

A BACHELOR WAS ROPED IN

He Had No Use For Petticoats or Their Wearers

But Fell In Love With His Secretary Before Learning Her Sex—It Was Mutual.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

"All women are" divided into two classes—either designing adventuresses or simpering dolls. As for me," quoth Halbert cynically, "give me the first every time. You can trust to an adventuress to have a little gray matter at least in her cranium." He was talking to his secretary, young Allen, a callow youth, almost effeminate, but nevertheless brainy, too brainy, as Halbert expressed it, for his size and weight. Allen had got used to these sinister observations concerning womankind and rarely ever offered any comment either to agree or to refute the other's statements. These two individuals were a study for one another. The hour in which Allen accepted the position of private secretary, a short time before, they found pleasant communion of tastes and ideas and a peculiar inexplicable sympathy of feeling that seemed to have puzzled both.

Halbert was a confirmed bachelor. He boasted of never having proposed to any woman. He was afraid of them.

In his estimation they were all scheming politicians and ready to marry him or any man at a moment's notice. "Keep the women away from me!" snarled Halbert at times when driven by force to a crush. "I'd rather smoke or sleep." And the little secretary, with his strong, boyish ardor, kept them far away and comforted Halbert with his companionable silence.

The one measure in Allen's make up which Halbert could not understand was his reluctance to smoke. He could never get him to indulge even in a cigarette. And in the matter of drinking, though Allen could mix a punch or a cocktail with commendable art, he brought them untasted to Halbert as a kind of offering to that exalted wretch.

"You should have been a woman, by gad," Halbert said once to him. "A thousand pardons, Allen, but you would have made a fine looking girl. You've got grace and tact enough for it, you know. Why, believe me, Allen, if there were women like you today, with the brain and all, I believe I'd marry one of them." Allen actually blushed and retreated in confusion.

Halbert liked this display of apparent shyness, and his affection for the boy grew. He liked to slap him on the back and he said he felt lonesome when the chap was away. "I tell you what, Allen, I don't know whether to adopt you as my son, considering the fact that I shall never have one of my own, or whether to let things slide on as formerly and just double your salary."

Things slid on as formerly until Halbert announced a hunting trip to Abyssinia. He had actually completed plans for both and was sketching out in his imagination the delicious camaraderie of two in a tent in the wilds of Africa when Allen announced his intention to resign.

"You ungrateful beggar, you can't resign," Halbert snouted. "Why, my boy, I can't go without you. What's the matter?"

"The fact of the matter is, sir," Allen replied respectfully, "I don't want to go with you."

It was a blow, and it landed between Halbert's eyes. He loved Allen if he ever loved any being on earth, and this was the first time that he ever had been thwarted. Not given to sentiment or pleading, he nursed his agony silently, for Allen's abruptness stung him with all the agony of unfeeling ingratitude, of unrequited love, treachery in a friend—everything. It pained Halbert as he had never been pained before. That afternoon he ordered his horse for a long ride and went out dejectedly with a load on his shoulders. He wanted to puzzle out the situation. He had never to plead with any one before in his life for what he wanted, and he hated to plead now. It might seem unmanly, he feared. He went out without calling to Allen, and he did not return for dinner.

The secretary in the meantime felt an unhappy sinking of his heart as the hours dragged by and Halbert did not return. It was his custom at least to return to dress for the evening, especially if he meant to dine out, and his continued absence made Allen uneasy. He did not know whether Halbert cared about his refusal to accompany him, but he knew that he himself

cared, and he felt he could not acquaint his friend with the real reason until he had actually gone.

At 9 o'clock Halbert came back—not exactly on a stretcher, but leaning on the arm of his valet. He had had a bad fall somewhere on the Riverside drive, and he turned his elbow badly—sprained it, in fact. They had actually subjected him to the annoyance of carrying him to a hospital because he had been too dazed to remonstrate, and when his mind was eventually clear he demanded removal to his own rooms.

His valet settled him comfortably on a divan and left the room when Halbert sank into a light slumber. In a few moments Allen came in, white, haggard, limp with anxiety, and stood there looking at Halbert with startled pain in his gaze; then, with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he knelt down beside the divan for a moment and, grasping one of the sufferer's hands in his own, pressed it to his lips with a sob of distress and pain.

Halbert opened his eyes and turned to look at him. He was almost too dumfounded to speak. Allen got up in confusion, and Halbert kept smiling and staring at him in a riot of bewildered ideas, groping, as he did, in a queer labyrinth of uncertainties like a man struggling to face some peculiar situation that his mind refuses to grasp.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," Allen said, standing by a window and looking out into the night, "but they told me you had been seriously hurt, and—and—it almost broke my heart."

Halbert sat up on the edge of the divan and, drawing his dressing gown around him closely, remained there looking at Allen like one surprised in half toilet and somewhat nervous because of it. The kiss of the youth burned still in the flesh of his hand, and it traveled along the channels of feeling and warmed his heart.

Something was groping in his mind for recognition. He still stared at Allen and took in, with careful, scrutinizing gaze, the supple lines of his tall, svelte figure, the curves of his long neck, the slender hands and feet.

"Allen," Halbert said, and he got up and walked close to the youth and stood near him, his eyes still searching the boyish face, "Allen, I want to ask you a question. In God's name, don't be offended if I am wrong. But I don't think I am wrong. It never occurred to me before, but I am a blind fool, and it unnerves me. Look at me, Allen, and answer this: Are you a woman?"

Allen winced and turned farther away and leaned against a table as if to steady himself. The young face seamed with pain. There was a long silence as Halbert awaited for the other to speak. "You are a woman," he repeated.

"Yes, I am a woman." The words came at last, firmly, almost defiantly, like thunder in Halbert's ears, stunning him.

"My God!" was all that came from between the parted, eager lips of the other. "But this costume—why this? I don't understand."

"Because everybody has a prejudice against petticoats in the professions," the girl answered, "and I was bound I would not let that interfere with my progress. Why should I be bound down, tied like a slave, because of a mere selfish, unreasonable prejudice? The color burned in her cheeks brilliantly, and Halbert stepped toward her when a sudden, quick movement, his arms outstretched, love on his tongue, in his eyes, in his gestures.

The girl stepped away from him as he would have touched her arm.

"Mr. Halbert," she said, with dignity, "I am your secretary and in your rooms, and you have discovered that I am a woman. Please respect my unhappy position, for I want you to believe that I am neither a designing adventuress nor a simpering doll. There is another class that you seem to be unacquainted with—that you do not seem to take into consideration." She looked at him steadily, her eyes burning with determination.

Halbert's head sank under the siege of her look. Her speech hurt him; it crushed him. Yes, he loved this girl; he understood it now. He had been a blind, self-absorbed fool.

"Girl don't crush me under your heel." He had not thought that there could be lack of respect where love dwelt.

"While I am your secretary you must not speak of love. It is an unfair advantage."

"Then I discharge you this moment," cried Halbert, aroused. The girl could scarcely suppress a smile, though she struggled to be adamant. She turned and walked quickly toward the door.

"Come back, girl. Don't go and leave me like this. You've wounded your self all around my heart with a million

tendrils. I can't let you go now—I want you to be my wife. Don't you love me? You won't go away now when I want you most."

She turned and smiled at him. He was pleading in abject humility. "Don't you love me?" he cried out to her—he, Halbert, the cynic—conquered! "Well, yes," she called back, "I think I do." She was laughing, but her kiss was there on his hand still. He knew.

"Then you will go to Abyssinia after all, won't you, dear?"

Her laughter still greeted him from a distance, and he flung himself back on the divan and gave himself up to love dreams such as never before thawed the chilly exterior of the man who had fled from petticoats and hid from them in smoking rooms for the last 25 years. Halbert was overcome, in love like a schoolboy, his heart fluttering, buoyant, ecstatic. And the kiss was there on his hand. He carried it to his lips and drank the honey of the spot where her own lips had been.—Chicago Tribune.

Might Have Been Fatal.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 7.—What came very nearly being the largest mining disaster in the history of the Butte camp, occurred today. Fortunately no lives were lost, but 21 unconscious and half-suffocated miners were hauled to the surface by ropes from the Bell mine, and laid out in rows, while nearly all the doctors in the city worked over them and by means of artificial respiration and strong stimulants, finally succeeded in reviving all the victims.

A month ago fire broke out in the Bell shaft, one of the Anaconda Company's properties, and so far all attempts to extinguish it have proved unavailing. A force of men were put to work today in the air shaft, 300 feet deep, with the intention of drifting to head off the fire in the main shaft. At noon the men failed to come to the surface and a second gang was sent down to investigate. The second party also failed to return and a third shift were overcome by sulphurous gases before a fourth party, protected with smoke helmets, reached the spot. The unconscious men were passed up ladders—one at a time with great difficulty until all were taken to the surface. It is not believed that any of the victims will sustain permanent injury.

A Story of Anthony Hope.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, always a believer in men of letters standing by each other, worked tremendously hard to help on the fund which the Author's society of London is trying to accumulate from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income and who view increasing years with fear.

Once an unfortunate writer who visited Mr. Hawkins at his rooms in Buckingham street, by the Embankment gardens, explained on leaving with something in his pocket, "Oh, sir, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!"

And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye, "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."—Ex.

The Nugget in Iowa.

The Klondike Daily Nugget is the name of a very neat four page five column paper published at Dawson city. A copy of this paper of August 18, contains an item of news and interest. The item referred to refers to the arrival there of the steamer Susie in charge of Capt. T. H. Dawson, of Duquoy, who has been running on the Yukon for three years. The Susie made the trip up that stream from St. Michael in eleven days, which breaks all former records. The distance is 2000 miles. The Susie brought up 400 tons of freight and about 100 passengers whose names are given.

At the head of the editorial column is given the subscription price of the Daily Nugget, which is \$40 per year in advance. By carriers delivered in Dawson it is \$4 per month in advance. This shows that the publishers are losing nothing through subscriptions. They also seem to have a telephone line in Dawson, which reaches some of the nearby towns and camps. It is advertised as a great convenience, the price being \$30 per month. There seems to be a lot of provisions in Dawson, steamboats arriving almost every day and each one brings up big cargoes. But of course a large area of country is supplied from there, and these supplies can only be taken in there during the few mild summer months, and for this reason all staple provisions as well as luxuries are very high.—Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

A number of small cases were remanded for future hearing in the police court this morning before the case of Mrs. F. W. Clark against Angus Sutherland for failure to feed and otherwise properly care for a span of horses which she had hired to him to haul wood. She stated that on the last of October or the first of November she had let him take the team which was loose in the hills, but in good condition. All she had received for the use of her horses since that time was about three quarters of a cord of wood, and that two weeks ago when the animals were returned to her it would have taken their united efforts to throw a shadow. She said that the barn they had been kept in had been largely consumed by the animals in lieu of better feed, and that they had been nothing but a bill of expense to her since, nor would they be able to work for a long time to come. Wm. Pendergast, who was a partner of Sutherland's at the time the horses were taken, testified that at times over two cords of green birch had been hauled by the team at a load, but that the horses had always had enough to eat. W. H. Ballis said that the horses had been brought to his place to be fed while he was away, but that if he had been at home he would not have taken them in for fear they would die on his hands, and that even now they were unable to do more than carry their harness and would be unable to draw anything weightier than their breath for some time to come, although they had had two weeks of good care. The accused himself said that at times the horses had acted as if they were sick, but he did not know of anything that could be the matter with them as they were well fed with the best hay and oats the market afforded. Mr. Pendergast was recalled to the stand and questioned by the defendant concerning those two cord loads of green birch alleged to have been hauled by the team in question, and succeeded in bringing forth the interesting and somewhat curious information that while the wood in question was not dry wood when it was loaded on the sleigh, it was dry when delivered, or at least the consumer was told that it was. Magistrate McDonnell said that since it had been proven that the team had been so well fed during the time the defendant had them, he could only consider that their loss in avoirdupois and ability to haul wood was due to overwork, and the fine would be \$25 and costs.

Traffic in Chinamen.

Port Townsend, Dec. 8.—The growing traffic in handling contraband Chinese across the border between this state and British Columbia has attracted the attention of the immigration bureau of the treasury department with the effect that a careful investigation of existing conditions is to be made, and upon the report to be submitted will depend the proposal to materially increase the government force in that department, detailed for service in Washington.

The nearness of the British boundary, and the fact that there are hundreds of miles to be patrolled to successfully enforce the exclusion law against the entrance of Chinese into this country, has at last been brought so pointedly before the authorities that the stable is about to be locked, although many of the horses have been stolen.

Aboard the Rosalie today and bound for Victoria where the collection of Chinese statistics in the Northwest will be inaugurated, was Special United States Immigration Inspector James Bigler, attached to the California detail which so successfully enforces the exclusion law.

Mr. Bigler's mission is to ascertain as near as possible the number of Chinese in British Columbia, who are and are not provided with certificates entitling them to entrance under the Stars and Stripes.

He will, in the course of his work, inspect the boundary, and make such recommendations for the establishing of new officers, as the exigencies of the occasion may warrant.

Mr. Bigler is one of the pioneer officers in the immigration service, and his thorough knowledge with the details and requirements of the work occasioned his being detached and ordered to the important undertaking.

Mail Expected.

Owing to the fact that there is a break in the telegraph line between Ogilvie and Stewart, no news has been received today of the incoming mail which was reported as leaving Selkirk last Friday afternoon. However, if nothing unusual happens, the mail should reach here tomorrow evening. It was expected that the break in the wire will be repaired by tonight.

A Narrow Escape.

Stella Mason, an 11-year-old girl, narrowly escaped what might have been a serious accident this forenoon on Third street in front of the West block. While riding in a sled drawn by the three dogs the leader made a dash immediately under a team of horses attached to a sled drawing the sled and its fair little passenger directly among the feet of the frightened and plunging horses. By-liners rushed to the rescue and, strange to say, the child was rescued with nothing more severe than a bad scare and a few slight bruises.

ADMIRE THE NUGGET SPECIAL

What the Business Men of Dawson Have to Say

Regarding the Christmas Edition—Many Will be Sent Away—Supply Soon Exhausted.

The recent special issue of the Nugget has attracted a great deal of interest and no little praise as the expressions of leading men printed below will show. Almost upon the day of issue the entire edition was sold out, the demand being so great that if the number printed was duplicated a ready sale for another edition could easily be effected. The labor incident to a work of this character in a city without the customary material at hand, from a mechanical standpoint can not be appreciated except by those familiar with the business.

Outside of the undertaking of publishing the issue during the regular production of a daily and eight-page semi-weekly paper which in itself was a task of no small magnitude, the engraving of the plates for the work was a particularly trying one. The process employed, so far as known, has never been done by any other engraving plant in the country. All the illustrations including the colored cuts on the cover were made from brush drawings with asphaltum which was the only obtainable material in the city that could be used on zinc for the purpose. A special preparation is usually employed in etching and the use of this material for the purpose of making fine cuts has never before been successfully used.

Another feature of the work is that the price per copy was but twenty-five cents, the same price as a regular issue of the Nugget.

Mr. Shindler—I think it is a most commendable work and too much praise cannot be given or appreciation shown for that production. It excels any similar work I ever saw on the outside, taking into consideration the disadvantages you had to labor under in this country.

W. H. Parsons, of Ames Mercantile Co.—I am very much pleased with your special issue and congratulate you on your work.

Mr. Milne—I have got a number of copies which I shall send outside. The work is a very creditable one.

Donald B. Olson—I think it's remarkable for a local production, the illustrations being all made here, and in that respect particularly I think it is very fine indeed.

J. E. Doherty, of the McDonald Iron Works—She's a peach. I did not think it possible you could produce anything like that in this country. Just say anything you want; you cannot make it too strong or express my appreciation too highly.

Dr. Cook, Ladue Co.—It is a very fine work and reflects credit upon the ability of the Nugget people.

E. W. Brown, A. E. Co.—A fine effort. I am going to send out some of the papers to show what we are doing in Dawson.

"I think the special edition of the Nugget is a most remarkable one and it has my greatest appreciation. It contains matter of general interest which cannot fail to be appreciated."

A Female Anarchist.

New York, Dec. 8.—The Times says: Emma Goldman, who has been conferring with anarchist groups in England and France, has returned to this country. She made a hurried tour of the various anarchist headquarters in this city last night. She says that the anarchists from various countries had arranged to hold an international anarchist congress in Paris but just as it was about to convene the police officials swooped down, broke up the meeting and drove the leaders out of the city.

It was an outrage, she declared, and showed that even the socialist government was under the domination of the rich. In spite of the Parisian authorities, however, she said, a secret congress was held and arrangements made for the propaganda.

Miss Goldman was angry also at the spathy of the people in England regarding the spread of propaganda. They acted, she said, as if a social revolution was never heard of.

Mr. Yache on Route.

Government Engineer J. C. Yache is en route to Dawson from Whitehorse. A telegram from the latter point announced that Mr. Yache may be expected at any time.