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L. MOHAN, Sun,

Reliable Clothier, 1st Ave.

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at Nugget office.

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17 From S.-Y. T. Dock

Third Avenue, Opposite home 102-C.

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6 PAGES

# THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

6 PAGES

Vol. 3—No. 116

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

## TO PREVENT CIVIL WAR

### Attempt is Being Made in Hayti

### Revolutionists May Listen to Arguments, Being Very Short of Funds.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, May 15.—An attempt is being made to prevent civil war in Hayti. A delegation headed by Solon Menos, former minister of foreign affairs, left Port au Prince for Cape Hayti to interview leaders of the revolution in the north. It is generally believed the trip will be successful, as the revolutionists lack funds. Gen. Sam, the fleeing ex-president, denies the statement that he made \$2,500,000 in the past six years. Admiral Killick left Port au Prince with warships for Cape Hayti and declared himself in favor of Gen. Firman as president. The provisional government is much incensed.

### Five Burned

Special to the Daily Nugget. Point Pleasant, W. Va., May 15.—The American hotel was burned this morning and five lives were lost. Several adjoining buildings were consumed.

### Was No Contract

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, May 15.—Gerald Balfour stated in the British commons his reason to believe no contract existed giving the American shipping com-

## The Ladue

## Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

We have made a large number of tests and are ready to make others.

We have the best plant money will buy and guarantee all our work in this mill and also in the

### Assay Office

...EMPIRE HOTEL... JAS. F. MACDONALD, MAX. LANDREVILLE. Everything New, Elegantly Furnished, Well Heated, Bar Attached. SECOND STREET. Near Second Ave.

### Shoff's Kidney Cure

9 out of 10 people here need it. It's sure.

### PIONEER DRUG STORE

24th MAY

4th JULY

CANADIAN, BRITISH AND AMERICAN

## FLAGS!!

3 Feet - 6 Feet - 9 Feet 12 Feet.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

bine a right to take over shares in or the feet of the Cunard line.

### Military Center

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, May 15.—Reports say that Governor's Island will be made the greatest military and naval center in the east. The project is stupendous, involving the building up of the island from sixty-five acres to one hundred and fifty-five acres, practically from the sea's bottom. One and a half million dollars is the sum to be expended in creating this great military point.

### Railway Complete

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, May 15.—The trans-Siberian Railway is completed all but opening of the tunnel one and one-half miles in length, which will be ready for general traffic by the latter part of the year, according to George Janson, who for a number of years has been constructing engineer. Janson arrived in Seattle yesterday on his way to St. Petersburg.

### Calmed Down

Special to the Daily Nugget. Pittsburgh, May 15.—The anthracite coal miners' delegates resumed the session this morning. The strike sentiment is still strong but not as great as yesterday.

### Lost Her Propeller

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, May 15.—The British steamer Boveric from Melbourne for Port Natal with remounts and soldiers arrived at Fremantle in tow. She lost her propeller May 8.

### Vinings Successor

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, May 15.—George F. Chapman of Newark, N. J., is E. P. Vinings successor as general manager of the United Railroads of San Francisco.

### Circus Train Wrecked

Special to the Daily Nugget. Marysville, Pa., May 15.—Forepaugh & Sells Bros. circus train was wrecked near here and a number of employes were injured. One is dead and others may succumb.

### Corrigan's Successor

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, May 15.—Reports from the Vatican are that Bishop Charles McDonnell of Brooklyn will succeed Archbishop Corrigan.

## MUST GO

300 Cases St. Charles Milk at Less Than Cost Price Landed.

Special Inducements on Large Lots.

## BARRETT & HULL

WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANTS Phone No. 1. THIRD AVENUE Special Sale on Hay and Oats



Laurier's Lurid Dream of the Yukon.

## HER LOVE TRIUMPHED

Salt Lake Miner's Daughter Makes Choice

Despite Threats of Disinheritance Jacketta McCune Weds P. E. Green.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Salt Lake, May 15.—Miss Jacketta McCune, the young daughter of A. W. McCune, the millionaire mining man of Salt Lake, was given the choice of fortune of the man she loved. Cupid won. A telegram has been received from New York, saying that Miss McCune, despite her father's threats of disinheritance was married there to Philip Ernest Green of Salt Lake, and that the bridal pair is preparing to take a European trip.

### Indian Measles

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, May 15.—A serious outbreak of measles is reported from Kayah Island and adjacent Alaska on the main land and many deaths among Indians. As yet the disease is confined to the native population, but it is particularly violent.

### CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK

\$10 PER TOOTH Teeth Filled \$2 up These are Outside Association Prices Dawson Dental Parlor Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co.

## FIERCE HEAT CONTINUES

In the Ruins of Devastated St. Pierre

Large Iron Sugar Mill Rollers Are Melted Like Wax in the Fierce Heat.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Paris, May 15.—Work among the ruins at St. Pierre is continued in an unsatisfactory manner. The dead are being buried, the pyres being fed by petroleum and tar. Thousands have been cremated but many bodies remain. Some idea of the terrible heat may be gained from the fact that iron rollers in sugar mills were melted as lava passed over them just as if they had been in a furnace.

### Another Strike

Special to the Daily Nugget. Stockholm, May 15.—The general strike decreed by the Swedish Social Democratic party in support of the suffrage bill, debate in which began in the Stockholm parliament today, was carried out as arranged. Business is suspended, street cars, cable cars and steamers having stopped running. Factories and shops are closed.

### Race Against Time

Special to the Daily Nugget. Paris, May 15.—The race against time by automobiles, organized by the French minister of Agriculture, started this morning. The route is

from Champigny to Arras and return to St. Germain tomorrow, 923 kilometres. Eighty-nine started, including W. K. Vanderbilt. Maurice Fournier reached Arras first, 410 kilometres from the starting place, time 4 hours, 48 minutes and 3 seconds.

## CONDITION OF THE RIVER

Shortly before 11 o'clock last night a heavy flow of ice passed the city and almost immediately afterward the water began falling rapidly. Today it is at a stage fully eight feet lower than it was yesterday, giving the Gold Star and the engine scow at the foot of Queen street, both of which were flooded yesterday, an opportunity of emptying themselves.

At 11 o'clock this morning word was received that the Prospector had left Big Salmon at 9:20, 33 miles below Hootalinqua. The next regular telegraph station at which the boats can be heard from is at Five Fingers, 95 miles below Big Salmon. At the police station at Tantalus, 18 miles above Five Fingers, there is a private instrument owned by one of the policemen who is likewise a telegrapher, and it is not improbable that some word will be received from that point during the evening, as it is believed the river is now clear as far down as Five Fingers. At the latter point the jam is described as being an immense affair which may not move for several days yet. The Bailey and Sybil both left Hootalinqua at 10 o'clock this morning.

The condition of the ice at up-river points is practically the same today as it was yesterday. At Ogilvie the ice below the station gave way and began running last night at 6:10 but that above still holds. Stewart, Selwyn, and Selkirk each report the river as being virtually clear. No word has been heard from Lebarge for several days and the condition of the ice in the lake is not known. The most sanguine now scarcely expect a boat before Sunday.

## HIGH WATER ON HUNKER.

From John Hering, the Nugget carrier on Hunker, the following letter was received at the Nugget office this evening:

"I lost all my papers last night, nearly drowned myself and horse. Hunker was the highest ever known. It is reported here that Atlington bridge went out. Last Chance bridge is gone."

### Rapidly Recovering.

The many friends of Mrs. A. R. Boyes, who was taken to the Good Samaritan hospital Monday suffering with an attack of measles, will be pleased to learn she is rapidly recovering. Unless unlooked for complications arise Mrs. Boyes expects to return to her home early next week.

### Court of Appeals.

The court of appeal will again sit tomorrow when it is thought all the cases now ready for trial will have been disposed of.

The issue of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

## W. B. SCARTH DIED TODAY

### Father of Two Sons Well Known in Dawson

### Was Ex-Member of Parliament and Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, May 15.—W. B. Scarth, ex-member of parliament from Winnipeg and present deputy minister of agriculture, died this morning. (W. B. Scarth referred to above is the father of Captain W. H. Scarth, inspector in the N.W.M.P., who left here last summer to accept a commission in the South African constabulary where he now is, and of Malcolm Scarth of this city. Deceased was a leading politician of the Dominion and was at one time prominently mentioned for the position of lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. His home was in Winnipeg.)

### Girls Drowned

Special to the Daily Nugget. Carson, Nevada, May 15.—Two young women and two young men on a boating trip were swept over Gardner's dam and the girls, Misses Lina and Ada Vondebride, aged 21 and 18, were drowned.

### From Ottawa

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, May 15.—Parliament postponed today. Captain Morrison, editor of the Ottawa Citizen, has been given a commission with the coronation contingent.

### Wayward Tammany

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, May 15.—Lewis Nixon declared in an interview that he will resign the leadership of Tammany Hall if not permitted to direct the affairs of the organization in his own way.

### Pioneer Dead

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, May 15.—Richard C. Wintoungby, one of the best known pioneers of Alaska, is dead. He crossed the plains to California in '48, and in the early sixties went to Wrangell.

### To Increase Capital

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, May 15.—The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway wants to increase its capital to seventy-five millions.

I. W. Nordstrom, teacher of mandolin and guitar, Rochester hotel.

### Two Shooting Affrays

As a result of two gun plays in the Black Hills one man is dead and another is dying, but Dunham, the Family Grocer, is still alive and is still headquarters for the family groceries, such as B. & W. fruits, Schilling's teas and coffee, Hain's pickles, green peas, Miller's butter, etc., etc. Corner Second avenue and Albert street.

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Capital paid up (Eight Million Dollars), \$8,000,000. RESERVE, \$2,000,000.

The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax.

D. A. CAMERON, Manager.

Dawson Branch.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 11. Dawson's Pioneer Paper. Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily. Yearly in advance \$30.00. Six months in advance \$18.00. Three months in advance \$10.00. Single copies 25c.

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

Much important legislation affecting the Yukon territory has been passed by the session of parliament just brought to an end. In addition to appropriating several hundred thousands of dollars for extension of roads and other improvements of a public nature, the right to elect a member of parliament as also additional members of the Yukon council has been granted.

When these concessions have been placed in effect, the Yukon will stand almost on a par with the other self-governing territories of the Dominion.

The long struggle which has been carried on for recognition from the federal government has produced results of a nature most satisfactory to those who have aided in the work.

Compared with the obstacles against which the individual miner was forced to contend in the early days, his pathway now is strewn with roses. The old laws which hampered and restricted the miner at every turn, have given place to regulations, in the main, equitable and just to all parties concerned. It would be an exaggeration to say that every desired reform has been accomplished, but there is certainly no absence of fact in the statement that progress of a most satisfactory nature has been made.

When the territory is represented in the house of commons, a movement in the direction of securing local jurisdiction over all matters pertaining to the mining industry should be inaugurated. There is no longer any substantial reason in favor of retaining the right of passing mining regulations at Ottawa. Certainly, if any men are qualified to be entrusted with that power, it should be a legislative body selected by the suffrages of the people who are directly concerned.

It would be hard to conceive of any measure such as the Treadgold concession receiving favorable consideration at the hands of a Yukon legislative body. No official responsible to the local electorate would for an instant jeopardize his political life by favoring such a monstrosity. Again, it is natural to assume that men who are acquainted with the necessities of the district and the peculiar conditions under which mining operations are carried on would be in a far better position to give the country the laws it needs than are men who have never been near the territory.

Sooner or later the legislative power now held at Ottawa must be

transferred to Dawson. Under no other system will the Yukon advance and grow as it should.

According to telegraphic advices published in a morning contemporary Premier Laurier is considerably exercised over the wild and lawless character of the Yukon territory's alien population. With the intimate knowledge which the government now possesses of local conditions, it seems incredible that the prime minister should give utterance to such expressions. No territory or province in Canada is more peaceable or law-abiding than this same much-abused Yukon. Serious crimes are of extraordinarily rare occurrence, and the average of intelligence will not fall below that of any other community on the continent. The truly revolutionary language, so far as our knowledge extends, that has ever been heard in the country, has emanated from a man whose every sentence is punctuated by a declaration of his own Canadianism, and by abuse of everybody and everything foreign. No one in Dawson pays any attention to such mouthings, and if the premier has been led to a misconception of things thereby, it is certainly unfortunate. If all the world were inclined to render obedience to law as readily as do the people of this territory, there would be much less use for criminal courts.

House, Sleigh or Boat.

The queerest craft that sails the coast of Maine in summer and cruises the country roads in winter—for she, or it, does both—is the scow boat Yankee Notion, owned, sailed and operated by Uncle Nat Cottle, familiarly known as "Cobbler Cottle." He is a cripple more than sixty years old. One of his legs is withered and minus the foot, while the other leg is so twisted at the ankle that locomotion is painful, almost impossible, for the old man even with the aid of crutches. To add to his misfortunes, one hand is almost useless, so that any work he undertakes is performed slowly and laboriously. Yet a stout heart and a fine stock of Yankee ingenuity have enabled Cobbler Cottle to get ahead in the world better than many of his able-bodied neighbors have done.

Twenty years ago Cottle took up his residence on Swan's Island with two little dogs, Snip and Sank (Sancho), as companions. Sank is dead, but Snip has continued as the cobbler's faithful friend and companion, and is now as much of a sailor as any dog ever gets to be. The people of the fishing village of Atlantic built for the cobbler a neat shop and house combined, wherein he lived for a time. But, although comfortable and prosperous there, he longed for the sea, and made a few more trips. Then he conceived the idea of building a sort of scow boat in which he could have a floating cobbler shop in summer, cruising along the coast, and in winter could be placed on runners, like a smelt boat, and hauled across the country.

Alone and unaided Cottle built the boat, a scow twenty feet long and six wide, with a house ten feet long and extending the entire width of the craft. She is sloop-rigged and carries weather-boards on either side to hold her up in beating to windward. All sheets and halliards and down-hauls trim aft, so that the cobbler-skipper can make or trim sail without leaving the wheel, and he gets along very well in any weather. In the house is a cobbler's bench, a bunk, a table and a stove and it is comfortable enough. The sloop is painted bright red, and across her stern is painted in big letters her name, "Yankee Notion."—Ex.

Brewitt, the tailor, wants to see you. Large stock of new goods. Prices reasonable. Old stand, Second avenue.

BUNTING

Running Shoes, Sleeveless Jerseys, Striped Sweaters, Base Ball Outfits.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

BUSINESS INCREASING

Alaska Pacific Express Co.'s New Quarters

Agent Miles Will Hereafter Devote His Entire Time to Company Affairs.

With the arrival of the first of the Calderhead line of boats from Whitehorse there will be a change in the local agency here, M. N. Miles for two years connected with the old firm of Lancaster & Calderhead resigning and being succeeded by E. E. Sampson. The change has become imperative by reason of the vast increase of business of the Alaska Pacific Express Company, with which concern Mr. Miles will hereafter devote his entire time, assuming the position of agent and general manager for this section of the country. He has been with the express company ever since its organization in 1896 and was its first auditor at the time of its formation in Seattle six years ago. During the first two years of its existence the business of the company was confined almost wholly to southeastern Alaska with offices in Juneau, Sitka and Wrangell. Then came the Klondike rush in '97 and the following year this field was entered. Until the fall of '99, however, the business of the Klondike was almost infinitesimal in its quantity, the only connection had with Dawson being via St. Michael, a route too long to expect much patronage in the express line. Upon the completion of the White Pass road to Bennett the company secured the express franchise, entered into a contract with the C. D. Co. for transportation of their matter over that company's line of steamers and so were able to ship direct to Dawson over the shorter route. Ever since that time Mr. Miles has acted in a dual capacity, representing the express company and also attending to much of the local business of Lancaster & Calderhead, but now he is about to sever his connection with the latter and will devote his entire time to the affairs of the express company. Commodious quarters have been arranged in the south end of the Yukon dock which will be taken possession of in a few days, the office of the company being in conjunction with the ticket office of the White Pass line. Express matter will be transported only on the White Pass line of steamers which in addition to passengers, their baggage and the mail will be landed at the Yukon dock. The old C. D. dock will hereafter be used exclusively for freight. Mr. Miles was for many years cashier of the N. P. Express Company in Seattle, is thoroughly familiar with all the details of the work, and a better choice for the position of manager of the rapidly increasing business at this point could not have been made.

To Run Without Steam

Wm. H. Bracewell of Fiskdale, engineer at the Fiskdale, Mass., mills, has been working on a model of an engine to run without steam. He says it is in the experimental stage, and that it will be some time before he will have it working as he wants it to.

The model is an ordinary steam engine of the Corliss type, with a valve of Mr. Bracewell's design, but following in general principles the Corliss valve gear. The engine is designed to run by atmospheric pressure with an auxiliary of vacuum in the opposing end of the cylinder of the engine, this vacuum to be produced by an air pump designed for the purpose.

The model was a cylinder two inches in diameter and four inches long, and has all the appliances that go toward making up an ordinary steam engine, and can be run by steam like any engine. It has a perfectly fitting eccentric and valve rod gear, which control the valves, and has a twelve-inch balance wheel. The valve chest in the toy has a half-inch inlet for air or steam, and in the bottom there is a three-quarter-inch outlet, to which is attached the vacuum pipe.

Mr. Bracewell's idea is that with a vacuum pump large enough to take care of all the air admitted through the inlet in the top, the atmospheric pressure of 14.7 pounds to a square inch will keep the engine going, and will carry a load corresponding with the size of the engine. Mr. Bracewell now has the engine attached to the condenser of the large 500-horsepower engine at the Fiskdale mills,

and is showing his friends how an engine can be made to run without steam.

Mr. Bracewell says that he conceived the idea to construct an engine to run by atmospheric pressure, assisted by a vacuum, some time ago and has been working on the idea ever since. He claims that by removing the atmospheric pressure on one end of the piston of an engine, the pressure on the other end will cause the piston to move toward that end, and by reversing the motion a continuous motion is secured. In the cylinder of the model which he has built, at every revolution of the engine the air pump will have to remove 25.1328 cubic inches of air. And Mr. Bracewell says that a properly constructed air pump will do this without difficulty. He says further an engine is running it will furnish the power to run the air pump, and in this way the cost of running a power plant is reduced to the minimum. No steam will be required, only on large plants to first start the pump, as a hand pump would supply the necessary vacuum to start the engine, and after it was started the engine would take care of itself.

Mr. Bracewell is engineer at the No. 1 mill of the Fiskdale mills and is a thorough student of steam engines.—Ex.

Money Lost in Street Cars.

"Have you any idea how much money is lost in the street cars of New York?" asked a Metropolitan Street Railway conductor of a reporter the other day, after he had picked up a dime and stowed it in an inside pocket. "Well, there's a lot of it, and no one knows it better than we conductors. Hunting for coins on the bottom of my car is one of my regular grafts, and any other conductor who has been in the business long enough to get his eyes open is on the same lay."

"Last year I made up my mind to put away every cent I found in my car in an old iron bank I had at home for the benefit of my youngster. I kept stowing the coins away and at the end of the year I had \$6.07. Of course, that's not a barrel of money, but it's a right nice pick-up for a conductor. The biggest find I made that year was a 50-cent piece. From that the coin ran all the way down to a cent. In the winter time the pickings are especially good, for then everyone has on gloves, and coins slip from the fingers to the floor without the owner's knowing it. The only way to be sure you have all the money is to pick up the gratings on the floor. I do that every night as regularly as I eat my supper."

"Now, I've figured it out that if I find \$6 in one year, it's very likely that other conductors average somewhere near that sum, maybe more, maybe less. There are several thousand conductors in Greater New York, so that it's safe to say that at least \$15,000 or \$20,000 is annually dribbled on to the floors of street cars by the passengers. In this estimate I don't include large sums, which are sometimes lost in wallets and purses. A conductor is expected to turn these in at the office, and about all of them do. But

the nickels and dimes and quarters are legitimate pickings and we all have our eyes peeled for them."—New York Sun.

Surveyors Return.

Mr. C. W. Macpherson, who has been in charge of some extensive government surveys in the Montana creek district, returned to the city a few days ago. Mr. Macpherson brings word of the improvement in health of H. Rolph, his principal assistant, who has been desperately ill with inflammation of the bowels. During the most critical time of his sickness Mr. Rolph lived in a tent ten miles from the nearest road house, his condition being so precarious it was impossible to move him. Everything possible was done for his comfort and his friends will be pleased to know he is now recovering.

Mr. J. H. Gibbons, who has been making a traverse of the Klondike, tying in the surveys of the tributaries and running a base line as far up as Rock creek, has also returned to the city.

NOTICE.

Brown horse, weight 850 lbs., one white foot, found astray. Owner please call at Dawson Transfer Co. and pay charges. crt

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

J. J. O'NEIL... MINING EXPERT

Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.

Address, - General Delivery, Dawson

Regina Hotel...

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

Signs and Wall Paper

ANDERSON BROS... SECOND AVE.

BANK SALOON

McDONALD & THOROLD. Wines, Liquors and Cigars 25c. 1st ave. and King St. Opp N. C. Co.

B. B. B., B. of N. B. On Tap at the PIONEER SALOON

Sweller'n Ever. Wines, Liquors and Cigars. FIRST AVE., COR. QUEEN ST.

First to Arrive! The Str. Prospector. Will arrive Friday or Saturday direct from lower LeBarge with a full cargo of Fresh Fruit and Vegetables! And will immediately sail for Frazer Falls, Stewart River.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY. Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. Fire Proof Sales Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

\$80 M. CURRENCY.

\$80 M. CURRENCY.

DOME CIGARS

\$1,000.00 Standing Offer To the person that will prove that this is not a genuine Long Filler Havana Cigar.

Beginning Monday, May 12, we will offer to the trade only in case lots containing 2,500 each

FREE

1 Box Horseshoe Tobacco, 1 Box Seal N. C. Tobacco, 1 Box Bull Durham Tobacco, 500 Vanity Fair Cigarettes, 500 Turkish Cigarettes.

This Cigar has been duly registered and any person or persons imitating this brand or part thereof will be prosecuted.

Townsend & Rose, FIRST AVENUE.

O'NEIL... EXPERT

examined and... Correspondence solicited.

General Deliveries Dawson

Hotel... Prop. and Mgr.

Leading Hotel

and European Plan... Newly Re-

York St. Dawson

Wall Paper

PERSON BROS... COND. AVE.

SALOON... TRADING

and Cigars 25c

Opp N. C. Co.

SALOON

and Cigars

QUEEN ST.

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# When They Did Not Know

As it was, of what use was life to her? She was married to a man who, she said, to herself, evidently, was no whit about her. There had been no marriage settlements, of course, for when Harry Carlisle's father dropped a million in Wall street and presently died, he left his son with an income which, with his habit of life and thought, was little more than a subsistence. But of anything like that she had never thought; all she thought was that marriage meant love, adoration, companionship—and for a short period she had found it so. And in that time who carried in face and manner such radiant bliss as Harry Carlisle's beautiful young wife?

"Beautiful?" said Doras Fraeme. "But passably. Unique, perhaps captivating, I grant you."

He was not beautiful himself, certainly, enjoying the distinction of being as ugly a man as society could tolerate; but he was clever, somewhat distinguished in the matter of athletics and the hunting of big game and he was immensely rich.

He had not been an especial friend of Harry Carlisle's, indeed, Harry had been heard to say, before his marriage, that the less he saw of him the better he liked him. But it was not long after the wedding that Harry wondered how he could have been so mistaken in Fraeme, a whole-souled fellow, and pathetically unfortunate in that he could never hope to win the love of a woman.

"I'm sure I don't see why," Agnes said, a little petulantly, being displeased that her husband had chosen to loiter with Fraeme rather than come back to her. "A man is not married for his beauty. Sometimes the uglier a man is, the more a woman loves him."

"Oh, if you mean pity,"

"I don't. I mean fascination. One looks and looks again till one finds character, and—and—something else. I don't know what."

"One would find wit and a charm of manner and a sort of princely generosity in Fraeme. Why, if you'll believe me, when I happened to say that yachting in the Mediterranean was beyond my means, although not beyond my desires, he put the Lamboad at my disposal. Indeed, he rather urged it. And, by George, I've half a mind to accept it."

"Oh, Harry, and leave me!" she cried, pausing with the brush in hand that swept her long, resplendent hair.

"Leave you, my precious? Of course not! You are to go along."

"At his expense?"

"At whose else?"

"Oh, never!"

"But why not? I couldn't afford anything like that, you know, worse luck. We would simply be his guests as we might be on land. Others will be of the party."

"Oh, no, no! It would be too much obligation. I—I shouldn't like it. I couldn't do it." And she brushed her hair more rapidly, and if her husband had looked at her reflection in the glass he would have seen her great violet eyes flashing, and directly afterward the soft full lip trembling.

"Too late," he said lightly. "I have promised."

"Without consulting me?"

"Oh, come now, Agnes, what woman ever had to be consulted and weigh pros and cons when a yachting trip to the Mediterranean was concerned?"

"This woman," cried Agnes. "And I absolutely refuse to go."

"What excuses are you going to give?"

"Excuses? None."

"And I?"

"You seem to have been thinking only of yourself, and you must make your own excuses."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall go."

"Very well." And she caught up her dressing-gown, and, wrapped in its rosy folds, sailed out of the room like an angry young goddess. It was their first quarrel; perhaps, she thought—if in her towering passion she thought at all—that by making it violent it would be their last.

"Well, I don't know what this means," murmured Mr. Carlisle. "But if I take backwater now I shall have to do so the rest of my life." So he went to bed; and, being very tired and the hour late, in spite of himself he went to sleep. When he awoke it was far into the day, and Mrs. Carlisle, Aileen said, had taken a little bag and gone into the country.

For a moment, Mr. Carlisle was struck aback, as he phrased it, even his language sympathetically feeling the yachting fever. "I'm all at sea," he said. But, as he flattered himself,

before the maid, and hurried through some apology for a morning toilet.

"There will not be much to do while Mr. Carlisle is away, Aileen," she said. "And after you have set the apartment in order, you can have the day."

It seemed as though she would stifle herself unless she had the place to herself that she might get used to her misery.

Nevertheless, at nightfall, after the long and bitter day, spent in going from room to room like a wild creature, it suddenly crossed her mind that Harry might have been practicing a ruse, or might possibly have been punishing her contumacy, and would be back for dinner. It was masterful; but she could afford to laugh at it. The color sprang to her white cheeks at the fancy, the light to her eyes; she hurried to dress her lovely hair the way he liked it best, to put on her gown of lavender liberty that he had said made her look like the spirit of a rose coming out of the twilight. They would have to go out to dinner—for there was no dinner in the house; but that would be all in the way of festivity. And when at last the bell did ring, her heart gave a great leap, a surge of love and joyousness swept her from head to foot, and she ran to throw open the door, and stood there, magnificently lovely, before the gaze of Doras Fraeme.

"I—I—why—how—I supposed you were out at sea."

"At sea? I?" he said, stepping inside and closing the door, and without invitation throwing off the coat that hung loosely on his shoulders. "Far from it, as you perceive, I lent the yacht to my friend. But I had no idea that Carlisle would go without you. What under—Ah, well, pardon me, but if I were in his place—and he looked about him slowly and made ready to take a seat unasked as soon as she were seated—" a yachting party would call to me in vain."

"One is sometimes very thirsty for the sea," she said, with a slow dignity. But her voice trembled, and she sat down, because she could not stand.

"Men differ," said Mr. Fraeme, disposing himself comfortably. "What I long for is not the sea, but a home. A home with the charm of this," he said, turning to gaze about him leisurely; "with some one waiting for me, watching for me. One thing is sure; I should never leave it for any foreign cruising. But—" he paused, locking down abstractedly at the pattern of the rug, and then shrugging his shoulders as one shakes off unpleasant thoughts—"but that, you see, is not for me. I go through life alone. What wonder if I amuse myself? Yet a good woman might have made a good man of me!"

"I hope," said Agnes, timidly, a gentle sympathy in her tones, "that at some time—some one—"

But his bitter laugh interrupted her. He stood up and looked in the long mirror. "It is likely!" he exclaimed, with a gesture half of horror, half despair, and he threw himself back in the chair he had left, covering his face with his hands.

Her heart was full of agitation, full of pity for some one more wretched than herself. She put out her hand and perhaps would have touched him, gently as the petal of a flower might have done. But he grasped the hand quickly, bent over it an instant, touched it with his lips, left the room, and snatching his coat and hat was gone.

The next morning some huge boxes of roses came to her, the multitude and fragrance of which for many days made her rooms a garden. During these days she did not again see Mr. Fraeme; but one morning, too restless to stay indoors, she went out, and in one of the sheltered by-ways of the park she came across him sitting on a stone bench with his arms stretched along its back and his head fallen between them in an attitude of utter dejection. He moved as her step drew near, and looked up with a startled, half-bewildered air, and then sprang to his feet, hat in hand, quite as if nothing were the matter and ignoring the last moment. He walked along beside her, still with his hat in his hand, for it was a blasp morning, the snow having been gone for some weeks, and in that wild part of the park the buds were rustling and the buds were swelling. Presently he began telling her a droll story, and as they walked to the cars no one would have dreamt he had a care in the world, and no one could have helped wondering about him afterwards; and Mr. Fraeme occupied a share of Agnes' thoughts that day to the exclusion of some part of her own sorrows.

Mr. Fraeme came to the apartment that night. He came the next day, presently he was coming every day and sending his flowers before him. He told her wild stories of his ad-

ventures in wild countries, and sad stories of his neglected childhood and cruel youth. He read to her; he sat in silence. "I am keeping guard," he said lightly, once, "since you have been left alone and unprotected." And his manner conveyed more than his words might have dared. Every time he left her, Mrs. Carlisle was more impressed than she had been before with the fact of her husband's indifference.

Day by day, too, Mr. Fraeme's flattery became less subtle and more free. "I have always, till now, had an impediment in my admiration," he said, laughing, and gazing at her boldly. "If a woman had beauty there was some counterbalance that made it void. But you!" And his eyes said the rest.

"Well," he said one evening, "it is time I went to my eyrie. It is pleasant walking there these cool spring nights, with the smell of the coming leaves in the air. What would it be if some one were waiting there for me? What is it to me that the place is a palace; that it is hung with tapestries for which Mazarin sold his soul; that I have there a Rubens whose possession imperial princes quarreled. That Titian of mine is a poor thing to look at instead of the face of a wife. Good heavens! How I could love her," he cried. "With what sweet observances I would compass her. I would make her love me. Even the thing I am I would make her love. She should be so happy she could not help loving me. And I ask for so little love. With what luxury, what splendor, what pleasure I would surround her, what worship I would give her. Good heavens! How Carlisle could throw away such happiness, and be snatched up a book and began reading anywhere, anything at haphazard and, after a few sentences, abruptly said "Good night."

He never approached the matter of Harry Carlisle's treatment of his wife any more directly than that. But every time, it may be, he congratulated himself on the fancy that the fibres of her affections were thinner.

She had gone out one morning for some necessary purchase, glad that the long Lenten season was almost over, yet wondering why anything made her glad. She paused before a florist's window, where the likeness of a great white-winged angel "was made with the long-stemmed white lilies, when Mr. Fraeme came up behind and joined her.

"Why not come in here?" he said at a shop door. "There is a feast for the eyes somewhere inside." And he led the way. "The blue diamonds," he said to some one in authority, after they had passed down one or two glittering aisles. And presently, in long pincers held over night-black velvet, two stones like the concentrated light and splendor and color of blue heavens were before them. "They are like new-born stars," he murmured, his lips, as he bent looking at them with her, not far from her ear. "What luster, what freshness, what immortal bits of azure noonday! And yet no bluer nor more lustrous than your eyes. They are worth a king's ransom. Once they were the treasure of a queen. They are yours if you will have them."

Indeed they were magnificent. They were, as he had said, a delight to the eyes. She looked again, to make sure they were really there, perhaps before she turned away. "I am afraid my little apartment is not large enough to hold them," she said.

"I do not ask you to wear them there," he said, still low voiced, and following her, as she stepped out into the clear, lofty day, with its light and loveliness in the promise of the coming spring.

She was not angry with him. On the contrary, she was angry with Harry Carlisle. She remembered her old intention regarding this man, and she had had for some time more than a faint intimation of the feeling of Doras Fraeme. "Diamonds," she said, "would have no attraction for me beside love."

"And it is love I would give you. Such love as you long to be loved with," he replied, half under his breath, but with a certain savage intensity in his voice, even in the bending of his head. "Such love as no man ever gave woman! Divorce is so easy," he urged then. "And life is so short. It is not as if he had not gone and left you free. And if in time you, you also, come to love—" She made a slight deprecatory movement. "I will leave you now," she said.

"But to think of it!" he exclaimed. "Promise me—to think of it!" taking a hasty step after her. But she only waved her hand, with a slight motion of farewell, as she left him, and went down a side street.

In her rooms she could think more at her ease. There was only the dim consciousness to hinder her that

roll made her shiver.

For a moment she was a trifle dizzy. Who was she—what was she about to become—to enter here where all was sacred as the garden of the Lord? A little child standing near-dazzled, it may be, by her face, with the look of pain and wonder making the beauty singular—held toward her a lily she had found. She took it absently and as a matter of course, and then sank on her knees in sudden abasement, her whole soul reaching out for something to hear her, to help her, and she prayed with unspoken words and unspoken desire while the music flowed over her like a tide.

She went home, still grasping the lily. Presently she put the flower in water and felt it was like a promise of peace in the place. She told Aileen to take the day again, and when Doras Fraeme rang that night, he rang in vain. Her husband, she was saying, might have forsaken her, but she was still his wife. And perhaps—not perhaps, but, oh, certainly!—it was in an instant of pique he had gone, and he had been sorry ever since—as sorry as she had been. He had not called, because no cable could say what he wanted to say. There would be a letter soon, perhaps by the morrow's post. How could she so long have been blinded by her selfishness and temper. But if heaven could forgive her, Harry would. And if only Harry—she did not complete her thought—possibly, just then, her husband stood first in her thought. When he came he should find her waiting, watching, loving, always his wife. What vile prompting had ever given her doubt of Harry Carlisle! As in old times the sound of the Easter bells had cast out dark legions, so today had it cast evil out of her heart.

She was sitting there in front of her lily, wrapped in a sort of ecstasy of hope and assurance, the rosy burning on her cheeks, the eyes shining like stars in depths of violet evening, the smile about her lips of faith triumphant over temptation, when there came a rattle of a key in the lock, and before she could spring to her feet she was in her husband's arms. "I never meant to go!" he cried. "I meant to come back with the pilot, but the sea ran so high he couldn't take his boat and went across with us. And I have been on the rack every instant of every day. What you have suffered, my darling! Oh, what I have suffered! Thank heaven, I find you here, and that you had faith in my love and my return! Can you ever, ever forgive me?"

"Let us forget it! Let us forget it all!" she cried. "It is Easter, and you have risen from the grave, you have come back to me from the dead!"

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# Paradise of the Hunter

The grouse-shooting has commenced under favorable auspices, and all the big Scotch moors have found tenants. For a fortnight previous to the twelfth, the departure stations in London have borne witness to the ever-increasing attractions of Scotland at this season of the year, and few sportsmen who could be among the grouse if they wished to surrender to other attractions. For the next few weeks we shall hear of heavy bags from the moors that start in Derbyshire and stretch at intervals almost as far north as Sutherland; the birds will be new to the guns, and many will never live to entertain suspicion of them. After a time when the walking is over and the driving affords the only means of getting the birds within gunshot, the size of bags will diminish, until they become so small that sportsmen remember the attractions offered by partridge and pheasant, and leave the grouse in peace before the legal close season recommences on Dec. 10. If Scotland claims so many visitors in the autumn, it is not only on account of the grouse. The deer forests, the salmon rivers, the pheasant preserves, and the great beauty of the scenery all combine to make the country desirable and to draw patrons from every class of moneyed men, from royalty down to company promoters. The amount of money spent by Englishmen in Scotland every autumn must run into some millions of pounds.

King Edward has his own sporting estates of Balmoral, Balmuccie, and Birkhall, and rents Aberfeldie, which is near them. The Duke of Fife has the deer forest of Mar. Many of our dukes have immense sporting estates in Scotland, yielding annual rents that would in old time have sufficed to buy the land outright. The Duke of Sutherland's shootings in his own country are said to be worth more than thirty pounds a year, but they include vast deer forests like those of Kinloch, Glendhu, Assynt, and Glencaisp. The aged Duke of Richmond and Gordon has great estates in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire, and the Duke of Argyll in his own country and Dumbarton. Caithness calls the Duke of Portland master of many fine estates highly rented and prized. Dumfriesshire's best estates, or some of them, belong to his Grace of Buccleuch. The Marquis of Breadalbane owns splendid shooting in at least three counties—Argyllshire, Dumbarton, and Perthshire; while the Earl of Dalhousie in Forfarshire and Lord Lovat in Inverness have some of the most desirable country in Scotland. The very big estates can only be shot by very rich men, so the prices that rule by way of rent are astonishing, four-figure sums being quite common.

This year, as I have said, the good shoots are well wanted, and at the moment Scotland must contain some of the greatest names, biggest brains and longest purses in Great Britain. Turning to individual holdings, Lord Landsdowne has let some of his own estates, and is renting shooting near Blairgowrie, in Perthshire. The Marquis of Queensberry is renting the Colonsay shootings from General McNeill, and the Duke of Portland will get his sport, or part of it, in Inverness. Mr. Justice Kekewich, whose enemies have been heard to say that he is better as a sportsman than a judge, has the Killochan shooting in Ayrshire, Sir R. J. Waldie-Griffith has rented shooting from the Duke of Roxburgh and Sir John Dickson-Poynder in Roxburghshire. The famous deer forest of Balmacran, in Inverness, belonging to the Countess of Beatrix, has been let to Mr. Bradley Martin, who has the Balmacran and Lochlether shootings in the same delectable county. The Earl of Home has Hillend and Whitecamp, in Lanarkshire, and Castlelaw, in Berwickshire; the Earl of Durham has rented the Glendoe deer forest, in Inverness-shire, from Lord Lovat; Lord Escher has rented Callender Hill, in Perthshire, from the Earl of Ancaster, who has extensive sporting estates; and the Earl of Eglinton has three or four estates in Ayrshire, including three of Lady Montgomerie's places. Sir Francis Tress Barry is shooting in Caithness, and the Earl of Mar and Kellie in Clackmannanshire, on his own shootings at Alloa and Ferryton. Mr. Justice North has rented the Laggan shootings in Morayshire.

Perthshire's many sporting estates are crowded this year. The Duke of Atholl and the Earl of Dudley have Atholl Forest, Sir James Bell rents Ardoch, and Sir Donald Currie has Duncaves. Lord Willoughby de Eresby has Lord Ancester's Comrie shootings, and the Countess Beauchamp has Birnam House. Mr. Jardine has rented the Glenbruar Forest from the Duke of Atholl, who has let other sporting estates in the same country, including Loch Vail-

gan, Kindrochet, Glenloch, and Glen-shee. Mr. Stroyan has the Ochertyre shootings near Crieff, and Mr. Carnegie has Strathyre, among other places. Loch Kennard goes to Mr. Bayclay Walker, and most of Lord Landsdowne's Perthshire shootings are let to the Duke of Bedford, whose Duchess is reputed to be one of the best lady shots in the country. Perthshire is set above Inverness-shire by many sportsmen, who claim that it is the best all-round sporting county in Great Britain. It has the heaviest rent roll and the best grouse moors in Scotland, but, in point of deer forests, it must yield pride of place to Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness and Aberdeen. As a county, it has more attractions for sportsmen of moderate capacity for fatigue than the northern counties, which are more exacting.

It must be confessed that the lot of the members of the sportsman's family who take no interest in sport is not always an enviable one. Many of the sporting estates lie far beyond the ken of villages, the postman is a stranger, and there are no intruders from the outside world. In the silence the grouse and black game thrive, ptarmigan rest fearlessly on the hills, the raven, almost extinct in England, may be seen at work or play; but the man or woman whose health or inclination is opposed to sport feels buried alive. Worse still is the plight of certain sporting men who cannot afford to keep their own estates, who live on them in the depth of winter, the early spring and the first heat of summer, but must retire early in August, leaving their moors to the guns of some rich Englishman and his friends, and their beautiful gardens to alien workfolk. Yet this hard case is experienced by many a man who is enabled to spend eight or nine months in the home of his ancestors only by leaving it at the most attractive season of every year. To lack a shooting in Scotland is bad enough; to have one and be too poor to use it is worse.—London Sketch.

## Where Rolls the Oregon

In the year 1905, it will be one hundred years since Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, with a handful of men, completed the first journey of white men overland from the Missouri river to the Pacific Coast.

Having no authentic maps, no route assigned them, and being well aware of the savagery and treachery of some of the Indian tribes they would encounter, these two explorers proceeded with but forty-five men on this daring and perilous expedition. The enterprise was not inaugurated in the spirit of adventure or for gain, but was the result of careful, deliberate planning and preparation under direction of President Jefferson, with the object of discovering an overland route to the Pacific Coast, learning the topography of the intervening territory and of securing to the United States her rights therein. The two men commissioned to do this work were admirably fitted for it by training and disposition, being intelligent, vigorous, fearless, and kind of heart.

Meriwether Lewis was a man of education, military training and experience. He had also been private secretary to President Jefferson in the times when boundary lines were uncertain and the United States was acquiring much additional territory, while foreign countries were eagerly endeavoring to gain for themselves foothold in the grand new country. He was, therefore, familiar with the plans, aims and attitude of the government on territorial matters.

Captain Clark had also rendered his country military service. Having grown up in the wilds of Kentucky, which was then the extreme frontier, he was familiar with hardships and danger, and was also alert, acute and full of tact in dealing with the Indians. These latter traits were an important consideration, as the expedition was to be not only one of discovery, but also a mission of peace and good will to the Indians.

Equipped with mathematical instruments, arms, ammunition, presents for the Indians, medicine and necessary camp equipment, with three boats constructed especially for the expedition, on the 14th day of May, 1804, the party set out from St. Louis.

They ascended the Missouri river, encountering various Indian tribes, holding friendly pow-wows with them, giving them presents, and departing left a peaceable spirit with the tribes.

By the time winter set in, they had reached what is now Northern Dakota, having traveled 1,800 miles. They wintered there, remaining four and a

half months. In the spring, after dispatching fourteen men back to St. Louis with documents, trophies and collections, the diminished party undertook to complete the journey into the unknown country.

The beginning of the trip, like that of the preceding season, was pleasant, the Indians being either friendly or easily won, and game plentiful. But after the headwaters of the Missouri were passed and the journey over the Continental Divide commenced, game became so very scarce that the men were many times reduced to the verge of starvation. Thus weakened, with moccasins worn to tatters by the sharp stones they waded swift, icy streams, guiding the rude boats which contained their stores, or, with bruised and swollen feet, staggered over rough mountain passes carrying both loads and boats. Yet they never complained, never suggested abandoning the enterprise, and always guarded with utmost care the charts, notes and instruments of the two explorers. These two men, also weakened by hunger and exposure, and filled with anxiety for their comrades, still faithful to their trust, continually made careful observations of the country they traversed and carefully recorded their conclusions.

Finally the friendly hospitality of the Nez Percés and Shoshone Indians did much to lighten their hardships. Through these Indians they found their way to the headwaters of the Columbia, down which they made a perilous but successful journey, and on the 7th of November, 1805, they caught the first glimpse of the blue Pacific.

The winter was spent near the mouth of the Columbia, within hearing of the roar of the ocean's breakers. In the spring, the backward journey was commenced, although scantily clad and without means of barter and trade with Indians, whereby game and horses could be secured.

In crossing the divide they again encountered every hardship and danger. But, undaunted, they pushed their way to the Missouri, and with but few further adventures floated down the river to St. Louis, reaching there September 23, 1806; having blazed a path more than four thousand miles long.

The maps and reports which they brought with them went a great way toward securing to the people of the United States the Great Northwest, and it is in honor of the memory of these two men and the expedition which they so heroically commanded, that the Lewis and Clark Centennial, American Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair will be held in 1905.

## A Precious Memory.

No heritage which a son can possess is worthy to be compared for a moment with the blessed consciousness of having done all that he could to make father and mother happy during their lifetime. An impressive, little story to which nothing need be added was recently told by a man whose form is now bent and whose hair is white with years.

When he was a boy of twelve he was returning one evening from the hay field, where he had been at work since daybreak, when his father met him with a request that he go to town to do an errand for him.

Any one who has lived on a farm, and who knows what a day's work, "from sunup to sundown," means in haying time, will understand how the boy felt.

"I was tired, dusty and hungry," said the old man. "It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper, and to dress for the singing class."

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was angry that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think."

"Of course, father, I'll go," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong today."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left me he put his hand on my arm and said again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw that something unusual had happened. All of the farm hands were gathered about the door, instead of being at the milking or other chores. As I came near, one of the men turned to me with the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, "is dead. He fell just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour for those last words

of my father—'You've always been a good boy to me.'—Youth's Companion.

## A Critical Moment.

Sir Edward Malet's "Shifting Scenes" carries the reader to Egypt at a stirring time in the history of the young khedive, and shows how courage won the day for him. When the moment came for the bombardment of Alexandria the young khedive refused to take shelter on board an English man-of-war, saying that his lot lay with his people.

He was khedive in nothing but name, the whole power having passed into the hands of the rebels, and his chances of escape were hardly greater than those of a martyr in a Roman arena before the wild beasts were uncaged. They did not send wild beasts to tear him, but they did send a captain and his company with orders to despatch him. The wit and presence of mind of the khedive changed what was intended to be the supreme tragedy of the revolution into a comedy.

He saw the band of soldiers coming toward the palace. When they arrived, prepared for resistance and intending to break in the doors, they found the aide-de-camp of the khedive at the foot of the great staircase. He met them civilly, and told them that the khedive was expecting them, and that he had given orders that they should be conducted at once to his presence.

Half-sobered by the unexpected reception, the soldiers mounted the grand staircase and were ushered in to the presence of the man they had been sent to murder. He stood alone calm and unhurried, in the centre of the great reception hall. He at once addressed them, telling them that he knew the errand on which they had come, but that before they carried out their instructions, he, like every man who was condemned to die, had a right to speak.

To this they agreed, and he proceeded to explain the situation with a quiet good sense that won their attention. He told them that in the long run the greater power must conquer; that as matters stood he had the pledge of the English to maintain him, as khedive, but that if he no longer existed they would be likely to take the country for themselves; and that therefore from a patriotic point of view they had better to let him live.

After discussing the matter at some length in this strain, he proceeded to play his last card. He told the officer in charge that he would at once raise him in rank, and confer upon him the order of the Medjidie. With regard to the soldiers who accompanied him, he would constitute them his personal body-guard at that moment, as they might already have perceived that he was very much in want of soldiers.

Thus it came about that the little band which had come to kill remained to bless.

## Wellington's Tender Heart.

Mrs. Charles Bagot, in her new book entitled "Links With the Past," gives some interesting glimpses of the Duke of Wellington and his kind heart, as well as an amusing and impressive record of the confidence which the people of that time had in the great soldier.

"The duke came into Lady Westmorland's opera box, where I was sitting. Lady Westmorland reminded him that by my recent marriage I had become his great-niece. He spoke very kindly to me, took my hand and kept it throughout the act. My husband said to me afterward: 'Why did you not speak to the duke?'

"I could not," was all I could say. I had been brought up with such intense admiration of him, by my father and uncles that I was struck dumb. I simply felt that I was sitting hand in hand with the saviour of England and Europe."

As an instance of the confidence the duke's presence inspired, Lady Mornington tells the story that when firing was heard in Brussels (where she was staying) at the opening of the Battle of Waterloo, she went to wake her maid, a woman called Finlay. The woman merely sat up in her bed and said:

"Is the duke between us and the French army, my lady?"

"Yes, Finlay."

"Oh, then, my lady, I shall lie down and go to sleep again."

Lady Mornington says further that when she first saw the duke at Brussels after the battle and congratulated him, he put his face between his hands to hide his tears and said:

"Oh, do not congratulate me! I have lost all my dearest friends!"

When the duke was told of the death of Alice Gordon he shed tears.

"Indeed, Mr. Goodleigh is a most generous man," asserted the village gossip.

"Is he, truly?" we asked.

"Yes. Why, he often gives away clothing before it is completely worn out."—Baltimore American.

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**"Dolphin"—"Farallon"—"Dirigo"**  
For All Points in Southeastern Alaska  
Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railway for Dawson and interior Yukon points.  
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201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

**The Northwestern Line**  
Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points  
All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.  
Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with—  
F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wash.

CLASSICAL CONCERT

An Enjoyable Recital at St. Mary's

An Evening of Genuine Pleasure With Several of the Old Masters.

The concert given last night at St. Mary's church in aid to the music fund was one of the best ever heard in the city. The program was ultra classical and was selected with rare discrimination...

Returning to Dawson. Mr. and Mrs. La Pine, who have been visiting relatives, left for their home at Everett, Wash., yesterday. They will leave for Dawson April 1st...

Famous Peach Blow Vase. Of all Chinese porcelain the rarest and most expensive is the famous "peachblow" vase. This kind was made for a very short period only in the reign of Emperor Kuang-Hi (1661-1722).

An Excellent Retort. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great English writer, had no love for Scotland or the Scots. He said many severe things about the land and the people...

ment for the lips. This is about 2 1/2 inches in diameter. The second is a tiny ink rauce only half an inch broad. The third is a water pot about five inches broad. The fourth and fifth are amphora-shaped vases for holding flowers...

The Trip to Dawson. People desiring to take a pleasure or vacation trip instead of going east or south over the dusty, desert prairies would be delighted with a trip to Alaska.

Brandy and Quinine. There was a peculiar case before Judge Macaulay in the police court this morning. At about 7:30 last night the police were notified that a man at the Victoria lodging house was acting peculiarly and said he had taken an ounce of laudanum.

Picket Fence Adornment. One of the best known and well worn cutoff trails in the city, one that has been used by countless thousands ever since Dawson sprang into existence, is being closed up, that which follows along the bank of the slough in the rear of the Good Samaritan hospital joining Fifth avenue at the corner of the barracks enclosure.

Derelict Burned. The old Kellogg laundry which two weeks ago tore loose from its moorings on the bank of the Klondike and floated down in front of the barracks, was set on fire this morning and burned to the water's edge...

Lighthouse Inspector. C. P. W. G. Day, inspector of lighthouses for the Thirteenth district, which comprises the states of Oregon and Washington and the territory of Alaska, arrived in Seattle yesterday from his headquarters in Portland.

Called Down. John Hildebrand was before Judge Macaulay this morning on the charge of allowing a lot of filth to accumulate on his premises on Steele avenue. John is a cook by trade and is away much of the time and did not seem to know much about the condition of his premises until confronted with a fine of \$10 and costs when he became somewhat sassy in court.

Scrapers, Sluice Forks and Brushes. MAKES THE WASH-UP QUICK AND EASY. Dawson Hardware Company, Limited.

part of the ship captains or the crews of the vessels rather than because of a lack of proper danger signals. -P-I, April 18.

Suddenly I felt, rather than saw, something moving near the veranda. I looked more closely, and to my horror perceived an enormous lion stealing along the ground in the direction of my wife and child. My wife saw the creature at the same instant, and despite her terror, fortunately remained perfectly motionless and silent.

There was no time to think; the lion was within a few feet of my dear ones and crouching for a spring. I called softly to my wife not to move, and then fired.

There was an instant of fearful suspense. Then I fired again, but the second bullet was not necessary, for the lion had been killed at the first shot. -Ex.

Scarcely knowing what to do, I hastily crept toward the side of the bungalow to the open window of my room, where I knew a loaded rifle was leaning against the wall. I climbed in at the window, seized the rifle, and leaped by another window out upon the veranda.

Try the "Old Crow" at Sideboard. Send a copy of Gutzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. LAWYERS. PATTULLO & RIDLEY - Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8, A. C. Office Bldg.

EMIL STAUF. REAL ESTATE, RENTING AND FINANCIAL BROKER. Agent for Barber & Ludus Properties. The Imperial Life Insurance Company. Collections Promptly Attended to.

REMOVAL NOTICE. On or about May 1st the YUKON BAKERY will remove to their new quarters on Second avenue, opposite S. Y. T. building, where they will be pleased to meet their many friends and patrons.

WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE. Time Table of Rail Division.

Table with columns: North Bound, South Bound, STATIONS, Daily Except Sunday, Daily Except Monday. Includes stations like SKAGWAY, WHITE PASS, and YUKON.

Shipping Co. Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points. Pacific Coast and Depot.

Retiring From Gent's Furnishing and Boot and Shoe Department. We have decided to withdraw the above departments from our business and will sell EN BLOC making payments agreeable to purchaser at RETAIL.

NECKWEAR. NEGLIGEE SHIRTS. HATS, all shapes. CLOTHING, made by W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co.

Boots & Shoes. The Celebrated Slater and Ames Holden. Full line Miner's Hob Nailed Waterproof, the most sensible shoe in the market.

SOCKS, largely English imported goods. COLLARS. CUFFS. UNDERWEAR, Marino natural wool and Silk.

Our announcement as above is Bona Fide and by giving us a call we will convince you.

Macaulay Bros., One Door Below Norquay's Drug Store Front Street

DECLARED NOT GUILTY

Accused of Attempted Robbery

Case Against Preston and Sullivan Heard This Morning Before Mr. Justice Craig.

Preston and Sullivan, the two men charged with attempting to steal gold from the sluice boxes at 1 below on Bonanza on the night of May 5, were on trial this morning before Mr. Justice Craig.

George D. Bentley, a partner of Tagish Charley and a third owner in the claim, testified that no one, watchman, layman or even the owners, had any business around the boxes when the water was turned off and sluicing was not in progress.

Dickson, a watchman employed to look after the interests of Tagish Charley, also gave evidence for the crown, though it did not injure the defendants in the least, but on the contrary was rather in their favor.

On behalf of the defense several witnesses were called, among them being Richard Armstrong, who is also interested in the dumps. He swore to having employed Sullivan as a watchman on the night in question and that he was to relieve him (witness) at midnight.

In summing up the evidence his lordship concluded there was not sufficient evidence to convict the accused of any criminal intent and both were discharged.

The Age of Pottery. The attempt to ascertain the age of a porcelain vase by testing it with a magnet may appear to the lay mind as rank lunacy, but a French scientist with the musical name of Folghoraiter claims, with much plausibility, that he can fix, approximately, the dates of old potteries in this way.

The magnetic needle does not, as many people suppose, point exactly to the north, but deviates from a north and south line to an extent which differs in different places, and also varies from year to year at the same place.

At Paris, for example, this deviation, or "declination," as it is technically called, was 11 1/2 degrees to the east in the year 1580. In 1663 there was no declination—that is, the needle pointed due north.

The greatest westerly declination—about 22 1/2 degrees—occurred in 1835, since which time the needle has been slowly coming back to the meridian. The declination is now less than 15

degrees, and in another century it will be zero. Furthermore, a freely suspended magnetic needle does not lie horizontally, but dips toward the north, and this dipping, or "inclination," varies, as the declination does. It is evident that if we know the inclination and declination for all past times, or know the laws of their variation so that we can compute their values at any epoch, we can fix the date of any occurrence by the declination and inclination at that time.

Now, most clay contains iron and is magnetized in the direction of the prevailing magnetic force—that is, parallel to the compass needle. When the clay is "fired," or baked, the direction of this magnetism becomes fixed, parallel with the direction of the compass needle at that instant. Hence, if the resulting vase or brick were undisturbed, it would preserve, graven in it, so to speak, a record of the date at which it was made.

Vases are disturbed, and we cannot tell which side was north in the firing kiln, so that we cannot use the magnetic "declination," but we can make use of the dip, or "inclination."

This ingenious method has been applied to vases of the Roman and Etruscan periods. The former give a very different inclination from the latter, indicating a great difference in age, which is at least interesting and gratifying as a first result.

Other investigations have endeavored to fix in a similar way the epochs of volcanic eruptions from the magnetism of clay beds which have been covered and baked by hot lava. No satisfactory results have yet been obtained, however.—EX.

Pay Your Bills. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to The Alaska Commercial Company that accounts remaining unpaid May 15th next will be placed in the hands of the company's solicitor for collection.

RELEASED FROM JAIL

Pardon of Judge Noyes' Stenographer

Claude A. S. Frost Who Was Mixed up in Nome Mining Case Scandal.

San Francisco, May 15.—A telegram received at Alameda county jail announced the pardon of Claude A. S. Frost, special agent of the department of justice and stenographer for Judge Noyes, who has been serving a sentence of one year's imprisonment for contempt of court on account of his connection with the Nome mining scandals. The telegram is from Attorney-General Knox and it directed the immediate release of Frost.

The Secret of the Hills. There's a glorious golden vision, And its view my spirit fills, While I gaze in silent wonder On the beauty of the hills, Where lies hid the golden treasure, Precious ore in ample measure, Neath the moss-clad Yukon hills.

When the lone star, pale Polaris, Glows serenely overhead, Hope resplendent shines transcendent Where the secret-seekers tread, O'er the hills, where golden treasure Lies concealed in ample measure 'Neath the snow-clad Yukon hills.

Fortune favors brave endeavor, Patient courage to pursue Till the secret stands discovered, Toiling, keep the end in view, And unearth the hidden treasure, Hoarded deep in godly measure, 'Neath the ice-bound Yukon hills.

In this northern land of promise, Though the breath of winter chills, Soon the summer's vernal beauty, Crowns the glory of the hills, Where lies hid the secret treasure, Buried deep, in ample measure, 'Neath the spruce-clad Yukon hills.

Then the sun's meridian glory Will dispel the winter's night, Giving token of the coming Of the promised vision bright, To unfold the secret golden In the ages past with hidden hills. 'Neath the moss-clad Yukon hills.

—Canuck

Job Printing at Nugget office.

THAT STRIKE OF MINER'S

Quaintly Described by the Morning Joke

Men Demand \$4.50 in Currency Instead of \$4.25 in Dust, the Former Scale.

For pure assinine assinity an article in the morning's morning of this date heads off all competitors.

Under the heading "Miner's Strike for Higher Wages" it goes on to tell about men on Fox, American and Magnet gulches refusing to take dust at \$15 per ounce but insisting on it at \$16, a clear loss of \$1 to themselves.

The article goes on and says the wages were earned under the old value of \$16 per ounce and that the men refuse to accept it at \$15.

There is a difference existing between Hamilton and Knox and their men, 23 of whom are employed on American gulch. The men have been receiving \$4.25 per day in dust and they are demanding \$4.50 per day in currency. For back wages they demand dust at \$15.00 per ounce, thus allowing the 2 1/2 per cent. royalty off. This offer the owners refuse, but wish to hold out 60 cents per ounce for royalty.

On one or two claims on Magnet gulch the same conditions prevail. The morning joke should brush up on its mathematics.

Ancient Egyptian Boat.

A wonderful old boat that sailed the Nile 3,800 years ago, 1,800 years before Cleopatra's famous barge was built, creaked through the streets of Pittsburg the other day when it was transferred from the Lake Erie freight yards, on the south side, to the sheltering port of the Carnegie museum.

The ancient vessel, according to Dr. Holland, was found, with two other boats, in one of the Egyptian funeral vaults. "Its history spans that of civilization," said Pittsburg's noted scientist, "and when you stop to consider the age of its worm-eaten planks, our Anglo-Saxon civilization seems a thing of yesterday. When you contemplate the architectural monuments in whose shadow it has lain, the great building of the Carnegie Institute seems insignificant."

Only three boats of this character were found, and one went to the British museum, one to the Field-Columbian Museum of Chicago, while the third was secured by Andrew Carnegie for Pittsburg. Edward Ayer, one of the trustees and leading men of the Field-Columbian Museum of Chicago, called the attention of Mr. Carnegie to the possibility of securing the third boat for the Carnegie Museum, and was instructed by the steel king to secure the relic for the Smoky City.

The ancient craft was shipped in June, lashed to the bow of the steamship Hohenfels, and came direct from Suez to New York, the tarpaulin covering it still bearing the marks left by the dashing spray. The boat is shaped like the crude dug-outs of barbaric races, and the heavy rotten planks of uneven length are at present held together by iron hoops. The vessel measures 32 feet in length, is 8 feet wide and 6 feet deep.

Its size will not permit of bringing the relic into the present museum, and therefore it will be housed outside until the promised new building is completed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Gash-ding it, Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Billus, pulling a crumpled document out of his pocket. "There's that letter you gave me to mail a week or more ago!"

"And you told me you dropped it into the first letter box you passed!"

"That's what grinds me, I certainly did drop something into that letter box. I wish, by George, I knew what it was!"—Chicago Tribune.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists. "Her husband is very handsome. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, quite handsome." "Isn't his plain wife jealous?"

"Not a bit of it. If he gets a little flirtatious she simply cuts off his weekly allowance of nine dollars, and that ends it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

J. A. Hubley Is the Winner of the Prize!

We, the undersigned representatives of the Dawson newspapers, having been appointed by Hershberg & Co. to count the ballots in the guessing contest as to the date of the moving of the ice in front of Dawson, do hereby certify that we have counted the said ballots and have found that J. A. Hubley having guessed the nearest according to the official time, 8:45 p. m. on the Eleventh of May, 1902, his guess being, in fact, on the exact moment of occurrence to the official time. He is hereby declared to be entitled to the complete outfit offered by Hershberg & Co under the provisions of the said guessing contest.

Witness our hands this 12th day of May, 1902. WM. P. ALLEN, Nugget; A. F. GEORGE, News; B. H. MORAN, Sun.

NO PEEPING TOLERATED

Miss Caulman Enforced Order in Earnest

Special to the Daily Nugget. Boston, May 15.—Miss Madeline Caulman of the "Railroad Jack" theater company, which closed an engagement at Lynn theater last night, shot a man who was peeping through the window of her dressing room. She was dressing for the last scene when she saw a man's face pressed against the window glass. She told him to leave and when he declined Miss Caulman took a revolver from her trunk and fired three shots at him.

Decorates His Own Grave

Few indeed have the strange privilege of decorating their own graves. Such a person, however, is to be found in Corona, L.I. He is a veteran of the late war. He enlisted in the Flushing regiment and in the battle of Vicksburg was hit with the fragment of a shell.

For a whole day he lay in the trenches. They thought him dead. When he came to, his mind and memory were gone. Strangers found him and asked him who he was. He could not tell. He was like a child.

He was transferred, and after the war was taken to the Soldiers' home in Washington. There he learned once more to read and write, to converse and thus began life over again.

One day, thirty years after the battle that robbed him of his senses, the man woke up, as it were. He came to his old self. His first question was about the battle.

"What battle?" they asked. "Why, the battle I was in today. Was I hit?"

They told him that he had been hit thirty years before. He had been restored to his former identity. All memory of the intervening years now faded as completely as that which had gone before had faded previously.

"Who are you?" they asked. He told them. Then he started the long journey back to Long Island, in search of his former home and friends. Arriving at Flushing, one of the first objects that met his gaze was the soldiers' monument. It stands in front of the old Quaker meeting house, date 1661, and which was used alternately as a federal and British stronghold during the Revolution.

The old man naturally paused and read the familiar names of his martyred comrades. To his consternation he saw his own name enrolled there. That was some years ago.

Since that day the old veteran has never missed Decoration day in Flushing. He comes with a big wreath and lays it on the mound under his own name literally upon his own grave. These are the facts as told me and vouched for by a veteran comrade of the very live ghost himself. It is almost a parallel case with the famous Colonel Chabert of Balzac.—New York Herald.

An Unconscious Sermon.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a ditch, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable looking farm house; and at the same time a boy 10 or 12 years old came out into the

Earl & Wilson Collars and Cuffs Wilson Bros. Shirts and Neckwear

ALL NEW GOODS. SARGENT & PINSKA, 118 Second Avenue.

ROBINS Handle Dirt and Tailings Cheaply

Belt Conveyors For information see B. A. HOWES, Hotel Metropole, Dawson.

FOR KOYUKUK

STEAMER MAY WEST May 20 From S. Y. T. Dock For Rates See H. W. CARR, Third Avenue, Opposite Post Office. Telephone 102-C.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

H. L. Hedger, Dentist, has removed his Dental Parlors from the Exchange to the Bank Building and associated with Dr. G. M. Faulkner (formerly with Dawson Dental Parlors). Rooms 3, 4, 5 Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co. Your patronage solicited. PHONE 178 DRS. FAULKNER & HEDGER.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. FOR COPPER RIVER AND COOK'S INLET

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL PORTS IN Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From Juneau on First of Each Month

OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yesler Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street

road with a small pail, and stood directly before him. "What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully. "Indeed he would; and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as He does a very large favor; and this is the most I can do for others. You see, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot; and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and the houses are all some distance from the road; and so, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the gray eyes, that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing

good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and so expectedly.—EX.

An impudent fellow named Hawarden, inquired, without asking his pardon, Of the learned Colquhoun if the man in the miquouin Always lodged in some nobleman's gawarden. Whereupon the fire-eating Lord Chalmondeley, Overhearing the words, remarked glomondeley, To an awe-stricken neighbor, as sheathing his neighbor, That the question was very uncom-mondeley.

Too Democratic—"They've given to the Authors' club." "Why?" "Every body who had written a historical novel was eligible, and they found it wasn't going to be exclusive enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Instructor—In what respect did the fourteenth and nineteenth centuries resemble each other? De Grees—The nineteenth century resembled the fourteenth in that both were a hundred years long.—Harvard Lampoon.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.