THE POSTMAN DEAD NEXT

To the Patent Attorney Who Went to Washington

And Whose Letters to His Wife Grew Beautifully Smaller and More Blotted Every Day.

"Well," said the postman, puffing away on his pipe and grinning reflectively—it was between trips on the uptown branch postoffice route; 'I hope she didn't bite his arm off, or dent his frame in any, or swipe his clothes so's he couldn't get out, or any of those stunts. Who? Oh, party along my route. Hope he's been able to slip out to get one to make the circulation circ, anyhow. He's a pretty good fellow, and I'd like to see things come his way, even if he has been ba-ad.

"He's a patent attorney, man about forty, and he lives with his wife, same age or maybe a leetle more so, in a neat two-story house not far from Riverside Drive. I've been serving 'em their mail for years, and I know 'em both well. He's one of the kind that gets mixed up with a cold thing about once every six months or so, and then for three or four days he kicks the slats out o' bed, racing around in cabs without doing like that.

"Then he comes next to himself, and I meet him looking dead solemn, wondering where he's going, and rolling eyes me to find out whether I'm next or not, and when I grin he grins and shakes his head and sighs, and passes on, knowing that I know, and it's all right. He's good people, he has got a fine business, and I don't suppose he hurts anybody very much when he slips off the ice-wagon the way I'm telling you about, but it's a cinch that he gets what's a-coming to him at home when he's home-boasting. I know that when I hand the mail to his wife during these spells the cderings of Pop's her face's Dewey's battleships, and when I say 'Good morning' or 'Good afternoon' she doesn't seem to hear me.

"Well, anyhow, I met him coming out of his house when I was making my noon trip eight days ago yesterday. He was carrying a suit-case, and his wife—just a leetle bit hatchet faced, she is, to my way of thinking—was bidding him good-bye at the front door.

"'Now, you know,' she was saying to him with a sort of sour smile, putting up a warning finger, as she started down the steps. 'Remember, promises.'

"'Oh, all right, Gertrude,' said he, sort of course. 'Honest Injun, cross my heart,' and he went through the motion with a grin. 'Be back in three days or less, right side up with care. Got to work like a beaver, down there, anyway—no time for foolishness; and then he waved his hand at her and she closed the door. I asked him in passing if he was going away.

"'Yep,' said he, 'little run down to Washington on business; back in a few days,' and he handed me sort of a crafty smile, and I gave it back to him, and told him to enjoy himself, and passed on.

"Now us fellows got into a habit, as we know the folks on our route for a long time, of kind o' reading between the lines of the addresses on letters we deliver. I had a big fat one, with the Washington postmark, handed to her the next morning after he went away. It was addressed on the envelope of a swell Washington hotel, and in a fine swinging hand—a swell penman, this patent attorney I'm talking about, generally. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'so far right—he's working,' and she looked very much satisfied when she examined the writing on the envelope.

"Next morning I had another one for her—not quite so fat. The writing on the envelope was pretty good, but not so high grade as the address on the envelope of the previous day. 'Oh, well, one or two ain't going to mangle him up any,' said I to myself when I saw that letter from him to her. She gazed at the envelope a little doubtfully when I handed it to her—you can't fool 'em these days, you know, son, like you think you can. They're too wise.

"Next morning after that, third day after he'd gone, the address on the letter from Washington, and there was a much fatness to that letter, and quite a lot to the bad, kind o' smoky looking, like as if it was done with an effort, sort of a bluff. 'Oh-hun,' says I to myself, 'twist-ed around down there, eh?' and I handed her the letter when she opened at the front door as usual, blowing my whistle down the street, and looking at her out of the tail of my eye when she glanced at the address on the envelope. Her teeth shut together, and she shut the door just a little harder than was necessary.

"Well, he was due home then, and I don't think there's be another from him to her the next morning. But there was, all the same. And, say, it was a sight. It was about the funniest thing I ever saw in the line of an address. It wasn't written at all. It was laboriously printed in big schoolboy letters, and on an envelope bearing the picture of a big bath tub down there in Washington.

"Well, says I to myself when I saw that, 'you, James, are going to hear a touching, touching ballad for yours when you hike back,' and I handed the letter in to her and was on my way real quick—was afraid she might accuse me of having something to do with it.

"That, as I say, was four days ago, and he was due home the day before from Washington. There was nothing doin in the way of mail from Washington for her after that, and I had it figured out that he was home on the fifth morning, but, no, she met me at the door, and when I shook my head she was pretty sore looking, I'm telling you. I had to shake my head right along then for three days more, and by the grim look on her face when she appeared on the step each time I knew that the absent one hadn't yet shown up.

"This morning, just as I was starting on my route, I met him as he left the L stairs. He was packing that suitcase and letting it hang against his legs hopelessly as he hiked in the direction of his home. He sure did look as if that Washington town might be an interesting sort of a place, which I've always heard. Looked dead nervous and twitchy, and had the rings under his lamps, and altogether he looked the part of a boy that was just five days overdue.

"'Mornin',' says I when I met him.

"'Why, hello, there,' says he, looking mighty pleased to see me. 'Let's just slip in here'—motioning to a side door—'and see'f we can't find anything.'

"I dropped in and had one with him.

"'Everthing all right?' said he, looking me over nervously. I knew that he was aching to have me put him next to how the frame-up was at home.

"'Oh, so-so,' says I. 'Must ha' struck head winds and heavy seas, didn't you? Just a little overdue?'

"'Yep,' said he disconsolately, 'five days overdue.'

"'Well,' says I, leaning over to him and giving him a gentle poke, 'you'd better stick about a pint in your hind pocket right here before you go home—'fraid it's about the last you'll get for a bit.'

"'Good heavens!' says he, pressing his hand to his brow. 'I knew it 'ud be 'bout that way. But I wouldn't dare. She'd find the pint.'

"Well, of course I couldn't say anything more. He looked a whole heap thoughtful for a couple of minutes, took another one, picked up his grip, said to me 'Much obliged,' although I don't know what for, and charged off down the street toward home. When I got there the servant came to the door for the mail, and I didn't see either of 'em. But I'll bet a pound of plug cut that he was hearing a few upstairs. I hope he got a bracer when he woke up, if he's woke up yet, anyhow."—N. Y. Sun.

Cases of Querr Revenge.

In England, where men have more time for everything, including revenge, some queer methods af playing even have come into the courts.

Albert Bewdley of Leeds had a dog that howled at night. A naturalist next door did not like it, but had no legal recourse.

One day ants of the minute red variety began to overrun Bewdley's house. Nothing that could be done headed them off. They grew worse and worse. He had made up his mind to break his lease and move when one night he heard a noise in his dining room. Slipping down, he found the naturalist emptying a bag of ants on the floor.

In the court the naturalist paid damages, but he did it smilingly.

Rowley, the late English violinist was hard to beat on his perseverance against one who had incurred his ill will.

Rowley had a quarrel with a horse dealer named Brant. It was a trivial matter, but Rowley took the next house to Brant, set up a piano, bought a cornet and proceeded to make insomnia for Brant.

After one or two assault cases in court Brant moved. Rowley bought out the next door neighbor and followed with piano and cornet. Brant went to law but found he could do nothing. Failing, he took a detached house. Then Rowley hired brass bands and organs and assailed him. This was actionable, and Rowley paid £1000 for his revenge.

Another Concert.

The musical Club will give their second fortnightly concert next Sunday evening at the Auditorium theatre. The members of the club have become enthusiastic over the success of the first one given and a series of rare musical feasts is promised for the winter, it being their intention to have a musicale every two weeks. At the next concert will be heard several numbers never before played in Dawson, among them the great descriptive piece, "The Mill in the Forest," Van Weber's masterpiece the "Jubal" overture, and a selection from "The Greek Slave," the latest comic opera success on the outside.

Won.

"Dear," said young Mrs. Jellus, "I thought you ought to know. There's a married man who is violently in love with me."

"What?" he cried. "Who is he?"

"If I tell you, will you give me those earrings I wanted?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"You."

Fresh Lowney's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

MR. McGILLIVRY WAS HONORED

Klondike's Oldest Citizen Was Remembered.

A Whitehorse exchange tells of the following happy event which took place on the last trip up the river of the steamer Whitehorse:—

The steamer Whitehorse on her last trip of the season brought out a jolly crowd of pioneer Klondikers all well supplied with coin of the realm—all on pleasure bent to climes more congenial than that of the Yukon.

One of the passengers will carry with him to his far distant home across the sea pleasant remembrance of the trip. He is Joseph McGillivray, one of the oldest of the Klondike pioneers. His seventy third birthday occurred on the voyage up the river and the passengers in a most fitting manner presented him with a testimonial and a purse filled with gold. The recipient was so overcome by the expressions of sincere appreciation, words struggled for supremacy and he could not speak. There was not a dry eye in the cabin of the steamer during the venerable man's struggle for words to express himself. The testimonial was read by C. M. Woodworth, the promising young barrister of Dawson, and was as follows:—

Yukon River, Str. Whitehorse, Oct. 16, 1901.

Mr. Joseph McGillivray:—

Your fellow passengers wish to salute you at the seventy third natal post in your voyage on the river of Life, mindful of the many posts past by you; we your children in point of age gather in this Cabin to wish you Bon Voyage from this to the final post beyond the river, when Life's toils are past.

Most of us remember when first your venerable form and snowy beard appeared in the Yukon in the year of 1898. At that time most men of your age would have considered that they had earned a rest, but from a strenuous life of Seventy years, your Yukon work was to interest British capital in our rich placer mines, and to superintend the operations, you had begun with an energy that would put a younger man to blush. We remember your trips over the ice from and to the Klondike when that was considered a great feat for even a young man.

During your Yukon years, many an one has been cheered by your kindly words, and inspired by your marvellous energy, and at each return we have given Klondike's Grand Old Man a hearty welcome.

"That man's work is not done til death" and "that man is worth to the world just the measure of his exertion" are lessons you have taught us.

We will welcome you again; we wish you success and happiness; go on—achieve and crown your active honorable career with still further success. Not one lazy subdued breath will breathe till the last.

One favor alone we ask you. In your future years remember this little company of fellow travellers on the steamer "Whitehorse" this Sixteenth day of October, 1901, and remember that their only regret is that they cannot speak to you more kindly words than these and present you with some more fitting memento than this which we now present, on behalf of your fellow passengers.

J. A. CHUTE, Chairman.
C. M. WOODWORTH, Secretary.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price $2.50.

Shoff, the Dawson dog doctor, Pioneer drug store.

A Giant Humility.

In the British House of Commons the other day an Irish member asked the leader of the house who was responsible for the form of prayer read in the house. Mr. Balfour was unable to satisfy the hon. member's curiosity at the moment. But the researches of the editor of "Hansard" have produced an answer and incidentally supplied same interesting information. The first reference to prayer in the journals of the house is in 1603, but Sir Simon D. Ewes, in his journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliament, writing of the Parliament of 1577, says: "It hath been the custom of these later Protestant parliaments for the Speaker to compose a prayer, to be read by him every morning during the session; accordingly the speaker made and read the following: 'We most entirely beseech Thee, that pardoning all our sins in the blood of Thy Son Jesus Christ, it would please Thee by the brightness of Thy Spirit to expel darkness and vanity from our minds, and partiality from our speeches, and grant unto us such wisdom and integrity of heart as becometh the servants of Jesus Christ. The subjects of a gracious Prince and members of this honorable House, let us not, Oh Lord, who are met together for the public good of the whole land, be more careless and remiss than we are in our own private causes.'" The prayer alluded to in the entry in the Commons journal of 1603 beseeches the Al-Almighty, "because our hearts by nature are not fit for good cogitations, create a new heart and renew a right spirit in us, remove far from us all vainglorious Humour of commanding our own wit, all covetous Humour of advancing our private profit, all envious Humor of disgracing other men's gifts, all malicious Humour of hurting any man's person; and, finally, all forward Humour of opposing ourselves against just, needful and Godly things by whosoever propounded." There is a giant humility and directness about some of these exercises which might recommend them to some cisatlantic legislative bodies with which we are familiar.

Shrewd Peter the Great.

Peter the great adopted rather a novel means to convince his subjects that they should change their clothes to conform with the modern costumes of western Europe. Believing, as it is well known historically, that the future greatness of Russia depended upon the facility with which it was made to assimilate all that was best in other countries, he had succeeded in introducing some important innovations into the half civilized region over which he held sway. At length he had patterns of cloth hung up at the gates of the towns, and those who did not conform to the fashions thus set were docked publicly, albeit this was done in as pleasant a manner as possible, for Peter believed in being good natured with his people. They, on the other hand, loudly demanded and used the argument that what was good enough for their forefathers was good enough for them.

"Very well," said the sagacious Peter. In 1703 he gave a dinner at Moscow to celebrate the marriage of one of his jesters and insisted that it should be conducted in strict conformity with ancient usages. There had formerly been a superstitious custom of not lighting a fire on a wedding. So Peter made them do without a fire, although it was very cold. He wouldn't give them any wine, because their forefathers never drank it. When they remonstrated, he reminded them that it was a poor rule which did not work all around, and thus by his good natured greatness wheedled his people into new coats, about the hardest thing that can be done with humanity.

Dartmoor Superstitions.

In no part of England is superstition so rife as in the west of England, and especially so on that tract of barren land known as Dartmoor. One angler who had great luck on the river Dart discovered this last year. He made a big catch, but it was made on Easter Sunday. It consisted of 56 trout, the largest 1½ pounds and three of one pound each, besides several of half a pound, a phenomenal catch for the upper Dart. When he tried to have some cooked at the farmhouse where he was staying, the old moorland cook refused to have anything to do with them, deeming them "devil's fish" or "vishe," as she pronounced it.

Another superstition is that if one picks a piece of broom while fishing that one will assuredly be drowned before the day is out.

It is general for the moormen when doing a quiet poach when the streams are in flood to spit on their first worm for luck. It is thought unlucky to look into the water before making a cast. The most curious superstition is that if one is fishing and for some time catches nothing, some one is wishing him ill, and the only way to counteract the "ill wishing" is to kneel or "sit on your knees," as they say on Dartmoor, and bite off the top of a young bracken fern. The fish then will be found to bite with most peculiar and surprising avidity.

A Nice Family Mix Up.

A widower with a number of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In due time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day, the father went out to see what was the matter.

"Well, what was it?" asked his wife as he returned out of breath.

"Your children and my children were quarreling with our children," was the reply.—London Answers.

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Laconic Justice.

"Why did you shoot the plaintiff's dog?"

"Because he tried to bite me."

"Even a dog is entitled to a fair trial. You should only have tried to shoot him. Twenty-five dollars."—Exchange.

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But that you may need another heater.

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