

Parson Rounder's Sermon

A few political pointers were given to the members of his congregation last evening by Rev. Jerry Rounder. The venerable preacher said:

"It is not my purpose to give one word of advice to the members of my congregation as to how they should vote at the election tomorrow. I expect that those who wish to vote the democratic ticket will do so; that those who desire to vote the republican ticket will do that; and that those who wish to vote the labor ticket will also do as they please. I shall not try to stop you or influence you. If I have been 'seen' I haven't discovered it."

"I want to advise you, however, not to take politics too seriously. The politicians, the office-seekers and the newspapers try to make you believe every time election comes around that a life and death matter is up for determination at the polls; that the welfare of the nation and the prosperity of the city are at stake, and they get you all worked up over it. But don't take politics too seriously. In a couple of days, it will be all over and you can be playing mates once more for several months. So don't get fighting mad over this election—it isn't worth it."

"I have a suspicion that the politicians themselves don't take matters as seriously as they would have you believe. I have some inside information on that point. I once roomed with a fellow whose brother was a reformed politician. And the fellow told me that his brother told him that about half the things they told about the other party and the opposition candidates were not really true, but were only given out for the purpose of influencing votes. Of course, they were very anxious to win, and elect their own candidates, but they didn't really and truly think that it would make much difference with the universe if the other side did win. This reformed politician admitted frankly that he didn't believe the city would go to the dogs even if the other party carried the election; it would worry along in some way. Now, if this old politician was telling the truth, it is worth pondering over."

"The fact of the matter is, my friends, that whatever ticket you vote and whatever candidate you vote for, you are taking a long chance. The chances are that whoever gets elected, you will get way the worst of it. If you should happen to elect a good and satisfactory man, you are playing in great luck; the chances are all the other way."

"Bearing these things in mind, it is well to be suspicious of any party which lays claim to exorbitant virtue. Virtue is not the strong point of any political party, and when any party lays claim to having a 'whole lot of it,' it is time for you to wax suspicious."

"It is also well for you to wax suspicious of the candidate or the cause which appeals to the American flag. When the stump speaker or the candidate tells you that the flag is in danger if you don't vote his ticket, beware! A good and reasonable cause and a reputable and honest candidate will not need to appeal to 'Old Glory' to boost themselves into office. When they do that it is time for you to get distrustful. Innumerable rascals have floated into office crouching in the inspiring folds of the star-spangled banner. Thousands of good citizens have wept in sackcloth and ashes because they voted thieves into office through the fact that a band played 'Marching Thru' Georgia' or 'Dixie' just as they were going into the polling booth. When a stump speaker begins appealing to the flag, look out for a cat-hop. My friends, don't worry about the old flag. She's there, and she isn't in any danger whichever party wins or whoever loses. No party has a monopoly on patriotism. Don't worry about the flag, but keep your eye peeled for the rascal who waves the flag in your face in order to distract your attention while he sneaks into a responsible office."

"Don't expect too much of your man if he should get elected. Remember that he is a man as well as your self and may have some opinions of his own. It is too much to expect him to agree thoroughly with you on every point. Remember, too, that there are several hundred others who voted for him, and some of them may want him to agree with them on some things. It doesn't necessarily follow that you are right because you think you are. Don't expect a business man right out of the store or a workman right out of the mine to be a Gladstone or a Machiavelli the first rattle out of the box. Give them time to grow. Don't kick because they are not finished statesmen"

at the first council meeting. Politics is a strange and wonderful thing, but it doesn't work miracles.

"There's just one word more I want to say: Don't sell your votes, boys; don't do it, any of you. I don't suppose there is a lower, viler, more despicable being on earth than the fellow who is looking out for the dough before he will cast his vote. Oh, you vote sellers! The idea of letting fellows like you vote and denying the privilege to Chinamen, you scum of the earth! The idea of calling your fellows American citizens, you fellows who have to be bribed to register and bribed again to vote! To think that our forefathers fought, bled and died for such vile vermin as you! To think that after a century and a quarter of freedom in this advanced stage of civilization there should be hundreds in this city who treasure the glorious boon of the franchise only for the two or three dollars there is in it! To think that the star-spangled banner must on election day droop its folds in shame as the bribe hunters march to the polls! To think that the great American eagle must look down from its home in the Rockies, election after election, and see you low, miserable skunks out again for the stuff! You patriotic pimps! You vile seekers after the swag! You paltry sellers of that glorious heritage bequeathed in the blood of the revolutionary fathers! Out upon such carmen as you! I'd rather be a louse on the tail of a dog than such an American!"—Anaconda Standard.

Did the Tigers Know.

A really remarkable story of animal perception has been contributed to Frank Leslie's Monthly by Mr. Frank Bostock, who may be considered an authority on wild animals in captivity.

I once had a trainer, Mr. Bostock says, an old Irishman who had served in a British regiment in India and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the arena than I have ever seen done by any other tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that half in playfulness.

One day the old fellow got very drunk, the first time in his life, to my knowledge. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor.

The other keepers made several attempts to take him out of the cage, but it was at once apparent that to do so meant a bitter and bloody fight with the tigers. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. But the next time he put them to work they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them.

They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end forever.

That was indeed "judgment" fled to brutish beasts."

A Gentleman in Service.

Lady Louisa Stuart, an English woman, writing in the first part of the last century, gives a description of a maid in her service who evidently endowed her station with a grace not inferior to that of a higher lot. The description reflects credit upon both mistress and maid.

My friend rather than servant, Cross, is soon to retire from my service, in which she has been for eight and twenty years one of the chief blessings and comforts of my life. Her superior sense, clear judgment and quick decision, her elevated mind, her steadiness of principle, her delicacy of feeling would have been admired in a princess; I hardly know one of my acquaintances for whom I have so perfect an esteem.

Instead of feeling that I can rely on the integrity of the servant, I respect the honor of the gentleman woman; and because she is thus high-minded, she is far humbler and more easily contented than any other person I ever saw in her situation.

"O, madam, what does it signify?" is her constant saying about things that would make others stand on their dignity.

No quarrels, no difficulties ever come to my ears. The servants below her are guided with a firm yet gentle hand. She has a contempt for gossiping and tattling, and she has a disinterested spirit; indeed, she has such a head and heart as I do not

find met together even among my equals.

"Tickets Please!"

The conductor was one of those gifted men who remember where each passenger got aboard and can look through at the conscience of a traveler and find out if a ticket is still due the railroad. He stopped, says the Detroit News-Tribune, by a seat in which was a small boy, kneeling, of course, so that his shoes were soiling the plush covering of the seat, and a woman whose face was a declaration of independence.

She handed the man in brass buttons a pink trip slip, then folded her hands as if her duty was done. But the conductor was not satisfied. His official glance took measure of the boy, whose back was turned to the aisle and who was staring at the landscape through greasy finger-marks with which he had decorated the window.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I think not."

"He's too old to travel free."

"That's all right."

"He occupies a whole seat and the car is crowded."

"That's the fault of the road, not mine."

"And there are people standing up."

"Well, that's not my affair."

"See here, ma'am, I haven't time to argue the matter!"

"It wouldn't do you any good to argue it with me."

"You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I never have yet, and I'm not going to begin now."

"Don't you expect to begin some time?"

"That's not the question now."

"If you haven't had to pay for him you've been mighty lucky, or else you don't do much traveling."

"Oh, yes; I travel about six months a year."

"You'll have to pay for him, ma'am, or I shall be obliged to put him off."

"That won't help you to get any money out of me."

"You know what the rules of the road are, ma'am."

"No, I never read them."

"How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. You'd better ask the old gentleman who's asleep three seats up. They got on together at Beckenham street."

At the London Theatres.

London, April 5.—"Ben Hur," which was produced at the Drury Lane theater last Thursday evening, is not likely to achieve success here until it is remodeled. The lack of skill in dealing with religion is strongly condemned by the newspapers and caused a great deal of "booming" and hissing on the opening night. The general opinion is that the play should end with the chariot race. This is well voiced in the London Times, which says: "Any capable hack playwright could have put together a better setting for the features of the story, and we should be spared the unedifying mixture of religious elements with that particular kind of melodrama which has its home at Drury Lane."

Charles Frohman has secured the American rights of "The Country Manse" by Arthur Law, now running successfully at the Prince of Wales theater. Mr. Frohman also secured from Captain Marshall, the author of "The Second in Command," his new play, which will be produced at the Haymarket theater next October. Mr. Frohman is also planning Maude Adams' season in London, beginning September, 1909, and commencing with the production of "L'Aiglon," but as many preliminary announcements of Miss Adams' approaching appearance have not been followed by her debut here, Londoners are becoming skeptical of her.

Mrs. Brown Potter's much heralded appearance as Calypso in "Ulysses," at Her Majesty's theater scarcely justified the preliminary fuss. The critics are not very enthusiastic over her rendering of the part. They think her predecessor, Miss Nancy Price, was a better Calypso.

New York's Dry Town.

New York, April 6.—At a meeting of policemen of Greater New York yesterday (Saturday) it was decided that the policemen would do all in their power to keep closed every liquor saloon in the city tomorrow. Each of the 81 precincts of the city was represented. A number of the men present pledged themselves to make arrests for excise violation tomorrow even though they might not be on duty when such cases were called to their attention. It was agreed that experienced men would be in each station house and magistrate's court to aid in obtaining warrants when they might be required. When entrance cannot be obtained to a barroom where drinks are being

sold the policeman on post will visit a magistrate after first telling his captain what he is going to do and get a warrant for the barkeeper's arrest. It is understood among the men that enforcement of the law is not to cease at sundown.

The ministers who are members of the New York conference of the Methodist Episcopal church now in annual session here adopted a resolution endorsing the New York policemen for rebelling against the system of police protection which it is alleged has been in vogue in this city for several years.

It was quite apparent at 1 o'clock this morning in many sections of the city that the saloon keepers gave earnest consideration to what occurred at the police meeting yesterday afternoon for they closed their places at 12 o'clock sharp.

For Skagway

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Vancouver, May 12.—The City of Seattle carried much merchandise north this morning, also a company of 106 Coast Artillery in command of Captain Summerall, which is ordered to Skagway to relieve present company there, which goes to the Philippines with the rest of the seventh infantry stationed at various places.

Healing a Broken Leg.

The proceedings of the Royal Society of England were not taken so seriously a hundred and fifty years ago as they are now. A sailor who had broken his leg sent to the Royal Society an account of the remarkable manner in which he had healed the fracture. His story was that he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and in three days was able to walk just as well as before the accident. Harper's Round Table tells the story:

This remarkable story naturally caused some excitement among the members of the society. No one had previously suspected tar and oakum of possessing such miraculous healing powers. The society wrote for further particulars, and doubted, indeed, whether the leg had been really fractured. The truth of this part of the story, however, was proved beyond a shadow of a doubt. Several letters passed between the Royal Society and the sailor, who continued to assert most solemnly that his broken leg had been treated with tar and oakum, and with nothing else.

The society might have remained puzzled for an indefinite period had not the sailor added in a postscript to his last letter: "I forgot to tell your honors that the leg was a wooden one."

He Got His Receipt.

It is not often that the carelessness of an unbusinesslike man can be brought home to him so cleverly as was done by a bright young Irishman whose experience is described by the Detroit News-Tribune:

He had run up a small bill at the village store, and went in to pay it, first asking for a receipt. The proprietor grumbled and said it was too much trouble to give receipts for such small amounts. It was just as well to cross the account off, and he drew a diagonal pencil-line across the book.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Certainly."

"An' ye'll never be askin' for it again?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, thin," said the Irishman, coolly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet."

"Well," was the retort, "I can rub that out."

"I thought so," said the persistent customer, dryly. "Maybe you'll give me a receipt now. Here's the money."

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Time Table of Rail Division.			
North Bound 1st Class No. 1 Daily Except Sunday	STATIONS	South Bound 1st Class No. 2 Daily Except Sunday	
Lv. 9:00 a.m.	SKAGWAY	Ar. 4:00 p.m.	
9:05	Shops	3:58	
9:15	Boulder	3:42	
9:25	Clifton	3:25	
10:00	Glasier	3:05	
10:10	Tunnel	2:53	
10:19	Switchback	2:40	
10:25	WHITE PASS	2:25	
10:30	Medows	2:10	
11:00	Frezer	2:00	
11:15	Log Cabin	1:49	
11:45	BENNETT	1:05	
12:05 p.m.	Pavey	12:45	
12:45	Pennington	12:08 p.m.	
1:05	Dundak	11:55	
1:15	Watson	11:45	
1:40	CARIBOU	11:20	
2:08	Landsdowne	10:57	
2:18	Lorne	10:44	
2:24	Minto	10:36	
2:31	DeWette	10:29	
2:45	Robinson	10:14	
3:04	Cowley	9:55	
3:20	Dugdale	9:39	
3:30	Wigah	9:25	
Ar. 4:00 p.m.	WHITE PASS	Ar. 9:00 a.m.	

*Alaska Time—1 hr. slower than Pacific time.
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