

IT WAS A CHILLY EASTER

But That Did Not Keep New Bunnets at Home.

Knighthood in the Order of St. Gregory Conferred Upon Alex. McDonald Last Night.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. While the air was more chilly yesterday than is desired for an Easter Sunday yet there was a generous display of new bunnets and dresses which mark the return from the thoughtful and self-denying period which has lasted during the 40 days of lent, to the more cheerful and gay side of life.

All of the various churches had services specially prepared for the day and at each church large audiences attended both night and morning.

At St. Mary's Catholic church the services were very impressive. A special large choir of voices had been trained for the occasion and the music was all well rendered. In the morning "Rosewig's Mass" in F, Lambillotte's "Haec Dies," a chorus and duet by Mrs. Mullen and Miss Carr and Gregorian's "Victimae Paschali" were the special features.

In the evening the following special music was rendered: Aizolo's "Dixi Dominus," Lambillotte's "Magnificat," Mrs. Atkinson and chorus; "O Solutarius," Meadames Mullen and Atkinson; "Ava Marie," (Luzzi), Miss Carr; "Fantum Ergo," Messrs. Clayton, Mahoney, Genest and T. Sheridan.

During the evening Father Gendreau, acting under instructions from his holiness the pope, gave Alex McDonald a knighthood in the Order of St. Gregory. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald passed up the aisle where they knelt before the altar while Father Gendreau read the letter from Cardinal Macchi. They then rose to their feet when he pinned to Alex's left breast the emblem which created him a knight of the order of St. Gregory. The ceremony was short but very impressive and Alex is justly proud of the honor conferred upon him.

At the Methodist church the anthem, "Christ Is Risen" was well rendered by the choir; a solo by Mrs. Libbey, "The Resurrection Song," and a solo "The Holy City," by Mrs. Devig were the special features.

At the morning service at the Presbyterian church Mrs. Ritchie sang as an offertory "Hosanna," and in the evening the anthem "Christ Our Passover," by the choir with Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Wye taking the solo parts and Mr. McPherson in the solo "The Palms," made an exceptionally good musical program.

BUSY MEETING OF COUNCIL

Was Held Saturday Afternoon—Ogilvie Bridge.

The Yukon council held a special session Saturday afternoon with all the members present with the exception of Justice Dugas who was too ill to attend.

Commissioner Ogilvie prepared an address to the new incoming governor which was adopted by the council to be presented to him upon his arrival.

The ordinance regarding the incorporation of the Yukon General Trust Co. passed its second reading. The council then went into a committee of the whole to consider the ordinance which was put on its third reading and passed.

The ordinance granting to laborers compensation in certain cases was postponed till a future meeting.

The ordinance respecting the miners' lien was put on its second reading and referred.

The council then went into a committee of the whole to hear a statement from Mr. Sutton with regard to his claim of damages which he sustained while building the road from 60 below Bonanza to the Forks by wagons being driven over it before construction work was completed. His claim amounted to \$300 which he said was for extra work in keeping the road in repairs during its construction. After he had made his statement the council examined Messrs. Smith and Thebedeau as expert witnesses and each testified that the claim was a proper one. The council then went into a committee of the whole and after due deliberation allowed the claim.

Mr. Smith, who is foreman of the government road construction requested a raise in his salary which now is \$1 per day, out of which he has to pay

his own expenses. His work takes him over all the creeks and he said that sometimes his expenses amounted to \$8 per day and that it was impossible for him to work at that figure. The council after considering the matter decided to increase his salary to \$400 per month, increase to start from the 1st of January.

Upon the council resuming its regular order of business Major Wood proposed to the council that in appreciation of the efforts of Commissioner Ogilvie and the interest he had taken in the development of the territory and especially in the construction of the new bridge that the bridge be named after its chief promoter, "Ogilvie bridge."

In reply Commissioner Ogilvie said: "Gentlemen, I wish to express to you my appreciation of what you have done and I take it as a recognition of what I have tried to do and finally succeeded. I need not go into details because you all know the trouble and delay in connection with the bridge was something very disheartening. However I am inclined to leave this office I have filled for the last two years and leave that behind me, thinking that if I leave no other testimonial than that I have done a good deal for the district. I thank you for the honor you have done me and I hope that the bridge will stand there as a testimonial of my interest in the territory as long as I live."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Klondikers Are Nothing if Not Romantic.

That romance is still to be found, even in the 20th century, is shown by the history of Mlle. Gabrielle le Houeron, who, as Mme. Moury, arrived on Thursday on the steamship Senator with her husband, Mme. Moury, as she must now be called, is a Parisian girl of good family, who was making a tour of the world with some friends of her family. At Manila she took the ill fated Rio de Janeiro for San Francisco, only to be landed half dead from exposure at the Golden Gate without friends, clothes or money. The gentleman who is now her husband happened to meet her boat at the wharf and fell in love at first sight with the beautiful shipwrecked girl. They were married soon afterward and are now on their way to Dawson City.

Mme. Moury, who is an exceptionally beautiful girl with all the vivacious charm of a Parisienne, daintily clad in sealskins, looked the picture of health and life Saturday, when she gave a Seattle Post-Intelligencer reporter a graphic account of the way she was snatched from death at the Golden Gate. "I was asleep in my cabin," she said, "when the shock came, and the noise of the falling glassware awakened me. The ship lurched over, throwing me out of bed, and as I was picking myself up my friends in the cabin opposite rushed on deck shouting for me to follow just as I was. I followed as quickly as I could, with nothing on but my night dress. When I got on deck nothing could be distinguished. There was a babble of shouts, men were rushing to and fro. A thick fog covered everything. There was no organized attempt to save the passengers. The officers and crew for the most part were trying to save only themselves. The result was that only three out of the 16 lady passengers were rescued. Overcome by the noise, the confusion and by the cold, I was cowering down alone on the deck. No one had offered to guide me to a boat or told me what to do. I was, I believe, the last one on deck when Captain Ward came up. He caught me up in his arms and put me into a boat, and that was the last I saw of him. He was drowned the next minute.

"I had hardly taken my seat in the boat when the ship rolled over on her side and then went down, carrying with her the boats on the other side of her. That we were not carried down was almost a miracle. When the ship went down the boiler exploded. The noise was something terrible. One unfortunate Japanese stoker fell from the sky, it seemed to me, into our boat. He was terribly mangled.

"We rowed around for about an hour and picked up the chief engineer, a German captain and a gentleman named Carpenter, and also a number of Chinese. All this time I was clad only in a night dress. When the long row was over I was almost unconscious. As soon as we got to shore we were well taken care of, and beyond some sleepless nights and some terrible nightmares I was none the worse for my experience.

"Fortunately I had on a pair of valuable diamond earrings, so I was able to provide myself with clothes, for I

had lost everything. The gentleman who is now my husband was most kind to me, and we were soon married and now I am quite happy."

Mr. Edward Moury went to the Klondike from France, reaching there in 1897. He owns claims on Hunker, Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, and although not a millionaire says he has done very well. He and his wife, so strangely met, hope to make a trip back to France in the fall.—Alaskan

Skagway Klondike.

For several days loud blasts have been heard repeatedly and people have been at a loss to know whether the Oregon had arrived and fired a salute or whether someone had been holding a single-handed celebration.

The noise emanates from neither source, but is caused by the mining operations of R. H. Brown, an old sour dough who thinks, or rather knows, that he has struck it rich on the hillside.

Some time ago Mr. Walters of the Yukon-Iron Works in Dawson, since deceased, passed through Skagway, and his old friend Brown convinced him that he had a mine, and that there were millions in it. He said that he did not have the means, but that he had the energy and the location.

Walters supplied what was needed—the price—and gave Brown \$1000 with which to open up. Walters traveled outside, promising to send in all necessary machinery, but he died shortly afterward, and now Brown has not the plant which he expected to have on the ground long before this.

He is going ahead just the same, though, and several times a day he inserts his blast and its discharge is music to his ear, and the heavenward-turned dirt is scenery to his eye.

While talking with Phil Abrahams the other day Brown unboomed himself, and told the latter that he had a valuable piece of property. "I am going to do all the work I can now," he said, "and as soon as the thaw comes I will go ahead and show the people of Skagway that they have a veritable Klondike right in their midst."

The town is full of Missourians, and they are waiting to be shown.—Alaskan.

WAR NEWS.

I'm very hard to please, perhaps, but for the papers seldom suit my views; For when I look for news of scraps, They give me only scraps of news.

I'm tired of all their language, for 'tis like the chattering of birds; And when I look for words of war, I only find a war of words.

The trekking Boers they all abuse, I calmly put their rubbish by; For in their telegraphic news, I know they tell a graphic lie.

In China, too, they've raised a din, And put the pig-tailed troops to rout! And there they've captured great Peking, Where once they did not dare peek out.

And, having routed all the gang, From Hang Wah Sing to Ping Wun Lung, Some asked the aid of Li Hung Chang, While others want old Li Hung Lung.

I wish they'd stop their fighting, and let discord and confusion cease; Within that classic piece of land, And let it be a land of peace.

Down in the Cape I know they'll win; On that I'd like to make a bet. They'll soon make old Dewet come in, Then all come in out of de wet.—Provinc.

An Irishman's Views.

The Hon. John Daly, the mayor of Limerick, Ireland, who is now in Boston, has no sympathy for the Irish members of parliament who made the scene in the house the other night. "I do not quite understand," he says, "what these men are trying to accomplish. But from what I know of some of the men involved I would say that their main object is to gain popularity among the Irish people at the cost of opposing the chairman. Such things tickle the fancy of some of the people they represent, but beyond that amount to nothing. They have probably been expelled from the house, which means for 24 hours only, and if there was any fear of further punishment they would be careful to do nothing to merit it. The speaker could, with the consent of parliament, confine them, but there is no danger of that in these cases. Another thing that convinces me that this trouble is caused only by those who seek to curry favor with the people is the fact that none of the great leaders of the Irish Nationalists in parliament have taken any part in it. If it were of importance all the Irish representatives would be into it in a body. You may rest assured that the whole thing amounts to nothing and is only done for effect."

Merely Inquired. "Did you trump my ace, dear?" asked Mr. Meekton, who was his wife's partner at whist. "I did," she rejoined sternly. "What of it?" "I merely inquired to relieve my mind," he answered, with a gentle smile. "It is a great comfort to know you trumped it. If any one else had trumped it, you know, we should have lost the trick."—Washington Star.

NEW PREACHER AND WIDOW

Each Sat by an Open Window and Fanned

While the Old Maid Watched Them, Said They Were Flirting and Raised Cain About It.

The Rev. George Peters of the First Presbyterian church of Homerville was a young man of about 25. It was his first call, but it was agreed that his sermons were the best ever delivered before that congregation. He was also popular in a social way, and, taken all around, he had a standing that few young ministers could boast of. When he had been in Homerville six months, he had made just two enemies. These were an old maid named Angelina Harris and her father. Neither was an open enemy, but Angelina was piqued and provoked and somewhat embittered because the minister had kept clear of the matrimonial net she would have thrown about him. She would have been willing to make a match of it with almost anyone, but it was the ambition of her soul to marry a clergyman. She struck the young reverend at an early date, and she followed it with ardor and persistency until he was obliged to give her the cold snub. As she was one of his flock, and as her father was a would-be pillar of the church, the snub wasn't ice cold or full of carpet tacks, but he made his meaning plain nevertheless.

From that hour Angelina Harris had it in mind to do that good man up. She didn't give her hand away by throwing out little slurs and innuendoes, because she would have found herself to listen to her, but she set herself to watch and bide her time. He who watches and bides finds an opening sooner or later. As Angelina was keeping tab on current events a widow named Moreland moved to Homerville from Chicago. She was young, rich, vivacious and took her place at the head of society at once.

She occupied a house exactly opposite the one in which the minister lodged, and it was also next door on the left to that occupied by Mr. Harris. She hadn't got settled yet when Angelina made up her mind that her cue was to watch for something between the new arrival and the minister. She sized her widow up for a flirt, and, though she had never seen the Rev. Peters indulge in anything of the kind, there was no telling what he might do if coaxed on by a designing woman.

A couple of weeks had passed when one hot afternoon the Chicago widow sat down at an open window to read and fan herself. She hadn't been there ten minutes when the Rev. Peters sat down at one of his second story windows to do the same thing. The widow didn't see him, and he didn't see the widow, but Angelina saw them both. She saw the widow's fan waved in a way that said, "Glad to see you," and the reply was waved back, "Many thanks."

Then the widow's fan began an outrageous flirtation, and the minister's fan kept company with it, and even when she waved that she thought she could love him for himself alone he wasn't driven off the field. The snubbed girl had watched and bided, and in a day or two a social thunder-clap shook the town.

The father of Angelina, would-be pillar, etc., had not found the Rev. Peters as clay in his hands, as he had hoped for, and his effort to run things connected with the church to suit his own ideas had not proved successful. He had put up with the defeat as meekly as possible, but, like Angelina, he was on the watch and the bide. That his only child and favorite daughter should have failed to make a sentimental impression was another thorn in his side, and a smile of satisfaction lighted his face as she called him to witness the last five minutes of the flirtation. With his own eyes he saw those fans working as if driven by steam power. He wasn't a man to stand anything of that sort even if he hadn't had a grievance. He drew the line at a minister riding the bike or playing croquet and thought he was over-liberal at that. Within a day he and Angelina had taken care that about 50 different members of the church had been posted on the flirtation. It is needless to say that people were dumfounded and that the Rev. Peters wobbled about and almost fell down in a faint when he heard the gossip. As for the Widow Moreland, she was more than astonished, but of course she had to giggle over it.

When the elders of the church doubted the sanity of Angelina's father in spreading such a yarn, he vigorously replied:

"I'll show you whether I'm crazy or not! Call a meeting of the vestry, and I will be there to make my statement and prove it! When I see a flirtation with my own eyes, I guess I know it from a load of coal!"

A meeting of the elders was called. It had to be. The minister wanted it as well as Mr. Harris. When all was ready to take up the charges, it was Elder Spooner who asked in his slick, snave way:

"Now, Brother Harris, how long since you flirted with a woman?"

"Never in my life!" was the indignant answer.

"Then will you please tell us how you knew this was a flirtation?"

"Why—why, they were waving their fans at each other."

"But we have seen plenty of fans used in church. You don't mean to say that flirtations were being carried on during service, do you?"

"Of course not, but this was different. She'd fan, and then he'd fan."

"And what did you understand the motions of the fans to mean? Give us the flirtation code."

"Do you mean to insult me?" roared Brother Harris as his face got very red. "I don't know the code, as you call it, but I do know that they were talking by signals—that is, Angelina."

"Oh, it was your daughter Angelina who interpreted the signals to you. We must have her here as a witness. I don't think any one of us ever suspected Angelina of flirtations, but it seems she must have had quite a number to be familiar with the code."

"Angelina shall not come here!" exclaimed the irate brother as he realized that he had put his foot in it. "And how dare you charge my daughter with flirting?"

"But if she hasn't flirted how does she know the code? You have made a grave charge here, brother, and we look to see you support it. You say you saw part of the flirtation. What did the widow convey to the pastor by her signals? Take this fan and show us how she used it."

"I—I can't do it if Angelina was"—

"Oh, if Angelina was here she could," said Elder Spooner as the other caught himself. "Well, let us send for her, as I suggested before."

"I'll never do it!"

"But the charge, brother—the charge. Here is a charge of flirtation against our pastor. You made it, but you haven't submitted one iota of proof thus far. What are you going to do about it?"

"Mebbe it wasn't exactly a flirtation," sullenly admitted the brother after awhile.

The Rev. Peters said he was using the fan to drive away the flies and bring a breath of cool air as he read over the sermon he was to preach on the following Sunday. He had neither noticed the widow nor Angelina nor her father. The Widow Moreland had insisted on being present. Yes, she knew all about flirtations, but really she hadn't the nerve to sit at an open window under the eyes of her neighbors and attempt a flirtation with a clergyman and the pastor of the church she was soon to be a member of. If she used her fan languidly, it was to drive away the droning house flies; if briskly, it was to warn a daring needle or a beetle to keep a safe distance.

"Were I to flirt," added the widow as she shook out her fan and smiled coyly, "I should do like this."

And she went through such a series of motions and gestures as no elder of that church had ever seen before, and some of them almost found themselves trying to reply to the signals.

"Well, Brother Harris, what shall we do?" asked Deacon Spooner as the widow retired.

"I—I guess Angelina was mistaken," was the hesitating reply.

"And you?"

"I guess I was too. Yes, I'm willing to say I was and take it all back. I hereby ask everybody to forgive me, and I'll go home and box Angelina's ears for a fool!" M. QUAD.

No Thaw Yet.

Notwithstanding the fact that the spring season is here there is a noticeable backwardness on the part of spring weather to appear, and during the two weeks previous to yesterday there was less thaw than in two days shortly after the middle of March. Last week on several mornings the official thermometer stood at from 6 to 10 degrees below zero and even yet the weather is chiefly and laden with a flavor of winter which is evidence that Bory has not yet released his grip on this portion of the country.

A. J. Kroenert and wife of Gold Hill returned last evening from a trip to the outside.