

BOWSER PLAYS BENEFACTOR

And Helps a Man of Integrity Pay His Creditors.

Mrs. Bowser Interferes and Is Called Hard Names—Business Failure Called Too Often.

It was a quiet evening in the Bowser sitting room, with the family cat purring in three languages and Mr. Bowser lingering over the end of his cigar and reading the paper, when there came a ring at the bell. Mr. Bowser answered it in person, as he was expecting a neighbor to call, and as he opened the door he found a rather seedy, middle-aged man waiting to say to him:

"My dear sir, I want a moment's conversation with you on a strictly business affair."

He was admitted in a grudging way, and, bringing a rueful smile to his face and speaking in confidential tones, he continued:

"After 15 years of hard work I have made a failure in business. I could swindle my creditors or go into bankruptcy, but my conscience will not permit me. I wish to pay dollar for dollar. To do so I must sacrifice everything, even to my wife's jewels. Here is a diamond ring which I wish to get rid of and turn the money over to a heartless creditor who would even deprive my children of bread. Will you name a price for it?"

"If it's a straight business failure, you are not required to sell the shirt off your back," replied Mr. Bowser.

"But it's a matter of conscience, you see. I said I'd pay a hundred cents on the dollar, and I'll do it if I have to go barefoot. Will you show that ring to your wife?"

Mr. Bowser had been gum-gamed two or three times and was rather suspicious, but he took the ring and walked back to the sitting room.

"Don't buy it at any price," said Mrs. Bowser as she looked at it. "It's probably some snide affair, and the man is no doubt a fraud who thinks to take advantage of your innocence."

"Do you mean that the man takes me for a fool on sight?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he flashed up.

"He may not, but I think he's looking for a soft snap."

"Oh, you do? That's you to a dot. Always suspicious and distrustful and always hard-hearted. I shall buy the ring."

Mr. Bowser went back to the man and found him very reasonable. All he wanted for his wife's birthday ring was \$40, and that was only one-third of its cost. It grieved him to part with it, but what was grief compared to integrity of character? As the tears began to appear Mr. Bowser sent him off with \$40 in his pocket and returned to Mrs. Bowser to say:

"How you can steel your heart against the cries of humanity the way you do is a wonder to me. You'd doubtless have turned that poor man away with a stab in the back."

"And saved \$40," she curtly replied. "Do you mean that this ring isn't worth fully \$100?" he blustered.

"I don't believe it's worth \$5."

"Woman, do you take me for a fool?"

shouted Mr. Bowser, with furious gestures as he danced around and frightened the cat under the piano. "I think I know a man of integrity when I see one. I also think I know a diamond ring from a side of sole leather. By the living jingo, if I had your contemptible spirit I'd go hang myself!"

He walked about for a few minutes, breathing hard and perspiring under the collar, and nothing further was said on the subject. The cat gradually recovered her courage, the fire blazed cheerfully, and peace had returned to hover over all when the bell rang again.

Again Mr. Bowser went to the door. It was the man of integrity returned.

"Pray, excuse me," he said as he crowded his way into the hall, "but you were so kind to me about the ring I have returned to show you this watch."

I had thought to keep it from my creditors, but conscience stings me. It is a watch that cost me \$50, but under the circumstances—"

Mr. Bowser, will you step here a moment?" interrupted Mrs. Bowser.

He had no intention of buying the watch. He meant to get rid of the man at once, but Mrs. Bowser's interference nettled him and changed his plans. Turning to the man, he said:

"The watch is well worth \$50, and I should be glad to give you that sum to help you settle with your creditors, but I have only \$15 in my pocket."

"Then I'll take that," sighed the business failure, with a quaver in his voice.

"I want to settle a claim at once—tonight—and know that I shall have at least cold potatoes for breakfast. It grieves me—but take it along."

Mrs. Bowser called again, but Mr. Bowser passed over the money, patted the man of integrity on the shoulder and closed the door after him. Then he returned to the sitting room, placed watch and ring on the mantle and sat down without a word. After a quarter of an hour of silence Mrs. Bowser went upstairs to keep clear of any further row, and the expected neighbor came in. Of course he was told of the honest business man and shown the watch and ring. He began to grin as soon as they were placed in his hands, and pretty soon he said:

"Look here, Bowser; you've been played for a sucker!"

"It can't be!"

"But it can and is. Those diamonds are nothing but glass, and that ring is worth \$3. Was Mrs. Bowser here when you bought it?"

"What if she was or wasn't?"

"She'd have detected the fraud at once. The game that fellow worked on you is as old as the hills. What on earth made you bite?"

"I—I wanted to help an honest man. As for the watch—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What in thunder do you mean?" demanded Mr. Bowser as his face kept growing paler.

"I'm laughing at the cheek of the man to come back and swindle you a second time. Say, now, but you are a dead easy. This watch never cost him over \$3. Bowser, old man, you've been lambasted for \$55 with your eyes wide open! You'd better let Mrs. Bowser deal with such chaps after this."

"But what does she know of such folks?" protested Mr. Bowser.

"A heap more than you do, I should say, if you are so easily taken in. Well, well, I wouldn't have believed it!"

As the situation was somewhat embarrassing, the neighbor didn't stay long, and when he had taken his departure Mr. Bowser sat down to chew the bitter end. He had been chewing for about 20 minutes and wondering how he could even with Mrs. Bowser when the bell rang, and he made his way to the door and opened it to find that same business failure on the step again.

"You will excuse me, I know," said the man, "but I have a diamond pin I didn't show you. It is a pin my wife gave me on my 40th birthday, when everything was going well with us. As it is worth \$150, I thought I could easily get rid of it among your neighbors for \$30 or \$40, but I find that I can't. Your exceeding kindness to me and your desire to help me maintain my standard of integrity lead me to hope—"

"Come in," interrupted Mr. Bowser. The man entered the hall and opened a pasteboard box to reveal a diamond pin reposing on a nest of red cotton.

"You—you have a diamond pin to sell me?" said Mr. Bowser in a strange, hard voice.

"Yes; I thought to keep it from my creditors, but my conscience won't let me. It is worth \$150; but, owing to circumstances—"

Then Mr. Bowser jumped on him. The man of integrity was taken by surprise and rolled on the floor, but he soon recovered, and there was a scrap that upset the hall tree, tickled the cat half to death and made the dust fly. It lasted for five minutes, and then Mr. Bowser got the door open and "lifted" the man of integrity out into the cold and cruel world and turned to find Mrs. Bowser on the stairs.

"Well," she queried as he glared at her and puffed like an old engine set going for the fall and winter trade, "have you gone out of the jewelry business?"

He slowly extended his arm and shook his finger at her and tried to answer back, but his emotions were too great.

"If you have," she continued as she turned and began to ascend, "you'd better lock up and come to bed and let me rub you down with witch hazel."

M. QUAD.

To Save Her Mother.

Port Wayne, Ind., Feb. 19.—Bessie Slater, aged 15, shot and probably fatally injured her father to save her mother from death at his hands. The little girl was taken to the police station, and after an inquiry was let go. Slater came home in the evening, threw his wife on a bed and proceeded to choke her. The little girl secured a revolver and fired a bullet into her father's back, inflicting a dangerous wound.

If you want hay and oats at rock bottom prices see Barrett & Hall.

For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

MEN OF MARK.

Sir Arthur Sullivan left an estate of about \$750,000. His music was well worth it.

Governor-Elect Dietrich of Nebraska is a widower and a boarder and has no use for the governor's mansion, bought by the state a year ago.

Since the election Gov. Roosevelt's daily mail has assumed such proportions that he has had to employ two extra secretaries to take charge of it.

Baron Dhanis is back in Belgium after five years' work in Africa, where he has been building up King Leopold's African estate. He went there as a lieutenant and earned his title and fortune.

The Chevalier Dr. Alfred von Flesch, the new Austrian consul general in Chicago, was, before that appointment, at Yokohama. He is of an old Hungarian family and has been in the consular service since 1882.

William Parke Custis, who recently died in Baltimore, was the oldest male descendant of Gen. John Custis, who settled in Accomac county, Va., in 1650. Washington's wife was the widow of a Custis of this stock.

Gen. Kitchener's leaning toward the enforcement of the severest discipline is said to be more or less inherited, as his father, Col. Kitchener, had the reputation of being the strictest disciplinarian in the British army.

Charles M. Hays, at the age of 19, was a clerk in the Frisco railroad offices in St. Louis, with a salary of \$40 a month. Mr. Hays, now 42 years old, is president of the Southern Pacific railway. His salary is \$55,000 a year.

Gov. Sayers of Texas is said to have contributed to the Galveston relief fund more money in proportion to his private means than any other person interested, but what he gave was very quietly given and not publicly acknowledged.

Hanging in the window of a barber shop are the long and flowing whiskers worn for many years by Dr. T. A. Stevens of Independence," says the Kansas City Journal. "In life they hung down below the doctor's waist, and they were famous all over the country. The doctor bet 'em on the election of Bryan."

English Catholics are pardonably proud of their coreligionist, Mr. James Joseph Hicks, the well known scientist of Hattogarden, London, who received from the pope the Order of St. Gregory on the occasion of the first Catholic association pilgrimage. Mr. Hicks has taken no fewer than nine of the principal awards for his scientific instruments at the Paris exhibition.

M. Paul Deschanel recently received a mark of attention which it is safe to say was never offered to any man before. He attended a banquet in his honor somewhere in France, and on entering the dining room he found every dish on the table printed with a photograph of himself. All his life from babyhood to deputation he spread out over plates and tureens. Each guest carried away his plate as a souvenir.

Author of "The Doblies."

For a long, long time, and in spite of numerous instances to the contrary, the charge was made that women are devoid of a sense of humor. Many cases were cited of the inability of woman to understand a joke, while her claim to proficiency in the manufacturing of jests was never taken seriously.

But now has come the dawning of woman's day in this as in so many other things of greater or less importance. It is freely conceded on all sides by the "superior" sex that a woman can take a joke, while her ability to make one is fully attested by a glance at the pages of our humorous journals.

One of the best and most prolific women humorists of the United States is Mrs. Kate Masterson, the exceedingly bright contributor to the pages of most of our bright papers. To name them would be to name all of the papers that publish short poems, stories and jokes. The New York Sun has been running for some time a series of articles by Mrs. Masterson about the Doblies, a couple who are quite amusing. The Doble sketches have been gathered into a book, which has taken its place among the successful ones of the season. Mrs. Masterson's second book, it is understood, will be a collection of her verses.

Mrs. Masterson has other and more serious claims to fame. Her verses are not only bright, but they have attained a high standard of excellence. When the late Col. P. Huntington offered a prize for the best answer to Markham's "Man with the Hoe," Mrs. Masterson entered the competition and won the third prize. She is recognized in journalistic circles as one of the brightest newspaper women in America, a title gained by long and hard work on various papers. Mrs.

Masterson has made her mark as a correspondent, and she has the distinction of being the only one to get and publish an interview with "Batcher" Weyler.

Mrs. Masterson's talent for writing made itself manifest during her school days, for even then she began contributing to the humorous papers. Her first verses were signed "Kittie K." and were published in one of the leading humorous papers of the country. In 1893 Mrs. Masterson obtained an editorial position on the New York Herald, and while there she originated many feature—prize contests, etc. She went to Cuba as war correspondent for the New York Journal during the Spanish-American war and made a number of other trips as a correspondent, among them one to Newfoundland. For some years Mrs. Masterson has been the author of a column of bright and widely read and quoted dramatic notes in one of the theatrical papers of the metropolis. In the intervals of her more serious work a steady stream of jokes and humorous and other verses flows from her pen.—Ex.

Courtships of Famous Men.

No man ever had a more romantic wooing than Richard Binsley Sheridan when he determined to make Miss Linley, the beautiful "Nightingale of Bath," his wife. She counted her suitors by the score, but Sheridan's romantic devotion won her heart. He disguised himself as a coachman merely to have the pleasure of driving her. He escorted her to a French nunnery to rescue her from the persecutions of an odious wooer, with whom he fought two duels in her behalf. And this was but a type of the chivalrous adventures which ultimately enabled him to lead her to the altar in April, 1773.

His second wooing was just as persistent. When Sheridan first met the beautiful daughter of the dean of Winchester, he was a middle-aged man and anything but personally fascinating. Miss Ogle could not bear the sight of him and called him "an odious creature" and "a ridiculous fright," but within a short time she was glad to give her hand and heart to the "most fascinating man in England and a husband of whom any girl might be proud."

It was Mrs. Lewis rather than Disraeli who did the wooing, for she made no concealment of her admiration for the rising statesman and pursued him with attentions which in a younger woman would have been indecent. And yet the "dowdy widow" succeeded where mere youth and beauty would certainly have failed, for who can resist the worship of a woman? And she succeeded by a lifelong devotion in winning her husband's heart as well as his gratitude.

Mr. Gladstone's wooing was much more conventional and ceremonious, as might be expected. It was over a dinner table that Miss Glynne caught her first glimpse of the young man to whom she was to devote her life. "Do you see that young man?" a statesman who was sitting next to her said. "Some day he will be prime minister of England."

No wonder the young girl's interest was aroused; and when, in the winter following, they met again in the lovers' land of Italy, what wonder that the wooing proceeded apace and that the foundation of one of the most beautiful married lives in history was laid.—Ex.

Big Find of Copper Ore.

Loomis, Feb. 19.—Up near the summit of Palmer mountain, among many other locations that have a present and prospective value, is the Copper World, a property that has remained in an undeveloped condition for so many years. The Copper World is owned by two parties, one a resident of Spokane; the other John Westworth, of Loomis.

Surface showing and developments

made under superficial workings were such as to justify greater researches. Some time ago Mr. Westworth started a tunnel to crosscut a cropping vein at a depth of about 100 feet. It was necessary to knock a hole 225 feet in length before the vein could be caught. He was rewarded by breaking into the ledge and crossing it last week, bringing to light 15 feet of the finest gold and copper ore ever struck in this camp. The find has electrified the camp, and, in conjunction with other rich strikes, this means for Loomis and the surrounding country a season of activity for the present year that has never yet been surpassed.

Four Firemen the Victims.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 19.—The search for bodies in the ruins of the Julson packing house on Canal street, which was burned shortly after midnight, was continued for hours after the flames were extinguished, resulting in the definite knowledge that the four firemen whose mangled bodies were pulled from under the debris of the fallen wall while the fire was in progress were the only victims. These firemen were: Capt. Joseph Conden, William Reilly, Fred Hale and Frank Williams.

At Her Father's Grave.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 19.—While kneeling at her father's grave at Elmwood cemetery today, Dora Desell, 19 year old, was assaulted by a negro. She suffered a severe sprain of her ankle recently, necessitating the use of a crutch. Notwithstanding her lameness, she fought her assailant desperately, the two struggling for nearly half an hour. The negro was finally frightened away by the approach of a white man. When the man reached Miss Desell she was in a dead faint. Tonight she is in a serious condition. The negro escaped.

Kodaks bought and sold. Goetman.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Hillside lower 1/2, 1/4, 1/8 above Bonanza; part cash, balance paid rock, or all cash with a discount. Ground opened up for summer work, since boxes and good cabin on claim. This is a producing mine, and can be bought on very reasonable terms. Write Bonanza P. O., or inquire on ground for L. A. Davis.

FOR SALE—Restaurant, centrally located. Apply at Nugget Office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McEAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 88.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

WADE & AIDMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, Rooms 1 and 2 A. C. Office Bldg.

RELCOURT, McDONALD & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Office at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Claholm's Block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Relcourt, Q. C. M. F., Frank J. McDougal, J. P. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. R. TYRELL—Mining Engineer—Mineral land outor managed. Properties valued. Mission st., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. P.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly. Thursday on or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Justice Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

BLUCE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER. Office: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Doyle's Wharf. J. W. ROYLE.

The Printer's Devils

ARE HERE DISPLAYED HARD AT WORK (5)....

This is a sample engraving for illustrative purposes.

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The Nugget

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BARGAINS IN HARDWARE

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The DAWSON HARDWARE CO. PHONE 39 SECOND AVE.