

The Pipe Dreamer's Club

"What is the most annoying thing you know of?" asked the Chairman of Pipe Dreamers at the last meeting of the club.

As there was no answer from any of his fellow members, he continued: "I was thinking of the matter this morning before I got up. I don't often have to rise at any special hour, but this morning it was necessary that I should be up at six o'clock. When I awoke it was still dark, so I waited drowsily for the clock to strike. Presently it began striking, but I wasn't sure whether it struck four times or five. So I resolved to wait for the next hour in order to determine definitely. After a very long time it seemed several hours to me—the clock again struck and again I was confused in my count. I couldn't tell for the life of me whether it was five or six, although I was tolerably certain that it struck one or the other of these two numbers.

"It was most annoying, I assure you. In fact, I don't remember being so exasperated at any time before. The room was cold and I hadn't the courage to get out of bed and look at the clock, fearing that it might be only five. So I resolved to wait for the next hour, in the meantime becoming more annoyed every minute. Again there was the same confusion and by this time I was exceedingly annoyed. It then occurred to me that the whole system of striking clocks was wrong, for at night, when you try to count the strokes, you invariably make a mistake. You always miss the first stroke or two.

"Now, it has always been my policy, when anything annoys me, to try to devise an invention or improvement to do away with the cause of the annoyance. That's the way all inventions are first thought of. Necessity is the mother of invention, and inconvenience is the father of necessity. Somebody discovered that traveling by coach was slow and inconvenient, so he invented the steam cars. Somebody worried about the slowness of the mails, so he invented the telegraph. So it is with all inventions. It takes a certain annoyance to set the inventive fancies at work to remedy the annoyance. Therefore, when I discovered that the striking of clocks was annoying and unsatisfactory and confusing, I proceeded to find a remedy."

Here the chairman paused for effect and his fellow members leaned forward in a fever of expectancy. Here was another great scheme on the eve of launching.

"I found the remedy, and it seems to me that it is one of the greatest inventions of the day—one that is destined to be generally adopted and one whose benefits to mankind are beyond calculation."

After an impressive moment or two, he continued: "It is my idea to have a phonographic attachment to every clock. At each hour the cylinder is automatically set in motion, and a voice calls out: 'Nine o'clock, nine o'clock—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—count 'em nine.' There could be no confusion. You simply couldn't slip up on your count. All through the night the calm voice of the phonograph would keep calling out the hours. If you desired to leave a call, you could insert a cylinder, which at, say, seven in the morning, would cry out: 'Seven o'clock, get up, get up; it's seven o'clock.' Don't you see the possibilities of such an arrangement?"

"It's simply remarkable," said the secretary, with decision, while the janitor stared in admiring awe at the brilliant chairman.

"There's no limit to the uses to which such an invention could be put. Burglar alarms attached to each window could communicate with the clock and phonograph so that when a robber enters the house, the cylinder would automatically start up, and the intruder would be greeted by a fierce, sepulchral voice saying: 'Get out instantly or I'll fill you full of holes!'—or something like that. You can imagine the effect of such a voice, coming from nowhere, would have on the nerves of a burglar. He would dive headlong from the window and not stop running for an hour. And nothing would convince him that a spirit had not spoken to him from the darkness."

Say, that's a great idea!" exclaimed the janitor, enthusiastically.

"And here's another use to which it could be put," continued the chairman. "Suppose you had a daughter who entertained young men callers frequently. At half past ten or eleven, according to the young man, a voice would shout out: 'It's time to go home, it's time to go home—if you have one.'"

"You could make the cylinder say

anything—a mild hint or a vociferous jolt—depending upon your attitude toward the young man calling. Every father would need such an arrangement, and the saving of gas bills would soon pay for the phonographic attachment. It seems to me that it really is a very valuable invention, and I would get a royalty of five dollars for each equipment. And say, also for instance, well, take a conservative figure—say, a hundred thousand instruments were sold—you see, there's half a million already."

There was an envious silence as the chairman's fellow members heard him reel off the imposing figures.

"Of course," airily resumed the chairman, "I've mentioned only one or two of the possibilities. It would be useful in sick rooms, announcing the hours at which patients were to take their medicines, and so on. Why, there are a hundred valuable services that my invention would perform."

"Why don't you hurry up and get it patented before somebody else thinks about it?" asked the janitor.

"If I have time tomorrow, I'll make a model, but just now I am very busy on another little matter."

What this new scheme was the chairman did not volunteer to say, so his fellow members resolved to remind him of it at the next meeting, when all the details doubtless would be perfected.

Just before the meeting was adjourned a collection was taken, the purpose being to replenish the tobacco jars, which were almost empty. One dollar and eight cents was subscribed.

The Spade and the Gun

When the Territory of Oklahoma was opened to settlement in April, 1889, Henry McNeill, of Kansas, was one of the thousands who joined in the race for a claim. More fortunate than some, he secured a choice bit of land, and joyfully set to work to build his dugout.

That necessary labor done, the question arose where he should conceal his provisions and other belongings while he took the unavoidable trip to the land office to get his "papers."

Neighbors, in the usual sense, he had none, the nearest settler being almost a mile away. The region was infested with straggling desperadoes—claim-jumpers, gamblers and horse thieves—and to leave his property exposed would be to invite any rascal to take it.

McNeill dug a sort of a cave behind his sod house, making the pit deep enough so that some time in the future he could connect it with his cellar. In this hole he placed his few household goods. Then he boarded over the top, covered the board with sod and brush, and started away feeling sure that all would be safe.

McNeill was but one of many settlers with claims to file, and it was three days before he received his papers. Then, happy in his possession, he hurried back to his new house—only to find that it was occupied by two rough looking men who eyed him in a way that promised anything but a friendly reception.

Now, McNeill was a Scotchman, and cautious, and he began by asking mildly if they knew of any vacant land in the neighborhood. They did not but they volunteered the information that, finding this place deserted and being told that the man who had made the improvements had got discouraged and abandoned the claim, they had taken it up.

Were they claim-jumpers, or honest men who had been misled? McNeill resolved to give them the benefit of the doubt.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I built this house and made these improvements. This is my claim. I have not abandoned it and never thought of doing so."

The two men stared at him for a moment in silence. Then one of them laughed contemptuously.

"That won't go down, young feller!" he cried. "I don't believe you ever saw this claim 'fore today. And if you did, 'twas 'bandoned' clear enough—no grub or tools in sight, to show that whoever'd been here meant ever to come back. Anyway, folks round about tell me the feller that was here was a 'sooner,' come into the country before the government gave the word, and if he hadn't got out the military would 'a' run him out."

"But," McNeill protested, "I can prove that I am the rightful owner. See, here is my receipt from the land office, and it describes this claim: 'The S. W. 1/4 Sec. 17.'"

Here one of the intruders reached for the paper in McNeill's hand, as

Had It All Fixed.

The old colored man had grown gray in service. He had almost become the custodian of the family secrets, as he was of the family silver.

The married daughter, who lived in a distant town, had come home for a visit. Callers were coming all day long, and old Pompey was kept busy opening the door and receiving the visitors.

One bright morning the ladies of the family went out for a drive. Just after they left the bell rang, and Pompey recognized in the caller a former dear girl friend of his young married mistress.

"Are the ladies in, Pompey?" said the young lady.

"No, ma'am, they're all out, ma'am," responded the old retainer. "I am so sorry I missed them," replied the visitor, hardening in her card. "I particularly wanted to see Mrs. Bell."

"Yes, ma'am, thank ye ma'am. They're all out, ma'am and Mrs. Bell is particularly out, ma'am," was the reply that greeted her hearing as the visitor opened the gate and the front door closed.

Quaint Auctioneering Method

The inhabitants of a village in Surrey, England, recently witnessed a quaint mediaeval survival in the sale by auction of a local meadow. Long ago, when the world was not so busy as it is today, the landlord of the "white brown meadow" at Bourne bequeathed the meadow subject to an auction sale which every now and again adds to the gaiety of this rural population. At each bid a boy sets out to run to a given point and the "white brown meadow" is let to the bidder whose offer is unchallenged when the last boy returns.

if to examine it, but no sooner had he secured possession than he threw it toward the other end of the room. In the next instant he leveled a revolver at the young man's head.

"Now, you travel, sonny," the rascal roared, "and don't you ever set foot on this claim again, unless you want the sun to shine clean through ye!"

McNeill traveled; there was nothing else for him to do. But there was a gleam in his eyes which suggested that the matter would not rest there.

Naturally he went for help first to the men who had taken up adjoining claims. They sympathized with him, yet they would not interfere. Their advice was that McNeill should begin legal proceedings to expel the intruders. But the young man objected that that would take time, and he wanted to be at work on his claim, since the season for planting would soon be past.

Finally, ending the wearisome and fruitless argument, McNeill resolved to try to regain possession single-handed.

He borrowed a spade and a shotgun from the nearest neighbor, and after darkness had fallen crept cautiously up the "draw" or ravine that crossed his claim. Undetected, he made his way to the pile of brush that marked the entrance to his underground storeroom, and cautiously removing some of the sods and boards, dropped down into the hole.

But he did not dare to begin at once to dig. Not until he thought the rascals must be asleep did he start to burrow through the three or four feet of earth between his hiding place and the room beyond.

Very slowly he worked, feeling with his hands for any stone that might fall and betray him, and laying each carefully down. Hours he toiled, it seemed, much cramped for space and sometimes straitened for breath, before he felt sure he was almost through the wall.

Then he took out his knife. Piece by piece, bit by bit, he shaved away the earth. Suddenly his blade penetrated the thin partition. He had come out as he had planned, directly under the bed. He could hear the deep breathing of the enemies as they slept.

It was no part of McNeill's design to assault the "jumpers" although he believed they would not hesitate to kill him. He hoped to dispossess them by strategy. He must wait patiently for an opening.

Hardly daring to stretch a muscle now that he was so near, afraid to doze, lest he might dream and cry out, McNeill placed himself as restfully as he could, and prayed for the long night to wear away.

At last he heard sounds that told him the claim-jumpers were astir. One prepared breakfast, the other guarded the door. McNeill in his hiding place listened intently.

"Wonder if we're goin' to be bothered with the youngster as claimed this yer place?" one of them growl-

ed. "We'd ought to be a-movin' that ar team we picked up as soon's we can. If the feller that used to own it should come along jest now, look-in' for his hosses, he'd be mighty apt to find 'em."

"That's so," responded the other. "Guess you'd better take the hosses and slope for the Panhandle today, hadn't ye? If the little tenderfoot does come back I can manage him. Sorry I didn't fix him yesterday when I had the chance."

Well, McNeill reflected, if it must be "kill or be killed," he knew which would suit him the better.

"Hadn't we ought to be goin' up the draw to water them ar hosses before anybody does get around?" one of the ruffians said presently.

"Reckon we had. I'm ready."

"Better take the Winchester?"

"Oh, I guess not. It's kind of on-hand, and we ain't likely to be bothered by anybody so early in the mornin'. Buckle on your six-shooter, that'll be enough."

As the sound of their footsteps died away, McNeill jumped for his spade. With the desperate energy of an honest man who fights for his own, he drove at the thin crust overhead. Down it fell; up he clambered into the dugout.

He ran for the Winchester. Then on second thought he laid it aside and took up his shotgun, the surer weapon at close range. Swinging the door almost shut, but leaving a crack through which to watch the approach, he waited patiently.

Twenty minutes later the claim-jumpers came back. They had started an argument while they had been gone. That was the only thing in their minds. Wrangling about the price they should ask for the stolen horses, they approached the dugout.

Then suddenly, in their very faces, the door flew open, they looked down the barrels of a shotgun and heard a stern voice say:

"Throw up your hands—quick!"

Only an instant of hesitation—a glance at the face of the speaker—and four brown hands went high in the air.

"Now, about face! March! Side by side—six feet apart, there! Gang as I tell ye, an' dinna stop nor look back, gin ye wad keep whole heids!"

Thus commanded McNeill, in his excitement dropping into the speech most familiar to his boyhood. And it was in the same tongue that the young man responded when, after they had covered half a mile, the rascals complained of the fatigue of holding up their hands so long, and begged most piteously to be allowed to let them down to rest.

"Ye can clasp them atop your heids an' ye'll do weel enuch," McNeill said, grimly. "Long will they rest, I'm thinkin', or e'er again ye lay them on anither mon's gear!"

The young man was a true prophet. When he and his next neighbor had disarmed and tied the desperadoes and taken them to Guthrie, it proved that they were "wanted" not only for the theft of the horses they had hidden in the ravine, but for various crimes committed in Kansas. In the Kansas penitentiary they remain to this day.

Thus well rid of the claim-jumpers, McNeill took part of the reward the State of Kansas paid for their capture, and bought the spade and the shotgun. The rich farmer would be deeply offended if any one should call him a sentimental man; but he never allows the tool and the weapon to be mishandled, and I have a notion that if his handsome house caught fire he would save the spade and the shotgun first—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Hold Crown Council.

Vienna, July 27.—A crown council, presided over by Emperor Francis Joseph, was held at Ischhof, Upper Austria, Saturday. Dr. L. Von Koerber, the Austrian premier; Prime Minister De Szell, of Hungary, and Count Goluchowski, Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs, were present. The council arranged a compromise on the Ausgleich question, which will be submitted for approval to the legislative bodies of the two sections of the empire.

Escapes From Jail.

Sheridan, Wyo., July 27.—William Hunter, who confessed a few days ago to forging the name of John R. Stephenson to checks, escaped from the county jail by means of a key he manufactured from a bucket handle.

Hunter had already been sentenced to fifteen months in state prison and was to be taken to the penitentiary tomorrow.

Sheriff's possees are now scouring the country for the fugitive. A reward has been offered for his capture.

Lost or Strayed

Fox terrier dog, large, evenly marked head, black spot on back and tan on hindquarters; answers to name of "Dick." Suitable reward on production of dog.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Killed in Le Roi.

Roseland, B. C., July 27.—Louis A. Dunkle, superintendent of the Le Roi mine, was instantly killed this morning by a cave-in on the 6,000 foot level of the mine. Two timber men, William L. McDonald and Dan'l Gunn, were buried in the same rock, but were extricated alive and practically unhurt. Their escape was miraculous. At an early hour this morning Dunkle was on the sill floor of the 700 foot level with three men, while a gang of fifteen men were at similar work on the twelfth floor, about twenty feet below. While the trio was within the danger zone the floor gave way, and a cataclysm of timbers and rocks buried in upon them with a roar and a crash that sounded through the mine workings.

The mass was no less than 168 feet long and contained hundreds of thousands of tons of material, the aggregation of years of work in the upper levels. The men were about the center of the slide. Dunkle was caught in the avalanche and crushed to death in the twinkling of an eye. McDonald and Gunn escaped practically unhurt. When it was seen that the timbers would stand the weight, the others returned, and plans for a rescue were immediately formed.

Manager MacKenzie was summoned and shift bosses Joe Thorne and Fred Whitman headed the relief party. They set to work amidst the

grinding mass, not knowing what a start another and even more disastrous avalanche would occur. MacKenzie discovered a small aperture near the foot wall of the slope, and wormed his way in until he heard a shout from the center of the great mass. Stimulated by the knowledge that at least two of the men were alive, the rescuers labored like mad men, and three and a half hours after the slide they took out McDonald and Gunn.

The men were pinned down by great timbers, several ten-inch bolts requiring to be sawed through at the imminent risk of the rescuers' lives. Neither of them was injured. Half an hour later Mr. Dunkle's body was discovered, but twelve hours elapsed before it could be reached and released. Death must have been instantaneous, from the nature of the wounds.

The late Louis Dunkle was a native of India, who had resided many years in the west.

See Serpent Dead.

New York, July 28.—The famous sea monster Channormur was recently received at the Battery Aquarium in this city from Bermuda. It is dead from injuries received in capture, it has been placed in a case filled with formaldehyde, the case was hermetically sealed.

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FINGERS SEVERED

Witt Meets With Serious Accident

Making Repairs on Engine 23 Eldorado—Hand Wound Caught.

A distressing accident occurred early this morning on the Eldorado. Lewis Witt, the engineer employed on the claim, was endeavoring to make some slight repair in the machinery which was in motion in an inexplicable manner his hand was caught by the drive wheel of an instant three fingers were completely severed. The injured man was given attention, but it will be some time before he resumes his duties.

Hold Singing Festival

Vienna, July 27.—The sixth annual festival of German singing societies, known as "Graz today," a gathering of members from societies throughout Austria and Germany, numbered 12,000.

J. P. Frenzel, of Indianapolis, presided at the gathering, bringing with him from German societies a number of members from the United States. He said that thousands of miles apart, the songs were sung on the banks of the Mississippi, the Missouri and as on the banks of the Rhine. Frenzel read verses written on the occasion by Prof. Hogen, of the University of Berlin. The speech and verses were enthusiastically received. The next meeting will be at Graz in 1905.

Law Stamp Sales

An idea of the amount of business transacted in the territory at Dawson may be obtained from the sale of law stamps made by the comptroller during the present month. The law requiring the stamps on each document filed goes into effect until July 1, which time up to and including the sum realized amounts to \$2169.25. In the gold miner's office the stamps received from the outside are \$14th. The sales for the month of the month in that department to \$185.50.

Yesterday's Storm

A hailstorm of yesterday was destructive to vegetable gardens, almost completely destroying such flowers as pansies and tender garden trees. In many gardens lettuce was down flat on the ground. The Star Company—Parish Priest—Thursday. The best of office stationery is sold at the Nugget print shop at reasonable prices.

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