

Crue Southern Hospitality

Elwood had just returned from the north. It was his first visit, and he was all northern hospitality and enthusiasm about it. He told me of his experience, and his manner was so different from yours, but quite pleasant in its way.

Your relation of your experience in the south, Elwood, recalls to me the experience of my own with southern hospitality during the civil war. "It was some different from yours, but quite pleasant in its way."

Major McDougal took out a fresh cigar. We assumed an attitude of attention and interest. It was always a pleasure to hear the major tell of his experiences. He seemed to have such rare ones, and was able to repeat their narration with such interest that you always felt a regret that you had not lived through those days. When he had taken a long pull and blown the smoke slowly into the air, the major began:

"In June, 1864, while I was stationed in Memphis, I received orders to go over into northern Arkansas. Price's army had been driven north by that time, but to keep and pay of the Federal troops in a possible attack from guerrillas I was given a guard of fifty men. Our journey had to be made overland, and we were equipped with a wagon train. At the end of a hot day, and after a long march we reached the little town of Paragould. Our coming into the town was quite an event. When Lieutenant March, who was in charge of the guard, picked out a site to pitch camp for the night, the putting up of the tents was watched by a crowd of townspeople. My tent was put up first. As I stepped out after arranging my things, I was greeted by as picturesque a looking man as I had ever beheld. He was a handsome old fellow of about sixty, I should say, but still as straight as an arrow. His long coat, shiny, and somewhat green with age, his broad expanse of shirtfront, his white hat of the style much worn in the south before the war, were all suggestive of better days. He looked, to all the world, like the caricatures you see in the comic papers now-a-days of the crushed tragedian. His eyes, however, were distinguished and keen, and checked the desire to laugh which his attire inspired. Lowering his hat with a graceful wave, he said:

"Wah, permit me, sah, to welcome you to Paragould."

"His grandiose manner suggested membership of the town. I concluded he must be a person of local importance. I thanked him for his welcome."

"Are we to enjoy the honah of your presence for long, sah?" he asked.

"I replied that we would break camp in the morning."

"I regret that most, sincerely, sah, for we would like to show you some little social attentions in Paragould. However, we will not let you depart without some slight effort to make your brief stay pleasant, and I hope, sah, you and the officer in command of your escort will do Mme. Jones and myself the honah, sah, of supping with us this evening. That is Mme. Jones's mansion thar, sah!" He pointed to a rather modest weathered house on a hill a short distance from the camp.

"Mme. Jones is a relative of mine, sah—a widow whose son is now at the front in the Confederate service," he continued. "This deplorable war, sah, has made sad inroads into our resources, but, sah, an officer and gentleman—even though cherishing different sentiments from ours, and engaged in upholding a cause which we oppose—shall not have it to say that he passed through Paragould without an offer of our hospitality."

"I thanked him with a bow, and turned to Lieutenant March, who came up just then for a few words with me. When I had answered the lieutenant's queries, my visitor stepped up.

"May I claim the honah of a presentation to the lieutenant, sah?" he asked. And, without waiting for a reply, he said:

"I am Colonel Waldo Watterson."

"Lieutenant March," I said.

"Delighted to meet you, lieutenant," he responded. "Allow me to compliment you on the appearance of your men, sah. They look through the brush, sah. I have just invited the lieutenant to sup this evening with Mme. Jones's relative, sah—and myself, sah. I hope you, too, will honah us, sah."

"It seemed to read a declination in his countenance, and made quick to install it by holding out additional cigars."

"It is just a few steps from your camp, and if you will come I will show you the finest mint juleps you

house or 'mansion,' as the colonel persisted in calling it, we were met at the door by the colored man who had brought the colonel's note to camp.

"'Jackson,' said the colonel, 'you may inform your mistress that Major McDougal and Lieutenant March of the federal army have arrived and are awaiting the honah of a presentation. Meantime, sah, we will take seats here on the veranda. It is rather warm inside, and I think we will enjoy sitting out here and sipping our juleps while awaiting the announcement of supper.'

"The veranda was a very dilapidated porch, but the view from it was very fine, and a slight breeze which came through the trees was a pleasant relief after our long march that day in the blazing sun.

"In a few moments Mme. Jones came out and we were presented. She was a well-preserved woman of about 50. Her attire, like the colonel's, had the pretense of better days, and there was about her that indefinable charm which is indicative of refinement. She greeted us graciously and asked if we wouldn't come into the parlor.

"I ventured to suggest, Lorena, that the gentlemen would find it more enjoyable to sip their juleps on the veranda," said the colonel.

"'Certainly,' she responded, 'if they prefer it. If you will excuse me I will see that they are served.'

"The colonel entertained us with all the gossip of the town, interspersing with his narratives with frequent suggestions of his own importance in the community. In about ten minutes the negro Jackson came out bearing a tray with three juleps on it. He was followed by Mme. Jones, who remained just long enough to express the hope that they were to our taste. We took a sip, pronounced them delicious, which, indeed they were, and she then re-entered the house to look after the preparation of supper.

"In a short while supper was announced by Jackson and we went in, preceded by the colonel. The house looked bare and poverty-stricken, but everything was scrupulously neat. The colonel took the head of the table, Mme. Jones sat at the foot and Lieutenant March and I were on either side. They had managed to scare up a chicken somewhere—I have always suspected Jackson—and it was nicely broiled. The chicken, some sliced tomatoes, boiled potatoes, bread, apple sauce and coffee constituted the meal.

"During the meal the colonel's volubility was incessant. He regaled us with many of his experiences during the early days in the south, most of which were none the less enjoyable on that account. Mme. Jones was a charming hostess. Jackson acted as butler, and his get-up was ludicrous. He wore a discarded coat of the colonel's and an expansive white tie made into a huge bow. It looked like one of Mme. Jones's apron strings, and I think it probably was.

"After the meal we repaired again to the veranda and were joined by Mme. Jones.

"I would like to invite you gentlemen to smoke," said the colonel, "but I regret to say that I parted with the last of my tobacco to some Confederate officers—friends of mine—who passed through Paragould recently."

"Lieutenant March came to the rescue. He produced his tobacco pouch, and the colonel thereupon supplied us with corn-cob pipes. When we had finished our pipes I announced that we should be obliged to return to camp. We made our adieu to Mme. Jones, but the colonel insisted upon seeing us safely to our quarters. When we reached the camp he shook hands, bade us good night and said:

"Gentlemen, I regret—sincerely regret—that your stay in Paragould is not to be more protracted. But allow me to say, sah, that if the fortunes of war should ever bring you this way again, I hope, sah, that you will again partake of our hospitality."—Justin McGrath in New York Times.

Suicide After Arrest.
London, Jan. 27.—According to the Sofia correspondent of the Daily Express, Dike Joseph, a politician and lawyer, and the director of the newspaper Svet, committed suicide after his arrest in connection with a series of thefts of postage stamps from the government printing department, involving a loss to the state of \$80,000.

Heavy Passenger List.
The stage arrived from Whitehorse yesterday with 13 sacks of mail, all letters with one exception, and the following list of passengers: Mr. and Mrs. Casper Ellingen, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Woodworth, H. D. Saylor, J. B. Knox, J. H. Bates, A. E. Weisenberg, and Mrs. James Hall.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

EAT FLESH OF HORSES

Dire Straits of Trail-Building Party.

Experience of a United States Surveying Party in Northern Alaska.

Seattle, Jan. 30.—After undergoing great hardships and overcoming many obstacles, the members of the Trans-Alaska Company exploration and trail-building party have succeeded in cutting their way through from the Yukon to Iliamna Lake and establishing a trail which, it is claimed, will mark a new era commercially so far as Nome and the contiguous region is concerned.

In addition to establishing a horse trail, with road houses thirty miles apart, making a safe route in the depth of winter for travellers, mail and freight, the party secured a good deal of topographical information in regard to the country traversed, which will render necessary material alterations in the maps with regard to the locations of rivers and lakes. A chain of mountains not given on the maps, with one peak said to rival Mount Rainier, was crossed by the party, and its general features carefully noted. A shorter and lower range was also discovered to lie between the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers.

It was commonly believed that the party had met with disaster in the frozen wilds of the interior, as its arrival at Iliamna was expected a month ago. The party endured numerous hardships, and for several days was forced to subsist on horseflesh. Some of its members were badly frostbitten and Deputy United States Surveyor Webster Brown had his forearms frozen and still wears them incased in bandages.

The news of the expedition arrived here yesterday on the steamer Bertha, Capt. Johanson, which made the trip down from Kadiak in a little more than eight days. One of the passengers on the steamer was J. M. Shawhan, a newspaper correspondent who hurriedly departed for San Francisco last night on learning by wire that his wife had been frantic with anxiety over the rumors that the whole party had perished. Shawhan is well known in the newspaper and magazine circles of the country, having been connected with the New York World, the Chicago Chronicle, the Milwaukee Journal, the San Francisco Call and the San Francisco Examiner. He established a paper at Pasadena and two at Los Angeles, Cal., and has contributed descriptive articles to Harper's and other leading magazines. He is now the correspondent of several papers, and declares that he will write a book dealing with the trip, which he says forms the most interesting event in his life.

The trail proper, as laid out by the expedition, begins at St. Michael and ends at Iliamna bay, a distance of 559 miles. The party left St. Michael on October 7 and arrived at Iliamna on January 11, the complete trip requiring seventy-five days. As a general result of his observations during the trip, Shawhan scolds the theory of many persons that if the mineral wealth of Alaska should be exhausted the country would be of no commercial value. Given proper transportation facilities, he asserts, and Alaska will become one of the richest and most prolific sections of the United States.

Libraries For Mexico.
Monterey, Mexico, Jan. 26.—If the efforts now being made by United States Consul General Hanna are successful, \$4,000,000 of Andrew Carnegie's wealth will be used in the establishment of libraries in Mexico. Of this amount, one-fourth is planned to be used in the establishment of a magnificent library in Monterey. The plan contemplates the expenditure of the remaining \$3,000,000 in the establishment of libraries in Chihuahua, Durango, Tampico, Torreon and San Luis Potosi.

Gen. Hanna has taken up the matter with Mr. Carnegie direct, and feels confident of success.

Brave Andrew Barris.
Camden, Oct. 1.—A small girl crying in terror stood in the center of a coil of electric wire which had fallen to the street at Mt. Ephraim and Atlantic avenues, Camden, last night. The wires crackled and flashed fire, and the crowd which gathered stood by helpless.

Andrew Barris, 23 years old, of Chestnut street, called to the child to remain motionless. Several times she started to cross the wires, which, if she had touched them, might have killed her instantly.

Barris tore off a piece of his coat, made a loop of it and was lifting the wire, when it accidentally touched his hand. The man was knocked senseless, but not before he had made a way for the child to escape. For a few moments Barris did not move, and all were afraid to touch him. Where the wire touched the flesh smoke arose.

The wire was at length lifted off by a piece of rubber hose, and Barris was taken to the Cooper Hospital. The physicians found it necessary to amputate the thumb and forefinger. Barris was out of danger last night.

How Banks Are Guarded.
Few banks in the world are so carefully guarded as the Bank of England. The "Old Lady of Threadneedle street" keeps a good watch upon her treasures. One room alone—the specie room—is estimated to contain gold coin to the value of \$25,000,000. The safety of the Bank of England is fully insured by a magnificent system of electric wires, all of which communicate with the quarters of the bank guard and elsewhere. If a burglar touches these wires he would set in motion bells whose sound would alarm everyone within hearing distance, and the thief would fall an easy prey. Many of the safes will stand anything but dynamite. In nearly every case the big banks are chary of speaking of the manner in which they keep their treasures. One bank permits only its manager and assistant to visit certain strong rooms; while another, to guard against any tendency of the watchman to fall asleep, presents its servants with chairs on which they can sit only in a certain position. If one falls asleep and moves in the chair, the piece of furniture closes up and throws him on the floor. The result is, that unless the watchman cares to go asleep on a cold tiled floor, or can take 40 winks while standing, he is bound to keep his eyes open.

Quick Capias Work.
It is not often such quick action is gotten on a capias order as was secured Tuesday upon one sued out by Henry Bruce Richards against Lou

Tomerlin, the astrologer and presumed wife of the Dominion robber. Mrs. Tomerlin left the city for the outside last Saturday, traveling in the company of a man who it is said was the possessor of a fat poke. She also, it is said, had quite a roll of her own.

Richards, the plaintiff in the action, had loaned the woman \$250 last July, only \$50 of which had been returned. He did not discover her absence until Monday, when he began the suit, having the capias issued yesterday. The order was wired to Selkirk at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and reached the hands of the police just as the stage arrived. The arrest was made, but the detention was only of a moment's duration when the money owed was paid over, together with the costs incurred, the reply being received in Dawson within an hour after the capias had been issued. What might have been settled a few days ago by the payment of \$200 yesterday cost \$300.

A Queer Man.
Eugene Schmitz seems to be a new kind of public officer, the sort you read about on headstones, in biographies and resolutions of respect, once in a while some of his characteristics are mentioned in the history of the subject of a paid write-up. He certainly does not belong to the same breed of mayors that we have had in San Francisco. He is, truly, a queer sort. He keeps his promises.—San Francisco Post.

Teachers in Philippines.
The teachers who went to the Philippines at the call of the United States are not all finding it as pleasant as it might be. They have found plenty of work to do, as teaching the children the English language without a knowledge of Spanish is quite difficult. There are about 1,000 American teachers in the islands at the present time, but this number will be increased as the work of pacification goes on.—Oregon Statesman.

A Pie Social.
A pie social will be given tomorrow evening by the Y.P.S.C.E. of St. Andrew's Church at the hall back of the church. An interesting program has been arranged and a general good time is assured. A cordial invitation is extended to all and it is the anticipation that the hall will be crowded.

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