

KRUGER FORGED TO MOVE

To Make Room for Roberts and His Family.

Bill Adams Writes an Amusing Article for the Toronto Globe—He Understands His Subject.

"I have been living at No. 1 Transvaal street for a large number of years," said Mr. Paul Kruger to the real estate agent. The speaker was a big man, with scraggy and frowny looking Donegal whiskers. He seemed to be in trouble, in fact, he was, for he told me his tale of woe as follows:

"You see, I was very comfortable on Transvaal street, but my lease is up and the Roberts family are about to move into my place somewhere around the first of May. I want a quiet, secluded domicile with padded walls and cabbage growing in the front garden. I desire quietude, so that I may sip my coffee undisturbed, and smoke my pipe in peace.

"You see," continued the old chap, "I was happy enough in my old house, for my wife was often out milking the cows or cleaning up the stable, and I had but little to bother me. My neighbor, Steyn, who lived in the biggest house on Free State avenue, right on the corner of our street, was a staunch friend of mine, but he moved out some where in the middle of March, and he is boarding now, until he finds some place in which to reside permanently. Possibly we may get a semi-detached abode in Godforsakenville, where we may both stay until our finish. The Roberts family are occupying Steyn's house until I vacate mine, but they say it isn't large enough to accommodate them all, and they propose taking my place as a permanent abode, and using the Steyn mansion on Free State avenue as a sort of country house for the summer, although it will be occupied by some of their family all the time.

"This moving is costing me a lot of money," continued the old man, as he mopped his brow. "I sent out a lot of my family and my hired men to prevail upon the Roberts family that their notion to take up residence in my house on Transvaal street was entirely against my wishes, and would inconvenience me greatly, but I received a reply to the effect that the Majuba Hill mortgage had to be paid at once or there would be foreclosure on all my available assets. I owed them quite a large amount on the Majuba Hill transaction. You see, I got that at the time of the boom, and couldn't stand prosperity. If I had been satisfied with things as they were, and had jollied the gents of the Roberts family a bit, I might not have had to move out. Instead of that, I bluffed the agents and said that I guessed I could pay all I had to.

"The Roberts family have a pet Lion, and when he was in our neighborhood my youngsters made faces at him and pulled his tail. He didn't mind it much, although once or twice his whiskers stuck out. At this time the Roberts family were living on Cape Colony place, and they had a suburban residence on Natal street. I told the youngsters they could stick pins in the Lion if they liked, and could also feed him with red pepper candies.

"When the Lion got too restless, the Roberts family sent over one of their men to tell me I would have to leave the Lion alone or he would bite and they would not be responsible.

"I faked up a story that the Lion had come around and had ate up a few of my chickens, and had killed little Paul's bunny rabbit. They didn't believe that, and said the Lion would go where he pleased, as he was a faithful old brute, and would always behave himself wherever he was. These, they said, were the Lion's usual ways.

"Anyway, I got too gay, and they started to feed raw meat to their Lion," said the old man. "The Lion stretched out his tail and wagged it a few times. Then the top hair on his back stuck up, and he went around looking for trouble. I tried to scare him off and threw things at him. He chased me up Colenso avenue and bit me hard. I hid and waited for him at the corner of Elandslaagte street, but he saw me first, and took the seat out of my official trousers, but I got away and laid for him in the Magersfontein road. Then I didn't do a thing to him. I bunged up his eye and he came back at me till I nearly put his other lamp out, and then he knew enough to quit. I had an encounter with him, too, at Colenso street, and gave him a jolt in the solar plexus.

"Another time I got in an uppercut on Spearman's farm, and the Lion was beginning to look like a selling-plater. He was good and sore by this time and he tried to lay for me when I was coming out of a saloon near Spion Kop Terrace. I landed hard with the left, and planted two short arm thumps on the chest.

"All the neighbors for miles around thought the Lion should be put on the bargain counter as damaged goods. They had liked him a bit, but had feared him. I thought I could see my name in the papers as 'Paul, the Lion Tamer,' and I tell you, I swelled up on myself a bit. I gave him a gentle soak at Stormberg alley, and then I went in to him out at Modder river.

"Everybody was saying that I was the only 'it.' All the people who had been wanting to soak the pet Lion like I did were tickled to death.

"You see, I wanted to keep my place on Transvaal street, and as my family is large, I wanted to have a summer harbor on Natal street and a big establishment in Cape Colony place, where I could entertain my friends when they came to see me at exhibition time.

"However, old man, it's all off now, and I've got the red flag out," he continued, tears streaming down his wrinkled face. "You can't do anything more to that Lion than make him good and mad. He has got a few cubs, too, that can look after their old man, and perhaps I don't know it.

"Why he tumbled on to me on the south side of Paardeberg street, and he had one of his cubs with him. They broke my jaw in the first round, and then kicked me so hard that I won't be able to sit down for a week.

"Not only that, but they took my much-prized game rooster, Cronje, who has won in every main he has entered. In fact, anything of mine that was in sight went to the Lion and the cub, and I am shy.

"In my young days I bucked against the tiger a little and made something out of it," continued Paul, "but in my old days I bucked against the Lion, and now my cup is filled with the vinegar of regret and I am practically out of business.

The old man was overcome by this time and the real estate agent got a chance to get in a word. He wanted to do business and he said, complacently:

"You want a nice comfortable place where you will not be bothered by anyone else's pets. Is that it?"

"That's just it," replied the old one, and he remarked firmly that he did not want any "French" piano next door on one side, nor any new "Buller" baby at the house on the other side.

"I suppose you want all modern conveniences?" said the agent.

"I have had a lot of modern inconveniences lately," replied the old chap, as he made an effort to straighten out some of the creases in his face, "and I guess I had better cut that part of it out."

"Of course, you will want a bathroom," said the agent man, who had an idea that a bath would be a luxury to the applicant.

"Bath room!" ejaculated the old man, who looked at him in surprise and asked "What is a bath room?"

"A room with a bath in it," was the reply.

"What is a bath?" asked the old chap.

"Why, it is a place where you wash yourself and get good and clean," answered the agent.

"That's a new one on me," replied the old man, "but I guess I am up against anything horrible there is and will have to stand for it. I have got to get out of my house at No. 1 Transvaal street somewhere around the first of May, and I want some place to go to. That is all there is to it. I want to go some place where there are no Lions. I am tired of Lions. They never were a reliable pet, anyhow, for the first time anyone teases them they laugh, and when the gag is kept up they get mad. Scratch me on Lions."

The real estate agent promised the old gentleman that he had a comfortable place that would just fit him. It was about six feet underground, but it was in a nice dry place, where there were not many worms and the city drains did not run within 40 yards of it. It would be comfortable to him as a nice place to sleep, and sleep was the only thing the real estate man could see coming to his client.—Bill Adams in Toronto World.

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SKAGWAY-DAWSON RATES.

What It Will Cost to Ship and Travel This Year.

Rate is Now in Effect, and Applies to Railroad and the C. D. Co.'s Steamers.

The White Pass road has announced a through passenger rate from Skagway to Dawson of \$80. This rate will be in effect on the opening of navigation on rivers and lakes, and will apply in connection with the Canadian Development Company's steamers.

The through passenger fare from Seattle to Dawson for this season is placed at \$105. Last year it was \$135 when first-class berths were occupied between Seattle and Skagway, and \$127.50 when second-class were occupied.

Meals and open berths will be furnished free this season on steamers plying between Whitehorse and Dawson. Children between 5 and 12 years will be charged half fare.

Baggage allowed with each full ticket, 150 pounds; with each half fare, 75 pounds. All excess baggage will be charged for at 12 cents a pound, and baggage liability for each passenger will be limited to \$100.

Following is a summary of the new through tariff from Skagway to Dawson as just provided by the White Pass railroad in connection with the Canadian Development Company, same to be effective on the opening of navigation on the Yukon river and lakes:

Shipments of five tons and under—Through rate, \$135 a ton weight, provided the sum of each shipment does not exceed 75 cubic feet to each 2000 pounds weight; all excess to be charged at 80 cents a cubic foot.

Shipments of over five tons—Through rate, \$117 a ton weight, with the same provision as to space.

Single pieces or packages—Weighing over 2000 pounds but not over 3000 pounds, add 5 per cent of rate; weighing over 3000 pounds but not over 4000 pounds, add 10 per cent of rate; weighing over 4000 pounds, subject to special engagement.

Hay and feed is \$135 per ton up to five tons, and over that \$115.

Cattle and horses \$70 per head under 14, and \$85 over that number.

Sheep \$7.50 per head, with a reduction of \$5 over 55. Dogs \$8.25 per head.

The minimum freight charge on any kind of freight is \$3.

New Railroad Agent.

C. M. Chambers, who has been selected for general agent at Dawson for the White Pass & Yukon and the Canadian Development Company jointly also arrived yesterday on the Seattle. He has been employed by the Great Northern at Everett. Lieut. Adair, who represented the railroad in Dawson during the winter, says he was called away from Dawson to report on copper properties in the Yukon basin. He arrived two weeks ago from Dawson and left for the south where he hoped to meet General Manager Hawkins of the railroad. While he was on the way south Mr. Hawkins was coming north on another steamer. Therefore, when Lieut. Adair learned the fact he immediately started back in the City of Seattle and arrived here yesterday.—Daily Alaskan.

It is not stated in the above whether or not Lieut. Adair will return to Dawson although such was his intention on leaving here. It is to be hoped the lieutenant will be retained by the company at this place.

Neill Knocks Out Murphy.

San Francisco, April 27.—Al Neill, of San Francisco, knocked out Tim Murphy, champion middle-weight of Australia, in the eleventh round of what was to have been a twenty-round bout. Neill showed better generalship, was the quicker, and outclassed Murphy at almost every point. Murphy came here recently with a record of numerous victories over Australian pugilists, and was well backed at 7 to 10 in the betting.

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Grand Charity Ball at Palace Grand, May 24.

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His office is at the ice depot on First avenue, where you can leave orders and they will be promptly filled.

Grand Charity Ball at Palace Grand, May 24.

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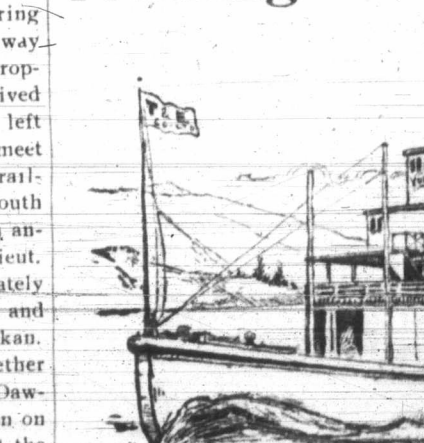
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Illustration of a building under construction with workers on a roof.

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