

EFFECT OF BLOWS ON HEAD

Being Struck With a Water Pitcher Reforms a Crook.

The Use of a Policeman's Club Makes a Crook Out of an Honest Shirt-maker.

I am something of a reformer not only in theory, but in practice, and when I discovered the man up a tree I determined to try my hand at elevating his moral standard. I hold that no man is so bad that he can't be reformed to a certain extent, and I hold that any way to bring about a betterment of his moral character is justifiable. I mean by that, to speak frankly and plainly, that while some men can be reformed by sympathy and encouragement, others need a rap on the head with a baseball bat to arouse their dormant integrity and ambition.

I had extended sympathy and more or less financial aid to this man up a tree. In a burst of confidence he had confessed to me that he had been a swindler, a gambler, a confidence man and a great deal more. He had been "laid away" in prison two or three times during his career, had sailed under a dozen different names, and he might have admitted a murder or two had I not cut him short. I draw the line at murder. I can set out with a great deal of confidence in the task of reforming burglars, highway robbers, incendiaries, perjurers, and so forth, but when it comes to murderers I hesitate. Having become interested in this man, I didn't want him to own up to anything worse than robbing a blind man or burning an orphan asylum. He had come to me as a man who had at last seen the error of his ways and wished to take another track and be counted with the good and respectable. He had given me the name of H. Jones-Jones. It struck me that there was an extra amount of Jones about him, but the name is an honest one, and I didn't find fault about it. He was a man of about 45, with all the evidences of his career in his face, but I didn't look for babylike innocence in his eyes. When he threw himself upon my mercy, as it were—when he made a clean breast of his wicked career and added that if anyone would point out the path of honesty he would turn into it and travel on without a limp, I agreed to take him in hand. He had whiskers with which the police were acquainted, and I sent him to a barber shop. He had clothes which gave him away as a dead game sport, and I bought him a modest suit of blue. Then I gave him money for a week's vacation from crime, and when the vacation was over we were to see what further could be done. I took my week off at the same time and brought up amid the fresh buttermilk and dew kissed goldenrod of the country.

On the second night of my stay, as I sat by my open window at midnight to finish the last of my cigar and wonder if my Jones-Jones had kept straight during the last 48 hours, I suddenly caught sight of him on the ground below. It was a farmhouse hotel at which I was stopping. I had a corner room, and at that corner of the house stood a large apple tree. I had observed that a big limb branched but so close to my window that I could have descended by it. What you can descend by you can also ascend by. I had no sooner caught sight of Jones-Jones at the foot of the tree at an hour when everybody was supposed to be in bed than I understood that he intended to pay me a secret visit. How he had tracked me to my room was of no consequence. Why he could imagine that I had brought away a great amount of boodle on my week's outing I didn't stop to figure. Indeed I am not sure that he had tracked me. In looking for country board he might have stumbled upon the place. He might have thought the open window belonged to another boarder. No matter how it was, however, Mr. Jones-Jones had no sooner begun to climb that apple tree than I made ready to receive him with all due hospitality. There was no club in the room, but the water pitcher had been filled for the night and made a good weapon. Armed with that I took my stand on one side of the window and waited. Jones-Jones was not an impetuous man. He had all night in which to climb and creep, and it was at least 15 minutes before he grasped my window sill with his hands and drew his body into the opening. I waited with patience until he had reached a particular position and then brought the pitcher down upon his

head. The idea was to administer an anaesthetic, and it was a success. He pitched forward into the room with a long drawn sigh, and I lighted a lamp and took from his wrist the "billy" which he had bought in town with my money to use as a "cracker" in case in his sleeping victim woke up before being plundered. Then I forced brandy between his teeth, bathed his face with water, and in the course of a quarter of an hour my midnight visitor had so far recovered his senses that I ventured to remark:

"Well, Jones-Jones, why didn't you tell me that you were coming, that I might be on the lookout for you?"

Jones-Jones sat up. He didn't recognize me. He himself had a different look on his face. That dissipated but yet crafty look had disappeared, and in its place was wonderment if not honesty. It was my wicked man in the flesh, but not in the spirit. He got off the floor and felt of the bump on his head and sat down on a chair, and it was a long five minutes before he said: "Sir, my name is Brown-Brown, and I don't exactly understand the situation. Am I in your room, or are you in mine?"

"I believe it's my room," I replied, "but being as you arrived late and the landlord is asleep you can stop until morning."

"Very kind of you, sir—extremely kind. As to this bump on my head—is it a bump or not? If it's a bump, how did I receive it?"

"You hit your head on the door in the darkness, I believe."

"Ah! Just so. Very stupid of me, but it's only a trifle. Now, then, Mr. Ashmere, as to the business in hand. If you think you can advance me \$300, I am sure I can make a go of it."

It took me a little while to catch on, but by and by I discovered that Jones-Jones had been knocked out and Brown-Brown had taken his place. Jones-Jones was a crook who wanted to reform; Brown-Brown was a poor but honest man who wanted to go into the making of shirts. He knew nothing whatever of Jones-Jones. He picked up the conversation as if he had been talking about the business when the accident happened. He called me by another name than my own, and it was plain to me that he was also another man. I sounded him about crime and state prison, but he solemnly assured me that he had never been arrested. He was Brown-Brown as far as his name went, but as for his past history he was rather hazy on the subject.

I had turned Jones-Jones, the crook, back into Brown-Brown, the honest man, by a knock on the head. It was rapid transit reformation, and I looked upon the problem as solved. Having been willing to assist a crook, I could not refuse an honest man. When my week was up, we went back to town together, and I gave Brown-Brown money enough to set up in shirtmaking. He had on the clothes I had bought Jones-Jones. He had the hair, the eyes, the mouth and the build of the crook, but there had been a change of souls. As far as the present went he was bright and talkative, but when asked of the past he looked puzzled and could not figure it out. The doctors agreed with me that it was the whack on the head that had made Brown-Brown of Jones-Jones and that the police ought to be given full power to go around breaking water pitchers over crooks' craniums, but, alas, that was a twist of the business we hadn't the foresight to discover and prepare for.

My man prospered wonderfully well. People said he was a little eccentric, but he was honest and a hard worker. In one year he had paid me back half my money and built up a good business. One day a detective entered the store to make a purchase. He had known Jones-Jones as a crook. He knew that Jones-Jones had a crooked finger on his right hand and a mole on his left cheek. When he discovered that Brown-Brown had these same identification marks, he began to look at him more closely, and by and by he made up his mind that the old crook stood before him. He was so sure of it that he set out to make an arrest. Brown-Brown was an honest man, but in his surprise he started to make a bolt of it. As he ran out of his shop and down the street, pursued by the detective, he encountered a policeman who tapped him on the head with his club. Brown-Brown went down like a log and was carried off to the station. I was present when his senses returned, and you can imagine my feelings when he sat up and said:

"Well, you've got me at last, but I gave you a run for it. You fellows ain't half sharp."

"You are Jones-Jones, the crook," said the sergeant.

"Of course I am, and the slickest crook in the country. Is it that bank business you want me for this time?"

"Mr. Brown-Brown"—I began as I

stepped forward, but the crook stopped me with:

"Who in blank is Brown-Brown?"

Then I realized how it was. I had smashed Jones-Jones, the crook, over the head with a water pitcher and changed him into Brown-Brown, the honest shirt constructor. The policeman had smashed Brown-Brown with his club and changed him back into Jones-Jones, the crook. The taps on the head had done the business. My tap was all right, and I had founded a new theory upon it and invested \$500 in cash. But I hadn't foreseen that a second tap might come any day, as come it did and my theory had been knocked into a cocked hat, and I was \$250 out.

M. QUAD.

He Knew all About It.

A well dressed, round and kindly appearing old gentleman happened to pass by a vacant lot on North Twenty-fourth street while a lot of small boys were engaged in playing a match game of baseball. It was a game between the Parker street Bohunkers and Blondo street Geehlikers for the chagmpionship of the election precinct, and a warm game it was.

The old gentleman watched the game with great interest and applauded every good play.

"That's the stuff!" he shouted as the Bohunkers' catcher nailed a base runner at second.

"Lead off! Lead off!" he shrieked as the Bohunkers' base runner on third showed a disposition to hug the base.

"Ginger up! Ginger up! Now you're off! Slide! Slide!"

"You're quite excited," remarked a young man who was also watching the game.

"You bet!" said the old man. "I used to catch for the old Peoria Red Socks in 1872, and I guess I wasn't the poorest that ever happened. Say, I've got a record as a back stop. Ding me if I ain't going to ask the boys to let me catch an inning!"

The Geehlikers kindly consented to let the old gentleman catch an inning for the Bohunkers, and he grabbed a mitt and stepped into position.

Of course you who have wasted valuable time in reading this little story are prepared to exclaim:

"The old duffer got the ball on the kisser the first flop out of the box."

Well, that's just where your thinker doesn't track. The old man froze fast to every curve shot over the plate, slammed the ball down to second and caught a base runner by ten feet and made a long sprint and nailed a pop-up foul that looked as if it were going to drop outside the lot.

"I guess I ain't lost my old catching eye yet," he exclaimed as he laid down his mitt at the end of the inning and made a run for his car, Omaha World-Herald.

A Shrewd Deal.

"It is all right to talk about the robber railroads, but we get robbed once in awhile ourselves," said the right of way agent. "The railroad that I am working for has been engaged for some time in straightening out the curves on its line, and the work has kept me busy getting the necessary right of way of the farmers whose land we run through. There is nothing that will increase the value of a farm so much as an impression that a railroad will need some of it. But I got along fairly well until last week, when to straighten out a bad curve I found that we would have to buy a few feet from the farm that adjoins our right of way."

The moment I set eyes on that piece of ground, I saw that I was going to have trouble with the owner, for upon it was a newly made grave. I hated to approach the man, but a railroad can't afford to be sentimental, so I put the case before him.

"What," he cried, "disturb those hallowed bones?"

"I am sorry," I answered, "but it is absolutely necessary that we have the land that the grave is on."

"Well, the old man protested with tears in his eyes and threatened to take the matter into court, the last thing that I desired to do, as I wouldn't care to say what a jury would do after a lawyer was through with them. I argued with him and finally got the land that we desired by paying him five times what it was worth."

"Now," said I after the papers were passed, "I suppose you will remove the remains at once?"

"Guess not," said he.

"Well, I guess you will!" said I sharply. "That land belongs to us now."

"Well," he drawled, "I don't suppose the old bog what's buried there cares whether he is removed or not."

"Say, that old sharper had buried nothing there but a measly bog and then shed tears over the hallowed bones till I weakened."

"Well, it was on me. So after advising the old fellow to be careful in the

future and not bury any more of his relatives near our right of way I left."

—Ex.

Radishes.
Radishes originated in China, where they have been cultivated for many centuries and sometimes grow as big as a man's head. In Germany the old fashioned country mothers cure hoarseness and cough with radish juice mixed with sugar candy. The radishes of today have no flavor, no character. Formerly their sharp biting taste made them palatable.

A Jury Room Gem.

A gem from the records of a Missouri court, given in an address by Hon. William H. Wallace, is the following lucid verdict in a lunacy case: "We, the jury, impeached, sworn and charged to inquire into the insanity of Ezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative."

Two Bad Bites.

Diogenes, being asked, "What is that beast which is the most dangerous?" replied, "Of wild beasts the bite of a slanderer and of tame beasts that of the flatterer."

If the average man could read the story of his life he wouldn't believe it.—Chicago News.

A man who finds no satisfaction in himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

Tired of Office.

At the head of the greatest navy in the world has stood until very recently a man whose name is most unknown to Americans. This is the Right Hon. George Joachim Goschen, first lord of the admiralty, as the English style their secretary of the navy. Though the Hon. Mr. Goschen is officially titled "lord," he is not one in reality. He will, however, shortly be invested with the honor, for he has retired from his cabinet position and will be raised to the peerage.

Mr. Goschen may well be tired of offices, for he has held at least ten of them. He has been a member of parliament, vice-president of the board of trade, ambassador extraordinary of her majesty at Constantinople, chancellor of the exchequer, lord rector of Aberdeen university and of Edinburgh university and has held several other offices, besides that of first lord of the admiralty, the last named being one of the most important functionaries of the British empire.

Mr. Goschen, as his name implies, is of German extraction, though of London birth. He is now 69 years of age. He received his education at Oxford,

after which he emerged in business. He was interested in London politics before entering upon the larger field of national and international affairs and held several local offices of minor importance. The future lord is a man of broad culture and liberal views, and his principal recreation is given by the leading English biographical publication as literature. He has published one work, "The Theory of the Foreign Exchange."

Other members of the Hon. Mr. Goschen's family are interested in politics. His eldest son, George Joachim Goschen, jr., is a member of parliament, and his brother, Mr. W. E. Goschen, has just been appointed her majesty's representative at Copenhagen.

No License For Sloan.

New York, Dec. 12.—It is reported here that the stewards of the New York Jockey Club will not give Tod Sloan a license to ride here until the English jockey club changes its attitude toward the American rider. It is said that no official statement will be given out, but that Sloan's name will not be inserted in the list of jockeys licensed for 1901.

Will Permit a Fight.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 12.—Mayor Fleischmann today refused to recede from his promise to grant a permit for a prizefight at Saengerfest hall between February 1 and 14 between James J. Jeffries and either Gus Rublin, Tom Sharkey or Bob Fitzsimmons.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.
Dated at Dawson this 17 day of December, 1900.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowrey's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory.

GANDOLFO,
Third st., opp. A. C. C.

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Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

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Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

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MEATS	
Roast Beef, Roast Mutton, Club House Sausage	
Meat, per can	60
BUTTER	
Coldbrook, 1900, 2½ pound can	1.75
Coldbrook, 1900, 1½ pound can	1.00
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MILK AND CREAM	
Eagle Milk, 3 cans for	1.00
Reindeer Milk, 4 cans for	1.00
Highland Cream, 5 cans for	1.50
St. Charles Cream	1.50
Oysters, 2 pound cans, per can	50
Sugar, 15c per pound, 7 pounds for	1.00
FRUITS	
Choice California 2 and 2½ lb. extras, per can	50
Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can	50
All other can vegetables, 3 cans for	1.00
All kinds of Dried Fruits, per pound	22
Macaroni, per pound	23
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