

# HE HAD VISIONS OF RATS

### Which Were Something Out of the Usual Order.

### For the Reason That They Were Red and Greatly Disturbed His Peace of Mind.

"It was a most peculiar dilemma," said the young man who told the story, "one of those miserable situations in which a fellow can't explain himself for fear of being misunderstood, and..."

"But what was it, exactly, that happened?" interrupted a friend from across the table.

"I was just going to tell you. A couple of weeks ago I rented a suite of three rooms in an old building not far from the Hotel Royal, one of those ramshackle barracks that were once handsome mansions, you know, and precisely adapted to the picturesque, semi-bohemian snuggery I had been longing for several years to establish on that side of town. Well, I moved in, and everything went all right until the afternoon of the second day, when I was smoking a corn-cob pipe in the rear room, which overlooks a very quaint bricked courtyard and happened to notice a red rat on top of the cistern."

"A red rat!" exclaimed his listeners in astonished chorus.

"Did you say red rat or dead rat?" asked the man across the table.

"I said red rat and meant red rat," replied the narrator. "The rat I saw was abnormally large in size and bright vermilion in color. Naturally I was somewhat startled. In fact, I got such a sudden move on me that I reeled over backward, and when I picked myself up the rat was gone. I tried to argue that the thing was an optical illusion, probably some scrap of red paper which the wind had carried to the cistern top and blown off again, but it was no go. I remembered the beast too distinctly. I went to bed trying to solve the enigma," continued the young man, "and got up still thinking about red rats. Of course it was absurd, yet the incident so preyed on my mind and disturbed my train of thought that I found myself unable to do some writing which I had mapped out and was particularly anxious to complete. I kept a close eye on the old court, and after three or four days had elapsed I was beginning to think it was all a dream, when I again saw the red rat—this time with a companion equally large and equally red. The two creatures were sunning themselves at the end of my own back gallery, and I saw them through a window not 20 feet away. There was no earthly chance for a mistake. They were large, live rats, the exact shade of old fashioned red flannel. I glared at them perhaps a minute, and then a door slammed somewhere, and they both suddenly vanished down a drainpipe.

"That visitation determined me to solve the mystery or perish—in the attempt, and I rushed bareheaded down to a little store on the same block.

"Excuse me," I said to the proprietor, "but did you ever see any red rats around here?" I must have looked pretty wild. Anyhow, he burst out laughing.

"Only once," he said. "They wore little tin caps and carried blue parasols."

"Oh, but seriously!" I insisted.

"You'll find it serious," said he, "unless you quit drinking."

"That discouraged me. I went quickly back to my room and tried to view the situation philosophically.

"There are some red rats about the premises," I said to myself. "I don't know where they came from or how they acquired that peculiar color, and what is more I don't care. I will dismiss them from my mind."

"But that was easier said than done. I hate a mystery and was haunted by the horrible fear that I was a victim of a hallucination. Do what I would, those infernal red rats galloped through my brain morning, noon and night. I went into a store to get a cigar and paralyzed the clerk by asking him for an imported red rat not too dry, and a correspondent wired to know what the dickens I meant by writing him that red rats were certain to drop five points before the close of Monday's trading.

"Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and although I had seen nothing more of the rats, I decided to quit the rooms. That was last Thursday, and when I told the landlord I wanted to go he was astonished and pressed me hard for a reason.

"Well, to tell you the truth," I said at last, "I don't like the color of the

rats in that house. They don't match the furniture."

"Oh, the red rats!" he said, laughing. "Are there still some of them left?"

"Yes," I fairly yelled, "and for goodness' sake tell me quick what you know about 'em!"

"Why, there were two German feather dyers on the third floor last spring," he said, "and just for fun they caught a lot of rats and dyed them red. It killed most of the lot, but three or four seemed to get fat on it, and I've seen 'em running around lots of times. Surely they haven't scared you out, have they?"

"Then I lied abjectly and told him no; that it was something else and let him talk me into staying. The red rats don't bother me now. In fact, I find them rather decorative. Come down and take a look at them some time."

New Orleans Times Democrat.

### Late Copper River News.

The following is from the Seattle Times of April 23d, which arrived here via Peteporo canoe this morning:

"Steamer Excelsior of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, arrived in port from Valdes and Copper river yesterday afternoon. She carried 20 passengers. The voyage down proved uneventful, pleasant weather being met all the way.

"Two of the Excelsior's passengers, James E. Gordon and August Otterbach, were sick, but not seriously. Otterbach reports that he has discovered a quartz ledge 60 miles inland from the coast, six feet thick and traceable for 20 miles, giving average assay values of \$14.

"Reports are confirmed of good placer ground on the Shushitna, here it is said a number of pans run from 65 cents to 75 cents. The diggings are 225 miles from Valdes.

"Capt. Abercrombie and his force of surveyors have gone to the interior. They have resumed work on the military road and trail which was commenced last season.

"Word was received by the Excelsior of the drowning of Joseph B. Ward, a Copper river miner, at Valdes early in April. Ward was attempting to board the steamer Golden Gate and was evidently intoxicated at the time. The body was recovered and buried at Valdes.

"The military force which will be stationed by the war department at Valdes, consisting of Company G, Seventh infantry, from the Columbus barracks, Columbus, O., arrived yesterday afternoon over the Northern Pacific. The detachment occupied three special coaches. Captain Jackson is in command. The baggage and equipment weighs 28,000 pounds.

"Company G was in the memorable battle of El Caney, in the Spanish-American war during the Cuban campaign, and suffered considerable loss. The soldiers will leave tonight on the U. S. S. Rosecrans for the north. In addition to the stores and supplies for the soldiers the Rosecrans will carry 700,000 feet of lumber, for the construction of post and barracks buildings at Valdes.

### Matters in Liberia.

It has been learned that the United States cruiser Montgomery's visit to Liberia is apparently the result of overtures made to Washington by that republic. Though the British government is in complete ignorance of the purpose of the Montgomery's mission, the establishment of a coaling station in Liberia by the United States is regarded as scarcely probable, as it is ascertained that no Liberia port has facilities for ships, all of them being open and surf-bound. But it is learned that a far more important step is under consideration. It consists in a joint understanding between the United States, Britain and France to define the latter's territory claims, and that of Liberia. This step is not decided upon, but Great Britain only awaits the United States' consent to become a party to it. It is learned that France has been encroaching on Liberia, and it was only by strenuous protests that she was prevented from appropriating a large slice of Liberia.—Toronto Globe.

### Vancouver's Boy Hero.

A telegram from Vancouver of the date of April 23 says:

"This is the way Col. Hughes, of Toronto, writing from Orange river describes the heroism of a Vancouver boy, Tom Wasson, who has been recommended for the Victoria cross. Col. Hughes says:

"He was with French in his famous raid. His company was sent to round up the Boers before the big fight. They were checked near a Boer trench. The captain of his company was killed. Lieut. Charles Ross, of Toronto, was in command. Ross yelled out, 'Boys, who will rush the trenches with me?' All who heard him in the awful din of battle rallied around him. There were

eight of them. With a wild yell they went at the Boers, climbed the trenches and bayoneted the enemy. So fierce was their charge that when the rest of the company started to follow their commander, the Boers ran, although they were five to one in numbers. Every one of Ross' gallant eight fell the other side of the trenches, but they did what they wanted to do, i. e., terrorize the Boers into flight. Tom Wasson, of Vancouver, bayoneted eight Boers, and then fell, pierced with bullets. Lieut. Wasson bayoneted five Boers, then chased the running Boers with his revolver, blowing off the heads of two of them before he was shot down.

Ross' wounds are slight. Wasson is terribly wounded but may live. One bullet passed through his breast, piercing the right lung; another ripped his head open and he has three other holes in his legs. Lieut. Ross fought on the American side in the Spanish-American war. He is also mentioned for the Victoria cross.

### Against Bryan.

I am told by a close observer of political matters in Michigan that Don M. Dickinson, the idolator of ex-President Cleveland, is working assiduously but covertly to get anti-Bryan delegates to the convention at Kansas City. His opponent in this scheme is, of course, D. J. Campau, the national committeeman for that state, and a very earnest and loyal defender of the Chicago platform and of Mr. Bryan. Dickinson is said to be well supplied with money, as, indeed, he was in 1896. He took a delegation then to the convention, which was thrown out, and after that worked for the gold Democratic or bolting ticket. I have not found among Democratic leaders any inclination to refuse seats in the national convention to men who for reasons of their own deserted the party in 1896, but I think there is a feeling that if these men should seek to come back in numbers so great as to put in doubt the control of the convention by the men who were loyal in that struggle, some way will be found to deprive them of power for evil. I don't believe myself that Mr. Dickinson can get an anti-Bryan delegation in Michigan, for the Democrats of the state are more strongly with Bryan by far this year than they were before. But if he should, and it should appear that he intended to use his delegation to block the purpose of the majority of the delegates, I presume some test of loyalty would be submitted to him and to his crowd before their being seated, which might be embarrassing for men who are traitors at heart to respond to. Dickinson is only a type of the gold Democrats who are coming back, and perhaps not the most menacing example, for in his state, under the masterly leadership of Mr. Campau, the regular organization is in admirable shape and the work of strengthening it and keeping it in constant activity is going on continually. A monthly paper, the Michigan Sentinel, has been established for the purpose of keeping members of the organization in constant touch with each other in the state. As the campaign becomes more definitely outlined it will be made a weekly publication.—W. J. Abbott in Chicago Letter.

### A Pleasure Trip.

Mr. N. B. Forest, for several months past a trusted accountant in the office of the N. A. T. & T. Co.'s store, will leave about the first of the week in a small boat for Nome. As Mr. Forest has been somewhat run down in health for the past few weeks, it is his intention to make the trip down the river by easy stages, hunting and fishing and visiting the various towns along the route. Two other gentlemen will accompany him on the trip which they propose to make a pleasant pastime. Mr. Forest has a host of friends in Dawson who wish him bon voyage.

Fedora hats, latest styles, all shades, \$5. Ward, Hough & Co., 111 First ave.

Same old price, 25 cents, for drinks at the Regina.

### Office Men.

A fine suite of three rooms, bay window, occupied for the last eight months by Drs. Hedger & Epworth, for rent at the Portland, corner of Third street and Second avenue. p17

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Steam launch, with boiler and engine complete. Apply Nugget office.

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The Newest Things in Millinery. Basques, Skirts, Etc.

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## N. A. T. & T. Co.

The supply may not be equal to the demand, but while they last the price will be

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These garments would be Good Value at Double the Price.

What Matter Our Loss? Is Your Profit

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On the arrival of the 'Sybil' from Hooralinga, I will be able to show a complete stock of boys' clothing in...

Wash Suits.....  
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Knickers etc., etc.

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