

HIS CHANGE OF OPINION.

Young Minister Says the Lord Taught Him to Love.

But the Chances Are the Girl Was Pretty and He Loved Her on General Principles.

From Saturday's Daily.
He was a minister of the Episcopal fold—an Anglican priest," as he would have expressed it—and he believed most ardently in the wisdom and advisability of a celibate priesthood. "The church demands and should receive absolute singleness of devotion from her priests," was the way he stated the matter to his friends.

She was an artist, firm in the belief that a real devotion to art admitted of no other loves or devotions. "One cannot serve the gods and at a family altar," was her manner of stating the case.

They met upon the trans-Atlantic steamer coming over, and the inevitable happened.

He had been in England, studying the semi-monastic orders of the Anglican church in that country. She had been sketching in France and Germany, closing her trip with a flying visit to London and Liverpool. He was from New York; she from Chicago. Their principles were exactly alike, only they didn't know it. But it only took them ten days to discover this fact.

He was attracted to her because of a certain high pureness of face and bearing which set her far apart from the merry, charming, but decidedly flirtatious other women who sat at her table—and his. She came to the conclusion that he undoubtedly had something in him, because of the quiet reserve of his manner. A long acquaintance with art had taught her that it is the face—as the picture—which holds something in reserve that usually proves worthy of study and cultivation. Besides, the high vest and large silver cross, which stamped him as a ritualist among ritualists, and, therefore, most likely, a believer in celibacy, made her feel perfectly, delightfully safe in enjoying his company.

Rupert Hazard—Father Hazard, as he preferred to be called—felt correspondingly safe in talking with Miss Anneson, because self-consciousness seemed to be so entirely lacking in her make-up. They began by talking about art, literature, and the deeper problems of social economics. They didn't begin to talk of love, even in the abstract, until Liverpool had been left behind for seven days. The young woman, who had made and broken two engagements in that time, led them in this direction unconsciously.

"Doesn't it seem strange that people will play and trifle with the most sacred and holy things in life?" she said, with musing tone.

Rev. Rupert Hazard came out of his reverie concerning the good work which the church was destined to accomplish among the poor in his own parish neighborhood and sighed.

"It does, it does," he returned seriously.

This was the opening wedge. From it love in the abstract to the question of love of a more ordinary and personal aspect was but a little step. (It never is.) A day later they were telling each other why love was not for them. Two days later each knew that the other had decided never to marry. Three days later the Accomplished Traveler, overbearing a fragment of their conversation, smiled sympathetically as she pronounced "no."

"Do you know," the young clergyman was saying, "that white celibacy has always seemed almost necessary for the priesthood to me (it had seemed necessary until a few days before), I fail to see how an unmarried, and perhaps lonely, existence will cause you to paint better pictures."

"Why!" and the girl's tone was earnest as it was astonished. "I don't see how you can think otherwise. Art demands all the best of one, and no second-rate or second-hand devotion, if one is really to serve and minister to the beautiful. But it has always seemed to me," she added, meditatively, "that an unmarried minister has lost a fine chance, at least, of getting close to the hearts of his people. I wonder which of us is right—or neither, or both?"

Then came the big storm, and after that all things looked different. Mirable was anything but a coward, but she couldn't help feeling a little nervous as the great ship trembled and staggered and rolled under the force of the tremendous waves. The young minister, whose faith was of the real and assertive kind, soothed and reassured her as she sat, trembling but silent, in

the music room looking out at the angry waters. The girl was duly comforted and strengthened, and the pleasant feeling of half dependence and intimacy, both of his thoughtful kindness, lasted even after the sun had decided to shine again. And the young minister had also learned something while the storm was raging. It was with a really meek and humble heart that he assisted her to the upper deck, just as soon as this was possible, and stood by her side as she took mental notes of the waves and their form and color.

"Mirable," he said presently—he had learned her name some days before—"I have a confession to make to you. I have found out—the Lord has taught me—that my views upon the question of celibacy have been mistaken. I now agree with you that a clergyman is better with a wife, and I hope—I hardly dare hope, but still I long to—that you will be my wife, some day, by and by."

They were quite alone on the rocking deck. The weather was still too rough for others less interested in art—and one of its exponents—to venture out. The girl, meditating, found that she, too, had changed her opinions in regard to several matters.

"If I tell you," she said at last, as bravely, as shyly, "that I no longer believe that love and marriage lessen one's chances of becoming a great artist, you must not fancy that it is because I am ready to say yes to the question you may want to ask me, possibly, some time. But it has seemed to me, lately—"

"Dear one, let me ask that question now," the man at her side broke in, impulsively. "Will you, dear child and sweetheart, promise to become my wife?"

Again the girl was silent, still thinking. She no longer believed as she had said, that an unmarried existence was necessary for the highest art, but still—she thought of the picture she was longing to paint, the wondrous thing of graces, nymphs, perhaps, even bacchantals—and wondered how it would do for a minister's wife to paint and exhibit the thing. And yet—with love in the balance—

She turned to him smiling.

"I will not promise now," she said, quietly; "it is far too early and we know far too little of each other for me to make any such promise, for one thing, and, besides, I have a picture I must paint first. It will take me well on into next summer. (All this happened last autumn.) And you must not write to me, nor ask me to write to you, until the end of June, anyway. Then, if you want to risk the trip on such slight encouragement, you may come to Chicago, and—if you care to ask me that question again—I may possibly think about it."

Last Saturday he came, and next autumn her studio will be in New York instead of Chicago, and there will be a new name upon the door.—Chicago Tribune.

Alien Locations Attacked.

A suit involving the title to mining claims estimated to be worth several millions of dollars has been instituted at Nome against Charles D. Lane, Jafet Linderberg and other large operators of the district. Alexander McKenzie, a wealthy New Yorker, was appointed a temporary receiver of the property by Judge Noyes, sitting in chambers.

This important news was brought to Seattle by the passengers of the steamer Valencia, arriving yesterday. C. F. Humphrey, a San Francisco lawyer, one of the attorneys in the case and also a party litigant, was among them. McKenzie, formerly a receiver of the Northern Pacific railroad, was appointed July 31, and a hearing to make the receivership in open court was to have been held August 3. Following his temporary appointment, McKenzie took possession of the mines, continuing their operation. The employees are to be paid from the receipts of the claims and the rest of the yield held by the receiver under instructions of the court, pending a final decision.

The action, as it relates to Lane, seeks to dispossess him of Nos. 10 and 11 above on Anvil, No. 7 Dry creek, No. 2 below discovery on Anvil, and several other more or less valuable mines in different sections of the district. Nos. 10, 11, 7 and 2 are among the richest mines in the Nome camp. They were, it is charged by the complainants, located by Laplanders not citizens of the United States. John Waterhouse and a man named Melsing claim to be the original and lawful locators. One of the actions is brought by Waterhouse.

He admits that the Laplanders found and staked the property, but his attorneys, Hubbard, Bowman & Hume, claim the locations are not valid, for the reason that they were made by aliens.

Lane purchased these and other mines involved from the original locators. A suit for the possession of claims 10 and 11 was instituted last year, and it is claimed that Lane purchased the mines subsequent to the beginning of this action. When Judge Johnson was at Nome last fall, it was

sought to have him hear the case, but he declined to do so. Meanwhile, the original locators continued in possession of the property.

The actions against Linderberg are similar to the Lane suits, save that it is set forth that he was not a citizen of the United States at the time he located and acquired his mines. McKenzie is also receiver in the Linderberg actions. These involve two or three Anvil claims, and two on famous Snow gulch.

That the cases will be hard fought goes without saying, in view of the magnitude of the amount involved. The application for and appointment of a receiver was made a day or two subsequent to the departure of Lane for the States. He arrived in this city several days ago on the steamer Newsboy, and reached San Francisco, his home, last night. Lafe Pence, a Colorado lawyer, accompanied him on his return. Pence is one of his attorneys, and other lawyers in the case for Lane and Linderberg are Samuel Knight, of San Francisco, and C. S. Johnson, former United States judge of the district of Alaska.

Expenses of Shooting in Scotland.

As to the sums spent on shooting in Scotland so large is the total that it is a difficult matter to arrive even at an approximate estimate. In Perthshire alone there are 465 shootings, of which about four-fifths are let to tenants and bring in about £150,000 a year, or an average of £400 a year, which seems about a fair estimate if it be borne in mind that this is an expensive county, and that 50 of its best shootings fetch £35,000, or an average of £700 a year.

In the whole of Scotland there are about 4,000 shootings, and as each of them must at least employ one keeper and one gillie during the shooting season, some estimate may be formed of the money expended in wages and the number of people employed. In the deer forests and on the larger shootings there will often be from four to six men permanently engaged, and from six to eight others working for the shooting season only. In a well-known forest where I once spent many pleasant days there were three foresters, three gillies and three ponymen out each day; on the grouse ground there were three keepers, with three underkeepers, a kennel man and two carriers going to and from the nearest railway station—a total of 18 men and five horses, not to mention the ponies kept for riding into the forest and those kept to carry grouse panniers. On this property three rifles could stalk each day, while three other parties of two each could shoot grouse, or the six could combine for driving.—Chambers' Journal.

Pauline Is Dead.

Pauline, one of the women who figured in the breaking up of the vapor bath house and ladies' manicure parlors at the south end of Front street, died the other day in Skagway from the effects of too much indulgence in intoxicants. Pauline was but a young girl, but after once hitting the downward trail she got going with a rapidity which no amount of moral persuasion could check. In her girlhood days she was considered to be one of the best looking maidens on the Pacific slope and in Seattle was known to the operative fraternity as pretty Pauline.—Whitehorse Tribune.

The "ladies' manicure parlors" above mentioned was conducted at Whitehorse by the woman called Pauline and Corinne B. Gray, the latter being now in Dawson. The partnership broke up in a quarrel over the possession of \$200. When the trouble was supposed to be settled, Pauline offered her hand as a peace token to Corinne and the latter took it, but not in her hand; she grabbed it with her teeth and a Whitehorse paper says the crunching of bones was distinctly heard until a male bystander gave Corinne a "biff in the jaw" which broke her hold.

Makes Round Trip.

G. M. Arbuckle, formerly editor of the Bennett Sun, who left Dawson some time in June for Nome, is now back in Dawson, having come down on the outside on the steamer Utopia. Mr. Arbuckle says if 25,000 people will leave there, it will be a very good camp for the few who will be left. In the meantime, "Buck" has time to let, but in experience he is rich and respected.

Questions of the Hour.

Scarcely had the Sybil, having our distinguished guests of the past few days, passed the barracks on her way up the river last night than the work of campaigning for the approaching election was on in full blast, the two all-important questions of the hour being "What will you have?" and "Will you give my candidacy your support?" There is every evidence that while many residents from the States will miss the excitement incident to the presidential campaign, they will be highly entertained by the local campaign which will precede the election

of two members of the Yukon council. In the meantime, the dealers in moist goods are not committing themselves.

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