

SO!

capital has been... from quartz... in this country... press. We knew it... in a previous article... are with us. The... of many stamp mills... company which... and they are not... man and get in on... let the opportunity... in receipt of our... line of Fur Goods for

RSHERG

HEATRE

OCTOBER 7, 1901
RAY SOUTHWARD,
ESSIE PIERCE
Greatest of all Contortionists,
GEO. CARROLL,
The Great NOEL
The King of Magic
MEL ADELPHIA,
1.00 and \$2.00

APPEARANCE

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and Karla

Beginning on
Monday, Sept. 30
and all week

reatest Cast Ever Put
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GREAT SCENIC EFFECTS.

L. LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Liquors & Cigars

HOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHESTER, Prop.

BRARY
WORKINGMAN'S -
LUNCH, DINNER AND
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Long Distance

are put in immediate con-
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Telephone Syn. Co.

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ing Next Season.

Line.
son Office, A. C. Dock.

n Company

CLAUDE WAS A HOTEL SPOUT

That Grew Up With the Idea He
Was Pretty

When He Got Older Everyone
That His Mother Wanted to Kill

A homeless couple living in a fami-
ly hotel had an only child. His
mother had him christened Claude.
Because she had a grudge against
him, but because she had been reading
stories to be continued in our
column, she had given him a middle
name which she had called himself
Claude, or something like that. But
she did not give him a show to throw
the hoodoo. He was Claude for
some time and the worst you could say
of him was that he tried to live
by the name.

When the boy with the handicap
was one year old his mother began to
cut his hair on a poker and then
to tell him about the hotel. He
would be passed around and bitten
and killed on the feet and churned
and everyone said he was a beautiful
child. The other people living at the
hotel used to come up and borrow
him to play with.

As the bierey old gentlemen and the
ladies who ate peppermint
turn about in dawdling and
blowing in little Claude and blowing in
his ears and rubbing noses with him.
The Maikin had sense enough to
circulate any impressions in the
early and unspoiled period he must
conclude that he had got into
a funny old world.

When honey was a little older he
went through the hotel. The men
gave him money and bought candy
for him and laugh to be sassy.
The women told him he was an ip-
sity-ay angel. A boy can learn more
in a hotel than he can in a kinder-
garten. At the age of 4 Claude tol-
derated his parents. He had to be
dressed to get into the bath-tub.
When his father would get out of
bed and want to go after him with
the red slipper, then mother
would rush in and do the Pocahontas
dances. She would say, "Noun-
n, had old popper shan't wallop
mother's little skidjums."

Claude learned that he could work
mamma, so he became as finicky as
dramatic star. If the loast was
over on one side he wanted it done
on both sides, and then when it was
back and fixed up for him, he
would let out a wail because the
mother hadn't brought him a plate
with a picture on it.

The help had to be pleasant while
mamma had her eagle eye on them,
they often thought what a good
time it would be to lure Claude
to the kitchen and fricassee him.
Mamma would come to breakfast
wearing all her diamonds, and she
would expect the entire staff of em-
ployees to drop everything else and
to wait on Claude. So Claude
it into his head that the entire
saloon of this mundane sphere
was put here for the express purpose
of honoring him and giving him nick-
names and telling him he was a pretty
boy. His mother and her friends
would discuss his beauty so that he
could overhear it. Claude became
conscious and had the swell head
began to look askance at those
who did not smell of perfume. And
he knew that he would underestimate
the importance, his mamma would
tell him several times a day that he
was good to play with the brats.
He teased him as much like a girl
and had him wearing
a stiff skirt when he ought
to have been out playing first base.
The very idea of permitting the
to mingle with the lower
classes in the public schools gave her
the holly-wobbles. Claude grew up
with a spirituelle hot-house flower, with
a blue sash and his nose in the
air.

He would sit in the hotel office
with his finger nails and feel
of adulation. Sometimes the
other kids would see him at the win-
dow and beg him to come out just
a little while and they wouldn't
do a thing to him.

Once or twice the male parent won-
dered what they would make out of
this boy, but mamma shuddered at the
suggestion of Claude being put to
work. Some of the worldly boarders
around the hotel suggested that he
be a clerk model. Claude had
plans of his own. He knew that
he was the handsomest and dearest
child that ever grew up in a family
and therefore he would be col-
ored and indulged for all time.

When he became so long-legged
they had to pull him out of
the stockings and cut off his curls,
so the people would have thrown
him at him. When he gave up be-
ing a pretty boy and tried to be a

GREAT STRIKES IN AMERICA

There Have Been Five in the Past
20 Years

And the Results Have Invariably Been
Disastrous to the Laborers Every
Time.

Martin Irons, who died a few months
ago, was chairman of the executive
committee of the Knights of Labor in
1886. Terrence V. Powderly, now
commissioner of immigration, was
master workman.

Demand was made that one Hall, a
discharged employe, should be put
back. The subordinate and then
the principal officers of the road, up
to Jay Gould himself, refused. The
Knights of Labor had 150,000 mem-
bers at that time and were adverse to
a struggle.

After weeks of fruitless negotiations
Martin Irons, as chairman of the ex-
ecutive committee, sent a cipher tele-
gram to all the local bodies of the
Knights of Labor on the road, calling
out every trainman, switchman, fire-
man, conductor, brakeman and opera-
tor.

The order was generally obeyed and
in a short time the strike had partial-
ly at least, and in some sections en-
tirely, tied up 5000 miles of road.

The railroad company imported
workmen. The strikers grew furious
at this, and inside of a month, espe-
cially at Sedalia, Mo., there was a
condition that bordered on anarchy.

It must be said to the credit of the
Knights of Labor that they were not
as an organization concerned in these
acts. Finally troops were called out.

The managers of the road made no
concessions to the strikers. These
men held out for a time, and then,
seeing that their case was hopeless,
bursed back. The strike ended in a
humiliating failure for the laborer.

Just as the presidential campaign
in 1892 was beginning, when Grover
Cleveland was pitted for a second
time against Benjamin Harrison,
Henry Clay Frick, then chairman of
the board of trustees of the great
Carnegie Company promulgated a new
scale of wages for the iron workers
in all the Carnegie mills, and particu-
larly for the mills situated at Home-
stead, Pa., where more steel was
made at that time than at any other
point in the United States.

The Amalgamated Association of
Iron and Steel Workers refused to ac-
cept the scale. There were some con-
ferences, but Frick stood firm.

The mechanics and laborers who
were not locked out struck in sym-
pathy. The strikers were determined
to keep non-union men out of the mill
and adopted a military discipline and
a system of patrol. Frick imported a
large number of Pinkerton detectives.
There was a bloody fight between the
strikers and the Pinkertons on July
6. In all 35 deaths can be traced di-
rectly to this strike.

Pennsylvania's National guard was
called out and remained on duty for
three months. The strike was de-
clared off on Nov. 19 of the same
year, although the mills were running
full handed for weeks before that
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Since then the Carnegie mills have
been non-union. He strike involved
10,000 men directly. It cost them

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Steam Fittings

We Carry the Largest and Best As-
sorted Stock in Dawson.

SEE OUR WINDOW!

Dawson Hardware Co.

Store, Second Ave. Phone 35. Mfg. Dept. 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

who lives in Washington, N. J., an-
nouncing his intention of remaining
in the north.

The story of the alleged abandon-
ment of Dr. Diedrick comes in a dis-
patch from Boston. It is as follows:
"Gustav Staats, chief engineer of
the Peary steamer Erik, is authority
for the statement that Dr. T. S.
Diedrick of Brooklyn, the only phy-
sician and scientific man who accom-
panied Peary to the north, was cast
adrift on the ice 200 miles from the
nearest point of civilization. Con-
stant quarreling between the chief
of the expedition and Dr. Diedrick re-
sulted in many threats being made by
both of them. Most of these threats,
however, resulted in mere talk, but
finally in the abandoning of the doc-
tor at Etah, Greenland, in latitude
79:10 north.

"Put ashore by Commander Her-
bert L. Bridgman from the Erik at
2 o'clock in the morning of August
17th last, Dr. Diedrick was without
food whatsoever, and the only means
he had of protecting himself from the
assaults of the polar bears and other
wild animals of the north were a few
guns and a little ammunition. What
his fate will be is hard to imagine.
His only means of procuring eatable
will be shooting walrus and seal.
"It has been alleged that the quar-
rel was due to the discovery of gold

and diamonds. This is denied by
Staats. It is also said that Diedrick
was insane. Relative to this Staats
says:
"But I can say truthfully and the
members of the crew of the vessel
will bear me out, that Dr. Diedrick
was not any more mad than I am.
All the time that he was supposed to
be mad he attended to the ills of the
sailors and crew, and he not once
showed any symptoms of insanity.
He was as sane as any man that
ever boarded a ship."
"Staats alleges that on the morn-
ing Diedrick left the ship he heard
Commander Bridgman remark that he
could not return again, because the
agreement was signed. What this
agreement was is a mystery, and as
there are no other members of the
expedition in this vicinity, it has
been impossible to learn. Mrs. Peary
is at her home in Washington and
she was not on the Erik when Dr.
Diedrick went ashore. She may
know something about the trouble."

Notice.
I hereby give notice that I will not
be responsible for any debts contract-
ed by Fannie Chisholm, my wife,
without my written order.
THOS. CHISHOLM
Dated Oct. 2nd, 1901.

STAGE LINES FREIGHTERS
THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.
TO GRAND FORKS—Daily each way, Sun days included. 8:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.
TO DOMINION AND GOLD RUN—Via Vancouver and North Forks Pocks. 8:45 a. m.
TO HUNKER—Daily (Sun days included). 7:30 p. m.
ALL LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING TELEPHONE NO. 8.

The White Pass & Yukon Route

Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers between
Dawson and White Horse:
"Victorian" "Columbian" "Canadian" "Whitehorse"
"Selkirk" "Dawson" "Yukoner" "Batter"
"Zealandian" "Sybil" and Five Freight Steamers.
A daily steamer each way connecting with passenger trains
at White Horse. Through Tickets to all Puget Sound Ports
Baggage Checked and Bonded Through.

Travel by the Best Boats and Avoid Trouble and Delay. Reservations Made on Application.
E. C. HAWKINS, J. E. LEE, J. H. ROOPES
Gen'l Mgr. W.P. & Y.R. Gen'l Mgr. B.Y.N.Co. Traffic Manager, Agent.

C. G. Wilson, Importer

FEED, PROVISIONS,
FOOD PRODUCTS.
All Stored in the New Two Story Brick
Call and Get Prices in Quantities.

Iowa Creamery Butter Better
Than Any.

Steamer Prospector

Will Sail for
Clear Creek and McQuesten
SUNDAY NOON, OCTOBER 6.
For Passenger and Freight Rates, Apply
Frank Mortimer, Agent. Aurora Dock.

The Popular Steamer

CLIFFORD SIFTON

...WILL MAKE...
ONE MORE TRIP TO
WHITEHORSE
WAIT FOR HER

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.
Frank Mortimer, Aurora Dock, Ticket and Freight Agent.

N. A. T. & T. CO.
New Goods MARKED AT New Prices
New Customers
EVERY DAY
We will be pretty busy for the next few days
Unloading New Goods, but we will be pleased to
serve you just the same.
THE N. A. T. & T. CO.

WAS ONLY A BOLD HOLD-UP

When W. P. & Y. R. Charged Street Storage

First Avenue Property Extends to High Water Mark Says Land Agent Gosselin.

Reference was made in these columns a week or so ago to Wm. Kleinberg having been mulcted out of \$88.50 storage charges which the White Pass people collected from him for the privilege of allowing a boiler to stand out in the street under no covering save that of heaven's broad canopy, the action of the company at the time being characterized as the grossest kind of a high-handed outrage. Representatives of the corporation when questioned as to their right to make such assessment claimed to have possession of a strip of land 16 feet in width lying between their warehouse and the street, and the Kleinberg boiler is said to have rested upon that piece of hallowed ground. Investigation as to the extent of the company's lease does not show that they have any more title to that ground, perhaps not as much, as the general public, and their collection of storage in the manner stated was the most brazen piece of affront possible. Commissioner Ross when spoken to concerning the right of the White Pass Co. to preempt and turn to a source of revenue the public street, said:

"It is a matter to which my attention was called a few days ago, but I have as yet had no time to investigate it. Last spring I was approached by representatives of the company who expressed a desire to secure permission to use the street for the storage of heavy pieces of machinery until such time as they could be removed. It was manifestly impossible for me to grant outright any such privileges as that, but I realized that often it might work hardship on persons to be compelled to move heavy boilers immediately upon their arrival, whereas a delay of a day or two could hurt nothing, and shippers in that time might arrange matters so they could haul their machinery direct from the dock to their claims, thus saving one handling of the heavy pieces. I knew, too, that none of the city docks were large enough to accommodate the freight constantly arriving unless it was removed at once, so decided that as long as traffic was not interrupted the street could be used. The use was granted tacitly, but no rights whatsoever were attached to it. Concerning the extent of the ground under lease to the White Pass Co., I know nothing. That you will find in the office of the crown timber and land agent."

From Mr. Gosselin, land agent, it is learned that the water front leases cover no ground whatever except from the edge of the river outward. At the time the C. D. Co. built its dock in '99, now the White Pass, H. Maitland Kersey, then managing director, tried to gobble up 20 feet of the street, and after having started his foundation was compelled to desist and move out to the present location. The width of Front street is not limited to 66 feet, as is ordinarily supposed, but extends out to what would be high water mark were there no buildings along the water front. The leases held by the wharf owners cover only the river bank—fresh water tide lands, so to speak; they have not the faintest shadow of title to the ground abutting them on the street side, and are allowed to use the streets for storage purposes only by the sufferance of the government.

THE SWEDE WAS "TAKEN"

But Ay Tank Ay Baen Oop Ayant Da Rale Ting.

There are three young men occupying a certain cabin, one of whom is an unsuspecting son of the land of the olden time Norse kings, whose innocence and inexperience of the ways of the western world makes him the subject of many practical jokes by his fellow room mates. Olaf is a good boy and in some things has developed considerable cleverness, but his knowledge as yet is rather limited. He came to Dawson about two years ago direct from his old home in Sweden, and at the time of his arrival could speak but very little English and was absolutely devoid of understanding the latter language. He obtained employment in a machine shop, and by hard work became quite adept in his occupation and by

careful study has learned to speak quite fluently as well as read and write a little of the English language.

One of Olaf's roommates has devoted considerable time in helping him in his study, and in return Olaf has grown to look upon him as a brother and takes his word on everything as gospel truth. It is this absolute trust which has brought to Olaf considerable grief on different occasions, as the man who thus holds his destiny in an inveterate practical joker, and instead of considering his charge seriously takes advantage of it, and at every opportunity makes Olaf the victim of his humor.

The latest joke practiced on the unsuspecting Olaf was last night, when the census taker came to the cabin to get the data from the occupants for the census returns. It happened that Olaf's friend—who for convenience will call Jones—had met the census enumerator on the street in the afternoon, and after giving the answers to the questions concerning himself told the enumerator to call at the cabin in the evening and he would find the other boys at home.

Jones then went home and finding Olaf alone and seeing the opportunity to have a little sport at his expense, told him that there was a warrant out for his arrest and that the man would be up after supper to get him, "but," added Jones, "don't get worried, we will all testify to your good character and will go bail for you."

"What is this," said Olaf, not comprehending the situation, "they are going to arrest me. Why I never did a wrong deed in my life."

"That is all right; that is what you say," said Jones, "but they have found you out at last and will be here after supper, so you had better prepare yourself for the worst is yet to come. However, don't be alarmed, for we will all stand-by you through thick and thin, but the best thing for you to do when the man comes around is to answer every question he asks you, make a clean breast of your whole life; where you were born, where your parents live, what your name was and is now, your age, occupation, etc., and continuing through the whole category of the census questions." By the time he had finished Olaf was so scared he could hardly breathe. "What am I to do," he wailed, "I never did any thing wrong and the only thing I ever stole in my life was some turpins when I was a boy six years old, and only my father and mother knew of it."

"Sch," said Jones, "as you value your liberty don't tell that to the man or it will be all off with you and even my influence will be unable to keep you out of jail."

"Oh, what shall I do," wailed the unhappy Olaf. "I wish I had never left the peaceful quietude of my native country," and then he began to ply his tormentor with questions as to the charge and who laid the information, but he could get no satisfaction from Jones, who put him off by telling him that he would fix it all right.

After supper there came a rap on the door and Jones upon opening it said to the enumerator, "Ask him what his name is quick." Although there had been no previous understanding the enumerator was quick witted enough to understand that there was something up and assuming an air of the severest gravity went through the whole list of questions. Olaf, who had felt a sickening sensation at the heart when the enumerator entered was fast losing his self-control as his questioner proceeded down the line, and upon being asked his former name he was unable to pronounce it and said he would write it out.

Owing to the fact that the name of his parents was such a difficult one to pronounce Olaf and his brother also had changed their name to a more simple one upon arriving in this country, and when Olaf sat down to the table to write the familiar name of his parents in the Old Country his position came to him with such unconquerable force that he lost his control entirely and burst into a flood of tears.

His tormentor almost relented then and started to tell him the joke, but his insatiable love of fun prevented and Olaf was kept in hot water for several hours.

After Olaf had answered all the questions put to him the enumerator looking around asked for the third party who lived in the cabin. This almost gave the joke away, but it happened that he was not at home, and Jones turned Olaf's question as to what he was wanted for by stating that he was called as a witness, and as such was compelled to answer another set of questions. For nearly three hours after the enumerator had left Olaf nursed his grief and fear and plied Jones with questions as to what he should do, but the only satisfaction he could get was the reply

every time, "Shut up you fool, didn't I tell you I would fix it for you." Olaf finally worked himself up to a degree of desperation and announced his intention of getting into a small boat and going down the river.

"Why," remonstrated Jones, "that would be the worst kind of foolishness, for they would catch you at Fortymile and then the consequences would be twice as severe."

"No," replied Olaf, "they wouldn't catch me, for I would cut the telegraph line in six places on my way down, or if they should catch me I would jump into the river, for I would rather be in the river than be arrested."

His nervousness finally got so strong that he went down town fully determined to put his threat into execution when he met a man with one of the "Taken" tags in his hat and inquired what it meant. Upon being told he saw through the joke that had been played upon him, and started back to the cabin determined to put the horseplay to the man who had caused him such a fright, but being good natured he was soon pacified and was laughing with the rest at his unreasonable scare.

THE TYRRELL'S LIGHT CARGO

Could Not Await Arrival of Str. Mexico at St. Michael.

The steamer Tyrrell, one of Sullivan's fleet, arrived yesterday evening 17 days out of St. Michael. She came up practically empty, having but 50 tons aboard for the N. A. T. & T. Co. and a portion of the crew of the J. P. Light. Mrs. Sullivan was the only through passenger, though a number were picked up at way points. The failure of the Mexico to arrive at St. Michael in time to get her cargo up the river will prove a serious loss to more than one person, shippers as well as carriers. It is learned by mail that the Mexico left Vancouver August 26 and when a few days out broke her shaft, necessitating her return to Seattle for repairs. She got away the second time September 11. Under favorable conditions the run to St. Michael would be made in 12 days and at the time of the Tyrrell's departure she was expected not later than September 25, too late to attempt the transshipment of her cargo. The Tyrrell and Light laid at St. Michael 11 days waiting for their freight and when it became apparent it was useless to wait longer the Tyrrell was sent back. Sullivan remained at St. Michael and as soon as the Mexico arrives will load the Light and two barges and proceed up the river as far as he can this fall, going into winter quarters probably somewhere near Neardinsky or Nulato. The water in the flats is becoming very low and heavy vessels have difficulty in getting over the bars. No ice has yet made its appearance.

St. Michael will be very quiet this winter and Nome will be a silent city in reality as well as in name. Everyone who can possibly raise the price of a ticket is leaving and at St. Michael there will be left only a handful of soldiers, a few clerks and some watchmen. Sullivan is building a warehouse 40x60 near the old A. E. quarters.

The steamer Casca was passed by the Tyrrell the second day out from St. Michael. She is heavily laden with freight for the N. A. T. & T. Co. and is drawing nearly five feet. Unless some of her cargo is lightened at Tanana it will be impossible for her to get over the flats this season. The Lavelle Young with a cargo of 200 tons was passed on a day at the mouth of the river. She had gone aground at low tide and should have had no difficulty in getting off when the tide turned. The present is the Young's third attempt to reach Dawson. Last season when well up the river she blew out her crown sheet and was compelled to turn back for repairs. It is very doubtful if she arrives this season.

The Tyrrell will be pulled out on the ways at West Dawson tomorrow.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

LOST—Lady's small poke containing few dollars in dust. Reward if returned to Nugget office.—D. H. R. T.

WANTED—By a competent woman, position as cook or housekeeper. Best of references. Inquire at Nugget office.

Send a copy of Grotzman's souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news-stands. Price \$2.50.

Pure Cider Vinegar —AT— F. S. DUNHAM'S THE FAMILY GROCER Corner 2nd Ave. and 6th St.

CONCERT SUNDAY NIGHT

ONE LITTLE ITALIAN MAID



PALOMA AND KARLA SCHRAMM.

The music loving public of Dawson will be pleased to learn that another opportunity is to be given of hearing Paloma and Karla Schramm.

The two little girls will appear for the last time in Dawson at the old Savoy on Sunday night, and will give an entirely new program. None of the selections used last Sunday night will be repeated.

On Wednesday evening last the two little girls appeared at the Forks, where they delighted a large and enthusiastic audience. An evidence of the physical strength of the two children is furnished by the fact that they walked to and from the Forks, a distance of 28 miles, both refusing to ride on the stage.

ONE OF MAN'S DELUSIONS

Owens a Town Today and Saws Wood Tomorrow.

If there has been a day since Dawson was accorded a position on the map on which a man was justified in getting on a skate that would make him blind to the weather, that day was yesterday—a day when the horse-plate of dreaminess spread over the country and when all nature felt like going to bed, tucking the "Movers" in closely around her ears and staying there until climatic conditions changed.

The weather of yesterday was too much for W. Fisher, who assayed to woo an artificial sunshine by pecking himself in the compound tripe extract of eye. For a time it worked like a charm and Fisher was led to believe that he was the poohbah of Dawson in that he objected to other people using the sidewalk while he was out on parade until Sergeant Smith came along and cut short the poohbah's reign. When arraigned on the charge of "d. and d." this morning Fisher did not deny the allegation but "guessed" it was true. A fine of \$5 and costs, or 10 days labor was imposed. Having invested his capital in an attempt to offset the effects of yesterday's weather he will refine fuel.

NEW SAVOY OPENING

Commencing With Monday Night Performances Will Be Given.

The new Savoy theater will open Monday night with the best show in Dawson. Besides the regular high-class drama, headed by Cummings, some high salaried vaudeville people are on the boards. The house is all finely furnished and a comfortable seat is given to all patrons irrespective of location. The old Savoy will close with the opening of the new house.

If you want the "Big" 50 cent cigar—call at Butler's Pioneer.

Who Lived on Princes Road and Tended Shop

Was Born to a Career Which She Afterward Achieved by Dreaming and Study for the Stage.

From such surroundings? Yes, perhaps because of such surroundings, Genius will flourish anywhere, and every difficulty to its own advantage. At any rate, though genius itself is apt to be very dubious respecting this comforting doctrine, I cannot but think that Princess road made Catarina. Yes, truly, what a setting for such a pearl!

Her mother was an Italian, her father had died while she was still a child, and from that day Catarina was marked by fate. The mother had bought a greengrocer's shop in that very unlovely Princess road in that little fortress—it might be truly said hardly ever quitting guard—she had begun and carried on through long years one of those terrible, grim silent struggles with poverty, disaster and death with which London is replete. She had survived, she had been always able just to keep her head above water, but heaven only knows at the cost of what heroism, of what intelligence and of what privations in that little sea of troubles in which her lot was cast!

The older inhabitants of Princess road still remember her as a buxom and high spirited young woman, speaking English very badly, but shrewd enough withal. But the years had gradually robbed her of every trace of her former beauty, and on the first day I knew her she was a prematurely old, quiet, careworn dame, her face fallow and withered, her cheeks drawn and sunken, her hair dry and dusty, and if any thing remained to give assurance to the memory of her charms it was in her Italian eye, sad, but deep, lustrous, blazing up at times with some inward fire or occasionally revealing the strange, yearning, hunted-look of a poor child of the sunny south wearing out her life in a somber clime and among an alien people.

No, there was another testimony to her former beauty—Catarina! She was about 13 when I saw her first, and most children are pretty at that age, but no one with the eye of an artist or with insight into character could once gaze upon Catarina's countenance without inwardly resolving that that strange, foreign looking creature was predestined to a "career."

Catarina was often to be found in the shop about that time or in the little "parlor" that served for everything at the back. She was generally to be found there, in fact, for, though she avoided school and was not a particularly shining light in the paths of learning, the girl saw it with a rage for reading. There she was to be found as often as not with a smudge upon her short nose from having handled dusty potatoes, perched up or crouched down with a novelette, a story book, a book of travel, or adventure. She was extraordinarily precocious in her understanding of the world, just as much as she was backward in physical development, for she was small for her age. Even then she was ambitious—she was more than ambitious—she was fiery and resolute. One day she saw it in the flash of the wonderful eyes as she glanced up quickly from her book, seeming in one earnest dart to look through your own eyes into something, possibly the soul, behind!

She was delightfully shy, though confident, timid though fiery, casual though tender. When she dropped her eyes there was a fascination that depended on no mere demonstration, must indeed have been something more conscious, for it seemed ready to be due to the lashes, with their long and peculiar fanlike sweep. Catarina had resolved even to be an actress. By a sort of instinct she perceived that that was the only avenue by which she would escape from the surroundings of that little road, which at the same time she loathed and acquiesced in with a natural and even affectionate familiarity.

Catarina would weigh out a pound of potatoes with "Last Year's" on her hand. She would wash over an old halpenny with the same man, dreaming—for she was always dreaming—of the most illustrious situations of the "boards."

Catarina had been six months in "the profession." By dint of what exertions, of what energy, of what had she carried her point? It all seemed heroic, but of that kind of heroism which is utterly unconscious to the doer. Catarina knew a world of things, and she had nerves of steel. She had succeeded. And then, by chance came. Almost as one ball of worsted to a kitten she was given Catarina an interpolated and dance.

She could sing a "little bit" though her voice had a quality that though the sense of touch and hearing had been dissolved, and the volume of sound in singing was together too feeble. The audience laughed, laughed even at the Italian eyes, simply because they were "new"—until Catarina began to dance. They had laughed her into a fortnight, but in her excitement she had forgotten them. She did not upon the steps her mother had taught her and upon her genius. Her tongue spoke, it sang, it laughed, teased—yes, like the very utterance of the worsted—it fascinated, it drew fireworks, it brought down the lightning in a thunderclap of sudden, furious astonishment and applause.

I met her going home one day shortly afterward. She had been away and was actually trembling rather, stepping like a leaf on foot. Perhaps she liked to be perhaps it was the habit of a days when a halpenny loomed as a sovereign. She was dressed, though outwardly modest in a coarse cloak.

Dead Game Sport. Ross, of Murray & Ross, a winner on the yacht race in the Shamrock II. Yesterday he was on the wire reached Dawson riding the Columbia had won the first final race Ross, like a true pioneer went to George Butler's Pioneer saloon a check for the amount of his bet, which by the way was written with four: George Butler standing to lose amount should the Columbia win. The wager between the gentlemen was made subject to the decision of the board of judges. Ross took his medicine his loss not even waiting for the official decision. It is unnecessary to say in the event of Butler losing he would have the same manly spirit and "back."

L. O. Carter, more commonly known as "Dad," the newspaper news agent, has purchased the news stand on the corner of 3rd and 3rd St., by the Bank where he will be pleased to welcome many patrons and friends.

For Sale. Cash, Lower half 23 below Dominion, owner going out of week. Apply DR. MERRYMAN.

Only best brands of cigars served. Drinks and cigars at McDonald, Bank saloon.

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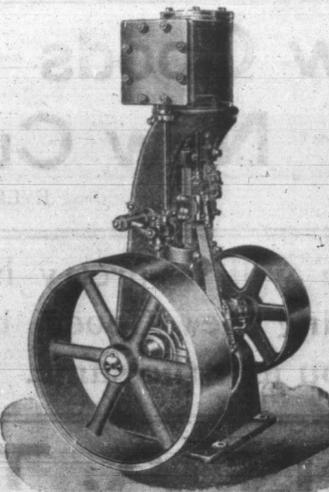
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Wall Paper From 50 Cents Up.

AT Anderson Bros. We have the finest lot of wall paper and paints direct from the factory. Stains, oils, turpentine, white and colored enamel, putty, glass and Anderson Bros. PAINTING IN THE PAINTER'S LINE Second Avenue



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