

EQUALIZING ASSESSMENTS

Board Held Meeting Last Night in the New Court House for the Purpose of Hearing Kicks From the Tax Payers—But Little Comfort Received.

A. Shidler, assessment confirmed. A. Patten, appeal withdrawn. H. Richter, assessment confirmed. H. & H. Hill, assessment confirmed. ... Calderhead, assessment confirmed. ... Reichenbach, decision reserved. ... Condon, withdrawal. ... Tuckey, struck off. ... Barron & Baylis, decision reserved until this evening. ... Farrar, assessment confirmed. ... Yukon Navigation Co., advised for affidavits. ... & Smith, assessment confirmed. ... Le Preux, assessment confirmed. ... McDonald, decision reserved. ... Warehouse Co., adjourned or postponed. ... J. Lilly, assessment confirmed. ... The hearing was the result of the action of the Board of Equalization last night. It was the first session, and the cases were taken as they came on the list, no favoritism being shown to the big fellows, most of whom were well represented among the appeals from the assessed valuations of their Dawson property. The meeting was called for the old court house, and just as a goodly crowd had assembled there the electric light went out. A long wait in the dark and it came on again, and there was a rush into the court house. When all were comfortably seated it was announced that the board would sit in the new court house, and there was another hurried scramble for good seats. Although the business in hand was somewhat serious nature, as he had to affect the pockets of the wealthy man, yet there was a great deal of joking as one leading business man recognized another among the appellants, and there seemed to be a general expectancy of the amount of fine at the expense of other fellow when he was called upon to swear to the amount of his value. Colonel Reichenbach, the first man, was heard to remark that his was not a large assessment.

EMPIRE HOTEL The Finest House in Dawson. All Modern Improvements.

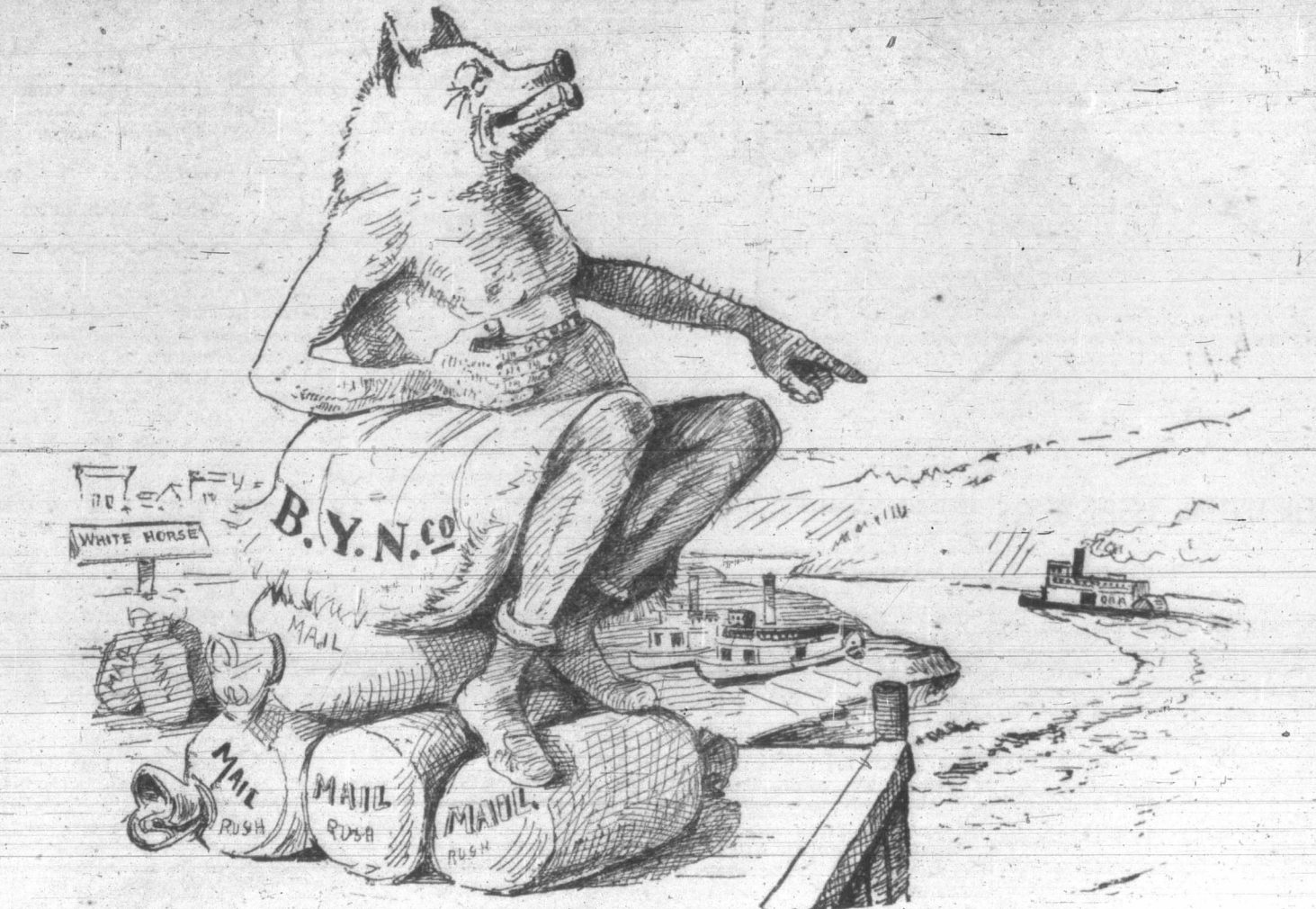
ammunition Shot Gun, Rifle, Pistol. Wheeler's Rambler, Cleveland, Monarch. SHINDLER, THE HARDWARE MAN

SCHOOL SUPPLIES Cox & Cloes, 2nd and 2nd. Telephone 179.

Fresh POTATOES, ONIONS, EGGS OR FRUIT. MILNE, GROCER Phone 79 First Avenue

Decorate Your Homes We Have a Nice Selection of Palms in Jardines, Flowers and Ferns, Cut Glass Vases and Bric-a-brac.

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED Dawson



HOW IT HAPPENS THAT THE MAIL DOES NOT ARRIVE.

SPLENDID VAUDEVILLE

Manager Jackson of New Savoy Enthusiastic. "Some people may like a dark house," said Manager Jackson while looking on at an act in the comedy-drama now being produced at his theater. "but for me give me the full glare of the electric lights, I never could get hold of any money in the dark. The show, to my notion," he continued, "commences with the first act in the vaudeville. I have better people in that end of the show than were ever gathered together in any one theater in Dawson, and many people leave here not knowing the character of entertainment we are offering. This week we have Helen Jewell the operatic vocalist as well as Cecil Marion, Noel, the female impersonator, Cordero in costume dances, Carroll in equilibrium feats, Ray Southard in new songs and Del Adelphi, the greatest magician on the American stage today. If that show alone does not beat anything ever presented to a Dawson audience, I have got to think again."

STREETS RENAMED

Meeting Today of the Committee on Public Works. A meeting of the committee on public works, consisting of Messrs. Dugas, Senkler, Wood and Prudhomme, is being held in the office of the commissioner this afternoon. The principal subject to be considered is the renaming of some of the streets now possessing a numerical appellation. The matter has been before the council before but no decided action was taken beyond transferring Third street into King street. Today's meeting will doubtless result in the final disposition of the question in such manner that the nomenclature of the streets will become more intelligent. Under present conditions confusion over the streets and avenues is constantly arising.

LIBERALS' LOVE FEAST

Meeting Held Last Night in Pioneer Hall. The Liberal Association held a love feast in Pioneer hall last night attended by a large number of the faithful. There were no political discussions made and not much of any consequence transpired. There is some talk of the club giving a social smoker at a date in the near future which shall have for its effect not only the entertainment of the friends of the club members, but also the cementing more firmly of the political bonds of the Liberals, some of whom have long been considered as having "kicked over the traces."

ANOTHER PRECEDENT

Although Represented, Miller Failed to Renew His Claim Within the Year.

LOSES HALF OF IT IN CONSEQUENCE

An Innocent Purchaser Receives Proper Protection.

HAS A LIEN FOR SUM PAID

Must Be Reimbursed Within Two Weeks or His Interest is Declared to Become Valid.

WILL GIVE A CONCERT

Musical Club Makes Its Initial Bow Sunday Evening. The music lovers of the city are promised a rare treat next Sunday evening at the Old Savoy. Last week the professional musicians in Dawson organized a musical club, it being their intention to give a series of concerts throughout the winter every fortnight. The organization embraces 16 instrumentalists over which A. P. Fremont will wield the baton. An exceptionally choice program has been arranged for the initial concert in which several numbers not previously heard in the city will be given. Mr. Sidney Stewart will play the flute solo in Titi's serenade, Messrs. Lopez and Hobbs will render the "Miserere" arranged as a duet for cornet and trombone and Mr. Ernest Miller will give a cavatina. By Donzetti as a clarinet solo. The vocalists are to be Miss Katherine Kreig, Miss Beatrice Lorne and Mr. Ray Southard. Each will be heard in a solo number and all will appear in a trio, "Ad Verum," which has often been referred to as the most beautiful trio ever written.

AN Aching Void.

There was a silence about the police court this morning that was grave-like in its oppressiveness. Nothing was doing, not even a wage case to be heard; the ubiquitous drunk formerly so much in evidence is now becoming more conspicuous by his absence, and as Clerk Blankman dozed in his chair the police court editor mused upon the contrast between the good old days when the morning session was always good for a column of "hot stuff" and the present time which rarely yields over a "sticker."

Columbia Barley.

Dayton, Monday, Oct. 7.—Columbia county has taken the first prize on barley at the Washington State Fair, held last week at North Yakima. The samples were sent from farms near this city, and were very fine. Columbia county raises more barley than any county in Washington or Oregon, and the product of the hills this year is proving better than ever before. The prices received are very good, too.

PRACTICAL TEST

Made of "Killyre," a New Fire Extinguisher.

A practical test was made this afternoon, on the beach opposite the barracks, of "Killyre," a new fire extinguisher which is rapidly taking the place of liquid chemicals in use for putting out small fires. The test was made in the presence of Fire Chief Stewart, Capt. Starnes of the N. W. M. P., T. W. Fuller, Supt. of public works, a Nugget representative and several others, and was declared by all present to be most successful. A large box about 4 by 10 feet was placed upright and several small timbers were placed inside and both top and bottom were thoroughly saturated with coal oil. When the blaze was the strongest a few applications of "Killyre" thrown in put it out completely and effectively. "Killyre" is a dry brown powder put up in cylinders 22 inches long by 3 inches in diameter, which are so made as to hang on a hook or nail by a ring in the lid. When needed for use the cylinder is pulled down sharply so as to leave the lid still hanging on the hook. This leaves an opening in the top and the powder is thrown on the fire, putting it out with but few applications. "Killyre" has several properties which make it more desirable than the liquid chemicals which have formerly been in use. In the first place it never freezes and is always ready for use; it is perfectly harmless to anything with which it comes into contact, except fire, and does not injure in any way clothing, tapestry or furniture. Wherever "Killyre" has been introduced it has met with the best endorsement of the press, fire departments and the public generally. Had it been in general use in Dawson in the past three years it doubtless would have been the means of saving considerable property which has gone up in smoke. Mr. H. E. Ashely is the Dawson representative of the manufacturers, the Monarch Fire Appliance Co. of Chicago, and will give another public test in a more central and conspicuous location tomorrow afternoon.

Ship Building Statistics.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 8.—The commissioner of navigation in his quarterly report shows that 393 vessels of all kinds were built in the United States and officially numbered during the three months ended September 30, 1901. Of this number 370 were built of wood and 23 of steel. The total gross tonnage was 68,395 tons. Of the whole number built, 261 were built on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, one in Puerto Rico, 36 on the Pacific coast and 49 on the great Lakes and 52 on the Western rivers. This is an increase over the same quarter of the previous year of 85 in the number built and a decrease of 39,395 tons in the gross tonnage.

O. O. F. Notice.

The regular meeting of Dawson Lodge No. 1, O. O. F., will be held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, at Masonic hall. Initiation of candidates and other important business.

Killed by a Log.

Watsburg, Monday, Oct. 7.—The funeral of Chester N. Babcock occurred yesterday from the home in this city, a large number of old-time friends attending. Mr. Babcock came to his death in a mysterious way. Friday morning he went to the mountains for a load of wood. He secured a load of pine logs and was returning Friday night when his wagon ran into a hole and a wheel broke down. Mr. Babcock was thrown to the ground and a log struck him, having been loosened from the load. The next morning he was found dead, having been pinned under the log all night. No one knows when he died. Mr. Babcock had resided here nearly forty years. He leaves an aged widow and two children.

Gang Rounded-Up.

Walla Walla, Monday, Oct. 7.—The gang of shoplifters that has been operating in this city has been broken up and three of them are in the county jail, while another made haste to leave the city when given fifteen minutes to find a trail leading south. Neah McKean confessed and was fined \$95 on each three counts. His pals, Roy Anderson and Charles Carlson, were given fines of \$40 each. Hundreds of clothing were found in two or three places and it was identified by different merchants. The party would enter a store and one man would buy some small article while the others would carry off pantaloons and other valuable pieces of clothing. The trio will operate in the county jail yard for some weeks to come. Prisoners held under sentence are made to do a great deal of work about the jail and court house, although no chain gang is in existence.

HEAR RAY SOUTHARD, THE MINSTREL KING, AT THE NEW SAVOY THIS WEEK.

WHY THE MAIL IS DELAYED

Contractors Refuse to Give It to the Nora—Assistance Proffered the Emma Knott by the Ora Is Declined—May Arrive by Saturday or Sunday.

The Emma Knott passed Big Salmon yesterday morning with two tons of mail aboard, almost a full cargo. The Emma Knott passed Five Fingers this morning, after having made the phenomenal run of 96 miles in 24 hours. The Emma Knott may arrive before navigation closes and she may slide in over the ice, much depending upon the kindness of Providence and the accessibility of wood piles. In the meantime several thousand disgusted people will patiently wait for their mail, and a little disappointed apology of a tub which should have been consigned to the honeyard long ago will slowly meander down the Yukon totally oblivious to the fact that her snail-like pace is hourly driving good men to strong drink, all of which leads one to believe there is something "rotten," not in Denmark, but in Whitehorse. The fault does not lie with the postmaster at Whitehorse, but with the successors to the C. D. Co., who are the mail contractors, the White Pass people. Dawson should have had a mail on the Nora, which arrived Sunday, as at the time of her departure from the upper terminus there was mail lying in Whitehorse waiting for some one to call for it. But it didn't come, because the Nora is in a position to be—and the octopus would not throw anything her way even though the service were gratuitous. The people can wait for their mail, and the public-be-damned, anyhow. The Emma Knott was started off with her nose poked down stream on the morning of the 18th. At the mouth of the Hootalinqua some of her machinery pulled to pieces and the crew and passengers enjoyed a two days' junketing while the needed patches were being applied. While lying there the Ora passed, and seeing the condition of affairs offered to bring the mail on to Dawson, but the tender of assistance was scorned. Give up that precious mail? Not much; not if we never get in. The last mail received here arrived on the 14th, and according to the contract another should have arrived not later than the 21st. Monday evening it is unsafe to prognosticate the arrival of the Knott (Knitt; she might more aptly be called,) but if the rate of speed made yesterday is maintained and her pilot does not try to climb a tree she may be looked for by Saturday.

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Subscription Reduced

Beginning October 16th the subscription of the Daily Nugget will be reduced to three dollars per month, delivered by carrier to any address within the limits of Dawson. This reduction is made by reason of the facilities which we now enjoy for turning out a modern up-to-date journal at a minimum cost, the Nugget now possessing a plant which cannot be excelled in any city of the world of a similar size. Our readers will notice that while we have reduced the price of the paper we have increased its size, and are now publishing an eight column metropolitan journal, equal in text, matter and typographical appearance to the up-to-date dailies on the outside.

The Nugget will be delivered to your door for \$3.00 per month in the future.

Ames Mercantile Co.

YOU might as well try to change the course of the Yukon River as to stop the mighty tide of people coming here to trade. Three of the many good reasons:

500 Pairs Ladies' Felt Shoes \$2.50

100 Doz. Ladies' Fine Cashmere Hose, pr. .50

50 Doz. Ladies' Fine Wool Ribbed Underwear, Suit 3.00

O. O. F. Notice. The regular meeting of Dawson Lodge No. 1, O. O. F., will be held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, at Masonic hall. Initiation of candidates and other important business. J. A. GREENE, N. G.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

The Klondike Nugget

Subscription Rates. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$12.00. Six months \$6.00. Three months \$3.00. 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 Clerk by our carriers on the following days.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1910

\$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.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Joseph Lancaster seems at length to have been pretty well cleared up. The story of his wanderings as published briefly in yesterday's Nugget appears well high in credit.

For more than a year, the relatives and friends of the lost man sought for him in every place where it was thought a possibility existed that he might be found.

All these efforts, however, were without avail, and the missing man was not discovered until his mind, the power of which had in the meantime almost entirely vanished, returned to him, and enabled him to realize his surroundings and communicate with his family.

EASY TO CONSTRUCT.

It appears almost certain that construction work will be undertaken on the Valdes road within a very short time. As was stated in our telegraphic advice of yesterday, the route of the line has been covered by an exhaustive survey, and the various obstacles necessary to overcome are now well understood.

According to the engineers' report, the highest point of altitude to be reached is 1700 feet above sea level, and there is but one bridge of any size to be constructed on the entire route.

It would appear, therefore, that the enterprise in question should present features of a very attractive nature to holders of capital looking for investment. Beyond question, a railroad from Valdes to Eagle City would open up a country which in itself would furnish the road with sufficient business to make it a paying proposition.

the greatest satisfaction the prospect of being able to give their business to a competing railroad and thus, release themselves from the hold which the White Pass route now has upon them.

We confidently anticipate that before another spring arrives that actual work upon the proposed line will have been undertaken.

AINING DEVELOPMENT.

In a review of the business outlook for the coming winter, to be found in another column of this issue, Mr. Te-Roller, manager of the N. A. T. & T. Co., takes a hopeful view of it and brings some consolation to the hearts of the consumers in the expression of his opinion that there will be no corners in commodities, no shortage of general merchandise, and that no advance in prices is to be apprehended.

EQUALIZING ASSESSMENTS.

Continued from page 1. "And the only knowledge you have of that value is the contractor's estimate?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you know what the profits of the company has been this season?" "Yes, \$75,000."

"How do you arrive at those figures?" "I wired to Mr. Berdoe, the auditor, for them."

"Then you don't know of your own knowledge?" "No, sir."

"Do you know what the receipts of the company in Dawson have been?" "No, sir."

"And you don't know how Mr. Berdoe arrived at that \$75,000?" "No, sir."

"In this way the traveling auditor was cross-examined over and over, but very little information was gleaned from him. When asked if the company had a regular freight rate down the river from Whitehorse he answered 'several rates' at which response the audience had a hearty laugh.

After some more fencing Mr. Davey promised to procure affidavits containing the information desired by the board. His concluding remark was in regard to the company having its headquarters at Whitehorse, and that therefore it should be taxed there, or certainly not at Dawson and Whitehorse both. And then he added, as if he thought it was not already sufficiently apparent, 'We do not want to evade taxation; nobody does, of course,' and he smiled a beaming smile upon the other appraisers.

The matter of the promised affidavits Colm Chisholm appealed against the assessment of \$30,000 on the Hotel Alexandra, claiming that it was \$10,000 too high. 'I am prepared to sell it for \$20,000.'

'But what do you value the lot at?' asked Mr. Newlands.

'I don't know the value of the land, but I am prepared to sell the land, buildings and all, for \$20,000.'

It was stated to the court by others that \$20,000 was a fair estimate of the value of the hotel property, although the hotel alone cost \$40,000 to build some years ago, and the matter was taken under further advisement.

Mr. McMullin, president of the Dawson Warehouse Co., appeared on behalf of his company to appeal against an assessment of \$18,000. He made a sworn statement that the profits were only \$7,500 last year, and would be about \$8,000 this year. He couldn't state the receipts and expenditures, and the matter was therefore adjourned for the production of the company's books.

Mr. Hirschberg was not present when his name was called and his assessment was therefore confirmed. He appeared later, but the Governor said it was a question whether the case could be re-opened or not. The board would consider the point this winter.

Winter does not approach more gently or more gradually in the central and eastern states than it is doing in Dawson this year. The first of November is almost at hand and as yet there is but little indication of the sort of cold weather we are accustomed to experience at this time of year.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

ARRIVAL OF MARQUIS ITO

Great Japanese Statesman Visits Canada and the U. S.

Talks of Friendly Relations With Western Powers and the Future Prosperity of His Country.

Marquis Ito, one of the greatest statesmen of the far east, arrived in Victoria October 4 on the steamer Kaga Maru.

He is now about 60 years of age, but his health, which has been failing for some months, from here he proceeds to Seattle on the steamer and there will be accorded an official welcome.

He will travel through the United States, and will possibly visit London, England, before his return three or four months hence. It is now about four years since the marquis passed through the city en route to the public celebration in London.

His personal appearance, he has changed but little since then, though aged, he still possesses that quick turn and indomitable spirit that is so characteristic of his life.

The marquis' career is almost too well known to all the world's greatest politicians, among whom he occupies a very high place. He left his parents when he was 15 years old and visited all over the country, and subsequently became a most prominent person in the time of the revolution at Iki.

He was one of the earliest visitors to Europe and introduced Western civilization to Japan. He was sent to various foreign countries quite often as an ambassador of Japan, and each time discharged his duties quite successfully.

He was also prime minister at the time of the Japan-China war and succeeded in introducing Japan to Western countries. He has a very good knowledge of English and is very sociable.

The marquis is now about 50 years of age. He is attired in the regulation European dress, and wears a somewhat heavy beard. Accompanying him is a party of prominent Japanese, including Hon. K. Tsuzuki, advisory minister of the department of education.

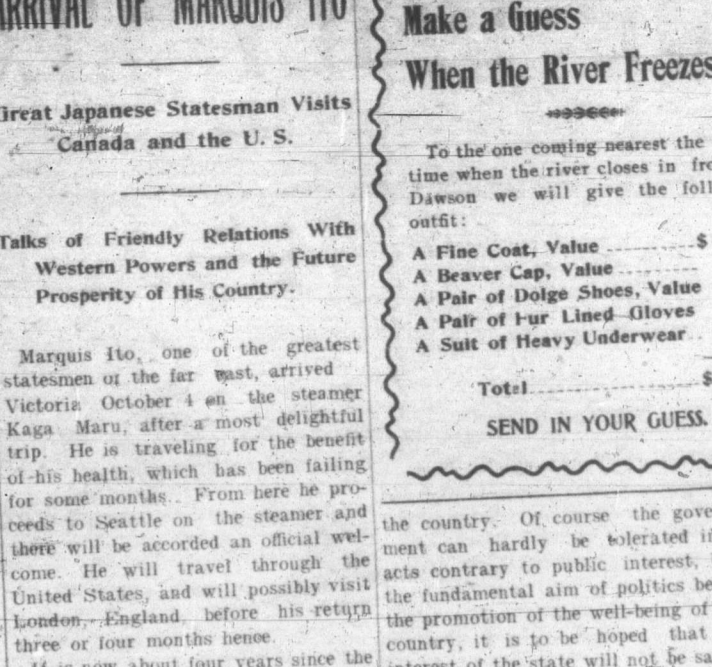
On his arrival here he was met by a party of distinguished Japanese, among whom were Consul Shimizu, Vancouver, Consul Hayashi, of Seattle, and Messrs. Yamamoto and Sakio.

When asked what he thought of Russian aggression in the Far East, the marquis stated, at the outset, that this morning, that he did not consider any steps in this direction now being taken. He said that his country was not opposed to any present movement of Russia, in fact, he stated that the relationships between the two countries were now of the friendliest.

Just before leaving Japan the marquis said in a speech, 'Affairs of the Far East have become the subjects of the closest attention on the part of the European and American powers during the last few years, and there are indications that the Far East will be brought into closer touch with foreign countries in the future.

For these reasons I deem it most necessary that Japanese should make exhaustive inquiries into the affairs of Europe and America by means of personal inspection. I hope my trip abroad will help me in furthering the welfare of my country. Looking into the present state of Japan, political circles seem to be enjoying temporary political tranquillity, as there is no important political question about requiring the immediate attention of politicians.

The policy of the government, it may be predicted, will not undergo any radical change to that which is now pursued. As to the attitude to be adopted by the senjukai towards the government it is advisable that they should exercise sufficient deliberation and circumspection on all questions, and not resort to any reckless and thoughtless action.



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HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER. 1000 Stylish Suits for Winter, 1000 Overcoats for Winter, 1000 Heavy Suits of Underwear for Winter, 500 Pairs Mitts.

AMUSEMENTS. The Standard Theatre. The Greatest Cast Ever Put on in Dawson. Mr. Potter of Texas. 50 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE. GREAT SCENIC EFFECTS.

If You Pay In Gold Dust. At \$15 You Will Come Out Ahead. At Shaw's Meat Market.

Iowa Creamery Butter. L. A. MASON, Agent, Second Ave., Rear of Fairview.

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Yukon Telephone Syn. Co. GENERAL OFFICE 1128 B ST. DAWSON, Y.T.

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PARLEZ-VOUS, FRANCAIS?

The Question the Reporter Was Unable to Escape.

Spring, Summer and Fall, His Ears Were Accented by the Plaintive Sound of the Beggar's Voice.

A midwinter night and bitter, bitter cold, not so much snow, but a wind which had an arctic anger in it; it whirled the face like vitriol and froze the blood and almost made a fellow shiver, as if he were in pain.

Three of us, just common newspaper reporters, were scurrying through the street, half running, to get to a certain place. We had been at work all day, trying to find certain facts about a man who had been mysteriously murdered in the Tenderloin district—Johnny Spellman.

At the City Hall park was bleak and cold. The wind shrieked across it, and the hall, with its old white marble steps, stood over yonder, pallid and lifeless.

Not a human being in sight; the lights in the tall buildings in the city were on, and in the low entrance to the hall, ever blessed old cellar, the house were happy, cheery bea-

It was late, well on toward midnight. That made us hurry all the more.

Uncle Sam's lagged out old coats and wagons which forever clogged the Mail street alley behind the grim stone coping, where big bags of mail matter for all parts of the world are bundled in and out, had disappeared out of the cold. There was no sound of the mail clerk's voice talking off the bags.

We reached the middle of the Mail street block. We were on the north side of the street. I ran in the rear of the shadows of the park and a man. In a voice which upon that night was the most piteous sound I ever heard he cried, stretching out one hand in a supplicant way: "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

"Do you speak French, sir?"

It was a strange, courteous question to come waiting amid the howling of the wind. I turned and stopped—and in honest amazement and pity said, "My God, yes!" I had learned French in boyhood, then had drunk for a Paris boulevardier and fulfilled the dubious linguistic requirements of a New Jersey college. I had a deep seated love for the people and a deal of fondness for the French tongue.

It was in that wretched night, when I was that question, I saw the honest peasant—simple, sturdy folk—telling a field in far Provence. I saw the Breton fisher, singing as he patched his nets on the shore of the dear old sea. I saw Paris and the sweet valley of the Loire. It was strange how the memories crowded on my mind.

I looked at the wanderer—a man of 40, maybe; old to begin with. He was above the medium height, a little stooped in the shoulders. He carried a small parcel under his arm. It was a woolen story he told, with the spring moonlight all about us.

He had come that day on the Bretagne—confound the man and his two children in Picardy! This parais was an awful thing. But what if it were all a breath from old Egypt and my great-grandfather had heard a story about a fellow Picard and a roll of money stolen in a steers and—then I swore. As I said, I had learned some French in boyhood. Then I had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier, and—well, never mind. The Paris boulevardier had taught me to swear in such fashion as would have made me hail fellow in Montmartre.

I called him the worst things that his native tongue permitted.

The man who knew McGlorey blushed and looked back and forth from the beggar to me.

And the man with the bundle shrank and shrank and made no reply. He crept, always facing us, backward farther from the light and disappeared into the deep shadows under the trees. His form was just. His pale face was the last thing which I saw. And he went away.

Summer makes Gramercy park pretty, and the lights of the Players' club shine out and men drink there and say cynical things in the small hours.

An August night I was passing through Gramercy square homeward. There was just the distant murmur of Fourth avenue, with the occasional footfall of a late fellow walking along Irving place. I could hear the fountain's drippings fall into its still basin. The air was sweet with the fragrance of blossoms, wafted out through the tall iron railings.

Out of the shadows of the park came a man. In a voice which that soft night was the most utterly piteous sound I ever heard he cried, stretching out one hand in a supplicant way: "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

"It was a strange, courteous question to arrest a home going chap at such an hour. I turned, then stopped. Then I closed my right eye tightly, as Bob Turnbull had showed me how long ago. Then I answered, "My God, yes!"

I had learned some French in boyhood, then had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier and fulfilled the dubious linguistic requirements of a New Jersey college. I had a deep seated love for the French people and a deal of fondness for the French tongue.

There in that sultry night, hearing that question, I saw the honest peasant—simple, sturdy folk—telling a field in far Provence. I saw the Breton fisher, singing as he— Lord, and what was this genius of gall, who with his pale, beggar face and dismal, beggar voice kept stalking out upon me from dark places?

Was he going to be like Mr. Dick's head of Charles I? Could I know no refuge from this garlic-breathed Picard and his two children and his roll of money lost in the steers of La Bretagne?

Proft, cried I, thing of evil. Proft still, it bird or devil.

I hit him very hard. Assuming that his face was France in profile, my fist landed in the Northern territory.

He moaned and muttered something in French. I paused while he lay and waited for me to go away.

It was enough. There was no light in him. It was an ecstasy of meanness I walked off, whistling loudly the "Marseilles." "Allons, allons, mes braves."

The air was filled again with December snows. Gray looked the tall buildings through that sifting cloud

LADY IN WHITE OF BERLIN

Strange Legend of the German House of Hohenzollern.

Joachim I Tore Down a Widow's Hut and Ever Since the House Has Rested Under His Curse.

Rumor in Berlin says that the "white lady" the mysterious ghost that foretells disaster to the house of Hohenzollern, has once again walked in the long halls of the imperial palace in Berlin. What does the appearance portend? ask the people.

There are nods, winks, mutterings, significant looks, eloquent silences, when the apparition is mentioned.

"She has walked, poor lady! Ah, I say nothing—nothing—you understand! Any yet—what hearest thou of the Empress Frederick today?"

The Empress Frederick! The dowager lady of the dead Kaiser Fritz? The English mother of the German emperor?

Is it she whom the "white lady" later and not thin only, but that of all thy successors to the remotest posterity!"

And the story goes that she has done it. The great Elector William saw the ghost. His son Frederick, first king of Prussia, saw the "white lady" in very truth, though in his case it was his young wife, his third, wandering about the palace in her night robes two days before her death.

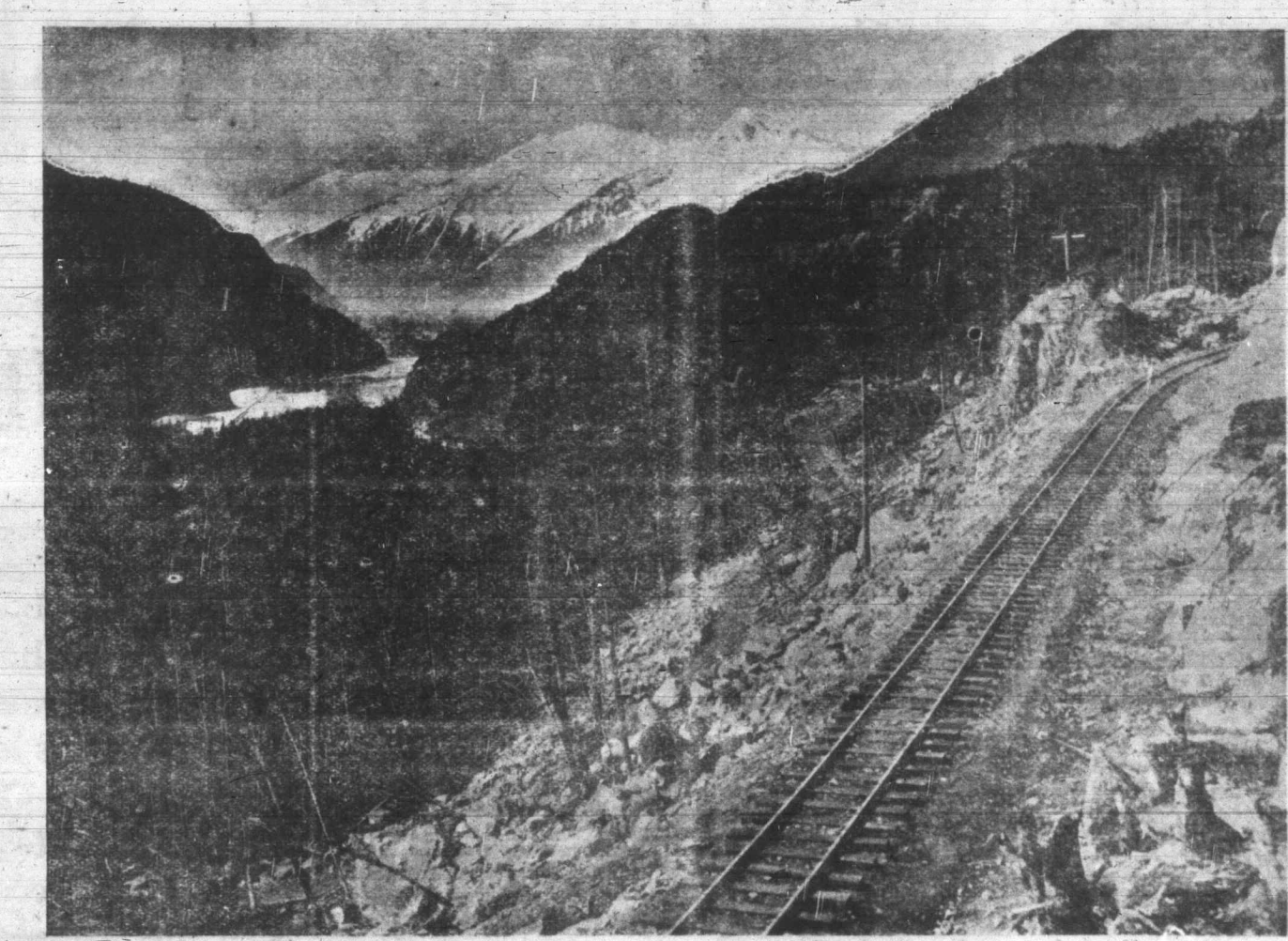
There are many famous cases where the "white lady" is said to have portended misfortune. On the night before Saxe-Weimar Prince Louis of Prussia and his adjutant, Count Nostitz, were chatting in the Schloss Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt when a white robe figure glided before them.

The prince turned pale. He had been confidently talking of victory, but after that he despaired.

Neither he nor Nostitz was surprised when next day the "white lady" again appeared just as the Germans tell back defeated.

Nostitz's own son told this story to Kaiser Fritz, father of the present emperor. Curiously enough, Kaiser Fritz's death also was foretold by the specter.

When the French officers of Napoleon were quartered in the castle at Baireuth, the "white lady" appeared



PORCUPINE HILL, ON W. P. & Y. ROUTE.

simply said, and her calm voice there in that still room beside the dead was the most utterly piteous sound I ever heard:

"Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

To Stop a Fued.

As we sat smoking our pipes by the fireplace I ventured to say to mine host that I had heard of the feud between the Johnsons and the Robinsons and asked him to tell me how it came about. He scratched his head and looked puzzled and finally said: "It's a good way back, and I've dun forgot. Reckon it was about a dawg."

Dr. Hansman is famous as the taker of so called "spirit photographs." He avers that the "white lady" appeared to him and stood for a picture, probably the only one of its kind in the world.

Dr. Hansman says the "white lady" told him she was the sweetheart of a noble by whom she had several children, though his real wife was living. At the death of the wife the woman, angered that the marriage would not marry her, killed her children, thinking that they stood in her way. She was buried alive, in pleasing manner of those days, and swore to haunt the deathbeds of all generations of Hohenzollerns, an oath she is believed by many to have kept.

The royal house of Prussia dates from the tenth century, when a baron of Wurtemberg fortified "High Zollern," a hill from which comes the Hohenzollern name.

From Conrad of that ilk has descended the long line of electors of Brandenburg, of one of whom the more usual legend of the "white lady" is related.

It was Joachim I who, wishing to enlarge his castle, found himself blocked by the tiny hut of a window which stood just where one of the walls of his keep was planned to rise. So he gave orders to tear down the cottage.

The widow did not believe that the injustice was done by Joachim's order, so she went to throw herself at his feet to ask justice.

But when he saw her he directed that she be thrown out by his guards, and this was done with unnecessary brutality. Then the widow turned upon the elector.

"Prince Joachim," she said, "you have taken all that I possess, and now you refuse me justice and order your people to drive me away.

"But, remember, you must die as other men, and in thy last hour thou shalt see me again to announce thy

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