

### Tales of the Ugly Brass Lamp

It was the first day of the month and Harry Munn's brass lamp—had power to summon the djinn who would give to the boy two wishes. Today Harry intended getting all the fun possible out of his possession of the ugly brass lamp and as it was Saturday he and Arthur Halstead went to the Gronx to see the animals, taking the lamp along.

Arrived at the park the boys made their way to the monkey house, not because there were not other things to see, but because they happened to take the path that led to it. By so doing they missed seeing one of the most amusing bears in captivity and if any of you boys who live near The Gronx have not seen him, I advise you to go next Saturday.

He is simply immense—as to size, I mean—and he can do more funny things in five minutes than most humans can do in a week of Sundays—unless they are golf players.

But Harry and Arthur got into the monkey house and there they stayed, fascinated with the doings of the said little inhabitants.

"Ho," said Harry, "there's one that looks just like your Uncle Jack."

"And there's one looks like your Cousin Paul."

"He does not," said Harry, firing immediately, although why he did I'm sure I don't know, because it's just as had to tell a fellow his uncle looks like a monkey as it is to be told your cousin looks like one. It only shows that it makes a difference which foot the shoe is on.

There was one little fellow, with the blindest gray cheeks and the most melancholy eyes and the saddest little cry, who put his paw out to Harry in hope that he would receive a peanut, although he might have noticed the sign that forbids feeding the animals. But then some monkeys only notice the things they want to notice, and all he thought of was food.

Still Harry, who had noticed the sign, slipped a peanut into the monkey's hand and the act suggested to him that he should summon the djinn and get a monkey just like the little fellow.

"That would be silly," said Arthur. "You can buy them by the dozen downtown. My father knows where they are sold. Why don't you get a tiger or something big?"

The next minute they both uttered shrieks of delight, for they had come to the cage of the chimpanzee and, it being 4 o'clock, he was eating his dinner and using a knife and fork as well as a man, and a napkin better than a child, and altogether he looked so much more human than a great many people that Harry called out to Arthur, who had become separated in the crowd that was pressing toward his cage:

"That's the one I want."

"Mamma, buy me that," mocked the derisive voice of a street urchin, and the crowd laughed, but Harry did not mind the laughter.

He knew how valuable the monkey was, for as soon as he saw him, he remembered having read about him in the Sunday papers. He waited until the chimpanzee had ended his meal and then he grabbed hold of Arthur's sleeve and the two boys went out of the monkey house and over to a little piece of woods where they were to a certain extent shielded from observation.

The boys had brought their lunch in a large paper bag, but they had eaten it all in the monkey house—or perhaps it would be more exact to say that they and the monkeys had eaten it.

At the bottom of the bag lay the brass lamp. In fact the doughnuts that had lain next to it had been rather brassy, but that only made them taste the better to the boys. One doesn't begin to dislike kerosene and brass and other metals in his food until he has left boyhood and all its joys behind him.

Harry took out the lamp, gave it a few vigorous rubs with his cap and the djinn whistled out of the neck at lightning speed, only he looked more like thunder than lightning when his huge presence towered above the trees.

"Good morning," said Harry to the djinn. "I want a chimpanzee exactly like the one in the monkey house and just as smart and all dressed up."

"It shall be even as you desire," said the djinn and promptly vanished.

The next minute the boy saw the form of a beautiful chimpanzee up among the topmost branches of a maple underneath which they were standing.

"Come here, old fellow," said Harry, and the chimpanzee dived head foremost, caught the lowest branches of the maple and swung tightly to the ground.

"You're a beauty," said Harry.

"Ain't he a dandy," said Arthur. Arthur was in the habit of saying "ain't," although there is no such word in the language.

But the chimpanzee certainly was a dandy for he was dressed in the very latest fashion and carried a cane made of a Japanese wood and with a silver handle curiously chased with pictures of life in the jungle, not done by mortal hands, but fashioned by the djinn in his moments of leisure.

It was a beautiful cane and a beautiful chimpanzee and Harry called him Jim Fanny on the spot.

The boy and the monkey played happily along the paths and not any when they met noticed that the short

little fellow with them was not a person, but an animal. That is, no one noticed it until they came to a policeman and he, after a keen glance at the monkey, set up a shout.

"The chimpanzee has escaped. Somebody catch him. He's escaped." Of course, Harry and Arthur were in fits of laughter over this mistake, but they both saw that they might get a good deal of fun out of it, so they let the policeman run bawling in one direction while they, taking Jim's paws, ran in the other direction along a horseshoe path and shortly came on a crowd of people who were after them.

"That's the boy. He's stolen him," said the policeman, panting, very hard, and a most important individual called out to Harry:

"You come back with the monkey at once or I'll have you arrested."

For answer Harry told the monkey to climb a tree, and in a jiffy he was out of reach of everyone. Then the idiotic policeman pulled a pistol and actually shot at the chattering animal, although I am glad to say that his bullet did no more than cut off a branch of the tree.

The important one told the policeman to stop firing and stepping up to Harry he said:

"Young man, did you let the chimpanzee out of the cage?"

"No, I didn't. He belongs to me and I'm taking him to my home in New Jersey," said Harry.

At this answer the crowd roared. It was so manifestly absurd. Boys are not in the habit of going around with chimpanzees and yet Harry had spoken the truth.

The important man did not like the answer, as he thought that Harry was making fun of him, and important people do not like jokes very much.

"This is no joking matter, sir," said he. "If you don't instantly hand back that chimpanzee I will have you arrested."

"Oh, of course I'll have to, if that's the case," said Harry, and he whistled to Jim, who came down out of the tree. "Go to the gentleman," said Harry, and the obedient monkey went over to the important one, and putting his arm around his waist, looked up in his face with a sweet smile that set the crowd laughing once more.

The important one did not like it, but he was not as strong as Jim and they walked to the monkey house as affectionately as two school girls—only the affection was all on one side.

"Young man, if it is proved that you let this animal out you will go to jail."

"If I let him out I'm willing to go," said Harry, bursting with delight over something.

Into the monkey house went the important one and the chimpanzee and Harry and the policeman and the crowd.

"I've brought back your missing chimpanzee," said the important one very pompously, addressing a policeman who stood in front of the educated chimpanzee's cage.

The policeman looked into the cage where the bright little beast was walking up and down in his soldier clothes, and then he looked at the pompous little man and then at Jim:

"Sure, there's three chimpanzees here and two of them is escaped, but I have to do with only one."

The important one took one good look at the original chimpanzee and then he tore from the embrace of Jim and very much disconcerted he made his escape.

Harry was now beset with questions—and it looked as if he might be arrested after all, for he certainly was in possession of a chimpanzee that belonged to some one.

It seemed to him that it was about time that he left the place. The important one's feelings had been wounded and he intended to make it unpleasant for the boy. Harry thought that the best thing for him to do would be to summon the djinn and for his second wish get conveyance home.

Out of the paper bag came the lamp and Harry quickly rubbed it.

There was no question that the people saw the djinn this time. When he came rambling out of the neck, and his terrible form inflated until it filled all the space between the cages, they ran out of doors in a panic.

"Take Jim and me home," said Harry, utterly forgetting poor Arthur.

That is why Arthur did not get home until next day. Harry had the railroad tickets and the money and the poor boy had to walk the twenty miles to Canfield.

As for Harry and the chimpanzee, they arrived the next instant in his own house, and before another day had passed he had sold his chimpanzee to Hagenbeck for \$200. I dare say that that is a low price for educated chimpanzees, but considering he had cost Harry nothing it was a good price after all. I wish some one would give me an ugly brass lamp.

**Solely for Charity**

In announcing their presentation of Goldsmith's five act comedy 'She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night,' the management has requested that particular attention be called to the fact that this venture is solely on behalf of charity, since the entire proceeds are to be turned over to St. Mary's and the Good Samaritan hospitals. Considerable expense, as this is a costume piece and is to be staged in an elaborate style, has been unavoidable, but it is stated that all necessary outlays have been kept down to a minimum, so that handsome returns may be assured. The dates of production, as announced yesterday, are Monday and Tuesday, the 9th and 10th of March.

**C. E. Social**

The members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church Society of Christian Endeavor will hold a social on Thursday evening next—in St. Andrew's hall. A programme has been arranged for the occasion consisting of instrumental music, songs and recitations. Social games will also be a feature of the evening. Refreshments will be provided and a most enjoyable social time is expected. All members and adherents of the church and friends will be welcome to attend. Doors open at 8:30 o'clock.

**Meeting Tonight**

A preliminary meeting for organization of the Yukon Rifle Club will be held tonight at the board of trade rooms, N. C. building. All interested in rifle shooting are invited.

**First detective**—How did you manage to get a confession from that desperado?

**Second detective**—Well, you see we travelled together by rail for 200 miles.

**First detective**—But what had that to do with his confession?

**Second detective**—I bought a cigar of the train boy and gave it to him. After smoking it he thought he was going to die, so he told me everything.—Oakland Tribune.

**Power of Attorney Blanks for the Tanana-Nugget Office.**

**SILENT FOR THIRTY YEARS**

Strange Sulk of a Hermit Due to a Whipping When a Boy.

Jerry Miller has lived a hermit in a lone farmhouse near Chilkoot, O., for over thirty years and in all that time he has not spoken a word.

The cause of his strange refusal to hold communication with his fellow-man is said to have been a whipping which he received at his father's hands when he was a boy.

He is now past forty years of age and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember him having made a sound that could be taken for talking in over three decades. He shrinks from the public gaze and refuses to accept any offer of aid, no matter how kindly meant.

His father, who is still living, is said to have been a stern taskmaster and a firm believer of the old ideas of punishment. Jerry was accused by his father of some offense which the boy stoutly denied. The father, thinking his boy guilty of the offense, said he would whip both for "the original offense and then for not telling the truth about it. The boy protested and pleaded with his father, but without avail. The whipping administered was not a gentle one, but the boy took it stolidly and did not even cry.

He went about his appointed work in silence and seemed to be greatly depressed over the humiliation that had been put upon him. The family thought at first he was only sulking and the father openly said so. A sister the boy was particularly fond of tried to comfort him, but with little success.

The days grew into weeks and still the boy maintained the same gloomy silence. The father then began to grow alarmed and tried to get the boy to tell what was on his mind. It was of no avail. The boy would not talk under any inducement that was devised by the father. He went about his appointed work on the farm in an intelligent manner and never complained. From time to time he was heard to swear at the oxen he was driving or at the plow he was handling.

Years passed in the same dead silence. The father was heart broken at the boy's determination and tried every means in his power to show the son that he was eager to make amends for the wrong he had done.

The boy, grown to a man, worked on in silence. Doctors were called in to see if there was any mental defect in him, but they could make no progress, as that baffling silence stood always a bar to all inquiries.

Ten years ago he left the parental home and took up his abode in the

house he now occupies. He lives there alone, caring for a small patch of land which provides him with all he needs in the way of food, with a bit to spare for an occasional purchase among those he has come to know. The house is as gloomy as its occupants, and is bare of all the comforts noticeable in the houses in the vicinity.

The man has no associates and his only diversion seems to consist in sitting for hours on the front steps of his old house looking far away and apparently thinking. He is always on the alert against intrusion when in these moods and takes to flight on the approach of a stranger. His brothers and sisters keep an eye out for him and see that he does not lack for the necessities of life and clothes enough to shelter him. His father and mother try often to induce him to break his long silence, but all they ever get is a shake of the head and a sorrowful look from their now gray-haired and worn-looking son.

It is the impression among those who have known Jerry Miller since the day his father gave him the thrashing—that he could not now speak if he would, as the long years of silence have probably rendered his tongue helpless from disuse.

It is generally accepted as a fact that Jerry Miller will never break his self-imposed silence, and will go down to the grave as a warning to all the rugged fathers of the valley, and in that way he will have served a mission on earth at heavy cost to himself. In the meantime he lives a thing apart from his fellow-men and broods upon his sorrow.

**Serious Charge**

Bucharest, Roumania, Jan. 23.—Two high officials of the ministry of finance have been arrested on the charge of defrauding the government out of several hundred francs through the drawings of government bonds.

Two local bankers are accused of connivance. One of them has been arrested and the other has disappeared.

The grand jury at Rochester, N. Y., have indicted, Mrs. Lulu Youngs for murder in the first degree. Mrs. Youngs is accused of having stabbed to death Miss Florence MacFarlane, while in a jealous rage last November.

"Her marriage was a great disappointment to her friends."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. They all predicted it would turn out unhappily, and it did not."—Judge.

**WANTED**—Clean rags at Nugget office for wiping machinery.

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## South Carolina's Strangest Romance

A strange story of adventure, death, love, hate and war comes from Abbeville, a small town near Columbia, S. C.

Its correctness is vouched for by General Robert R. Hemphill, the veteran editor of the Abbeville Medium. The tale has stirred the good old town to its depths and its singular incidents are almost past believing.

It is best told in the words of the veteran editor, who says: "Forty years ago I printed the following article in the Medium: 'In September last the schooner Annie Freeman, a beautiful three-masted craft, sailed out of Charleston harbor for the Bermudas. Her sails were filled with prosperous breezes and her graceful prow plowed the briny deep leaving in her wake a glow of phosphorescent light. Since that day the brightly lit ship with all her sacred human freight has been unheard of; her fate is wrapped in mystery, a hidden horror of the deep."

"Upon this vessel sailed James T. Erwin, of the good old Abbeville family of Erwin, and of his sad loss we now wish to make a note. Mr. Erwin was 29 years of age, a very bright and promising young man just beginning to see his way to business success. He was on his way to the Bermudas to purchase a choice cargo of West India fruits, and in the prosecution of his laudable enterprise fell at his post. Mr. Erwin was a member of the Presbyterian church and a correct and exemplary Christian."

"Years passed," continued General Hemphill, "and then a letter came to one of Erwin's family reviving interest in the long lost relative."

"James Erwin was not drowned, but had landed in Cuba, and engaged in the cultivation of sugar. He amassed a fortune, for all his enterprises prospered and made money for him."

"He married a beautiful and refined Cuban woman and to them a daughter was born, who promised to be a bright and beautiful girl. Time

passed on and both parents died at about the same time in Havana, of the yellow fever.

"A rich and distinguished officer of the Spanish army, stationed in Cuba, fell in love with the beautiful heiress thus bereft of both parents, and left alone in the world. The attachment was mutual and they were soon married. A daughter was born to this union and inherited the beauty of her mother and grandmother.

"The Spanish officer became so outraged at the cruelties of General Weyler that he resigned from the army. He sent his wife and daughter to Spain and went to England himself to put his fortune in a safe place.

"The mother died. The daughter was placed in a convent school in Spain, and she is now prosecuting her studies, being the sole heir to an immense fortune.

"The father was thrown into prison on his return to Spain, through the influence of Weyler, and died there.

"On his deathbed he told of his daughter's South Carolina relatives. He knew of Malcolm Erwin, of Abbeville county, and of his fondness for his nephew, James Erwin, who was supposed to have been lost at sea. He had not heard of the death of Malcolm Erwin and wished him to have care of his little daughter. He desired the priest to see that he will be revered, and in that will be left all his property to the daughter, except a share to Malcolm Erwin for taking care of the child, his share though, being enough to make him an independent fortune."

"There will be an immediate investigation by relatives and an even more startling tale may be brought to light."

Casey—Now, phwat w'd you do in a case like that?

Clancy—Loike phwat?

Casey—Th' walkin' diligeat kills me to stroke, an' me old woman orders me to ka-ape on wur-kin'—Woman's Home Companion.

### \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince.  
F. J. HEMEN.  
Klondike Nugget.

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