

Error of a Young Wife

The importunate cabbies and bustling porters failed to attract the attention of Frank Ryals except so far as a nervous person would notice mosquitoes or flies. He brushed them away without so much as a look as he passed down the long pier. With bent head and quickening footsteps, he walked, unheeding and unnoticed, through the sweat and turmoil of the city to his home. As he rang the bell his hand shook and the muscles of his throat tightened.

The faithful butler, who had been valet to Frank Ryals before his marriage, held the door open and inquired solicitously if "Mis' Ryals" got off safe and sound.

The reply came after a pause. "Yes, Brown, thank you," but the white, drawn look of his beloved master's face repelled further inquiry, and the butler retired to the kitchen, there to unbosom himself to Cynthia.

"It's my opinion Marse Frank is mighty cut up 'bout Mis' Bess goin' off to Europe 'thout no warnin' hardly at all."

Cynthia sniffed.

"And her a bride of jes' three months," continued the indignant Brown. "It's my opinion she don't care much about 'im, and 'im the best and jolliest man that ever lived." Brown was growing more aggrieved every minute.

"Gus Brown, would you have a 'oman tied to a man's coattails always jes' 'cause she happens to be married to 'im?" And Cynthia set the pan down sharply on the table.

"I don't expect much of women folks at no time," replied Brown stoutly, injecting as much scorn into his tones as he thought safe, "but I didn't much expect a young bride to go off so cheerful-like and leave her husband for six months on a stretch."

Cynthia turned sharply and looked into the face of the worthy butler.

"Did you say six months, Gus Brown—six months?"

The faithful Brown could only bow his head in assent, and Cynthia, detecting traces of real grief in his usual wooden countenance, was too shocked to take much account of the blister made on her hand by the overturned gravy.

Presently Brown put his head in the doorway of the drawing room to announce dinner, but, seeing his master with bowed head and bent shoulders, retired quietly to the kitchen.

Cynthia called Brown "a white livered coward" on his return, which emboldened that functionary to go back and touch his master's elbow.

"I don't care for dinner, Brown, thank you."

"'Thout so much as movin'," Brown confessed to Cynthia as they prepared to do justice to the dinner now almost cold.

Letters came across the ocean to Frank Ryals, full of life and vivacity, now brimming over with the joy of some bright experience, now breathing awe and wonder of the grandeur of some old cathedral or mystery of nature, but never once did she say "I miss you, dear," or "I wish I were back at home with you," or "I wonder what you are doing." Frank Ryals searched her letters feverishly for some such expression, but it never came.

Old friends welcomed him back to the club, and occasionally he went to the opera. Dinners at home were scarce and finally ceased altogether. Six months had extended into eight because Mrs. Ryals wanted to take her party into Egypt, but now they were coming home.

The man who stood on the pier waiting for the North German Lloyd steamer to cast anchor on a bright April day looked very much like the same Frank Ryals who has stood there eight months before except for a certain air of composure and two little patches of gray hair on his temples that contrasted oddly with his fresh face. He received Bess and her friends cordially and told the latter he had made all arrangements to have them at his home during their short stay in New York.

Everybody talked at once at dinner, there was so much to say and the joy of being once more on American soil was so keen. The company rose, protesting vigorously when their host bade them good evening as he prepared to leave the house.

"We refuse to stay and turn you out of house and home this way. It is atrocious," they said.

"It is my pleasure," was the grave answer, "and you must stay."

Bess for the first time in her life was thoughtful and said little. On the fourth evening after her arrival, when the guests had all departed and the clock was on the stroke of 11, Frank Ryals rose and, taking hat and cane, said good night.

Bess rose also.

"Where are you going, Frank?"

"To the club," he answered.

For a moment she gasped with astonishment. Then pain, anger and wounded vanity chased in quick succession over her mobile face.

"Our first evening together," she managed to say, and, as he still held his hat and looked steadily at her, "Has the club grown so dear to you—that you can't give it up—one evening?"

"One has time to become attached to anything attractive in eight months," he said, "especially if it represents one's boyhood friends and companionship. The boys at the club have been very good to me, and I have come to depend on them. I would choose them in preference to scenery any time, I think," he commented, with a strained smile.

All color and brightness had fled from her face, and as she stood in the freelight, her white evening gown clinging about her, she looked almost pathetic.

"I would like to know—the worst, Frank. Is it—any other woman?"

"No," he said; "I have never loved but one woman, and when I found it was all a mistake I suffered a great deal more than you will ever know. But it is all over now. She didn't love me, and I have learned to do without her."

A pause. "We are on equal footing now, Bess." And he stroked the gray hairs on his temples without looking at her. "It is not as much happiness as—the other way, but there is not so much pain."

Bess had lost all power of speech and was staring at him with eyes almost set in their horror. But he mistook the cause.

"Don't bother your head, Bess, about what the world will say. It need never know. You bear my name and are the mistress of my home, and you will be free to enjoy your pleasures just as you see fit. You are welcome to all I have."

"Except your love."

"You had that, too, once. How long ago has it been, Bess? It seems years! Good night," he said as she made no answer. "The old servants are here, and you will be perfectly safe."

Still she said nothing, and he went out, closing the vestibule door quietly after him. Bess recovered sufficiently to reach the window in time to see him move down the lighted street toward the club.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned.

"What have I done? Have I been dreaming all these months?"

She was awake now, with ten thousand accusing demons contending for the mastery of her soul.

Two months later Mrs. Ryals was ushered unceremoniously into Mrs. Ryals's boudoir and found a grave faced young woman bending over the smoldering fire.

"Oh, my dear, I am so fortunate to find you at home!" was her cheery greeting. "I am in the greatest hurry, but I do so want you to join my party to the Yellowstone park tomorrow. It'll be such a glorious trip. I telephoned Mr. Ryals, and the dear, sweet man said he left it entirely with you! Really, my dear, you are to be congratulated—Why, Bess?"

Her hostess had risen and now stood facing her, a grayish pallor spreading over her face.

"Don't speak to me of traveling! I hate the word—the thought of boats and cars and hotels! I want to be left alone—alone!"

Frank Ryals was mounting the steps of his club when an imperious feminine voice stayed his steps. It was Mrs. Ryals, and her ordinarily gushing manner had entirely disappeared.

"My dear boy, you don't want to stay at the club this afternoon. You really ought to run right up to the house. There's certainly something wrong with Bess. She's been treating me to a genuine case of hysterics. Imagine Bess in hysterics! And she won't go to California with us. Oh, she's altogether unreasonable! I left her in tears. You must have the doctor."

"Yes, I'll phone for him at once." Mr. Ryals's voice and manner were calm, perfunctory. He raised his hat and mounted two more steps. Then he paused irresolutely. Mrs. Ryals was half way up the block. A man addressed him lightly and entered the door, and still Ryals stood undecided, a strange light playing in his moody eyes.

"She won't go to California. I left her in tears."

Tears for what? For him, after all!

Suddenly he turned on his heel and plunged down the steps. A hansom was drawn up at the curb. The driver knew him well and touched his hat interrogatively.

"Home!" exclaimed Ryals, and then as the hansom rumbled over the asphalt he murmured in softer tones, "Home!"

Views of Civilization.

The other fellow and I were having an argument about civilization. Needless to say the other fellow and I were both supposed to be doing something else, but let that pass. He was frankly optimistic, while I was as frankly pessimistic.

"Look," he said, as the trolley cars whizzed by. "You owe that to civilization. That is better than walking." Pointing to the concrete sidewalk, he said, "That is better than mother earth," and pointing to the asphalt roadway, "that is better than corduroy." Pointing to the brick mansions across the street, he said, "Those are better than wigwams," and, pointing to the milk wagon as it drove up, "that is better than having to milk your own cow."

"All true," I said, "but yours is the front door view of civilization. Come and take a back door view of it."

He came, and we looked together. "Civilization," said I, "cut the trees down off the sides of that bare ravine, civilization underdrained and killed the little brook that once purled at the bottom, civilization put those garbage barrels there, civilization dumped those piles of ashes where once the wild flowers bloomed, civilization erected that exceedingly unsightly outhouse and put up those exceedingly homely back fences. Civilization has done the same thing all over the world, which once was beautiful, but now is as homely as a chunk of hard coal."

"True," he said, "but it's worth more."—H.D.C., in Toronto Star.

The Sanyasis of India.

Popular belief in India still credits Sanyasis and other holy vagabonds with miraculous powers. Even the native journals often chronicle marvels like the instantaneous cure of incurable diseases or the feeding of thousands out of a small measure of rice. One of these prints gives a description of how a saintly Banyasi saved the lives of a certain rajah and his escort from a wild elephant. As the party was proceeding through the lower Himalayas a monstrous tusker broke out of the jungle and set to trumpeting. The rajah and

his followers were considerably scared and were giving themselves up for lost when a noble looking Sanyasi appeared and, standing in front of the travelers, told them to shout a certain order to the elephant. This done, the animal bolted into the jungle, while the savior of the rajah and his party vanished without waiting to be thanked.

Lady Cartwright

No more striking personality is seen in Ottawa than the sweet-faced woman who for more than forty years has been the loving wife and constant companion of Sir Richard Cartwright, the Minister of Trade and Commerce. Of Lady Cartwright there is little to be said, yet in that is a life of devotion to her husband and family rarely seen. She has not been fond of the glare of society, nor the many empty follies of social life, but while her husband has been engaged in the fierce political struggles of nearly forty years, taking a leading part in momentous events which to many are now but matters of history, Lady Cartwright has made home a sweet retreat far removed from the turmoils of public life.

Many secrets closely identified with the destinies of Canada have doubtless found safety in her keeping, for no mention of them has ever escaped her lips. Few women have read so extensively as Lady Cartwright, and she seems to have gained an unusual knowledge of current events, with which, unless the subject be broached, her familiarity may remain unknown.

Lady Cartwright was the daughter of Col. Alexander Lawe, H.E.I.C.S., and she first saw the light of day in India. She was married to Sir Richard Cartwright in 1859, and a large family has grown up around her. Three daughters are living at home, and five sons complete her children, save one, who died some years ago. Her sons are Col. Robert Cartwright, C.M.G., Assistant Adjutant-General, Ottawa; R. Cartwright, M. D., living in the United States; A. D. Cartwright, B. A., Toronto; H. Cartwright, Toronto, and C. Cartwright, C.N.G., Assistant Adjutant-General pursuing his studies.—Star.

He Was Excused.

A young man whose features and flashing eyes betokened great earnestness was summoned before a judge of the city court the other day for jury

duty. He immediately asked to be excused. When the judge asked him what excuse he had for not serving, he replied:

"I believe it is a rule of the court that the jury is the sole judge of the facts and the court of the law—that the juror should only weigh the facts as presented by the evidence, not taking into consideration any of the rules of law governing the case, wherefore all lawyers are exempt from jury duty."

"But are you a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"No, but I have been a close student of the law for many years."

"I am afraid that I cannot excuse you if you are not a lawyer," said the court, smiling.

"But," continued the young man, with great earnestness, the color mounting to his temples, "I am sure if your honor knew as much law as I do your conscience would not allow you to serve on a jury."

After the bench and bar had recovered from this naive outburst the judge told the young man that if it was a matter which affected his conscience so deeply he would excuse him, and a very much abashed youth left the courtroom.—Ex.

Chasing the Fox.

A fox had pressed by the Warwickshire hounds, in England, dashed into a back kitchen at Nalley Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Hertford, where a woman was washing clothes. Seeking a place of concealment, the animal sprang upon the furnace and dived into the almost boiling wash suds; from which, however, he was quickly out again and was then captured.—London Telegraph.

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LEW CRADEN, ACTING MGR.

The following Stroller on the Toronto newspaper "Outfit for grain and a dish of gold" would be looked for the average Dawson either a salary for what?

There is in Dawson a land surveyor whose license for surveying has never been renewed for some time ago. A short time ago a question was called to run some line on the earth about the surface. With the entered the buck in the field of a surveying the knight of the to ride up in the of to climb up a the side of the sh about 15 or 20 feet, an app and landed at the top. It was the to essayed to g and losing his fo followed the gl the man was no the fall but it w the nerves of the retreated to the where he made u for the remaine than attempt to say. For three line to his pro the claim of his food, drink later to preven and becoming pe After three d became tired and surveyor an ult that he could d that day or of earned beef, Ca took shut off.

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