

## NO USE FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

But the Blond Twin Spoiled His Theory.

She Shattered His Hopes by Insisting That She Was Not His Ideal of a Woman.

"No, mother, no; it is useless; let me speak no more about it."

My mother stretched her plump, small hands towards the fire, her fingers lavishly ornamented with rings, the coquetry of ladies in the '60s.

"James," said she, with her most dignified countenance, "you are as stubborn as your father. He, too, objected to marriage. He belonged to a club—the poor man—to the Bachelor's Club, and had seriously sworn to remain faithful to its principles. But you, too, you will come to it."

"But, then, in my father's day, young girls were brought up more simply; they aspired no higher than to play the piano prettily, write correctly, and make a graceful courtesy. Then, on leaving school, young girls came into their families with enough instruction to understand the pages of a romance and follow a conversation, not enough to humiliate their parents, and often their husbands. They were then really 'home angels.'"

"You exhaust my patience, and I can't bear such prejudices. 'Home angels,' indeed! As if one must be a fool or a nonentity to be domestic. A bright woman could never be satisfied with the role you assign her. If you had not wasted your time at college, you would not be so afraid of comparisons."

"You are too severe!"

"Do you pretend that Latin and Greek are incompatible with modesty, sweetness and domestic qualities in a woman?"

"I am certain of it!"

"Very well, then; we will speak no more of marriage. You will accompany me to Desjardins, for you will meet the twin sisters, and you may judge for yourself, since my experience is not worth your own."

Poor little mother! I knew she and her old friend, Mme. Desjardins, had plotted together against my bachelorhood, but a girl with the degree of B. A. was enough to frighten me into it more securely than ever. When we arrived at Mme. Desjardins' she greeted me as "little James." This exclamation upset me.

I expected her to ask me if I had brought my marbles along, but instead of that she presented me to her daughters. The twin sisters resembled each other only in their dress. Mlle. Martha was a very beautiful brunette—a Greek goddess, with pure, straight features. Mlle. Rose was less imposing, a sweet, pretty blonde. I was sure that in spite of her nineteen years she still played with dolls. She certainly was not the "learned young woman" my mother had proposed I should court; it must be the other one. There was dancing, and I offered my arm to Mlle. Rose. After a wait we chatted. She was witty and a little chaff, this week looking little blonde. I started a conversation on commonplace subjects, and in a short space of time I had judged my companion to be a most charming little woman, and it was with much reluctance I left her side.

Blue eyes, blue gauze, smiling lips, and a cloud of golden hair were all mingled in my sleep that night. Why not the stately, statuesque, dark beauty my mother would so gladly welcome as a daughter?

In another week I must again accompany my mother to the weekly reception of Mme. Desjardins, and then they would come to my mother's, Friday "at home."

Thus twice a week I saw her, and naturally fell in love deeper and deeper. "Dear little Rose," thought I, "time home angel. What a wife she will be to make home bright and happy—for some one!" A strange fear came over me when I recalled many instances where Rose had appeared anxious to avoid me, perhaps out of consideration for her sister, or perhaps to save me from disappointment.

Under the torture of this sudden suspense I flew to my mother. "I must make a clean breast of it, mother dear; I love Rose, and you must help me, to win her."

"O, James, is not this somewhat sudden? And those convictions 'You have cherished'—"

"Nonsense, mother; listen, this is serious. You will admit that so sweet and unpretending a girl is seldom found now. No more words, please, but do, like the good mother you are, go and ask Mme. Desjardins for the hand of her daughter."

"My dear child, I will teach you how to be consistent; I cannot go back on my word. I will have nothing to do with arrangements of a marriage for you."

She said all this with such an amused smile that I could not think her serious. I determined, however, to put an

end to this suspense, and soon found an opportunity.

There was a concert and ball at the Desjardins' beautiful country home. When bending over her mother's hand I saw but one being, and heaven entered my soul as I caught the light of her eyes. It seemed but an instant before we were outside, wandering about the grounds. The words were on my lips to speak, when some one called to us, "Come, La Mariani is going to sing!" What cared I for Mariani? But Rose hastened her steps, and I followed, hoping she would at least stay outside. As we neared the house, she led the way to a corner of the veranda, and there the words and voice of the wonderful singer reached our ears and entered our hearts.

My soul is full of dreams, My soul is full of love.

"Those words are mine, Rose, do you understand? Don't you see how I love you? You are the woman I have dreamed of since I have known how to dream. You are the companion I have longed for, Rose; could you not love me?"

In a low, sad voice, she murmured: "My friend, I am not the companion you have dreamed of. Too often you have described me, your ideal woman. You love me because you think me simple, as young girls should be—and you think because you have sometimes seen me attending to household duties that I would make a good domestic wife, but you will love me no more when you are undeceived. When you know—" Her voice had been firm until now, and though her words puzzled me, and pained me I became aware of the sorrow in her voice—a sorrow which meant more than sympathy.

"Rose, in the name of heaven, what is it?"

She mastered herself in a moment. "How often have you cruelly told me you would never marry a college graduate—a bluestocking, as you called her, and yet you ought to have known—your mother knows—"

The fool I had been! And how I wished I could fall right there on my knees to ask her pardon. And yet how could I have suspected that so much feminine grace could be united to a ripe and mature intellect?

"O, Rose, speak to me. Speak in Latin, in Greek, if you will. Only say you forgive me and will love me."

—The Princess.

## The Future of Cuba.

A subscriber asks what position the Democratic party takes in regard to the annexation of Cuba. The Democratic party has not had occasion to take a position on this question. A discussion of annexation at this time would be premature; it would be like proposing to a widow at the funeral of her husband. The United States declared the Cubans entitled to independence and went to war with Spain to enforce the declaration. To discuss annexation now would cast suspicion on the good faith of the nation; neither is there anything to be gained by raising that question.

No matter whether annexation is desirable or undesirable, it is both right and expedient that the Cubans should be given their independence. If annexation is undesirable there can be no excuse for delaying independence; if, on the other hand, annexation is desirable the granting of independence will hasten it. Annexation to be satisfactory must be voluntary, and it will never be voluntary unless the Cuban people have confidence in and affection for the people of the United States. And how can they have confidence in or affection for the American people, if our nation violates its promise and shows more interest in the franchises secured by private syndicates than in the nation's honor.

The imperialistic policy of the Republican party has induced the leaders to abandon the peaceful and persuasive methods formerly employed by our government, and to adopt the harsher methods employed by arbitrary rulers. As a result we are apt to lose the prestige which a war for humanity gave us; by inspiring hatred where we should have implanted love, we are apt to make enemies of people who wanted to be friends.—Bryan's Commonwealth.

## B Wins This Bet.

Editor Nugget:

A bet B the Yukon river would be open by 6 o'clock p.m. of the 14th and claimed the money after the ice in front of a portion of the city moved at 4:12 of that same evening. B refused to pay, claiming that as there was solid ice both above and below the short open space the river was not open. Please decide as to who won and oblige.

A AND B.

(Strictly speaking, the river is not open so long as solid bodies of ice cover it at frequent intervals as was the case on the evening of the 14th, therefore, according to the stipulations of the above wager B is certainly the winner.)

## Double Funeral.

The remains of Thos. Donahue, a miner who died on the 12th, and Frank Langdon, a gambler who died on the 13th, were buried today at 12 o'clock by Undertaker Green, both funerals being held from St. Mary's church. Donahue was from San Francisco and Langdon from Los Angeles.

## THE GREAT FRENCH ARTIST

Madame Sarah Bernhardt Tells of Her Life.

Born a Jewess, She Embraced Catholic Religion at the Age of 12 Years—Her Star Still Bright.

In an interview with Hillary Bell Mme. Sarah Bernhardt said: "I was born in Paris, at No. 265 Rue Saint Honore, in the house where lived Mme. Guerdar, who today at 76 is still active and in good health. She saw me come into the world. She was present at the birth of my son Maurice and of my granddaughter. She is indeed a faithful friend. My mother was a Dutch woman and a Jewess. She was a blonde, small and stout, long in waist and short limbed, but she had a pretty face and beautiful blue eyes. She spoke French very badly, with a strong Flemish accent."

Mme. Sarah's unrivaled diction is therefore acquired, not inherited. Nobody speaks such French as she, yet the fountain of it was that harsh, incoherent patois familiar to travelers through Belgium. "She had fourteen children," continues L'Aiglon, "among them two pairs of twins. I was the eleventh child. My father insisted on having me baptized. I was sent to the Augustine convent of Grandchamp at Versailles, and at the age of 12 I became a Christian, was baptized one day, went to communion the next, and was confirmed on the third."

Thus the familiar term which calls her "the great Jewess" is not well founded. Sarah is a devout Catholic. "I became very pious," says she. "I conceived an ardent veneration for the Virgin. For a long time I always kept near me a small golden image of her. It was stolen, and the theft grieved me deeply."

She was a bad child, she says, alternately melancholy and mischievous. This disposition she ascribes to the fact that her mother showed preference for the other thirteen children, including the two pairs of twins. Sarah was neglected. In vacation time, when the other pupils went home, she was compelled to remain in the convent. On various occasions she escaped from its walls, but was always captured, brought back and severely punished. At an early age Sarah discovered that her mother did not love her.

"At last," she says, "I left the convent. What should I do? I had mystic inclinations. What was to be done with me? Although I was still very young, my hand was asked in marriage by a glove in the neighborhood, by a tanner and by the pharmacist from whom I bought my marshallows. They were impossible. I entered the Conservatoire. I had hardly recited the two first stanzas of Fontaine's 'Deux Pigeons' when Anber motioned me to be silent. 'Approach,' said he, 'you are Sarah?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You are a Jewess?' 'By birth, sir; but I have been baptized.' 'She has been baptized,' said the composer, addressing the jury. 'It is well. It would have been a pity if so pretty a child had not. You have spoken your verses very well, Sarah. You will be admitted.' Beauvallet said: 'She will be a tragedienne.' Regnier said: 'She will be a comedienne.' Provost said: 'She will be both.'"

The compliments did not comfort Sarah, who continued to look gloomy on the world. "I had no taste for the stage," she says, "it made me unhappy. I often wept. Moreover, I was terribly timid. I wanted to be a painter." Yet, consoled by Coquelin, her present partner in "L'Aiglon," and her fellow students at the Conservatoire, she continued her studies. She won second prize in tragedy and second prize in comedy. "Hellas!" she cries, "I will never be able to win first prize!" At last she was considered proficient enough to make her debut at the Comedie Francaise. She appeared as Valerie in Scribes' comedy of that name. It was in the year 1862, and the debutante was 17. She knew no one of the company except Coquelin. She was distressed by stage fright and the premiere did not reassure her. "I remember," says she, "when I lifted my thin—oh, so thin!—arms, the audience burst out laughing."

The ice was broken, confidence returned and Sarah prospered exceedingly, until her temper, always fiery, led the young actress into a row. She quarreled with another actress of the Francaise, slapped her face, called her "a fat goose" and wrathfully severed her connection with the house of Moliere. Then followed hard times. Sarah found it difficult to secure an engagement in another theater. She humbled her pride and obtained employment in a fairy play at the Porte Saint Martin, a cheap house. "My distaste for the stage did not leave me," she says emphatically. "I never loved the theater. But since it was to be, I resolved not to vegetate. I would be among the greatest."

Her performance in Theuriet's "Jean-Marie" at the Odeon came under the attention of Franchise Sarcey, who praised her extravagantly. The opinion of that eminent critic was accepted by Victor Hugo, who selected Madame Sarah to play the queen in his "Hernani." Next morning she was the talk of Paris. The newspapers demanded her immediate return to the Francaise, and she was re-engaged by the house of Moliere. Her subsequent career has been a series of extraordinary adventures, successes, failures. As the time when other actresses are retiring from the stage she is in her greatest glory. The most remarkable player that the drama of any country has shown remains undisturbed by the influences of theatrical, unaffected, sincere and natural, magnetic in private as in public life, still modest and always fascinating.

Her famous coffin is made of paper tree-wood and bears no ornament except the initials S. B. and the motto "Quand Meme." In this narrow casket the genius of French art will be eventually laid to rest. Meanwhile she has upholstered it with all her sentimental souvenirs. Love letters and faded flowers are hidden under its white satin, for in her mysticism Madame Sarah believes that even in the tomb these tokens will recall to her dust the memories of her youth and love and happiness.—Outlook.

## HIRED GIRL'S PROGRESS.

Table Showing Wisdom of Silence Concerning Some Things.

Once upon a time there came into the city from the country a girl. The girl wandered from her happy home to secure employment among the wealthy families of the city, and when she made known the fact that she was willing to work many persons sought her and implored her to engage with them in domestic pursuits. The girl was overwhelmed with offers, but finally made a selection and settled in a family that valued her services very highly. The girl was happy until one day her employer met a neighbor, a very dear friend, and told her of her good fortune in finding the country girl. And this neighbor met another very dear friend and told her of her other friend's good luck, and thus it became generally known that there was a good "hired girl" in the neighborhood.

And from that time on the mistress and the girl were unhappy until one day the very dear friend gave the girl \$1.50 more a week than she was earning in her first place, and in this manner did the girl become happy again, while her mistress and the very dear friend ceased to be on speaking terms. And then the girl became unhappy again until the other very dear friend engaged her at an advance of \$1, and the other dear friend and the first dear friend ceased to talk over the back fence. And then the good girl wore fine dresses and fine hats, and one day a dashing young man led her to the altar, and now the three friends and the poor country girl are all very happy.

Moral.—Don't talk good about your hired girl.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Dachshund Tragedy.

"Stimlar's collar button rolled under the bureau."

"Yes."

"And he 'sicked' his dachshund after it."

"Go on."

"The bureau is heavy and stands close to the floor."

"Proceed."

"The dachshund is the thinnest dachshund that ever breathed, and he could just squeeze under the bureau."

"Well?"

"Well, the dachshund reached the collar button and at once swallowed it. It stuck half way down and thickened the dog so that he couldn't pull himself past the lump. So Stimlar had to call in the janitor of the flat, and they lifted the bureau off the dog."

"What about the button?"

"Stimlar said he'd let the dog keep the button. He might need it."

"Need it?"

"Yes, in case somebody collared him."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used in a Churchyard in Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife.

Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watch-houses whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in it a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffin-like relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grave was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist.—Scientific American.

## The Explanation.

One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with which the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

## A Jail Cure.

The late Sir John Bridge, the well known London magistrate, was fond of telling his friends of a curious letter he received not long before his retirement from Bow street. It ran:

"Sir—I am sorry to occupy your time, but I feel I must write to thank you for having looked up my wife for six months. My wife had often come before the court for drunkenness, but after being fined she was worse. You were kind enough to give her six months, and she came back to me a reclaimed woman and is now the best wife in England."

This letter was all the more valued by Sir John Bridge because he was ordinarily a lenient judge.

## His Candid Admission.

"I suppose your constituents will be prepared to kill the fatted calf when you get home?" said the amiable friend.

"No," answered Senator Borghum; "my constituents aren't violent people. Besides, they haven't got anything against the fatted calf. I'm the one they're after."—Washington Star.

## When Ignorance Is Bliss.

Fudge—Do you believe in love at first sight?

Budge—Cert. It is then that neither party knows what kind of a person the other is. Why shouldn't they fall in love?—Boston Transcript.

## A Good Snake Story.

The latest authentic snake story is from North Glenwood Farm, near Easton, one of the country places in Talbot county, Md. The other day a big black snake was seen emerging from an ice pond. It was killed. A protuberance was noticed about the middle. The snake was chopped in two, and a porcelain turkey nest egg rolled out. Captain Noble Robinson was tenant on the farm last year. Mrs. Robinson raised turkeys, using china eggs in their nests. She says that 14 months ago she missed the nest egg from a nest near the ice pond. She supposed a boy who had the range of the meadow had taken it. When the egg from the snake was shown to Mrs. Robinson, she identified it as one she had lost by a certain incised mark upon it. The snake had carried the china egg 14 months in his vermiform appendix, apparently without appendicitis. But he must have thought very hard of it and that it was very singular that it could not be digested.

## Who Is the Owner?

Yesterday a policeman came across an untied, uncollared and unmailed dog on Third street and, according to the ordinance passed the previous night, would have been justified in shooting the animal and was preparing to do so when a workman nearby asked permission to tie the dog up, saying that he would take and care for it. The policeman consented and the stranger at once took possession of the dog.

The question may now arise in case the original owner of the dog turns up as to who will be entitled to its possession, and if right is adhered to the decision would be favorable to the Good Samaritan who saved the dog from the policeman's bullet, the former owner having lost his right to ownership in carelessly allowing his dog to run at large contrary to law. The dog is an intelligent looking black shepherd, and the policeman's act in sparing it provided the stranger would care for it was generally commended by witnesses to the affair.

## DEPUTY MARSHAL FOR NOME

Ike Evans, Former Hunker Miner, Gets a Plum.

Frank H. Richards, recently appointed United States marshal at Nome, has announced his appointments. Mr. Richards has selected W. R. Forrest, of this city, to be his chief deputy, and Isaac Evans, of Tacoma, to be office deputy at Teller City, about 80 miles from Nome. The official headquarters of the marshal's office will be at St. Michael, but he will probably spend the greater part of his time at Nome, where court is almost continually in session.

The appointments mentioned are all that Mr. Richards will make at present. He said yesterday that until he had arrived at Nome and had familiarized himself with conditions there he would not undertake to fill and other positions.

"From what I understand of the work of the marshal's office at Nome," said Mr. Richards, "I believe that it will be found desirable to appoint deputies in the various camps from among the men who have regular business or other employment. I would not think of taking any men with me for these positions. You understand that a deputy marshal is to be appointed at every place where there is a United States court commissioner. In all of these cases the deputy marshals would have to rely on fees, there being no salary attached to his office. These deputies, therefore, should be men located in the country who are either in business or who, like the present constables here, have some other employment."

Chief Deputy Forrest is well known in this city. He served as state senator from King county in the first legislature after the territory became a state. Subsequently he served one term as county auditor. He has been prominent in newspaper work, being at one time connected with the Seattle Press-Times and afterward with the Post-Intelligencer in an editorial capacity.

Isaac Evans, who is to be office deputy at Teller City, is a resident of Tacoma. He was at one time deputy sheriff of Pierce county and was for a number of years on the detective force of the Tacoma police department.

Marshal Richards expects to sail for Nome on the first steamer to leave this port for Bering sea. This will probably be some time during the latter part of May.—P. J., April 18.

## Destiny of Cuba.

No one doubts for a moment what the ultimate destiny of Cuba is to be. It is as sure to become a part of the United States as that Florida, Louisiana and Texas are parts of the United States, and there are but three ways of bringing this about—two of them dishonest one justifiable and proper. The first is the immediate and arbitrary annexation of the island, irrespective of our promises. The second is the shrinking of our present responsibilities, by which we shall abandon a people not yet ready for self-government to their own worst elements, with the certain knowledge that within a brief period they must come to us for succor, and in such a state of beggary that they must take the stone if we chose to give it them instead of bread. But there is the honest method—the third—by which we may keep our promise to all, and in the end achieve the result which I believe is desired by all who have the permanent interests of Cuba at heart, and that is to remain in the island until these at present dazed and lame and halt people have been quickened, have been cured of the ills from which they are still suffering; until the vitalizing work of the United States has gathered such an impetus that it may be left without fear of reactionary influences in the hands of those for whose benefit it has been instituted; until, in short, the people of Cuba are strong enough to accept the burdens they seek to assume. They shall soon be found seeking statehood. Those who say they are not worthy ignore their virtues. Those who say they are ready and able to stand along at the present time, ignore the facts.—Harper's Weekly.

## The General Effect.

Like the election of McKinley and the return of the Liberals the going out of the ice has "restored confidence," and it is also hoped will serve in a very few days to reduce the price of antique eggs and also permit of mail being landed in Dawson. To the Dawsonite the going out of the ice is the most cheerful event of the entire year.

## Street Cleaning.

A number of men are now at work raking up and hauling trash from the streets of the city in preparations for Victoria day which is now but one week off. There is no time to spare in the completion of arrangements and all low points on the streets should be speedily drained in order that they may become dry by that time.

## The next regular quarterly meeting

of the full Board of Trade will be held on the last Wednesday of this month.