

The Klondike Nugget

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GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily.
MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP.

Dawson's fire department is clearly in a demoralized condition. At the beginning of winter when a well-organized department is absolutely essential to the protection of the city from fire, the discovery is suddenly made that the firemen and the chief of the department are at complete loggerheads.

The former served notice upon the committee of the council, having the fire department in charge, that they will serve no longer under the present chief. The committee upon investigation has found that no reasons exist for removing the chief, and in consequence, the men with one accord have tendered their resignations.

The status of the affair briefly summed up amounts to this: Either the chief must go, or the men must go, or the difficulty must be covered by making a clean sweep of everyone.

In the opinion of this paper, the last proposition defies the course which should be pursued. The interest of the Nugget in the matter is the interest of the public generally. We are desirous of seeing the city provided with fire protection which will as nearly as possible minimize the risk that every property owner assumes in this city.

So far as the members of the department are concerned, they submitted their ultimatum to the fire committee which left that body scarce, any choice but to take the action noted above.

In consequence the firemen have resigned in a body and have asked to be relieved immediately. The Nugget believes that their wishes should be complied with, and further, is of the opinion that a change in the head of the department should be made at the same time.

The fact that the entire department has resigned rather than serve any longer under the present chief is proof positive that whatever the latter's other qualifications may be, he is not a success in the matter of handling men.

We submit therefore that the time is ripe for a reorganization of the department from the chief down. There is altogether too much at stake to waste time endeavoring to settle differences which events have already proven cannot be satisfactorily adjusted.

The fire department needs new blood and the sooner a complete and radical change in the organization is made the better will the interests of the city be served.

HEROIC MEASURES NECESSARY

It is to be sincerely hoped that there will be no temporizing in the matter of settling the trouble in the local fire department. A well-disciplined fire corps is more essential to Dawson than any other branch of the public service. Loss by fire during the short life of this city has amounted to millions of dollars. A large share of the property thus destroyed would have been saved had the town been provided with an efficient fire department. Recognizing the importance of protecting the town from its chief enemy, there has been no objection to the expenditure of great sums of money for the improvement of the department. The tax payers have borne their part manfully and there has not been the slightest objection raised when ever new appropriations for fire protection were required.

The public, until within a short time, has been under the belief that the fire department was composed mainly of competent and efficient men, and that the organization and discipline of the company were everything they should be. The events of the past few days have proven this to be a mistake.

A breach between the chief of the department and the men under him exists, which it is clear to everyone must entirely destroy all discipline and tend to discourage the esprit de corps so essential to the successful working of all such organizations.

All the facts in the case have not as yet been given to the public, but sufficient is already known to warrant the statement that the present situation cannot continue. The seventeen men who constitute the department have united in a statement, in which they declare their refusal to serve longer under the present chief. The fire committee has decided that it cannot submit to dictation from

the men under its charge, and in consequence the men have resigned.

In view of these circumstances the Nugget advanced the opinion yesterday, and we reiterate the same today, that the entire department from the chief down should be reorganized.

It appears evident to us that it is a case where heroic measures are necessary. Neither the removal of the chief nor the acceptance of the resignations of the men will alone accomplish the results which it is desirable should be attained. And it is quite evident that the breach now existing cannot be healed.

We are not interested, nor is the public, in the quarrel between the chief and his men. What the Nugget desires to see accomplished is the organization of a fire department which will work effectively and harmoniously to give the city the protection which it requires and for which it pays.

The best way to obtain this end is to begin immediately the work of reorganization.

NO NEED TO HURRY.

It is a little early in the game to begin grooming candidates to represent Yukon in the house of parliament. There will be plenty of time to stir up candidates when the right to elect a member is accorded the territory.

In this connection, however, it may be stated that the alarm expressed by the News a short time ago in reference to the census returns being forwarded to Ottawa, has proven unfounded.

When our contemporary was taken with the "congressional" fever a short time ago, it stated on several occasions that the census returns could not be in this year and that representation must be granted outright or it would not come at all within another twelve months. Events have proven that in assuming the above position the News had no knowledge of the facts in the case or else purposely disregarded them.

The census commissioner is now en route to Ottawa bearing the returns with him and it may be counted on in perfect safety that within another month they will be in the hands of the proper authority in Ottawa.

The premier will then have at hand the necessary data required by him in his statement to parliament last year to justify him in taking action.

The News gave itself needless apprehension in the matter and as usual accomplished nothing. The premier has not broken the promise made by him at the last session of parliament and until he does so, there is nothing to be gained by openly questioning his sincerity.

Meanwhile, as noted above, there will be ample time to select candidates after the knowledge is received that our right as a territory to representation has been granted.

"The difficulty between the governor-general and members of the cabinet upon the question of bestowing imperial honors is one that might very readily be adjusted. The cabinet has nothing whatever to do with the matter. All such distinctions are conferred upon the initiative of the governor-general acting through the colonial office. As a matter of courtesy recommendations receive the attention they deserve, but to permit the matter to be the cause of strained relations is to confess ignorance of the modus operandi in such cases."—News, Oct. 30.

Our contemporary should open a school for the instruction of premiers and governor-generals in the duties of their respective offices. Advice to "congressmen" might also be included in the curriculum.

If there has been no hitch in the program, Assassin Czolgosz has here this paid the penalty of his crime. He was to die on the 28th inst. at 10 o'clock in the morning. The system of determining the date upon which criminals condemned to death in New York actually meet their death is peculiar. They are ordered to be electrocuted during the week beginning at a certain date, and the exact day and hour is not known to the criminal until the actual time arrives. It is altogether probable that Czolgosz does not know when he was to die, until within an hour or two of the time.

Mr. Sam Dunham, the well-known journalist who for several years represented the United States census bureau in Alaska, has given some strong evidence against Judge Noyes, whose official acts at Nome have been the occasion of such widespread comment. Dunham is probably as well posted as any one concerning the circumstances connected with Judge Noyes' administration of affairs at Nome and as he is known to be a

man who possesses the courage of his convictions, his evidence will, without doubt, carry much weight.

The council has determined the new system of street nomenclature, and in the future the Nugget will use the new names exclusively in mentioning the thoroughfares of the town. As was said when Uncle Sam began to make specie payment after the close of the civil war, "the way to resume is to resume," and the way to become accustomed to the new designations is to use them.

A meeting has been called to arrange the preliminaries for St. Andrew's ball. This function has always been the great social event of the year in Dawson and it is anticipated that even the splendid affair of twelve months ago will be eclipsed on the coming occasion. As per notice elsewhere in this paper, the clans are asked to assemble and the work of preparation will be undertaken immediately.

Some very practical suggestions have been made of late in reference to the fact that England and the United States constitute asylums in which anarchist refugees from other countries almost invariably take refuge. It is probably a fact that the gravest crimes attributed to anarchists have been hatched either in Great Britain or the United States.

A movement to deny admission of anarchists to either country would be popular and just.

The Arctic Brotherhood hall will be a most imposing structure and one which will answer admirably the purposes for which it is intended. The brotherhood occupies a strong position in Dawson which the objects of the organization well entitle it to hold.

When the rate of assessment is fixed everyone will, we believe, breathe a little more freely. The assessments are undeniably high, and in consequence the rate should be very low.

Voicists Discouraged.

Recorder Hughes is entitled to a niche in the hall of fame. A few mornings ago he finished young men \$3.50 or 20 days each for singing "When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear." Perhaps there is no statutory law prohibiting the singing of the "When Reuben Comes to Town," "Annie Moore," "Goo-Goo Eyes" and other sentimental songs, but there should be.

Three or four young men will go out to have a good time. They will mop up a few highballs and then begin to imagine that the organic state has lost a few stars out of its constellation because they did not adopt the profession. One of them will begin to hum an alleged popular air and presently the bunch will be standing with their heads close together, and their voices will blend, and they will make night hideous with a repertoire of songs that never had any excuse for being written and should be allowed to rest in peace in a well-earned grave.

There has never yet lived a man who after he had absorbed a few drinks, didn't think he could sing. He might not be able to distinguish between a musical score and Chinese laundry ticket, and try to dance; but if he lingers at the bar long enough he will reach the musical stage of intoxication, and burst forth into song.

Recorder Hughes has established a precedent that should be followed by all men who have magisterial powers. If course the ordinary citizen is restricted to anathemas or an ax, but if there could be a scale established by the police court justices, whereby these self-supposed musical wonders could be given long terms in the workhouse, it would be welcomed and endorsed by a long suffering and leapy public.

Two-fifty or twenty days is too cheap for "Jessie Dear." When it came out it was a misdemeanor, it should be a crime. It savors strongly of body-snatching, and the man who resurrects "Jessie Dear" is dead hours of the night should be hanged as a ghoul.

These young men made an improper music hall out of a vacant lot at the corner of Tulane avenue and Johnson street, and were rendering the entire barber shop repertoire. They were too far away from the buildings for people to throw things at them with any hope of fatal results, so they escaped until Capt. Boyle happened to go to that part of town. When he was two blocks away he heard the "musical," and rang for the wagon. Even the horses started, but they were forced close enough for the officers to swoop down on the trio, and do a little harvesting of their own.

The waiters had gotten through "Merle," "Doggie," "Sweet Frankie," and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" with the usual long dwell on the minors when the officers arrested them and changed the tune to "Drill, Ye Terriers, Drill."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

RACING ON THE MISSISSIPPI

In the "Way Back Days" Was Full of Excitement

How the Monongahela Beat the Lucas From St. Joe to St. Louis—Bible Used for Fuel.

"I reckon it was a great race," said the visitor who came up from the first day's meeting of the yachts. "It was the first yacht race I ever saw. Bless if I can see, though, how you people can get so excited over such sport."

"This coming back is more to my fancy than the yachts. It reminds me of the good old racing on the river, wayback. I know you say the boats bound up for the city aren't racing, but it seems to me they are. If you ever saw a steamboat race on the Mississippi or the Ohio on the Big Muddy, as we call the Missouri, you have lost more fun and excitement than you will ever be able to stock up during the remainder of your natural born days."

"There was the James H. Lucas race with the Monongahela, for example, on the Big Muddy. The Lucas had won the horns—answering to your America's Cup—for making the quickest trip from St. Louis to St. Joe. The Monongahela was a clipper, but she never competed for the horns. I was a passenger on the Monongahela on the occasion of her triumph over the Lucas."

"We had been loafing along and had put into Quindaro, Kan., for a passenger. I was on the hurricane deck with old Cap. Cox. He was more like a Presbyterian preacher in appearance than a boatman. He looked up stream and saw a cloud of black smoke in the bend of the river. Then he looked up at his pilot and asked what boat it was that was smooching around the cotton-woods. The pilot said it was the Lucas. Quicker than I can tell you Cap. Cox yelled out to the deckhand on shore to cast off the headline, and then to the mate to haul in that stage plank, what you call a gang way, gentlemen."

"It was always the custom for a steamboat to whistle just before she pulled out from her landing. Old Cap. Cox turned to his pilot and told him to lose no time whistling. The bells jingled to back the Monongahela hard. Well, gentlemen, she turned amid stream so quick that she changed the course of the wind. She was bound down before you could count ten, and her paddles were turning up the sand on the bottom of the Big Muddy as if a thousand devils had been after us."

"The night came on and the big smokestacks of the Monongahela spouted more sparks than there were stars in the Milky Way. Now it was generally understood there was to be no racing down stream at night. But everything was fair in a steamboat race in the 'way-back time."

"It was usually the custom to tie up at night. There was always some body aboard to read a chapter from the Bible and pray. On this occasion we had a Baptist minister. Old Cap. Cox sent for him to come up on the hurricane deck and told him he didn't want and religious services in the cabin that night, as it would interfere with the pleasure of the passengers. The preacher agreed that he couldn't offer a proper invocation while there was a race on, and so there was no service. Old Cap. Cox told me afterward that he had sent word to his steward to hide the Bible, as a precaution."

"It's a hard story to ask you gentlemen to believe, but it's a fact that the bar on the Monongahela shut up that night. Every body was on the hurricane deck. But this won't seem quite so hard a story when I remind you that in those days most travelers carried their own bottle for fear the bar stock might run short."

"Next morning we had to run in to wood up. Everybody who could turned out to help. Even the passengers helped. The Lucas hove in sight while we were there. She was marking the heavens with black clouds of smoke. The Monongahela didn't tied up, but the current was so swift that a lot of us held the rope on the shore to keep the steamer steady. We barely made the boat when we let her go, and again she was off like a shot from a rifle."

"We had some passengers to discharge at Lexington. Old Cap. Cox tried to persuade them to stay aboard, offering to take them to the next port, wherever that would be. But they refused, and the Monongahela lost about two minutes at Lexington. Some of the baggage had to be thrown overboard. The last I saw of it was bobbing up in the water like a bobber on a fishline."

"At another landing there was a party of several to come aboard. The Lucas was still in sight, a man and his family were divided. The mother and her children got aboard all right, but the husband and the baby and a nurse were left on the landing. And so it was all the way down. Some of us took our meals on the hurricane deck. Old Cap. Cox never shut his eyes all the way down to St. Louis. He had hardly time to eat, but occasionally he took a swig out of some passenger's black Betty."

"Did we beat the Lucas to St.

AN INNOVATION IN MINING

Introduced in the Klondike by McCae Brothers.

By Means of Gasoline for Fuel Great Saving Is Affected in Operation of Machinery.

A new innovation in the machinery line in the Klondike is being experimented with by the McCae Bros., and if the machine, or engine, more properly speaking, does the work it is claimed it will, it may revolutionize things along the creek in that line. The engine referred to is of the gasoline pattern, is mounted on wheels and was brought inside primarily for the purpose of operating a wood saw. It is of a type quite common on the outside, particularly in California, where pumping plants are in use for purposes of irrigation. The power to drive the engine is produced by the explosion of gasoline in the cylinders, they being kept cool by a continuous circulation of water about them. Their cheapness of operation as well as their efficiency in performing the work required of them is where their great value lies. An experienced engineer is not required; in fact, they practically run themselves after once started, and in many places along the Pacific coast they are preferred to steam engines where coal can be procured for \$4 a ton. Gasoline outside is bought for 11 cents a gallon, and benzine, an even better fuel, can be purchased in California for seven cents a gallon. The amount required to run an engine is one-eighth of a gallon per horsepower per hour. With one being operated by McCae Bros., the consumption for a day of 10 hours would be but 12½ gallons, which at a cost of seven cents a gallon would amount to less than a dollar a day for fuel. Here in the Klondike where wood is becoming scarce and dearer each year the gasoline engines, if extensively introduced, will be found to be far cheaper in operation and in cases, such as running a pump, where steam is not required for other purposes, the work would be done just as effectively. Engines of this type are built in any size up to 300 horsepower. George Wattenbaugh, superintendent of the McDonough Iron Works, has installed many of them and is enthusiastic over their use in countries where fuel is scarce. One of the plants which Mr. Wattenbaugh put in operation was of 150 horsepower, which by means of a 30-inch centrifugal pump raised 28,000 gallons of water a minute 20 feet. With an engine whose fuel bill amounts to less than \$5 a day every bunch claim in the Klondike upon which pay has been located could afford the possession of a pumping plant.

The close of navigation never found Dawson looking healthier and more prosperous than it does at the present time. The amount of work now contemplated or in actual progress on the various creeks is far beyond all expectations. One thing has been established beyond all doubt, viz: the Klondike is not exclusively a summer camp.

If cold weather does not set in very shortly, we shall begin to believe that the earth has tipped again on its axis and that the Klondike has been shifted somewhere into the tropics. It would not be surprising to hear that alligators have been discovered in neighboring nigger head swamps.

Our old friend, the Sun, comes to the rescue of the thrifty councilman who took advantage of the slump in real estate which occurred while the equalizing process was going on. There was nothing particularly heinous about the offense, but it was decidedly undignified.

The advantages of a reduced telegraph rate, when the telegraph line is not working, are not exactly apparent. About the same benefit is being derived therefrom that would come during the next six months from a reduced freight tariff.

The possibility of a change in the governor generalship of Canada may have something to do with Major Woodside's departure for the outside, tiny that had caused the shipwreck

CRIPPLE'S STORY OF LOVE

Watched the Reflection of a Little Maid in Water

And Grew to Love Her as She Grew in Years—Her Happiness Not for Him.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow who for many years past has been confined to a bed or a sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room giving on to one of the side canals of Venice and having no one about me but a deaf old woman, who makes my bed and attends to my food, and there I eke out a poor income of about \$30 a year by making water color drawings of flowers and fruit (they are the cheapest models in Venice), and these I send to a friend in London, who sells them to a dealer for small sums. But, on the whole, I am happy and content.

It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather minutely. Its only window is about five feet above the water of the canal and above it the house projects some six feet and overhangs the water, the projecting portion being supported by stout piles driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the advantage—among others—of so limiting my upward view that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although by reaching as far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see for a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed 15 feet in width. But although I can see but little of the material house opposite, I can see its reflection upside down in the canal, and I take a good deal of inverted interest in such of its inhabitants as show themselves from time to time—always upside down—on its balconies and at its windows.

When I first occupied my room, about six years ago, my attention was directed to the reflection of a little girl of 13 or so—so nearly as I could judge—who passed every day or a balcony just above the upward range of my limited range of view. She had a glass of flowers and a crucifix on a little table by her side and as she sat there in fine weather, from early morning until dark, working assiduously all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by needlework. She was certainly an industrious little girl, and, as far as I could judge from her upside down reflection, neat in her dress and pretty. She had an old mother, an invalid, who, on warm days, would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid wrap the old lady in shawls, and bring pillows for her chair, and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work and kiss and fondle the old lady for half a minute and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection went down, and at last she was quite a little woman of 1, suppose, 16 or 17. I can hardly work for a couple of hours or so in the brightest part of the day, so I had plenty of time on my hands in which to watch her movements and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her, and to endow her with a beauty which I could see—that she began to take an interest in my reflection, which of course she could see as I could see hers, and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking right at it—that is to say, when her reflection appeared to be looking right at me—I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded in reply, and so our two reflections became known to one another. It did not take me very long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could make up my mind to do more than nod to her every morning when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window and again in the evening when the little maid left the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at mine, I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal. She nodded several times in return, and I saw her direct her mother's attention to the incident. Then every morning I threw a flower into the water for "good morning," and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered that I had, not altogether thrown them in vain, for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands when she saw the two flowers join force and float away together. And then every morning and every evening she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met, she clapped her hands, and so did I, but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not catch the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty affection of despair, which I tried to imitate, but in an English and unsuccessful fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola, which happened not infrequently, she pretended to cry, and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky to tell me that it was destiny that had caused the shipwreck

of the flowers, and I, in pantomime, not nearly so prettily, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time and that perhaps tomorrow our flowers would be more fortunate—and so the innocent courtship went on. One day she showed me her crucifix and kissed it, and thereupon I took a little silver crucifix that always stood by me and kissed that, and so she knew that we were one in religion.

One day the little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and, although I threw my flowers as usual, no flower came to keep it company. However, after a time, she reappeared, dressed in black and crying often, and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead, and, as far as I knew, she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for many days, nor did she show any sign of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she roused herself to nod to me, and then her flower came, day, day, and my flower went forth to join it, and with varying tortures the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good-looking young gondolier, standing right end uppermost in his gondola—for I could see him in the flesh—worked his craft alongside the house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out, he held her by the hand during the whole of their interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pushed off and left my heart heavy within me. But I soon took heart of grace, for as soon as he was out of sight the little maid threw two flowers growing on the same stem, an allegory of which I could make nothing until it broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that she and she were brother and sister. And that I had no cause to be sad. And thereupon I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time, for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I should see each other no longer, and, worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even hinting to her that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and 50 plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who helped me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died, and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after during my three weeks of bedkneaping, a flower was found every morning on the ledge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one in a boat, and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on my sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and clapped her hands upside down with delight that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could be. And so, the first time the gondolier passed my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me, with many smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their many kind thoughts about me during my retreat, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela and that she was the best and purest maiden in all Venice and that any one might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and indeed they were to be married the next day.

Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for awhile. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation, and he left me, singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church.

"For," said he, "my Angela has known you very long, ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who was a good Catholic and who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she had said ever and ever again how dearly she wished she could speak to him and comfort him, and one day when you threw a flower into the canal she asked me whether she might throw another, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy for one so sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity and not love, except indeed such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it. That I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky to tell me that it was destiny that had caused the shipwreck

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From that day, and ever after during my three weeks of bedkneaping, a flower was found every morning on the ledge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one in a boat, and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on my sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and clapped her hands upside down with delight that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could be. And so, the first time the gondolier passed my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me, with many smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their many kind thoughts about me during my retreat, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela and that she was the best and purest maiden in all Venice and that any one might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and indeed they were to be married the next day.

Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for awhile. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation, and he left me, singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church.

"For," said he, "my Angela has known you very long, ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who was a good Catholic and who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she had said ever and ever again how dearly she wished she could speak to him and comfort him, and one day when you threw a flower into the canal she asked me whether she might throw another, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy for one so sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity and not love, except indeed such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it. That I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky to tell me that it was destiny that had caused the shipwreck

DOUBTFUL REPORT

Of Repeated Unsuccessful Attempts on Island.

The police are somewhat puzzled over the report of another band of robbers who have been perpetrating a series of robberies along the walk leading to Klondike City. Tuesday night John Oulette alleges that he was assaulted by three men, evidently for purposes of robbery. In connection with his story the man shows a small cut in his coat where he was one of the highwaymen assaulted with a knife. Previously two hold-ups in the same locality were reported but investigation by the police showed the reports to be of a dream origin, therefore they declined to take the last report seriously.

It would look strange if a highwayman is operating at this particular point, they should find of purpose in three attempts at robbery. If the highwaymen are certainly novices at their business. A constant police patrol kept in that part of the city at night and if that part of the city at night the line of highway operations will be but a question of time and its members are apprehended, then they will get what they deserve.

The native father looks upon laughter merely as so much nonsense. He will cheerfully go with her if he can get what he considers her value in life. The girl sold to her future husband in exchange for fifty head of cattle, money for her beauty as that quality is estimated among the natives. And accordingly the girl is very beautiful indeed, and brings the highest price in the matrimonial market.

The father of a family who returns, and all went on as before. Then came a dark and dreary time, for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I should see each other no longer, and, worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even hinting to her that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and 50 plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who helped me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died, and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after during my three weeks of bedkneaping, a flower was found every morning on the ledge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one in a boat, and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on my sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and clapped her hands upside down with delight that was as eloquent as any