



Womans Rights
BY W.L. FRENCH

Fred Gates was pulling a local freight run out of Kansas City, that left on the N. P. line at 6 a. m. He was among that class of fortunate fellows who had commenced firing at just the right time, when business was brisk, and had been promoted to the right side before his joints got stiff and his back lame from shoveling tons of coal into a mountain of iron, as his immediate successor had to do.

Fred was a solid built easy moving chap of 28 years, and still single, not because he had any decided preference for bachelorhood, but because he believed in marrying for love and he had not yet met the girl who by looking the other way, and by rights she should have looked at him, could send his spirits down to zero.

For a month past, every Monday morning he had observed a young lady go by the engine and pass along the train toward the way car. In a short time, he became accustomed to watch for her coming every Monday morning, and if she had not appeared he would have felt disappointed. Why he could not tell, for never by even a glance had she recognized that he was on earth. From the rear brakeman he learned she invariably left the train at the next town, and from the station agent he learned she was teaching the village school, and came down on the local because the morning passenger train arrived too late for her to commence her duties on time at the school.

The local was always made up on the track back of the local depot and opposite the track where the passenger trains came down from the union station, and people who wished to go out on the local had to pass the engine and walk the whole length of the train. Not a very convenient arrangement, but then the local was not for the public's convenience, it was merely for their accommodation when they felt like using it.

It was in the late fall and rather dark and gloomy at 6 a. m., and the yard was a lonesome place, yet when the girl passed the engine on this Monday morning she appeared as unconcerned as if it was midday. However, Helen Hadley assumed a good deal more bravery than she felt that morning. Usually there was a brakeman's lamp or a car repairer's torch shining out with a friendly gleam through the dark, but this morning there was none; the yard seemed deserted. True, Helen was hardly five feet tall, and weighed less than one hundred pounds, but being a strong believer in woman's rights she held that she must exhibit just as much bravery as a man under like conditions, and no doubt she did, for no one is over brave in the dark. Her confidence received a rude shock when a few car lengths back from the engine she found her way barred by a ragged, stubby-bearded hobo, who fiercely demanded her watch and purse, and concluded his demand by making a grab for the latter, but here he was interrupted by a swinging blow that caught him under the eye, and as he went down his head struck an oil box on one of the cars, and he saw more stars than he had ever dreamed were in the universe. He also saw a prison sentence if he did not make his escape at once, and rising quickly he dodged under the nearest car and was gone. Helen glanced up from her fallen enemy to the quiet young man in overclothes who stood bowing before her, and offering to escort her in safety to the way car, an offer which she left under the circumstances she was in duty bound to accept, and so their friendship began. Of course the rest of the boys made sport of Fred and solemnly averred that he had hired the hobo to go through the part of highwayman, in order that he could obtain the young lady's friendship and good will, but that did not worry him in the least and he became a regular caller at the Hadley home, and every Monday morning escorted her from the depot to the way car, and it looked as if his bachelor days were growing very few in number, but it always takes two to make a bargain. It was hardly a month until he was in love all over and the freeman, as he expressed it, had to keep jarring him to keep him on the track, but she did not seem to re-

turn his affection. Of course she was very friendly at all times and always gave him a hearty welcome at her home, yet there was something in her manner which he felt would not be there if she meant to say yes when he asked her the important question he had decided to ask at the first favorable opportunity. He consoled himself with the thought that perhaps she kept her real feelings concealed, not knowing his intentions. Poor fellow, as though his intentions were not an open book to her, and she had honestly tried to discourage him without offending him for she was not sure as to the final state of her own mind.

One evening as they were sitting by the fire, he spoke out abruptly: "Helen, I love you; I have loved you since the first morning I saw you go by the engine. Why I cannot tell you, but I love you and want you to be my wife."

The smile died on her lips and her face grew grave. It was a moment before she spoke. "Fred, I thank you for the honor offered me. When an honorable man asks a woman to be his wife, he offers her the most exalted position in his power to bestow on any one, and his offer is entitled to the highest consideration and respect from the woman to whom it is made. Perhaps you will think me frank and cold blooded in my treatment of your offer, but I do not mean it in that way. I esteem your friendship, but I do not love you, I am certain. In fact, I am not sure what love is."

"If you really loved me you would know what it is. I need no chemist to analyze my feelings toward you," he broke in despondently.

"No doubt you would not. We are all constituted differently as regards our feelings and thoughts. Now I like you better than any man I ever met; that might be love for some people, it may be for me, but I do not think so. I believe women should stand on an equal footing with men in every respect, that Helen Hadley is just as great a person as Fred Gates. In the eyes of the world under our present system as soon as I cease to be Helen Hadley and become Helen Gates, I cease to be a girl and become a cipher. I do not wish to be a cipher. When a woman marries she sinks her identity completely in her husband's, she is simply nobody. I do not feel that I love you—at least not enough that I should bury my own personality by becoming your wife, and I must say no to your proposal," she concluded.

"You said awhile ago that the highest position a man could offer any woman was that of wife. He makes her queen of the household. She is of the highest goodness; what more can one desire?" he asked.

"Few women desire more, I have set a higher ideal, and I can never attain it. If I obliterate myself, I am an active worker in a women's rights club, and have often taken the position that women of advanced ideas should not marry."

"I'll venture, Helen, that nine out of ten of the members of your club are married."

"Yes," she admitted, hesitatingly, "but they were married before they saw things in the right light."

"Well, I wish I had met you before you saw things in the right light," he said good-naturedly. He felt her refusal was, after all, only half a refusal, and time and his unceasing devotion would eventually win her.

All winter he called steadily at her home, and escorted her Monday mornings back to the way car. But no word did he speak of love. He was determined to give her plenty of time to learn her mind before he broached the subject again.

Helen's school was out, and spring had floated up from the south. She had been offered a position at a distance, with better pay, and a wider scope of advantages. Something she had long desired to obtain, but now it was in her grasp she seemed loath to accept it. She told Fred of the offer, and he saw in her acceptance of it their final separation. He overlooked the fact that absence sometimes does more to create love in some minds than actual presence.

"Say, Helen, I can not stand this suspense any longer," he said to her

on the Sunday night before she was to make the decision in regard to the position offered her. "Can you not throw aside this fad—'tis nothing more of women's rights, and tell me that you love me as I believe in my heart you do."

"So you choose to call my chosen life work a fad," she said coldly.

"Yes, it is a fad, Helen. I speak plainly. I have been on the ragged edge of uncertainty for months, and can stand it no longer. I know you love me, only you cannot bring yourself to break away from this fancy you have nourished so long. It has come to the point when you must decide between me and your—your fad."

"I thought I told you once that I preferred to be a unit instead of a cipher, and you call that desire a fad. I was frank with you, Fred. I told you I did not love you and that I did not desire to sink my personality by marriage. You chose to wait and hope. I did not tell you to, or not to. I was not sure of my own mind, but I think I am now."

"She felt aggrieved that what she held as a high ideal should be termed by him a fad. She was in a mood she could say to him things that at other times she would have found impossible."

"I judge from your tone I have nothing to hope," he said.

"Hope liveth forever," she quoted slowly.

Here was Fred's opportunity, but like many a man under the same conditions he grasped the wrong end of it, and spoiled all his chances.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," he answered. "I have been hoping so long. It's reality I want, not hope."

"Then you must take my answer as, 'No,'" and so they parted, half in anger, half in sorrow.

Fred did not sleep well that night, and over and over in his mind he turned the conversation of the evening before, and he could see where he had been too insistent and abrupt.

The next morning when he backed down on the train he wished he had told the caller he was sick, and had not gone out. He was sick at heart. Why had he not waited, and let things take their course, he asked himself.

Time was up. The conductor gave the sign and slowly they started. The rail was wet and the engine slipped badly. Faster and faster he got the train going. Suddenly she slipped savagely again and caught. There was a sharp snapping sound as the wheels flew around again, and the back end of the right side-rod, broken near its center, shot up through the deck of the cab, knocking Fred and his seat box up toward the roof, and they fell in a heap behind the boiler head. He lay there stunned from a blow on the head against the spring cover, and his right leg broken. The fireman had run out in the tank, but when he saw Fred disabled he stepped back in the cab, shut off the throttle, and set the air brakes, and the train quickly came to a stop.

They were still in the yard limits and a switch engine and baggage car were pressed into service to take the injured man to the local depot, where an ambulance summoned by telephone was waiting to convey him to the hospital.

Two hours later, Helen's brother, Bob, burst into the room where she was writing her letter of acceptance of the position tendered her.

"Say Helen, did you know about the accident? Fred Gates got most killed. Gosh, I hope he don't die. He's the best fellow I know." Bob's friendship had been purchased by a few judicious favors.

"Helen's letter was forgotten. Her face suddenly became white, and she arose to her feet. "How did it happen?" she asked.

"Something broke and the pieces hit him. Took him to the Grace hospital. You had better go see him."

There was no doubt in Helen's mind now as she hastened toward the hospital. She loved him. She knew it all the time, only she had allowed a fad—she admitted now it was a fad—to blind her eyes, and harden her heart.

Thus it was two hours after the surgeons had finished patching him up, and he was lying on his cot meditating on the sudden changes and uncertainties of life, when he was startled from his reverie by the sound of light footsteps, and beheld Helen bending over him.

"Are you so badly hurt?" she asked tearfully, as she gazed at the white face and bandaged head.

"It was wonderful what a change came over his spirits; they went up at a bound, and the whole world seemed suddenly to take on a rosy hue. Five minutes before he would not have cared much if it had been his neck that was broken, but now he felt that it had happened just right, in spite of the twinges of pain that shot up from his injured limb.

"Not so bad; but had enough," he added.

"I am so glad," she murmured, and Fred wondered why.

"I guess you like me better than the fad, after all, Helen."

"I do, Fred. I am willing to be a cipher," she replied.

"Woman's vested rights will always be in the home," he answered.

Forest Preservation.
Commenting upon the Alaskan forest reservation recently created by President Roosevelt, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer says:

"The recent creation of forestry reserves in southeastern Alaska, recalls anew the necessity for some comprehensive scheme of forest preservation which does not condemn a large region to remain perpetually undeveloped. The islands included in the new reservation have on them dozens of splendid bays and inlets which would afford safe harbors for vessels of any dimensions. The waters teem with fish. The whole country is heavily mineralized, known ledges of valuable ores having been already found; and were the country thoroughly prospected it is possible, indeed it is absolutely certain, that many more such ledges would be discovered."

"It is perfectly right and proper that the timber on the public lands in Alaska should be conserved, and no better time could be found to enter upon a policy of conservation than now, when little of the land has passed into private ownership. It does not follow, however, that in order to conserve the timber it is necessary to prevent absolutely the development of all industries and keep the country a wilderness. At the best, timber constitutes but one of the minor resources of southeastern Alaska. The fisheries and the mines are present resources of infinitely more value."

"The fishing industry in those islands which are now reserved from settlement could be expanded to support a population as large as that engaged in the fisheries of the New England coast. The mineral resources of southeastern Alaska are sufficient, when even partially developed, to support as large a mining population as that of Colorado or Montana."

"It is part of the sound national policy to encourage the development of both of these great industries in the new territory. They are both expanding wonderfully at the present time. The capital employed in the fish canning and preserving industry in Alaska is already greater than that employed in any state in the Union. Yet the fishing industry is but in its infancy. While the waters teem with other fish of commercial value, they are practically untouched."

"Alaska contributes heavily to the amount of precious metal annually produced in the United States, and hundreds of mines are being opened, as capital can be enlisted. Everything possible should be done to encourage this development. The exclusion of prospecting for minerals in the Alexander archipelago would work a most serious injury to the district of Alaska and long delay its development."

"Under these circumstances it is to be hoped that the executive order making timber reservations of the islands of the Alexander archipelago may be speedily modified."

Fatal Duel.
Winfield, Colo., Sept. 1.—A revolver and rifle duel to the death was fought here on Main street at 6 o'clock tonight, and as a result Gus Sjostron, aged 35, a Swede miner, was instantly killed, and Slim Amsdon, aged 35, also a miner, was shot through the left breast two inches above the heart and mortally wounded, and Chauncey Bennett, a bartender, was shot in the groin and perhaps fatally wounded.

The shooting was the direct result of insane jealousy of Amsdon over Amy Bights, a pretty 15-year-old girl living with her married sisters here, with whom he was desperately enamored. The girl did not reciprocate Anderson's feeling.

Yesterday morning Amsdon learned for the first time that Andy Malloy, a young miner, had called at Miss Butts' home and was seen in the girl's company. Amsdon secured a rifle and went on a hunt for Malloy. He saw Malloy on the street and fired two shots at him, but neither reached its mark. Malloy escaped, and during the remainder of the day kept under cover, fearing Amsdon would kill him if he appeared on the street. Last evening Gus Sjostron, who was a friend of both Malloy and Amsdon, met the latter on Main street and attempted to make peace between the two men. Amsdon became greatly excited and told Sjostron to mind his own business. Sjostron in turn grew very angry at Amsdon's manner. High words followed and both men began to shoot, with the above results.

My entire stock must be sold, as I intend leaving for the outside. Prices to suit.—Mrs. Anderson's, Second avenue.

BARS NOW APPEARING

To Trouble Steamboat Navigators

Light Draught Boats Will Have the Best of the Game for Rest of Season.

The Yukon river has been falling rapidly and nearly if not all points above Dawson within the last few days. Sand bars are coming up with irresponsible pugnacity, and steamer skippers once more find their skill summoned to its fullest to combat the situation. No serious delays have been occasioned as yet, but steamers are nearly all striking frequently."

At numerous points on the river sandbars exist and are ever a worry to the navigators, so there is no surprise manifested if a steamer strikes a bar at almost countless places between Whitehorse and Dawson after September 1 of every season.

The worst bars in the upper Yukon this season are at Helligate. The government sent a crew of men there a few days ago to begin work of filling channels which allow water to flow from the main course, but it is doubtful if the work can be rushed sufficient to deepen the channel in time to save the steamers many vexatious if not serious delays.

The steamers La France and Thistle were built for low water and are the lightest draft steamers ever

launched. The crews are the best paid and most competent steersmen men in the country and are all well known to travelers. Captains Mackintosh and Smyth have charge of the La France and Captains Henry Bailey and Marsh the Thistle. Some of these men have ever delayed a boat an hour on account of sand bars or low water.

The La France draws 8 inches of water, the Thistle 19 inches. They are fitted up with every convenience for the comfort of travelers, their staterooms are large and elegantly furnished and the dining room service is equal to any first class hotel in the country. They were built on the Yukon by men who knew from experience what was required. The expense of running these boats is about \$12,000 per month, every dollar of which is paid to men who spend their money in Dawson.

Patronize these boats and you will get at least part of your money back through the avenues of trade.

Affray in Chinatown.
Fresno, Cal., Sept. 1.—As a result of an affray in Chinatown this morning Policeman Akers was wounded, one Japanese was killed, and two others injured. The trouble grew out of the nonreturn of \$230 which Nakayama, a well educated Japanese, borrowed from his second cousin, Mishada.

A crowd of Japanese gathered this morning at a restaurant and Mishada and Kabata entered a private box to make a demand on Nakayama. The money being refused, Mishada drew a knife and stabbed Nakayama in the breast. The latter fired three shots in quick succession, all taking effect, and Mishada fell dead. Akers received the fourth bullet in the left forearm. Kabata was wounded to the shoulder by a fifth shot. Akers arrested the shooter and held four or five Japanese as witnesses to the tragedy.

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ANOTHER Yukon Work L

Many Bills Tak
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And, whereas, dustry in the Y sufficiently advan article of fuel to tent as yet. We would the fee for cutting be reduced from per cord to 25 c. The report, wa and the memorie to Ottawa.

Senkler introd ances, each of v first reading amend the liqu and the other lists and druggs. The bill respec of juries was co mittee of the w the next sessio. The same dispos the bill respecti the Northwest aces.

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