

AN ELEVATOR ROMANCE.

An Accident That Was Not So Disastrous After All.

Jack Grigsby Found His Fate While Caught Between Two Floors in a Runaway Elevator.

Jim Grigsby was making an improvement for mining machinery and needed an office, so he took one in a skyscraper. The day he took possession he stopped at the news and cigar stand in the lobby and bought a paper.

"Good mornin, sir," said the weazen faced boy who stood behind the counter. He was a lame boy, Jim Grigsby noticed. "If you've got any typewriting or shorthand to do, go to Miss Merriam, ninth floor."

"Friend of yours?" inquired Jim Grigsby in his brusque way.

"Friend of everybody's," replied the lame boy.

"Good indorsement," said Jim Grigsby.

A few days later he had some specifications to typewrite. Ordinarily he would have gone to a man and had the work done. He wasn't used to women. He wasn't quite sure that he approved of women doing work of a public nature. But that morning the lame boy had called to him, "don't forget Miss Merriam."

He came down one story—he was on the tenth floor—and sought Miss Merriam's room. He found it without trouble. Her name was on the door with the names of two other women. One was a stenographer and one an expert accountant. Jim hesitated a little; then he turned the knob and entered.

Miss Merriam was a neat little woman with remarkably fine gray eyes. She wasn't particularly young, 30 at least, Jim concluded, and she was strictly business like. She looked the work over and told him when it would be done.

Scarcely a day passed thereafter that he didn't find occasion to make use of her nimble fingers.

A very queer, a very unusual, struggle was going on beneath the inside breast pocket of Mr. Jim Grigsby's sack coat.

One afternoon he had detained her a little longer than the usual hour of quitting, and when the work was finished he dashed upstairs with it, locked his door quickly and caught one of the elevators going down. He meant to ride down with her; perhaps walk with her to the turnstile exit doors. Sure enough, she stepped on board at her floor, and Jim Grigsby, with a bow, took off his hat.

Then there was a jerk, a grinding crash, a shriek from the boy, something fell heavily on the roof of the car, the lights went out, they were falling, falling, then with a horrid jerk they stopped. The air was full of dust. They were in almost total darkness.

As the car floor seemed to slip from under them the woman felt a strong arm pass quickly about her waist, and with a natural desire to grasp something helpful she caught and held fast to the man's stout shoulder. When the car stopped, he slowly withdrew his arm.

"Are you all right?" he gently asked.

"Yes," she answered. "What has happened?"

"We seem to have fallen and stuck between floors," he answered. "Sit down on the seat and don't worry. They'll soon get us out."

"Where is the boy?" she asked.

"I'm trying to locate him," he answered. "I'm afraid he's hurt. Here he is." There was a little pause.

"He's alive."

"Here," she quickly said, "place him on the seat and let me hold his head on my lap."

A moment later Jim softly laid the unconscious lad beside her.

"He seems to be bleeding from a cut on his head," said Jim. "Do you mind that?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "Poor boy!"

"We must have a light!" cried Jim.

"Why doesn't somebody come?"

"Hello, hello there!" came a muffled voice from above.

"Yes!" shouted Jim.

"Who is there?"

"Miss Merriam, Mr. Grigsby and the boy. The boy is hurt. Send down a light. I think you can get an incandescent through the opening. A flat bottle of brandy too. Hurry."

"Yes, yes. But, say, don't move around. The cable has broken and fallen on the car roof. The car has caught in the safety clutches on one side only. A slight jar would send it to the bottom. We have sent for men and are

doing all that is possible. Keep up your courage."

"All right!" cried Jim, with a steady voice. He turned to the girl in the darkness. "You heard," he said.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

Jim softly whistled. Here was a woman in ten thousand.

"How's the boy?"

"He's warm and breathing easily."

As she spoke a gleam of light struck the white, fireproof wall at the car front. It was the incandescent bulb.

Jim carefully drew it through the wire meshes. "All right!" he called. He took the light across the car and hung it above the lad's head; then he went down on his knees and pushed aside the matter hair.

"A nasty cut," he said and deftly bandaged it with strips of his handkerchief. Over all he tied the neck scarf Jane quickly handed him. Something clicked against the wall. It was the bottle of brandy. Jim forced a few drops between the boy's lips. He put his hand over his heart; then he took off his coat and laid it over him.

"You seem to know just what to do," said Jane Merriam.

"We learn a good many useful things on the plains," said Jim.

"Hello, below there!" came the muffled voice. "Mr. Grigsby."

"Yes!" cried Jim. "What is it?"

"Don't get discouraged. We are doing our best to make you safe. It may take some time. Perhaps it would be better to keep as quiet as possible. Somebody will be here on guard. If you want anything, call out."

"I understand," said Jim. "When you are ready to take us out, have a carriage for the lady and an ambulance and stretcher for the boy."

"Yes, yes; everything will be looked after."

"For Miss Merriam," shrieked a boy's voice. Something attached to a string bobbed in front of the cage. Jim drew it in. It was a little bunch of flowers. He handed it to the girl. "That was Joe's voice," she said. Joe, as Jim remembered, was the lame boy.

Then Jim lowered his six feet of stature to the floor beside the girl and sat at her feet.

"We might as well make ourselves comfortable," he said. "I fancy we are in for quite a siege of it."

The boy moaned and feebly tossed, but the girl's soothing hand quieted him.

A dull clang, clang, from a distant gong reached them in the silence.

"Must be calling out the fire department," said Jim Grigsby. "We are evidently creating quite a sensation."

"I don't like that," said the girl.

"It will be an old story in a day or two," he laughed.

"How can you laugh?" she asked.

"Why not?" he asked. "It's all I can do. If there was anything else, I shouldn't be lounging here. I wish I could make you more comfortable. I'm afraid I seem to you a little hardened and thoughtless, but it's all the fault of my early experiences. I've gone through something like this before. I was once locked up in a mine for six hungry days. Do you mind having me talk?"

"I'm glad to hear you," she said simply.

Before he could speak again the elevator started a little, settled slightly, caught again, there was a hoarse shout from both above and below, and then all was still again. At first movement she had caught at his hand with her trembling fingers. He took them in his firm clasp and did not let them go.

"You are cold," he quietly said and fell to softly chafing her hands. Then as if there had been no interruption he went on to tell her the story of the mine. He talked simply and well. It was a graphic tale, and made her forget for the moment their own perilous situation. Then he went on to other adventures and finally drifting back told her of his early life, of the mother he had lost when a boy, of his flight from cruel relatives, of his struggle for bread in the rugged western country. Then he told how step by step he had climbed upward to independence. He talked of himself freely, of his hopes, of his ambitions, of his long deferred plans for happiness. She felt the pressure tighten on her hands. Then he suddenly stopped short.

"Hold on," he said brusquely. "I'm tiring you. And, see here, you mustn't let yourself get cramped. Try and shift the boy's head a little. Swing your arms and move your feet. Have some brandy?"

"No," she said, "thank you, I'm quite comfortable. How long have we been here?"

He held his watch to the dim light.

"By George!" he cried, "it's three hours and ten minutes! What a talker I am! But that's what it is to pass one's time in good company," and he laughed like a boy.

"I don't know what I should have

done if it hadn't been for you," she almost whimpered, and put her hand to her eyes.

"Here," he quickly said, "give me your handkerchief." He took it and holding the light close to her face carefully wiped it. "A little sanguinary in spots," he said, with a quiet laugh.

"Don't put your fingers to your face again. There, now your hat is straight. We must look our best when we face the big reception committee that is pretty sure to be awaiting us."

For the life of her she couldn't help smiling at the contrast between his lively air and his sorry appearance.

"Hello, below there!" came the muffled voice from above.

"Hello!" answered Jim.

"All right?"

"No change," said Jim.

"We have rigged a temporary cable and some grappling lines and are going to let you down. Don't be alarmed."

"Go ahead," said Jim.

There was a creaking of blocks and many hoarse orders, and somebody was lowered to the roof of the car. There were sounds, too, from below—murmurs and sharp cries of warning. The car rose a little, and then began its slow descent. As it neared the ground floor Jim gently picked up the boy and Jane spread the coat carefully over the quiet form.

"Tete-a-tete is over," said Jim.

The gate was pushed back and Jim stepped out. There were policemen and firemen and ambulance men, and back of them many people waiting in the lobby, and a muffled cheer arose as they stepped out.

"Clear the way to the ambulance," said Jim sharply to the police sergeant, and the stretcher men and the surgeon fell in behind him as he stalked to the street. He was a sorry looking fellow, hatless, coatless and blood stained, but as he laid the lad on the mattress and stepped aside the great crowd that had been patiently waiting in the street for the rescue gave him a rousing cheer. He hurried back into the lobby, but Jane had been spirited away.

It was just a week later that Lame Joe beckoned to the elevator starter.

"Hear about Miss Merriam?" he confidently asked.

"No," said the starter. "Moving out, ain't she?"

"Yep," said Joe. "Goin to marry that Mr. Grigsby. Goin to live out west too. He's got mines out there to burn. Says he'll look around an see if there ain't some kind of chance for me too."

"That is good," said the starter, with a laugh. "Guess that match must have been made in the elevator."

"No," said Joe.

"That ain't so, I thought it was, but it ain't. You know she an me is pretty good friends, an I says 'Guess Mr. Grigsby must have axed you to marry him in the elevator?' She laughed.

"No," she says, 'he didn't.' 'But he loved you then?' I says. An she nodded. 'Then, I says, 'why didn't he?' She blushed a little. 'Because, Mr. Grigsby says it would not have been fair; it would have been taking an advantage of me,' she says, and blushed again. That Grigsby is a square man, Jack."

"Guess he is," said the starter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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A. S. Levine Believes Prosperity Follows Introduction of Machinery.

"We are going to see prosperous times this winter," said A. S. Levine yesterday to a Nugget man. "I realized that in the early part of the year and my deductions were based upon the result of close observation."

"You may have noted the immense shipment into this country of machinery this fall. That means the constant employment of more men this winter than have ever been at work at any season. Each one of those mammoth boilers will have to be fed by human hands, and the quantity of labor necessary to keep them running will aggregate an immense number. That is my belief, and in the purchase of goods for the Star Clothing House I have acted on that presumption."

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"I have now an immense stock of goods of all descriptions stored at my warehouse, and I will do a thriving business this fall and winter. Of course, times are different than in the old days; prices count now."

"The Star Clothing House will sell goods, and are now in fact selling staple articles at prices astonishingly low. Our policy is to do a big business at a close margin of profits. We will probably do more business in such articles as moccasins, fur caps, gloves and felt shoes, than any other concern in Dawson."

"We are selling hand sewed wax thread moccasins, the finest article to be had for money, for \$2.50 a pair. We have the largest stock of these goods in town. In fur caps we are selling a good serviceable warm cap for \$3.50, nearly one-third the price formerly obtained for the same article; and so on down the line with all our goods."

"We are carrying everything in the clothing line and can supply the miner with strong and warm clothing or the man around town with the swell apparel now in vogue in the large centers of the East. For underwear we have an assortment second to none in the city, heavy woollens, merinos, balbriggan, etc., all sizes and weights."

"As I said before," continued Mr. Levine, "we are going to see prosperous times this winter, and the Star Clothing House will do an immense business, as we have the goods and our prices are below competition."

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