kissed the fevered forehead. A smile passed over the little one's face. The child was evidently dreaming.

"Me loves mamma," she murmured in her sleep. A tear fell on the baby's curly head.

"O God, what punishment!" With a look of unutterable anguish the thief hastily slipped from the room and down the stairway.

Some one was ascending the stairs. The burglar ran to the nearest window and fire escape. There was a piercing scream and a crash. The man on the stairs, startled, reached to his hip pocket, but all was silent again except for a low groan which rose from the court below. He hurried to the head of the stairs and peered out into the darkness. The railing of the fire escape was broken, but that was all he could see.

"Listen," said the doctor, who had just entered. "Some one is hurt."

"Burglars," whispered the other. "Be careful, doctor. Wait a moment, and I'll go down with you."

The two men reached the court below. Feeble groans came from the angle near the gateway.

"Who's there?" asked the doctor.

"Are you hurt? Strike a match, Mr. Rogers."

On the couch in the library they stretched the unconscious form of the burglar.

"He'll not get over this in a hurry, poor devil! Call up the hospital for an ambulance, Mr. Rogers."

The man went to the phone, and the doctor turned on more light.

Lifting the burglar's head, he looked closely into the face. "Whew!" he whistled. Then, as he heard Rogers returning, he lowered the lights. "I will go with this poor fellow to the hospital. I'd like to watch his case."

In a few moments the clanging of a gong told of the arrival of the ambulance.

"The women are nervous. You had better stay with them," he said.

"Tell them the fellow is all right — anything not to excite them."

"May, dear," said the husband next morning as his wife entered the breakfast room after a visit to the sick chamber, "how is Gladys?"

"Much better. The temperature has fallen, and she will surely get well now."

At the same hour the house surgeon on duty at St. John's hospital was looking over an entry in the record book. It read:

Gertrud Dressler, alias Mrs. Theodore La Roche, alias Ned Davis, criminal; killed by fall from the third story of the residence of James Rogers, Boulevard D, while in the act of burglarizing the place; was dressed in male attire; age, thirty-one; nationality, French Canadian; relatives—husband serving life sentence, Montana; daughter confined in orphan asylum, Montreal.

Man and Wife Drowned

Seattle, Aug. 20. — The mystery surrounding the discovery of the cap-sized boat found at Green lake last Saturday morning was cleared up yesterday by the discovery of the bodies of James W. Newton and his wife, of San Francisco, who rented the boat the preceding evening. The bodies were found floating near the boathouse of Joseph Wilson, clasped in a tight embrace, yesterday morning. Everything points to accidental death by drowning, though the detectives have not entirely relinquished their theory that Newton intended to murder his wife and that both sank during a struggle.

Deputy Coroner Wiltsie made a close examination of the bodies before sending them to Butterworth & Sons' morgue, and Detective Lane did the same after they had reached their destination. No indications of violence were found on Mrs. Newton's body. The only articles found in their clothing were two brass checks of the steamship City of Puebla and a medal of honor, awarded to Amanda Smith by the Denman high school, of San Francisco, in 1878. Mrs. Newton's maiden name was Smith.

The only circumstances tending to the suicide theory is the fact that everything which might identify the dead people was destroyed by them previous to the trip to Green lake, except the receipt, which might have been overlooked. The detectives do not believe the screams heard by Mrs. Wilson and others compatible with the suicide theory. They are convinced that death was either accidental or drowning followed a struggle.

A special dispatch received from San Francisco last evening, says:

Nellie E. Smith, of 2217 Larkin street, this city, is a sister of the Mrs. Amanda Newton, who, with her husband, was mysteriously drowned in Green lake last Friday, but her statement throws no light upon the

double tragedy. She now believes the drowning to have been accidental.

This morning, after reading the dispatches from Seattle that said there was strong circumstantial evidence that Newton had murdered his wife, Miss Smith called at the Hall of Justice and told the detectives that she believed the story and that she had given her sister, Mrs. Amanda Newton, the receipt for \$100, which had fallen into the hands of the Seattle police, more than three years ago.

Tonight, when informed that two bodies had been recovered, both that of Newton and his wife, she said that it must have been an accident, as there was no cause for suicide. She says her sister's husband's name was James W. and not T. P. Newton.

According to the story told by Miss Smith last night, James W. Newton and his wife had resided at 1530 Twelfth avenue, in Sunset district, ever since their marriage thirteen years ago and had always seemed happy. For the past year there had been no communication between the Newtons and his wife's family on account of some trifling difference and it was not known that they were out of the city until the reports of the tragedy came from Seattle.

The Newtons were supposed to have had some money and had gone North to settle. Last February they sold their home and several vacant lots in Sunset district for about \$5,000. Nellie Smith resides with her aged mother, Mrs. Hannah Smith, at the address given. There is also a sister, Margaret Smith, and a brother, Albion Smith, of this city. Newton was 50 years of age and his wife 40.

For Panama Canal.

New York, Aug. 22.—Referring to the fact that the construction of the Panama canal will necessitate the transportation of hundreds of cargoes of construction material, food supplies for workmen, etc., the Journal of Commerce says:

Panama and Colon are foreign ports, and there is nothing, therefore, to prevent foreign ship owners from competing at low rates for carrying material. It is said by a representative of the Panama canal interests that the material required in the construction of the canal will certainly exceed \$10,000,000 in addition to food supplies. This material will consist very largely of cement, granite, lumber and machinery. The lumber will undoubtedly come largely from Oregon and that section of the country, and will not be a matter of much concern to ship owners on the Atlantic ocean, but in the case of cement, stone and machinery the items will be of great importance, and communications have already been sent to the government at Washington with a view to seeing if some way cannot be decided upon whereby this enormous carrying movement can be confined to American ships.

It is proposed that a construction of the coastwise law could be made, declaring the six-mile zone on each side of the canal to be American territory, and this would convert Panama and Colon into domestic ports. This zone, under the treaty with Colombia, is merely leased to the United States, as Colombia does not relinquish her sovereignty. Some doubt is expressed whether the government could, therefore, assume the ports of Panama and Colon without incurring international complications.

Under the bill as passed by congress no restrictions of the carrying trade to American vessels can be made, and American ship owners claim that they will not be able to meet the competition of foreign vessels in this trade, for the reason that a large number of fruit vessels are available for the service—largely Norwegian vessels, which bring fruit north and have usually no south-bound cargo. These vessels would naturally be able to carry south-bound cargo at much lower rates than could American vessels, which must make their entire expenses on south-bound cargo and return north practically in ballast.

Not for Steel Company

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Company, has returned to Chicago from the east. When asked as to the truth of the reports that John W. Gates is trying to get possession of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company for the United States Steel Company Mr. Gary said:

"The United States Steel Company has nothing to do with the matter. About a year ago we did try to get possession of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company to the extent of making an offer for the property. They made us a counter offer, and neither proposition was satisfactory to the other party. That ended the negotiations, and they

have not since been renewed. Mr. Gates is not acting for the United States Steel Company."

Held at Ellis Island

New York, Aug. 22.—Elias J. Ivanovich, with his wife and eight children, were held over night by the immigration authorities at Ellis island and this in spite of the fact that he has with him \$25,000 in gold coin and \$10,000 worth of jewelry. When the members of the family landed from the freight steamer Byron, it was suspected that they were gypsies and until they could prove their good intention in coming to this country it was decided to look into their story. When it was learned they were possessed of wealth that fairly took the breath away from the examiners, it was too late to do anything more in the matter, but it is probable that they will be released. They are Servians and will live in this country.

Elias, the head of the family, is a man about fifty years old. He is more than six feet tall, and, with his impressive bearing and picturesque attire could well pose for a picture of the ideal bandit. About his waist, beneath a Persian lamb coat, he wears a belt containing Spanish doubloons three deep. His watch chain is of massive silver, studded with turquoises of large size.

No less gaudily attired was his eldest son, who likewise wore a belt of doubloons. His wife's ears held gold earrings nearly two inches long, and in the ears of his pretty daughter were large pearls.

Life History in Hair.

A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read it closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it, and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from overwork, anxiety or underfeeding.

Fire in Portland

Portland, Or., Aug. 22.—Fire completely destroyed the pattern shop of the O. R. & N. Co. at the terminal yards in lower Albina tonight. The building was a small, cheap structure but the contents destroyed were valuable castings and patterns, worth several thousand dollars.

Batoche Recalled

In 1885 there was a little rebellion in the Canadian Northwest. A force of Canadian militia, commanded by Gen. Middleton, of the regular British army, hemmed Reil and his halfbreeds and Indians up in the little hamlet of Batoche. Then Gen. Middleton sighed for a regiment of regular British troops. He was afraid to let the "raw Canadians" go in and do up the enemy as they proposed. They begged to be permitted to end the daily skirmishing by a charge, but Middleton knew that the result would be panic and disaster, and he proposed to remain in front of Batoche, to besiege it, to shell it, and to starve the halfbreeds into submission. Finally, one fine day, the Canadians, tired of the sniping and tomfoolery, went in on their own account, without the knowledge or permission of the wise old regular general. The battle was over in a few minutes, Batoche was captured, and the enemy was killed, captured, or dispersed. They say that old Middleton put up a fine brand of wrathful indignation when he discovered that the Canucks had proved that he didn't know his business, as far as handling "raw Canadian troops" was concerned, but he finally concluded not to court-martial and shoot his army, and the incident passed, says the Hamilton Spectator.

Gas Plant Is Sold

Whatcom, Aug. 22.—The Bellingham Gas Company today, by a vote of its stockholders, sold the plant to Cyrus Pierce & Co., of Philadelphia, for \$110,000. It is said there will be no change of management for the present. Nelson Bennett, the heaviest stockholder, was present, as was Joshua Pierce, of Tacoma, and Robert Ayer, executor of the Erasmus Bartlett estate. Walker and Munn, of Seattle, were the attorneys for the Philadelphia syndicate.

Reid Arbitrations.

St. Johns, Nfld., Aug. 14.—Public feeling over the Reid arbitration difficulty is growing more intense. In an interview today a prominent member of the colonial government said:

"The solvent existence of the colony depends upon the outcome of this arbitration. The government is prepared to exhaust every legitimate expedient to insure the absolute impartiality of the arbitration-tribunal."

Remembering that when the Conservative government passed the Reid contract in 1893, Mr. Morine, the then minister of finance, was at the same time and without the knowledge of the colony, solicitor for Mr. Reid, the present government feels that the emergency of today is a case for eternal vigilance. When the governor of the colony learned the above related facts concerning Mr. Morine, he dismissed the minister of finance from office.

Dividend Passed

New York, Aug. 22.—At a meeting of the board of directors of the Southern railway this afternoon the dividend on the preferred stock which has been at the rate of 1 1/4 quarterly was passed. The following statement was given out after the meeting:

"The consideration of the amount of October dividend on the preferred stock was postponed until a future meeting of the board on account of a communication received from the voting trustees stating that they had been requested by holders of large amounts of preferred and common stock to extend the period of the voting trust and that in view of such request they had determined to issue a circular to the stockholders suggesting and recommending such extension."

"Pending the ascertainment of the wishes of the stockholders in this respect the board considered it best to suspend action upon the dividend."

For Senate and House

Whatcom, Aug. 22.—Candidates for the Forty-second senatorial district and the Fifty-fourth representative district were named in Lighthouse hall this afternoon in a convention presided over by J. R. Crites, who was named by acclamation. J. W. Romaine was nominated for senator by acclamation. C. I. Rath, of Whatcom, and L. N. Griffin, of Fairhaven, were also the unanimous choice of the convention for representatives. H. B. Williams was named for justice of the peace and G. Charlotte for constable.

D. A. Griffin was chosen chairman of the Fifty-third representative district convention at K. of P. hall. T. A. Hunter, of Blaine, and Penton Merrill, were nominated by handsome majorities over Ed Brown, of Custer, and L. G. Valkenburg, of Sumas, J. S. Smith, present assessor, and L. C. Axton, of Ten Mile. The county ticket will be named tomorrow.



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Mr. E. C. Haw for whom Dawson so expectantly all at last arrived at of, much longed for Railway will see shape. The delay of the road has been promoters having difficulties that so many obstacles required time to be said and be absolutely reliable will be built, though till next spring lateness of the season has succeeded in it and he has fifteen Vancouver ready telegraphic instructions stock is all contrary only thing that stability of traveling hind the steam for three months is far advanced that tremely difficult to needed inside and of the road be winter. That point to be decided and conclude within the to go ahead with this is not a disposal ordinary difficult a fighting chance material in before the tion the road will come a reality in of conjecture.

In his room at day evening a was had with Mr. rather fatigued, he all day with his making up of his not too tired to upon which he has assiduously during days are alike and especially so every twenty-four many times over time earlier in the fact that is apparent be denied. The pe dike taken as a w alive to the benefit from the completion. On the question of been estimated that one million dollars affected, the const into the Stewart r ing within reach ver at comparative now are inaccessible. So it is with im grade gravel which ery upon it for pro require a small to mere freight bills the present facilities.

Mr. Hawkins has the city, those came acquainted with much interest of the White Pe coast range of mo that will last fore to his genius and of railways. Of unassuming and does not impress from whom great expected, yet the steel that now co able waters of the outside world and within touch of ci lent proof of the that is one of his lex. In reply to his immediate into the road, Mr. Haw "I have been del this summer in a not anticipate whic late arrival here. from Ottawa until New York and happened right af tain me and after about I had to go across the contin

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