

THE JUDGE AND GOOD FORM

Everything He Did Was Neat and in Order.

His Trip to New York and on the Mediterranean Steamer Were Typical of His Habits.

They called him "Judge" Dale, because in the far west you never "mistake" a man when you can call him "colonel" or "judge." As James Dale looked more like a judge than a colonel, they called him as I have said. He was a mine owner, and when things went wrong he could make hot times for his engineers and foremen, but he didn't do it in a vulgar way. He was always a gentleman even when he cussed the hardest. As a matter of fact, the judge's motto was "good form," and he carried it out in his clothes, his cigars, his dinner and the way he took the news when a fall of rock in the Emma mine buried 12 men at once. What he said on that occasion was, "Please wipe your feet on the rug next time." What he did was to fill out 12 checks for \$1,000 apiece for the respective widows.

I have it on good authority that Judge Dale was not vulgarly started when he received word from Denver that his handsome wife, to whom he had been married five years and who was visiting friends, had taken an old lover's arm and severed conjugal relations by eloping. Others got the news about the same time, and they couldn't find anything to criticize in his conduct. He went through the daily routine just the same for three or four days, and he had the same placid look and the same even voice as he called his head clerk into the private office and said:

"Thomas, I am going away for a few days, and you will take charge."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, and next morning the judge was on his way to Denver. He picked up his clew there without having elbowed anybody or soiled the polish of his shoes. He met friends and talked politics and real estate and mines, and, lighting a fresh cigar, he took a train for the east. Arriving in New York city, he paid a detective to locate the couple, but he didn't lug out a gun and shout at the top of his voice that he was an injured husband thirsting for gore. He simply threw a couple of big dimes on the table to pay for the information and descended to the cafe for lunch. A steamer was sailing for the Mediterranean at the end of the fourth day, and when she departed the judge was one of her passengers. There were more than a hundred others, and as the weather was also stormy for the first two or three days out no one commented on the fact that the passenger who was registered as Major Davis stuck close to his cabin and had his meals brought to him by a steward. Judge Dale had changed his name, but he had no idea of changing his identity. There were laughter and conversation and a clatter of dishes as all the passengers finally gathered for dinner for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook. To the right of the captain sat one of the handsomest gentlemen on the list, but taken altogether it was a grand array of wealth and culture. Dinner was fairly under way, and the lady on the captain's right was beaming, when she happened to cast her eyes down the table, and her face went as white as death in a second. Half a dozen people caught her words as she whispered to her supposed husband:

"My God, John, but there is the judge!"

The man looked, and the color went out of his cheeks, and his jaw fell. Near the foot of the table sat the man who had taken a new name. He was cool and placid, and only the ghost of a smile hovered around his mouth. He looked the woman and the man full in the eyes for a minute, but made no sign of recognition.

"What is it?" asked the captain as Mrs. Bemis shuddered and gasped and seized on the point of fainting.

"A sudden illness—heart trouble!" she stammered as she left the table for her stateroom, followed by her supposed husband.

There were wonder and curiosity, but little was said. "Good form" demands that such incidents be passed over as easily as possible. There were those who thought it might be heart trouble and others who suspected the presence of the "major" had something to do with it, but that was no place to compare notes. Neither of the pair was seen again that evening, though Major Davis was very much in evidence until a late hour. At breakfast next morning Mr. Bemis appeared alone. His wife was better, thank you, was his reply to inquirers, but thought it best to remain quiet for a day or two. Not once did he let his eyes roam around the table, but he knew that Major Davis was there among the rest. He knew that a pair of steel blue eyes were scanning his troubled face and that a pair of soft white hands

were aching to grip his throat. After breakfast, as the men sought the smoking room, Mr. Bemis started to act on a plan which had doubtless been talked over with his wife. He walked straight up to Major Davis and began:

"Judge, I don't know what I can say in extenuation, but I—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the other, "but you have evidently made a mistake. I think the gentleman called the judge has passed into the salon."

Mr. Bemis looked at the major like a man seeing the face of death in a nightmare, and beads of perspiration started out on his forehead.

"Your—your wife is better this morning, I think I heard you say?" queried the major in courteous tones.

"Yes."

"Glad to hear it. She should beware of overexcitement. Weather seems to have settled, and we are making a fine run of it. Have a light? No? Well, I'll walk a little."

Mr. Bemis stared after him as if seeing a ghost, and his breath came in sobs as he finally turned away. He had seen the man whose home he had despoiled a dozen times or more, and he believed that Judge Dale stood before him. Still there might be a chance that it was simply a wonderful resemblance. Such things had been known. It must have been this faint hope that buoyed up the wife to appear that afternoon. A wife should be able to identify the face, figure and speech of the husband of even a fortnight, but the elopers hoped for a miracle. Major Davis had made several acquaintances, and Mrs. Bemis had no sooner appeared than he was ready to be introduced.

"I am honored," he said as he made his bow. "Permit me to offer my sincere congratulations on your speedy recovery."

"I—I thank you."

"It was your husband I met this morning, I believe, and for a moment he took me for some one else. It is queer how you'll often find two people looking so much alike as to deceive you at first glance."

"Yes, it is!" she stammered, leaning on the back of a chair for support and speaking through bloodless lips.

"You do not find in me a resemblance to any gentleman called the judge?" he queried as he looked her full in the face.

"No—that is—"

"But I am keeping you. Pray, be seated, and I think I see your husband coming this way. Hope the fine weather will put you in good spirits."

At every meal Major Davis faced the guilty pair. Some of the passengers suspected nothing, but others insisted that there was a queer mystery afoot. The major gave nothing away. It wouldn't have been good form. The woman avoided him as far as possible, but two or three times a day he found excuse to speak to her. If she had hoped for a miracle, her hopes were dashed at the first close sight of him. Major Davis was Judge Dale, and Judge Dale was the husband she had fled from and disgraced. She knew him for a quiet man, but also for an implacable one. He was torturing them at the stake, but that would not be revenge enough. In his desperation Bemis again attempted to approach the man he had wronged. He couldn't plead for himself, but he would plead for the woman.

"Judge, it was my fault, and on me should fall your vengeance," he said as he cornered his man.

"Mistaken again. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the major. "Really, but I shall come to think that I am your judge's twin brother. See what a cloudless sky and how beautiful the sea. I trust that your wife has had no more trouble with her heart. She is not looking at all well."

"God! God! But what a man!" gasped Bemis as he turned away with a hurtled look in his eye.

The steamer was to call at the Azores. One morning about 10 o'clock she made harbor, and it was given out, aboard that she would not get away before midnight. Everybody was anxious for a brief run ashore—everybody but Mrs. Bemis. She feared that she might overexert and bring on another attack of heart trouble. Mr. Bemis had decided to stay with her when Major Davis hunted him out and said:

"I trust you will make one of a little party going ashore, and that you will bring your revolver along, as I shall mine?"

"The party is—is"—began Mr. Bemis as his face blanched.

"A very exclusive one—just the two of us, you see. You have a pistol, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Ah, of course! We may find game, you know. Do you wish to speak to your wife first?"

"No."

"She's gone to lie down, eh? Well, let's be off."

The two engaged a boat as soon as landing and pulled away to a wooded cape, and two hours later a dead man was brought back in the boat. It was Mr. Bemis. He had accidentally shot himself while shooting at a bird, or at least the major said so, and no one doubted his word. He told his tale without excitement. He was cool and serene as he announced that he would remain and see the body placed in its grave. He came aboard the steamer with the personal effects of the deceased, but he did not ask to see Mrs. Bemis. He delivered everything to the captain, and as he added the sum of

\$5,000 in gold it is probable that he told at least a part of his story. When the accident became known, and it was found that Mrs. Bemis was to go on with the ship instead of ashore to see her husband to his last resting place, there was an outcry over her want of feeling, but it did not reach her ears. She was in her stateroom under the doctor's care, and none of the passengers saw her again. When the major had finished his work at the island, he took a steamer for New York and home, and upon entering his office at the usual hour and in the usual way he said to his chief clerk:

"Thomas, I am back and feeling better. Bring me the balance sheets for the last four weeks."

Bill Nye on Life Insurance.

Almost a year previous to the death of America's great humorist, William Edgar Nye, and while he no doubt believed he had before him a long list of years to live, he wrote the following on the subject of life insurance. He evidently told the truth, in part, at least, as he carried policies on his life amounting to upwards of \$40,000, which his family received after his death.

Life insurance is a great thing. I would not be without it. As a means of longevity it is equal to the French duel. My own health is greatly improved since I got my nice new policy, with my name beautifully underscored with red ink.

Formerly I used to have a seal-brown taste in my mouth in the morning. My mouth tasted like the dead past. I also had that tired feeling, hot flushes, ringing in the ears, a constant desire to evade work, gnawing sensations at the base of the chest, horror of industry, etc.

But all that has passed away. I am more hopeful and even my hair looks more hopeful. I would not try to keep house without life insurance.

My wife at first objected seriously to an insurance on my life, and said she would never touch a dollar of the money if I died, but after I had been ill a few months and my disposition had suffered a good deal, she said I need not delay the obsequies on that account.

In these days, however, of dynamite and swift-changing presidential administrations, and dark tunnels through which an engineer goes groping his way at 25 miles per hour; these days of tumbling signs of the times, and tippy telegraph poles, live wires and dead repairs, these days when the politician and the deadly bridge policeman with his pull, lie down together (under the influence of the same stimulant), these days when death lurks in the air we breathe, the earth we tread, the food we eat, the water—the water we breathe in, the—I say it behooves us to look well to our insurance and our future state, and I take pleasure in certifying and saying to whom these presents may come, that since I became fully insured, my health has improved so much that it is a subject of profound congratulation on my own part, and the deepest disgust on the part of those who would naturally inherit my vast wealth.

Indiana Mob's Quick Work.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 17.—A special to the Sentinel from Roseville, Ind., says:

John Rolla, the third of the colored men implicated in the murder of Hattie Simond was hung to a tree in the court yard by a mob of about 100 men from Rockport at 6:30 o'clock this evening. Not a shot was fired and everything was conducted as quietly as if the execution had been under the sanction of the law.

Rolla was brought to this place this afternoon about 4 o'clock in charge of Sheriff Anderson, of Rockport. Upon his arrival he was placed in a cell on the second floor of the jail and his presence was known to only a few citizens.

A few minutes after 6 o'clock a body of 100 men marched through the principal streets of the city to the jail and demanded that the prisoner be turned over to them. Sheriff Hudson was out of town and his deputy, Raymond Cherry, was in charge of the jail. He had heard that a mob was on its way here and at once made an effort to get the prisoner out of town to take him to Evansville, but before this could be accomplished the mob had arrived and the futility of the attempt became apparent.

He declined to give up the keys of the jail and the members of the mob at once began to batter in the walls of the jail with a telegraph pole which was handled by a dozen or more men. As soon as a hole large enough to admit the body of a man was battered through the wall six men of the mob crawled through with a sledge hammer and broke down the door of Rolla's cell.

Inside the jail, the negro could hear the sounds of the battering ram as it pounded down the wall and he lay upon the floor in his cell in an agony of fear.

When the men reached his cell he protested his innocence in loud tones, begging piteously to be spared. The men working at the door of the cell might have been deaf judging by the attention they paid to the wailing of the negro.

Little time was used in breaking into the cell and very soon the thoroughly terrified negro was in the hands of his executioners, who placed a rope around his neck. All left, crawling again through the hole by which they had entered, dragging the negro after them.

A few minutes' time was consumed in the march to the jail yard, in which the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree and a hundred willing hands pulled the rope and sent the negro's body flying into the air. The loose end of the rope was tied to a tree and as soon as the members of the mob were sure that their work had been completed, they left in as quiet a manner as they had entered the town.

None of the mob wore a mask. To all appearances, men of every station of life took part in the lynching. Not a shot was fired before or after the lynching and except for the excited groups of men standing on the street corners, a stranger would have known nothing of the tragedy that had just been enacted.

Candles for the Millions.

I have enough candles, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Mumm's Pomeroy or "erinet" champagne \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

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Store adjoining Savoy theater; splendid location; opposite postoffice. Apply Wm. Germer for particulars.

Thoroughbred white Leghorn eggs at Meeker's.

Eggs 75 cents at Meeker's.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under

such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately. (Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner, Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

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