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OPELOUSAS, LA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

A ROMANCE.

The widow stood by the grave and wept For one who under the daisies slept. "And O!" she walled, "'twas a year ago He stood with me where the violets blow. "But now he has left me with grief an He has left me alone—alone—alone!

"And forever my eyes with tears are dim."
There is not in the world a man like him. "Never again his face I'll see; There is no one to love and to comfort me

"And I'll never be happy until I'm laid With my own true love 'neath the willow' shade!"

She lifted her eyes to the world so wide; A stranger was standing at her side; And he said: "The twilight waxeth late; Let me see you safe to your garden gate."

All that night the widow dreamed A star of hope in the darkness beamed: Murmuring under the brightening dome

"He seemed to pity my heart's deep sorrow
I must put more flowers on the grave to
morrow!"

Alas! for the lonely grave—alas! The flowers are choked by the weeds and grass;

And the smiling widow—they hear her say "What shall I wear on my wedding day?"

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.



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I .- CONTINUED.

Darcie took the seat opposite Miss Bingham, and devoted himself, some what nervously, to serving her and keeping her attention from her father.

"Everybody is so kind in these ex-traordinary places," she began, and her voice betraved her unconfessed anxiety through the forced society key she had struck into nervously. "It's impossible to believe all that we hear about the trouble with the miners: they seem such respectable men when you meet them." She stopped in confusion, and looked at Darcie helplessly. "Are you—excuse me—are you a

"Very much so," Dareie answered,

dropping his eyes.

Her own glance fell, and lighted upon

a brown, sinewy hand resting upon the table—a hand that looked as if it might have been familiar with golf-stick and tennis racket, or with paddle and gun. but scarcely showed a long acquaint-ance with pick and barrow and drill. Darcie straightened himself back in his chair, and slipped the telltale member into his pocket. His companion was too observing by far. "And is he a miner?" she asked, indi-

cating Mike with her eyes.
"Yes, Miss Bingham."

"The same as yourself?" We don't inhabit the same person,

"Yes; only Mike does rather more of Darcie's face wore such an odd, en barrassed, defensive expression that Miss Bingham laughed out lond, a sudden girlish peal that sent light shivers

through the young man's nerves; then, as suddenly, her eyes brimmed up with tears. She leaned a little toward him, and asked confidingly:
"Where is my father?"

"He is in bed, I assure you; he's quite used up, you know.' She sighed. "I believe I can't eat any

supper: thanks, so much." "Oh, do-won't you try? I know the stuff's abominable."

"No, it isn't at all; it's very nice. But if you had anything to tell me, you would tell me, wouldn't you?"

"Undoubtedly," Darcie assured her. She did not believe him: but there

facts to develop.

Darcie was not conscious how inten was his observation of the girl, while his thoughts were busy with her situation, and his own rather mad plan for taking her father's place. How should ne put it before her? In the meantime, how lovely she was! The wind had burned her lips and cheeks, and roughened her fair hair, which made a soft nimbus, in the firelight, around her glowing face: the fire was in league with the wind and rain, weaving spells of light and shadow to enhance the charms of color, and feminine ex-pression in line and attitude. Darcie must have looked what he could not

You-you are not an American, are you, Mr .- " Miss Bingham hesitated

questioningly,
"Darcie," the presumptive owner of that name subjoined. "Mr. Darcie?" the girl repeated.

"No"-he dwelt upon the word as if trying to recall her question-"no; I'm British tenderfoot-not so tender as I. was last April." accent pleased her very much,

though she would not have chosen to aeknowledge it: her lips parted in a smile as she repeated his "last April," under her breath, the broad "a" as broadly as

you're not an American," she said. "We are all Americans, and it gets a bit tire-some," she added, with another gleam. "And besides, it helps to account for

"Does it?" said Darcle. "I'm very glad if it does. Could you impart some of your light to me?" she hesitated, "if you had

been an American-with so

about you which seems to place you ld seem odd that one should never have heard of you. I know very few cople, of course, because I'm a tenderfoot myself; but my father knows everybody. All the men who come from the east—with letters, you know—sooner or later always visit the mine. This is very absurd of me. There's really no reason why I should insist upon accounting for you. But if you are from the other side, you may know some of our Big Horn people? Some of them are very swell, I believe."

"I know a good many people on the other side who are not swell," Daroie

"But do you know any one of our synlicate?" the girl persisted. "Of course we think everybody has heard of the Big Horn who has ever heard of the Coeur d'Alene,"
"Excuse me," said Darcie, clumsily;

I think your shoes are too close to the fire. It's a great bore I can't be accounted for in the usual way," he con-tinued, on resuming his sent; "still, the chances are I'm better as a riddle without the answer. The answer is sure to e stupid. Let us assume that you have placed me, even if you have misplaced me a trifle; it can do no harm for one night. And it may give you that con-fidence which—which gives me confidence to—a—offer you my escort to the

"Am I in need of an escort?" Miss Bingham asked in astonishment. She aw no reason for so much confidence in her confidence on the part of an interesting, certainly, but rather inexplicable young stranger.

"Quite so. I mean temporarily. Your father-he's quite well; but as I've told you, he's unconscionably tired. It would he positive cruelty to ask him to turn granted, out of modesty, I assure you, in view of our accommodations, that you'd rather go home."
"We must both go home," said Miss

Bingham, rising quickly. "I can't imag-ine why you should think my father is not able!"

But her imagination was assisting her vividly at that moment, and painful prescience born of unyouthful experince was shedding its light upon cie's remarkable proposition and the wkwardness of his reasons. "I did not say he wasn't able," he

desperately interposed; "he's forty fathoms deep in sleep. Why drag him out when I'm so entirely at your service? That's a brute of a horse of his for mountain work.

"What, Colonel? Why he's a perfect ocking-chair!" "I mean-getting chilled, you know He's a heavy man in the saddle. He's

he's not very used to riding, is he?"
"Why, he never walks!" "Pray have a little consideration." 'I must see if he is well."

"But this is the very excess of conideration! Please let me speak to my father!" Darcie retreated to the fire, with

gesture of despair to Mike, who made sudden clatter with his saucepans, while Faith, under cover of the shadow at the far side of the cabin, satisfied herself as to her father's condition. Mike was right in assuming that she

had seen him "that way" before "Oh, this is too much!" confessed to erself the heartsick girl. "I think he might have spared me this. And those poor things trying to keep it from me with their silly excuses! shall I do? I'm certain they don't wish me to stay; he all but asked me to go, and no wonder-they have enough with him on their hands. Yes; I must go back and stop the inquiries at the mine; I must tell a few more lies. No; I will not cry. They shall not know that I know. I will be as innocent as they

She had remained some time by the side of the bed, long enough to gain control of herself, as she though: When she came forward into the light the hot color burned in her cheeks, he head was high, her eyes wide and

She takes it beautifully," though Darcie, scarcely permitting himself to look at her; "but who knows how she takes it when she is alone with it!"

"Yes; I think I had better go back to the mine," said Falth, coldly, "if-if either of you gentlemen will take me. My father is too tired; it would be too selfish of me not to let him sleep. She fixed her eyes upon Darcie as if dar-ing him to doubt that she believed what she was saying. "But I will go. Our people might be anxious. Can we start you think, pretty soon?"
"We might wait an hour," said Darcie,

gently, "and still reach the mine before

"An hour! But the rain has stopped

I think. That roaring is the gulch."

Mike stepped to the window to take a look at the weather. "It's a wildish night," he reported, "but there's nothing the matter wid startin' now, if the full moon risin' the summit; she'll be high and clear before ye'll come to the unny part av the grade. The thrail s shinin' with wet; it's as plain as the ines on me pa'm. Will ye have up the

harses or no?"
"Oh, yes; the horses, please McGowan went out. The wind sucked the door to after him with a loud slam and a lump of dried mud fell from s chink in the wall. There was a ino ment's silence; then Faith threw away all concealment in one tragic look. "Did you ever hear of such a thing a

"I may say I've never heard of any thing else," said Darcie, recklessly; "the

thing is so common." "Oh, but not like this!" "Why. If it's possible at all, there's no reason it shouldn't happen anywhere or anyhow. It's not a matter of intenion, and it's the commonest acciden

in the world." "That makes it so much better!" flashed the girl, with a glance of her proud, hurt eyes.
"I mentioned the fact merely."

If I did I would call it-what it is!" Darcie smiled.

"You call it an accident just to comfort me, as we all lie to one another about a disgrace that cannot be hid. It does not comfort me much to be told that all men are so—liable—and all wom-en"—her lips quivered. "Why, this is my father!" She broke down and hid her face.

Presently Darcie said, gently: "You take it so much too hard."

"I take it hard that you should expect me to take it any other way," she cried, with passionate explicitness. "Are English women so philosophical?" "Ah, we cannot discuss it."

"I should think not, when my heart is breaking with it!" She drew in her breath quickly, stifling a sob. "Mr. she whispered.

"Dear Miss Bingham?" There was a pause. Faith's eyes searched his face and Darcie trembled, looking down. He was very handsome, standing before her on his manhood, under her pure testing eyes; but she saw now only what she was seeking for-the truth in him, though she might have been helped by the outward shape of him to perceive the truth. She was not less to child than other girls of her age, notwithstanding the unhappy progress she had lately made in worldly knowledge

she said at last, "you know me better in this one hour than my dearest friends at home will ever know me. It is a strange, terrible thing that you should have to come into my life in this way. It is a dreadful liberty we have taken—forcing our troubles upon you in your own house."

Darcie's chest rose, but he did not

"I want to ask you-yet it's such a silly thing—do men talk of this sort of -accident,—among themselves, generally—the thing being so common?"
"I don't know what some men do;
do you think I shall make common talk

of a trouble of yours?" "And Mike? Will you tell him, please,

how 'hard' I take it?"
"I can answer for Mike," said Darcie; "but I will speak to him if you wish." "It's not that I doubt either of you! -Darcie winced a little at this free classification-"but seeing it so differently, you know, you might make light of it. I should wish it never to be men-tioned—even to excuse it." "You mistake me: I don't excuse it

As an accident, touching your father, a man would say it is nothing. But, as a sorrow affecting you, it is anything you please. It is monstrous; and it shall be guarded as I would guard a "Ah," said Faith, musing bitterly, men åre more charitable than wome

I suppose; they see so much more of the world. But what would they think of us if we laid traps for our own weaknesses and then claimed to be pitied for falling into them!" Darcie looked at her with profound

tenderness, and resorted to pulling his mustache in lieu of speech. "There comes that poor, good Mike-splashing through the mud!" she ex-



claimed, laughing helplessly through shed. "How very excellent of him to do all the work, while we sit here talk-

Darcie, with dignity; "but we can change parts if you prefer. Would you have him to go home with you?

"That's not for me to say." Faith luded the little trap that had been set for her. "It would not become me to choose between two such friends in need. I am simply a parcel left on your hands, to be delivered at the mine. The least one of you, if there is a least, is

only too good for me."
"I'm the least one of us in several senses of the word," said Darcie, con tentedly. "So on grounds of humility you will have to put up with me. I wil deliver the parcel safely, and," he added in a low voice, "so much of your frouble as I have unwillingly seen to night I think you may trust me with."

"I would trust you with all my troubles, and I have more than one,' Faith answered, impulsively. She raised the sweetest eyes, all bright and large with tears, to his eyes of gratitude and absurd belief. And Darcie forgot that he had anything in his con-scious ness to settle with before he could meet such a look from her eyes or re-ceive such a trust. Mike remarked him uneasily, and confided to the fire his opinion that "wan fool makes many," and that "the ould man is not the only wan that's off his base this night!" He held open the goor of the cabin, and let its light shine out, while Darcie put the young lady into her saddle. The

restive horses sprang about over stones, and, one behind the other, clat-tered down the ledge where the trail as narrow and steep. The girl looked back, and Mike for long afterward could not larget the sweet; half-appre-hensive glance she gave Darcie as he drove his horse forward to her side. The wet trees closed and shut them in.

"That's the way he settles the ques tion av inshtine'," said Mike, as he shut Crabshaw—I suppose it is because she the cabin door. "I'll be bound he niver has to pay for it herself.—Tit-Bits.

"I would be ashamed to mention it; gev her the chice, but just sided in for mself. He's a very limber lad, and I have not the measure av him in me mind, entirely. But I'm wid him; I'm solid for ye, me little Darcie."

> 111. AN EQUIVECAL POSITION. The manager's residence at the Big Horn is the first house above the bridge, where the wagon road joins the trail It has a high gallery across the second story front, overlooking the gulch, which is reached by long windows from the rooms opening upon it, and by an outside staircase from the ground. The gallery forms the roof of a cement-floored porch in front of the lower entrance, a favorite evening lounging-place for the men employed at the mine when they

are fortunate enough to be on good

terms with Miss Steers, the manager' On the night of Mr. Bingham's detention at the Black Dwarf, two friends of Miss Steers and several friends of theirs were sitting on chairs tipped back against the house wall, under the shadow of the gallery, talking in low voices and not smoking, an unusual precaution, denoting secrecy. They ceased speaking as soon as horses' feet vere heard approaching, but concluding that, as they came by way of the trail, it must be the manager returning home with his daughter, they did not trouble to look out.

The moon was shining on the we oofs, sheening them with silver; the tamarack timber up the gulch supplied the contrast of pitch-blackness broad ened by impenetrable masses of shadow. Gleams from the house-lights re vealed the figures of two young people who had dismounted and were parting at the foot of the gallery stairs.

"I will say good night here, and so many thanks!" The girl's voice trem bled on the stillness.
"That's not her father," one of the listeners whispered. The men became mute, scarcely breathing from excess

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NAME, A Pathetic Story of the Poet's Hous Recalled.

It was Scott's dearest wish to found a ouse which should carry on the traditions of his great ancestors, who were cadets of the Scotts, of Harden, now represented by Baron Polwarth. Scott reared Abbotsford at enormous cost but there his work began and ended His eldest son, who succeeded to the baronetcy, survived him only 15 years, and died in 1847, unmarried, at the Cape And so the baronetcy became extinct. His second son died at far-off Teheran, also unmars. id. So the name of Scott was left to his daughter Charlotte, who married Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter. Her son, Walter Scott Lock-hart, adopted the name of Scott, but with all the extraordinary fatality that had overcome his uncles, he, too, died unmarried at the age of 26, and so the estate passed to his sister Charlotte. ho married J. R. Hope, Q. C., a member of the Hopetoun family, and he, of course, adopted the name Scott. They had three children, but their only son died in childhood, and once again a woman came to rule. This was Mary

In 1874 she married Hon, Joseph Con stable-Maxwell (third son of Lord Herrise), who, as a matter of course, adopted the name Scott. They have had six children, the eldest of whom, Walter Joseph Maxwell-Scott, born in 1875, is in the army. He has two brothers and two sis-ters living. Mary Josephine, who was rried recently, was Thus it will be seen that the present generation of Scotts have been in turn Lockharts, Hopes and Maxwells. These are all excellent names, with honorable histories behind them, and yet, in strict genealogical sequence, the present generation, to which the bride of to-day elongs, is very far removed from th author of "Waverley." By a curious coincidence Scott's biographer is realled at this moment, for John Gibson Lockhart's nephew has become com mander-in-chief of the forces in India This is Sir William Stephen Alexander Lockhart, K. C. B., K. C. S. I., who suc ceeded Sir George White the other day Sir William's father, Rev. Lawren Lockhart, was the half-brother of John Gibson Lockhart. The general, who was born in 1841, began his military career with the Fifth Fusiliers in Oude He has served in ten campaigns in India most notably the Black Mountain ex nedition and the Afohan campaign of 1879-80, when he was present in the op-erations round Kabul. He was given a brigade in the Burmese war of 1886-57 and has since been engaged in several frontier wars, just as his ancestors probably used to figure in the raids which characterized the Scottish border in days of old.-London Sketch.

Too Well Equipped. Miss Smartleigh. I hear your engage-

"That's a queer reason to give. I don't believe I catch the drift of your

"Yes, it has. She's too accomplished

"Well, then, to make it plain, she talks four modern languages, besides two dead ones, and after mature delibabout five and a half more than I want Never Remembered That.

Chollie—She seemed to cut me dead in the street to-day. I can't under-stand it, for the last time we were together she said I was a trump. Merritt-A trump? That must b why she has forgotten you.-N.

Mrs. Crabshaw Do you know, my

ful of her wedding dress than of env

How He Kept His Promise To a Woman.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the | other's place. Down under the "hanghorn at Tin Pan Diggings began to blow, and 400 men threw down ples and spude and hastened to what was and spude and hastened to what was called the public square. As they came shouting and demanding, Washoe Joe running in all directions they found unbuckled his guns, removed his hat half a dozen men surrounding a camp and jacket, and, making his way soon explained. The prisoner, who was and slipped the noose over his head known as Jim Rodgers, was a hanger-

on. That meant a speculator and a gambler and a general blackles. He ad been "warned" two or three times, but he had stuck to the camp, and that afternoon, having been detected in cheating at cards, he had drawn his gun and attempted to kill. The horn had been sounded and the men called in to give the man a trial before Judge Lynch. He was defiant until he looked around upon the hundreds of stern faces and caught the muttered words of menace. Then he grew pale and si-lent. The president of the digging: acted as judge. It didn't take over 30 minutes to settle the case.

"Prisoner at the bar." said the judge. when the jury had refurned a verdict of guilty, "we ar' goin' to hang you. We ain't no wolves thirstin' for blood, and we ain't anxious to make no rec-ord in the matter of haste. You will be duly executed arter breakfast in the

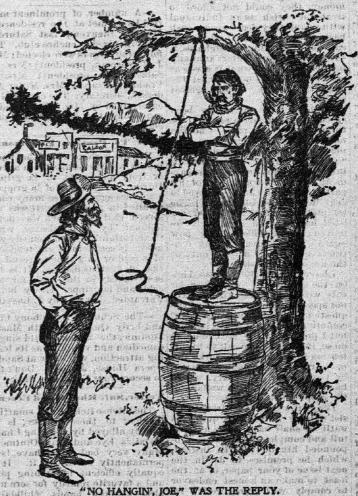
That was all. The prisoner had nothing to say, and most of the miners went back to their work. The man was put nder guard in one of the shantles, and | gin her my

through the jam, he mounted the barrel The whole camp followed and surrounded him, and presently a great

hush fell upon the crowd. Then he looked calmly about him and said: "A week ago a little woman reached Sand Hill by the stage—the first woman ever seen in that town. She was little and she was purty, and her heart was breakin'. She had come a thousand miles-she had braved the Injuns and the hardshins-she had dared more'n a man-jest to hunt up that critter you was calculatin' to hang this mornin'. He is her brother."

There was something almost appalling in the silence around the speaker and he was paler as he continued:

"No matter what he was, she didn't know it. She jest looked upon him as a bit wild and a wanderer. There was an old mother back in the states who was grievin' and weepin', and who wanted to see her boy ag'in before death come. When that little woman told me the story—when she told of her long journey and how she had sarched and sarched and been disappointedwhen she appealed to me to ald her, I hand and my promise.



there were none to defend or plead for was the hand and promise of Joe him. At sundown Joe of Washoe ar- Washoe, and he never goes back At sundown Joe of Washoe arrived on horseback. Nearly everybody at Tin Pan knew him for the "squarest! man in all the diggings, and he was warmly welcomed. He learned of the he judge said to him:

"Joe, I'm powerful glad you ar' here. shipshape. Pears to me like there orter be some singin' or readin' from back to the states with her. He'll go the Bible or suthin'. It don't look right because he ain't so bad way down in to hang a man same's' you'd kill a dog. Jest think it over and help us out."

our later he was admitted to the shanty where the man lay bound.

Joe looked at him long and keenly,

and then drew a deep breath and said: "I was afraid of it when they told me about you. I was on your trail, and if I could have got here before noon it "You-you have seen her?" stam-

pered the man.

"For sure. She's over at Sand Hill." "And looking for me?" "And looking for you. She's been ooking for days and weeks. You must e the meanest, low-down critter on the face of the earth."

"I've been a bad man," sighed the "And you'll deserve being hung." They converse for an hour or n nd when Joe of Washoe left the shanhe miner who had just come on duty to stand sentinel for the night. To the

president Joe reported:
"Yes, it'll be more shipshape and ivilized to pray or sing suthin', and 'll think it out during the night.' When daylight came the sentinel was lound in a drunken sleep and the prisoner was missing. Joe's horse was also ound to have vanished during the aight. Nobody could say at what hour the man had escaped, but it was cerwit the miners could make. There

either."

There were murmurs of appla every side, but no man spoke above his breath. "You were goin' to hang him,"

sumed Joe, as he lifted a hand to the rope above his head. "I don't say he We've got to hang a critter in the didn't deserve it, but I'd promised that mornin', and I want things reg'lar and little woman to hunt him up and send him over to her at Sand Hill. He'll go because he ain't so bad way down his heart, and has still got a feelin' for mother and sister, and he'll go because "I'll take a look at him and see what's Fill bunt him down and kill him if he o be done," replied Joe, and half an don't. That was the understandin' before I helped him off. Yes, I helped him off. I cut his bonds, and I told him to take my hoss and ride like the devil and by this time he's fined his sister."

> There were angry shouts from a hun-dred throats at the admission, but Joe waved his hand for silence and said: "She was a woman, and I felt sorr for her and gin her my promise. I had to play Tin Pan Diggings low-down to keep my word, but I didn't run away from you. No, I stayed right yere to explain matters, and to say that you shan't be disappointed in a hangin'.
> I'd a heap rather died with a gun in my hand and for a better man, but she

was a little woman, and she was break-in' her heart. Gentlemen, let the hang-in' proceed!" No man moved nor spoke. "I'm up here with the noose my neck, and if some of you will kick the bar'l away I'll make as good a

show as the man who got away."

They began to fall back. They kept their eyes on the man, but they fell back and melted away from him and never uttered a word. He looked down upon them with folded arms and a queer smile on his face, and by and by only one man was left—the president of

the diggings.
"What's the matter, Tom?" queried the man on the barrel

as to come a loud cutter were a hundred men and he was her brother!"

"But why?"

"Because she was a purty little an who had come a thousand and he was her brother!"

THE KLONDIKE HUSTLER A Pioneer Paper Which Records Sos Interesting Local News. By M. QUAD.

AN IMPOSITION.

Mr. William Ashford, proprietor of the "Monarch" dance hall and saloou, vishes us to notify all people who have left gold dust and nuggets at his place within the last two weeks to call at once and remove the same. He has about 40 bags, bottles and cans which various parties have flung behind his bar, and they are not only in the way. but it is an imposition on good nature to expect him to give them room while he is so crowded for space. The aggregate amount of this "junk" is about half a million dollars. Such parcels as are uncalled for after two weeks will be turned into the hospital fund or handed out to whoever wants to bother to take them away. Mr. Ashford is one of the best natured men in Alaska, and it is not a fair deal to clutter up his space and then turn his saloon into a junk shop.

PAID THE PENALTY.

We learn that one George Mitchell, of Ohio, who was among the party of tenderfeet setting out for the diggings at Snyder's Falls a week ago, has been found dead in a snowdrift and the body robbed of the five cigars and two plugs of tobacco which he exhibited iere. He had with him the sum of \$800 but this was not taken. He was told by parties here, who offered him five dollars apiece for the cigars, that he would sooner or later fall a victim, but he professed to be perfectly able to take care of himself. We have been smoking sawdust and chewing bark for the last two weeks, and should we run across a man with cigars and tobacco in his pocket we don't believe

SLIGHTLY COOLER. During the past three or four days the thermometer has stood pretty steadily at 32 degrees below zero, and it is reported that several persons who came here from Florida last fall have suffered from bites and frozen toes. While we don't think a summer these. While we do not the winter, there is no occasion for cussing the climate. Sheet-iron stoves can be had at \$100 apiece, and six of them will warm any ordinary room in the severest weather. All reports of people being found frozen to death should be

taken with many grains of allowance.

HARD LUCK.
We learn that John Tobias, the pioneer miner on Champagne river, will leave for Illinois by the first boat. He has taken out about \$200,000 in gold dust and nuggets, and was intending to spend the summer lying in a ham mock and smoking two-dollar cigars. A letter has called him home to take possession of a large factory in Chi-cago left him by a deceased relative, and he feels that he must return to effete civilization and endure all its inconveniences. He says he will never wear a collar and eat with a fork, but we fear he will have to come to it in time. Poor John!

FALSE REPORT.

The report that the Hustler was to raise its subscription price to \$200 per year was started by some one who owed us a personal gradge. While we believe our paper is well worth the price, we shall make no advance from present rates, but try and worry slong comehow. All gold dust sent in for subscription or advertising should be placed in old heer hottles, if nossible, and the corks driven in flush with the top. We can then use them to break the ice on the stove hearth.

A PLEASANT CALL The Hustler received a call yester-day from Mr. George Davis, of claim No. 17, on Red-Hot creek. Mr. Davis wanted to buy three or four empty beer kegs to hold the gold dust he had taken out in the last three months, but was unable to find such a thing in town. He informed us that he should leave for the States by the first boatnot that he doesn't love the country, but because he has a longing for an oyster stew and can't be content. After getting a stew he may return.

Monday evening last a miner named. Bill McIntosh got drunk and threw a bag of gold dust containing 14 pounds at the proprietor of the Polar Wave saloon and the missile crushed the sa-loonist's right shoulder and crippled him for several weeks to come. This is the third time Bill has hadly injured inoffensive citizens in this manner, and he had better look out for trouble.

OWNER WANTED. During the past week some one left seven pounds of gold dust in an oyster can in our office, and it has been kick-ing around under foot ever since. If the owner does not call and take it away within a week we shall heave it the back yard. This office is no ank shop.

EP AGAIN. The price of whisky jumped to \$1.50 er drink at daylight yesterday morning, and those figures will be main-tained until the ice breaks up in the Yukon and a fresh supply is landed. As a substitute we are going to chew a rag soaked in kerosene.

What Was Left. "Cook, is there any roast beef over rom dinner this evening?"
"No, ma'am."

"Well, what is there left in the "Only the policeman, ma'am."-Illus-

trated American.

Yeast-Are you troubled with head-Crimsonbeak - Of course, I am! Everybody is who has it - Youkers