

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1898.

READ THESE NUGGETS.

"Dining on the bonas and tables, little Gussie LaMore, blue of eye, blonde of hair, airy, fairy—a miner's dream of loveliness. Swift-water Hill loved her and laid his nuggets at her feet. It was for her he bought up all the eggs in camp to keep a rival from securing her favor by spreading before her that savorin ecstasy of Dawson's cuisine—an egg dinner."—San Francisco Examiner.

In describing the wreck of the Coronado and the camp of the stranded passengers, an exchange says: "At one time announcement was given out that two eggs to the person was being distributed. A rush to the point ensued and the eggs quickly scattered."

Mrs. McKay writes under date of February 4: "I advise all my friends going to the Klondike that they cannot get along without LaMont's Crystallized Eggs."

A woman writes to the Philadelphia Times from Rainport City, on the Yukon river: "Newcomers, like ourselves, are well provided, but those who have been here all summer have but little, with poor prospects for more. We have all the necessities of life—eggs crystallized and milk condensed included."

There is no more rank humbug than a so-called cheap outfit. You can have an outfit of trowel, a sack of flour, a gallon of water and a coffee sack—or you can have one that will meet your requirements; in other words—nothing or something according to the price paid. Allow no one to dictate.

GET PRICES ON ARTICLES THAT YOU NEED—NOT OUTFITS—AND THEY HAVE THEM PACKED TO SUIT. IN THEIR EFFORTS TO QUOTE LOW PRICES SOME OUTFITTERS CALL EGGS A LUXURY.

PROOF OF PUDDING IS IN EATING. COME AND TEST RUSSELL'S EMPRESS CREAM. WITH A COMMON EGG BEATER YIELDS A ONE-QUARTER POUND OF BUTTER FROM A PINT CAN. COMBINED WITH LA MONT'S CRYSTALLIZED EGG.

1864. Dangerous to Take an Untried Article. 1898. Your Life May Depend on Your Outfit.

Beware of Imitations. They Will Not Keep, and it Cost One New York Firm \$60,000 to Find it Out Before They Again Returned to



INFRINGEMENTS WILL BE PROSECUTED AND FULL ACCOUNTING DEMANDED. Dishonest Articles, Like Dishonest Men, Seek to Trade On and Under the Name and Reputation of Honest Men and Honest Articles, Therefore Many Attempts Have Been Made to Rob Us of Our Trade-Mark, "CRYSTALLIZED EGG." Deal Only With Honest Outfitters.

When once you have left this city you will be practically without remedy and should guard against imposition. Our reputation is of 30 years' standing. Set me down as a business liar and look up the references of my goods.

MRS. GEN. CUSTER, in her famous book, "Boots and Saddles," says: "Most valuable part of army stores; gave great satisfaction."

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT, after most thorough tests, reports them all that is claimed in every respect, and places them on their supply list.

FED TO GREELY AT THE NORTH POLE.

Used It Twenty Years Ago.

Mr. C. Fred LaMont, Seattle, Wash., Jan. 26, 1898. Dear Sir: I have called several times and washed your omelettes, etc., and am more than pleased with them. In fact, about thirty years ago, in 1867, in crossing the Atlantic on the steamship "Ago," of the American Line, on its Paris Exposition run, I used LaMont's brand of Crystallized Eggs, serving to the passengers and crew omelettes, custards, scrambled eggs, cakes, etc., made with your eggs, and all agreed in pronouncing them equal to the best fresh shell eggs in every respect.

Guided a Distinguished Party in the Yellowstone Park — They Used LaMont's Improved Crystallized Eggs.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 2, 1898. Dear Sir: I first used your eggs about 1882 in Yellowstone Park, where I was serving as guide for a party of gentlemen, including Gen. Francis P. Blair, Senator Roscoe Conkling, of New York; Hon. Charles Broadwater; P. H. Kelly, Jobbing Grocer, of St. Paul; Col. A. H. Wilder and Senator Martin McGuinness, of Washington, and I was very much pleased with the egg. I found it all that you claim for it in every respect, and I was only too glad to again use the egg when in Circle City, Alaska, in 1894, and up to the present time have used your eggs whenever it was at all possible to obtain them, and have always found them perfectly satisfactory. When I return there, as I propose doing before many days, they will form a considerable and very important part of my outfit.

The Klondike Nugget.

Published at Dawson City, N. W. T. Issued Weekly. Zach F. Hickman, Manager. Branch Office, Seattle, Wash. Thomas J. Church, Sole Advertising and Circulation Agent. January, '98. C. Fred LaMont, City, Manufacturer & Colman Bldg. Dear Sir: After careful investigation and home trial, I can give no better indorsement of your Crystallized Eggs than to give you an order for 200 pounds, which I will take with myself and party of five to the interior gold fields of the N. W. T. Enclosed please find my check for the amount of the order. Respectfully yours, ZACH F. HICKMAN, Manager "The Klondike Nugget."

Mrs. McKay's Indorsement.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 29, 1898. Dear Sir: I was the first white woman to come out over the ice from Dawson City, and very fortunately for myself part of my outfit when in Alaska (I might say the most important) consisted of LaMont's Improved Crystallized Eggs. I found them to be all that you claim for them in every respect, and I would not think of returning there without a supply of your eggs. You are at liberty to refer to me. Yours sincerely, MRS. J. J. MCKAY.

Sales to South African Mines, 1896, 2,800 Pounds; 1897, 50,000 Pounds. Advance Sales for This Year Over 100,000 Pounds, or 400,000 Dozen Eggs.

DIRECTIONS—One tablespoonful of egg and two of water (cold or hot water), one egg. Two tablespoonfuls of egg and four of water, two eggs, and in like proportion for any number of eggs required.

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER FOR IT. LOOK FOR LA MONT'S. Sweet Cream, Butter, Milk, Butter Omelettes, Custards and Cakes served to all at C. Fred LaMont, 6 Colman Bldg, Manufacturer. Z. C. MILES CO., 122 Yesler Way. GOING-NORTHROP CO., 804 First Avenue. CONNER BROS., 720 Second Avenue. LOUGH, AUGUSTINE & CO., 815-817 First Ave. And More to Follow.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, THE VIRGINIA NOVELIST.

His First Attempt at Fiction, and How He Wrote on Slates for Practice—He Speaks of His New Novel, of "Marse Chan," and Other Stories.

Copyrighted, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter. WASHINGTON, February 17, 1898.—During a recent call upon Mr. Thos. Nelson Page I asked him a number of questions about his literary work. He has just completed his novel, "Red Rock," the first chapters of which were published in the January number of Scribner's Magazine. This is Mr. Page's first long story. It will run in the magazine throughout the year, and will be published in book form about next Christmas. The story is one of the reconstruction type, and it has throughout a strong flavor of the south. The subject is a very delicate one, and Mr. Page tells me that he rewrote the novel several times before it reached its present shape. He is, however, very modest in reference to all subjects concerning himself and his work. He says the novel embodies the best that is in him, but that he cannot tell whether the book is really good until the public have passed upon it.

and published which I wish could now be on the slate so that I could rub them out." "When did you do your first work in dialect writing?" "I suppose some of it was done in those slate stories," replied Mr. Page. "I tried to write in dialect while I was at the University of Virginia and later on, after I began my practice of law in Richmond. It was when I was practicing there that I wrote a poem entitled 'Unc' Gabe's White Folks' and sent it to the old Scribner, which is now the Century. It was accepted and I received a check for \$15 for it. It was my first money for literary work, and I remember that I was very proud of the check. Later on I wrote an article on old Yorktown for the Scribner, and then sent them my first story, which was entitled 'Marse Chan.'"

taken by himself, and one of which shows him on the line of battle between the Turkish and Greek armies. Gen. Miles' memoirs is still selling, and he has in prospect, I am told, a book for boys describing some of his more exciting Indian experiences. Secretary Sherman made in the neighborhood of \$20,000 out of his book, although I understand that it has not paid the publishers as well as they expected. The two volumes were sold for \$1 in cloth, and the secretary received \$1 on each set sold. In addition to this, there was an edition of 10,000 copies which were sold for \$1 each, each one of which was signed with the secretary's autograph. Big Money for Bryan. I learn that Bryan's book has made a fortune for both him and his publishers. It was put out at the low rate of \$2 per copy, and more than 200,000 copies were sold, netting Bryan the neat sum of \$40,000. Lew Wallace and the American Novel. Gen. Lew Wallace has a new novel in hand. It is an American story, and, though he does not say so, I have an idea he hopes to make it the great American novel. I had a chat with Gen. Wallace not long ago about his work. He reviews and rewrites some of his novels many times. He tells me that he likes to keep his literary efforts in cold storage for at least six months before completing the draft which is submitted to the publishers. By this method he is able to get a better even better from the "Prince of India. He is very indignant at the pirates who have made a stereotyped lecture on the basis of "Ben Hur," and who have been exhibiting pictures of the scenes therein described all over the country. He told me once that these people have made about \$50,000 out of their piracy and that he hopes to be able to get his suit for their infringing men of his copyright. I see, however, that the lectures are still being used. Mrs. Eugene Field and Mrs. Bill Nye. The statement recently published that Mrs. William Edgar Nye is in destitute circumstances, owing to the foreclosure of mortgages which "Bill Nye" had given in making certain investments in New York is, I am told, untrue. Mr. Nye left a good estate and his books are still selling. Mrs. Eugene Field is also doing well. When Eugene Field died he left nothing but his copyrights and his library. He had no business interests and never was a money-saver. After Mrs. Field's death her relatives gathered her literary effects and put them in shape. New contracts were made with the publishers, and the result, I am told, is that Mrs. Field is now getting more than twice a congressman's salary every year out of her husband's books. She still holds Eugene Field's library, although it is said she was offered \$50,000 for it by the Field museum shortly after Mr. Field's death.

A Chat With Thomas Nelson Page. I wish I could reproduce for you my conversation with Mr. Page. He is one of the most delightful of talkers. His voice, soft and melodious, and his manners are simple and unaffected. There is nothing of the literary egotist about him, and it was only in response to many questions that I drew from him the story of his life. He is now about 45 years of age. He was born on his father's plantation, Oakland, Va., in 1853, and at the time the war closed he was 12 years old. His father was an eminent lawyer and a man of means, but the war impoverished him, and there were months during that time when the family had no meat in the house. They were, as Mr. Page says, "deadly poor" when the war closed, so poor, indeed, that he began to read Scott's novels, and he reads them today with as much love almost as when he was a boy. Even at that time he liked to imagine stories, and his boyish head was filled with battles and sieges, with plumed knights and tournaments whom he placed in quite different situations from those presented by his great master, Walter Scott. After the war ended, times began to grow better, and when young Page was 16 his father was able to send him to Washington and Lee university. During our conversation as to his college days, I asked Mr. Page how he ranked as a student. He replied, "My standing was not high. I don't know that I had much ambition to be one of the first honor men. At any rate, I got no medals of any kind. I suppose I was a fair average student, but I fear that I devoted myself more to outside reading than to my studies. I was a member of the literary society, and for a time was the editor of the college paper. Contrary to the usual custom I wrote short articles instead of long essays, and from this got the nickname of the Short Article Editor. I wrote, I suppose much for the pleasure of seeing myself in print."

"The Origin of 'Marse Chan.'" "Is there any story connected with the writing of 'Marse Chan,' Mr. Page?" I asked. "Yes, the story started in my mind from an old letter which a friend of mine showed me. This letter was from an illiterate girl in Georgia to her soldier sweetheart. The letter was poorly written and poorly spelled, but full of pathos. The girl had, it seemed, trifled with the man, but after he had left for the war she had realized her great loss for him and written. She wrote: 'I know I have treated you mean, I ain't never done right with you all my life and I loved you all the time. When you asked me to marry you, I laughed and said I wouldn't have you, and it makes me cry to think you are gone away to the war. Now, I want you to know I love you, and I want you to get a furlow and come home and I'll marry you.' With a few words of affection the letter closed, but a postscript followed which added: 'Don't come without a furlow, for unless you come home honorable I won't marry you.' This letter was received by the soldier only a few days before the battle of Gettysburg. He took it with him, and shot it was found in his breast pocket just over his heart. The pathos of it struck me so forcibly that out of it came the story, 'Marse Chan.'"

When did you write 'Meh Lady'?" I asked. "Not for some time after 'Marse Chan' was written," he replied. "The law, you know, is a very jealous mistress, and all of my energy was going in my practice. Such writing as I did in Richmond was done during the evening, and for a time I stopped writing entirely, for fear the work would interfere with my success at the bar. The story, 'Marse Chan,' was kept for several years by Scribners before it was published. It had been paid for and I wrote the editor asking why they did not publish it. Shortly after that I received the proof, and the story appeared. I was married in 1888, and 'Meh Lady' was written a short time after that. I then wrote other stories and have been writing more or less from that time to this."

Law and Literature. "You were speaking of law, Mr. Page. Were you very much of a lawyer?" "That is a leading question," said the writer, with a smile, "and you ought to ask that of some of my copartners in Richmond rather than me. I will only say that I was able to support myself within six months after I began my practice, and that for nearly seven years, and, indeed, up to the time I came to Washington to live, my chief income was from the law."

"How did you like your work as one of the editors of Harper's Magazine?" "I was never one of the editors," replied Mr. Page. "I had an engagement with the Harpers to write a story every month for a year for the 'Editor's Drawer,' but I could not stand being obliged to furnish so much manuscript at a certain time. It worried me. I kept up the work, however, for two years and then stopped."

"You and no," was the reply. "Sometimes I can make my first draft very quickly. I write the first draft as rapidly as I can and then go over it very carefully in the revision. I try to simplify my writings as much as possible. The more simple it is I think the better it is. I find, however, that the revision often takes away the spirit from the first draft. I lay out the manuscript, and after a certain amount of time I go back to it and see that the first draft is truer to nature than the more stilted revision. I think I do more careful work now than I have done in the past. My ideal is far above anything I have ever done, and I sometimes despair of approaching it. There is one thing I do, however, which I think is a good plan for any writer. That is, I always give the best I have in me to the story which I am writing. I do not save anything which I think might perhaps be of use to me in the future. The cream, if you could use that expression, always goes to the present."

The Training of a Novelist. "That must have been very good literary training," said I. "I suppose it was," replied Mr. Page. "I did it more for the pleasure of writing than for anything else. I was very thankful for those battles and sieges, and I trembled when I first got up to speak in the literary society. I had a chum at college, who is now one of the most famous lawyers of the country. He excels as a speaker. He was a lawyer, and during our college days he joined with me in a method of improving our oratorical powers. We would get together in a room, and having closed the doors, would debate with only one other about some question. One would stand on one side of the table and one on the other, and we would declaim away, each having a 'fifteen minutes' speech and a like time for answer. This practice helped me materially in my work as a lawyer. It enabled me to think upon my feet."

"What did you do after leaving school?" "I taught for a year as a teacher. I was employed as the tutor of a private school in Kentucky, not far from Louisville. I taught there for a year, and enjoyed it very much. After that I went home, and later on went to law school at the University of Virginia."

His Failure to Get into the Newspapers. "Did you do any writing while in Kentucky?" "I tried to," replied Mr. Page, "but could get no one to publish what I wrote. The great paper of the region in which I live was the Courier-Journal. I had a great ambition to see some of my articles in its columns. I was at this time much interested in H. Martineau's books, and I thought I wrote some essays along that line, and wrote a story or so and sent them to the Courier-Journal. The editors did not publish the articles nor send back the manuscript. Later on after some of my stories had been published in an evening paper, it happened to sit one neighbor next to Richard Smith, then editor of the New York World at dinner. He asked me some questions as to my first literary work, and I told him that a number of my first writings had been submitted to him when he was editor of the Courier-Journal, but that he had rejected them. Of course, he did not remember them, and it may be that they very deservedly went into the waste basket."

Writing Stories on Slates. After leaving Kentucky Mr. Page went back to Virginia. He spent a short time at home and then decided to become a lawyer. He kept up his literary work while at the University of Virginia, writing articles for the college magazine. Some of the most interesting of his early attempts were made at his home in Virginia during his vacations. For a time it was his custom to write stories for his friends on slates and to rub them out after reading them. As he told me this, I said: "That must have been a great waste of good material. The stories you then rubbed out would be very valuable now." "I don't know about that," replied Mr. Page with a laugh. "There are many things which I have written since then

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