

Conversion of Tod Jenks

Tod Jenks of Tumbling Forks had got religion. The other citizens of the Forks couldn't account for it, but they said there wasn't any question about it, and that Tod had had it good and hard, and was pious for keeps. Tod was the only religionist in the Forks. There was a Methodist over at the Ford and a colony of Baptists down at Deep Water, which latter thing, the neighbors said, was in keeping with the eterna, fitness of things. Tod had got his religion from the Campbellites while he was on a visit to Ham's station on the Black Stone.

Prior to Tod's conversion he had been about as tough as they make them, and, as his wickedness had struck deep, so had his piety. Tumbling Forks admired Tod's evident sincerity and allowed that he had a perfect right to make a fool of himself if he wanted to. That was Tumbling Fork's way of looking at the matter. Tod was a fiddler. He used to scrape out all kinds of things and in the past the inhabitants of the place shook their feet weekly to the strains from his bow. "Dan Tucker" and "Mogney Musk" were never heard now, and from Tod's cabin nightly, and daily, too, for that matter, came "Wandering Boy," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "There is a Fountain," and a lot more like them.

Tod used to sing, too, and his voice wasn't half bad. The tumbling Forks people said Tod was the best singer in the section. They gathered around nightly now, but in a sort of a shame-faced way, and at a respectful distance while he was lifting up his voice inside his cabin and peeling out "Hold the Fort" and "Sinners Turn, Why Will Ye Die," with a heartfelt enthusiasm.

One day Tod was sitting in his doorway scraping his fiddle, while the Tennessee sun threw maple leaf shadows all about him. Tod was trying something new that morning. He had heard it in a little Episcopal mission that he had wandered into one day when the Campbellite church was closed. He had caught the tune only haltingly, but he more than knew the words, for he felt them. Somehow he thought that they were better than any of the other things that he had learned. The red bird stopped whistling in the hedge as Tod struck the tune with his bow and began singing—

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and
coming,
Be at rest."

Tod heard a movement beyond the hedge where the red bird had been whistling. He looked back quickly and through the interlacing twigs he saw a woman. She was hurrying in a sort of half-guilty fashion. Tod knew who it was. It was Jenny Travers. Jenny had been one of the prettiest girls in the Forks ten years before. A young fellow, tall, good-looking and with a tongue that could talk to women had come from beyond the mountains. Jenny had listened to him when she wouldn't listen to the young fellows at the Forks with whom she had been brought up. One night Jenny had gone away, and the man from beyond the mountain went at the same time. Two years later the girl came back. Her old father took her in. The tumbling Forks folk found that though she carried in her arms a baby boy, she was Jenny Travers still. Of the man from beyond the mountain none of them ever heard again.

The men didn't mean to be unkind. The women put them up to it. They didn't speak much to Jenny, and when she saw the disinclination she spoke to none. Of course no woman spoke to her. That wasn't to be expected, but some were much worse than others. Jenny's child was now 8 years old, and he went to the crossroads school and played with the other boys, that is, he played with all but one of them. Mary Garth's little boy was under orders not to speak to little Billy Travers. He had been taught the value of a sneer by his mother, who, before she married Hod Garth and before Jenny had gone away with the man from beyond the mountain, had been Jenny's girlhood chum. Tumbling Forks people sometimes said under the breath that Mary had set some store by Jenny's lover, and that was the reason why she was so bitter now.

The next day Tod Jenks played his fiddle in the sunshine again. The red bird stilled his voice once more. Tod went through the Episcopal hymn. He knew he had a listener. No movement until his voice and violin had rounded out the verse:

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Then a woman came half-shrinking through the gate and advanced to the doorway.

"Is that true, Tod?" she said timidly.

"Sure it's true, Jenny," said Tod gently, "though it took me seventy years to find it out."

"I've heard you singing lots, Tod, and I like it. It seems as though I'd like to have a friend who'd receive me as the hymn has it. Sometimes I get most crazy. There ain't many friends livin' around Tumbling Forks. It's many years now, Tod, and I've lived with old dad. He's good and understands. I didn't have anything here; it was empty-like," and the woman put her hand over her heart, "but how since I've been hearing that hymn there's something in here. I don't know just what it is, but I don't feel as hard toward people as I did."

Tod's eyes glistened a little. He took a book and read softly for some little time.

"Must I do that to have him receive me?" said Jenny. "Must I forgive all my enemies? Must I forgive Mame Garth?"

"Yes, even Mame Garth," answered Tod. "It's written plain as day, 'Bless them as persecutes you.'"

The woman arose with a flaming color in her cheeks. "I can't do that," she said, and her eyes flashed and her hands were clinched. She went through the gateway with rapid steps, her head thrown back and her hands still clinched. She walked toward the bridge that spanned Tumbling Forks. Beneath the structure the water was deep and smooth. Fifty yards below it became a roaring torrent. Half way between the bridge and the rapid a little peninsula jutted into the stream. A little boy was lying prone on the bridge and leaning over the water. He held a fish line in his hand. He was a tiny little fellow, and with a sudden feeling of repugnance Jenny Travers recognized the child as Harry Garth, Mary Garth's boy, and the one who had been taught by his mother that Billy Travers was a child to be shunned.

Jenny was twenty yards from the bridge when the child in sudden excitement leaned out over the river, lost his balance and fell in. Down the stream the water was churning and boiling. There was a swift current under the bridge, though in the depth of the water it did not show in its full force. Jenny cried aloud. She hesitated one instant and then with an indescribable something in her face, rushed forward and sprang into the water. She had been a good swimmer in her girlhood. She caught the boy and bore him up and then once again called aloud. She was answered by a shriek from the bridge. Mary Garth was standing there shrieking and impotently wringing her hands.

Jenny Travers burdened as she was strove to reach the little peninsula that ran into the Forks. She was weakening. She reached a point above it, but the current swept her out and beyond, the boy clinging to her and impeding the freedom of movement. A man rushed across the field and out on to the peninsula and threw himself into the water. In a second he found the boy in his arms. He struggled to reach the woman also, but the current had caught her with its full force and she was at the edge of the roaring torrent, in whose water was death. The man struggled ashore with the boy. He turned and looked. For one instant he saw Jenny Travers' face above the water. Sluggish of perception though this Tumbling Forks man was he saw that in Jenny's face there was a set look of peace.—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Steerage

The Liverpool "Journal of Commerce" of recent date has an interesting interview with Mr. Edmund Taylor, whose retirement from the firm of Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. has recently been announced. Mr. Taylor has had a strenuous commercial and public life, extending over a period of fifty-four years, which has been full of stirring incident and revolutionary change, especially in regard to shipping. In reply to questions Mr. Taylor said:—

"I am retiring simply because I think I have done enough and want to take things easier for the remainder of my life."

The enormous change in the conditions of emigration during the last fifty years has been fraught with pregnant interest to Mr. Taylor.

"Before 1850, emigrants were carried wholly by sailing ships, principally owned by Americans," he said. "In the late forties the berths were five in a line on each side of the ship without any division, so that passengers nearest the ship's side had to scramble over the top of the other owners' of berths."

"All the baggage was lashed to stanchions in the middle of tween

decks. This baggage was the only thing emigrants had to sit down upon. All the men, women and children were herded together.

How She Beat the Company

Mrs. Willie Westcott of Riverside visited her friend Mrs. Waddleson in Evanston last week and had a splendid time. Only one thing marred the pleasure of the occasion. That was the unreasonable obstinacy of the railroad companies.

"It's a perfect shame," said Mrs. Willie, "that the Northwestern charges 35 cents for a ticket from Evanston to Chicago."

"I know it," her friend agreed. "I can't see why they do such a stupid thing. But I have a twenty-five-ride ticket that you may use going home, so that you can ride to the city for 17 cents."

Mrs. Willie was delighted to be able to save the 18 cents on the return trip and was pouring out her thanks when Mrs. Waddleson said:

"That's too bad! I forgot all about having arranged to go early tomorrow morning, so I shall have to use the ticket myself."

Then they go to figuring on the matter.

"I know what!" Mrs. Willie exclaimed. "I can put the ticket in an envelope addressed to you and drop it in a box when I reach Chicago, so that it will get out here in the first mail in the morning."

This her friend pronounced a fine scheme and Mrs. Willie was complimented upon her cleverness in having thought of it.

When it was time for her to start for home Mrs. Willie paid her friend 17 cents for the ride and two cents for the stamp which was to bring the ticket back. Mrs. Waddleson insisted on furnishing the envelope free. Then they kissed. Mrs. Willie cried "Now be sure and come soon," and the train started.

On her way into the city Mrs. Willie began to worry. She was afraid the ticket might be left lying in a letterbox for a day or two if she posted it in the ordinary way, and thus her friend would be unable to use it. The more she thought about it the less likely it seemed that the ticket would be returned to its owner in time to be of use the next morning unless something extraordinary could be done.

At last she addressed a benevolent-looking gentleman who stood near her.

"Are you going back to Evanston this evening?" she asked.

He said he was.

"Well," she went on, speaking in her sweetest, most appealing tones and permitting a pathetic look to overspread her beautiful face, "I am awfully anxious to have this ticket go that my friend will get it the first thing in the morning. Would you mind taking it and dropping it into the Evanston postoffice for me when you return this evening? Then it will be sure to be there."

He was delighted to be of service, and Mrs. Willie went on her way rejoicing. After her arriving at home it occurred to her that the envelope containing the ticket might for some reason be overlooked by the carrier in the morning, so to make sure she called her friend up by telephone and told her to send to the postoffice if the ticket didn't reach her in time.

The telephoning cost 15 cents, which with the 17 cents for the ticket and the 2 cents for the stamp made a total of 34 cents. Still Mrs. Willie couldn't understand why her husband laughed when she told him how she had avoided paying the railroad company 35 cents. Two days later she complained that the benevolent-looking man had either forgotten to post the envelope containing the ticket or else was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Her husband's loud laughter then convinced her that he was coarse-grained or else had a low streak in him somewhere. — Chicago Record-Herald.

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YANKEES IN THE KLONDIKE

Fred C. Wade Tell Londoners About Them

Says Mining and Commerce Are Controlled by Americans—Is Great Country.

Mr. F. C. Wade, K. C., crown prosecutor of the Yukon, is at present in London.

He gave an Express representative yesterday an interesting story of the prospects of the Klondike, and the manner in which American capital is reaping the benefits which might have accrued to British investors.

"Gold," said Mr. Wade, "was discovered in August, 1896, at a time when there were no settlements in the country. In 1897 there was a great influx of prospectors, and as the Klondike was nearer, to the populous portions of western America than to any other populous part of the world, a greater number of Americans poured in than of any other nationality."

"Then Dawson city was a collection of tents. There were no railway facilities, and the Upper Yukon was navigated solely by small boats."

"Now Dawson has grown to a modern metropolis. It is lighted by electric light, has an excellent telephone service, hospitals, churches and schools. The assessed value last winter of real estate and personally was considerably over £2,000,000."

"The White Pass Railway has made the journey a pastime, instead of a succession of frightful hardships, and twenty-seven palatial steamers ply on the waters of the Upper Yukon river."

"The Canadian government has done a lot for the country, which is of enormous extent—200,000 square miles. They have constructed its 148 miles of roads and trails, and are about to construct 350 more."

"They have constructed 2,500 miles of telegraph through the wilderness—a magnificent achievement."

"Gold dust no longer serves for the currency. The Bank of Commerce and the Bank of British North America do a large and profitable business."

"It is a source of keen regret that British capital fails to interest itself as it should in that part of the empire."

"The mining and commerce of the country are very largely controlled by Americans. The fleets on the lower river are the property of the North American Transportation Company, the Northern Commercial Company, and other American trading companies having headquarters at Chicago, San Francisco, and other large United States centers."

"The policy of waiting until the best portions of the country have been prospected and appropriated by foreigners is not the most satisfactory possible. Of course some British investments have proved failures, and the country has to bear the blame. The real causes, however, are much nearer home."

"Americans and Canadians adopt entirely different methods and continue to make fortunes in this country, which is undoubtedly one of the richest mining camps in the world."

"The Yukon is watered by 7,008 miles of creeks and rivers, and the actual working of the mines up to the present time covers only fifty miles in the vicinity of the Klondike. Experts believe that many miles of gold-bearing creeks will yet prove valuable, and that placer mining will

be carried on at a profit for twenty years to come.

"The total output since 1898 has been officially reckoned at \$72,000,000 or about £14,500,000. The quartz fields of practically unlimited area and of much promise have been overlooked hitherto by British capital."

"The administration of the country by the Canadian government compares most favorably with that of the American mining communities—Skagway, in the south, and Nome, in the north. There have been fifteen cases of homicide in the Yukon, while for a like period at the beginning of Californian mining there were 2,200."

"Automobiles have tried to invade the country; they have not been a great success. There are only twelve of them, and the chief difficulty has been to find any one to repair them when they break down or go wrong." —London Express.

Women in the Wheat Fields.

A Topeka paper has discovered that "women and girls actually went into the harvest fields of Kingman county and toiled side by side with their fathers, brothers and lovers."

In Ellis county for twenty-five years, the women and girls have gone regularly into the harvest fields and toiled by the side of their fathers, brothers and lovers. Indeed in the great Russian colony of that country it is common for the women to do all sorts of outdoor labor. One of the first fields of wheat grown in Ellis county was by Hill P. Wilson in 1875. It measured less than ten acres, but it was a problem for there was no harvesting machinery in the region. One morning a big Russian came into Wilson's store and said he would like to take the contract to cut and stack the grain. Wilson eagerly accepted his proposition, and the Russian departed to

summon his workmen. The next morning when the town awoke it was greeted with a singular sight, for the Russian was sitting on the fence smoking his pipe while about twenty women, under his supervision, were harvesting the grain with sickles. Nothing more primitive could be imagined. The women would grab an armful of the grain and then cut it off with a sweep of the sickle, afterwards binding it with wisps of straw. And from this almost medieval beginning Ellis county advanced in twenty-five years to the position of third county in the state in wheat yield. The Russians, who came there by hundreds in 1875 so poor that they scarcely could own a horse between them, are now among the richest farmers of the state, owning vast areas of land and growing enormous quantities of the cereal. Last year Ellis county had 570 bushels of wheat for each man, woman and child within her borders. It is a common remark that the industry of the Russians, who work their wives and daughters in the fields, will eventually give them the ownership of the entire county, as they already own about one-third of its tillable area.—Kansas City Journal.

A Fad in Hankerchiefs

That the Parisian woman appreciates the value of dresing for special occasions is shown in everything she wears, and her latest expression of this is in her dainty handkerchiefs with the day of the week embroidered in the corners, showing the different days on which they are to be used. This is, indeed, attention to details.

"I think you were telling of a tornado that struck your Kansas farm. Did it do much damage?" "Well, it lifted everything off the place except the mortgage, mister."

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