

Announcement

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Dorothy Dodd

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HIS PERFECT LIKENESS.

A Snuffbox, a Portrait and a Much Surprised Monarch.

It is related of Frederick II., king of Prussia, that he one day made a present of a golden snuffbox to one of his counts. When the latter opened the lid he found the picture of an ass painted upon the underside of it. Though he scarcely relished the king's joke, he said nothing at the time, but as soon as he quitted the king's presence he sent one of his valets with the snuffbox to the city and gave him instructions that the picture of the ass was to be painted out and a portrait of the king put in its place.

A few days later a distinguished company dined with the king. The count was one of the guests, and after a time he produced his snuffbox and pretended to examine it with the air of a man who was proud to have received such a gift from the king. The latter, wishing to enjoy a little amusement at the count's expense, mentioned to the Duchess of Brunswick that he had made a present of the box to the count on the preceding day. She desired to inspect it, and when the box was handed to her she opened the lid and, looking inside, cried in raptures: "Perfect! The likeness is charming! It is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever seen!"

She handed the box to the person next to her, who was equally charmed with the likeness. From one to another the box was passed, and all testified to the excellent resemblance which the picture bore to the king. The king, thinking that the ass' head was still to be seen on the snuffbox, felt exceedingly embarrassed and scarcely knew what to make of the incident, but at last the snuffbox, having made the tour of the table, came to his hands, and the first glance showed him how cleverly the count had anticipated his little joke and turned it against him.

A Nice Calculation.

A Flemish gentleman conceived the idea that he would only live a certain time, so he made a nice calculation of his fortune, which he so apportioned as to last just the same period as he guessed his life would extend to. Strangely enough, his calculations came correct to the letter, for he died punctually at the time he had previously reckoned. He had so far exhausted his estate that after his debts had been discharged a solitary pair of slippers represented the entire property he left. His relatives buried him, and a representation of the slippers was carved on the tomb. Today in a churchyard at Amsterdam his grave may be seen, the only inscription on the stone being two Flemish words, "Effen Nyt" (i. e., "Exactly").

Too Much to Expect.

Camp Meeting John Allen, the grandfather of Mme. Nordica, was for many years a picturesque figure among the Methodist ministers in the state of Maine. He was a good deal of a wag, and his utterances were much appreciated by both saint and sinner. At one time, having gone to Lewiston to attend a quarterly meeting, he was approached in the street by several young men who were evidently out for a good time. "Camp Meeting John," said the spokesman, "who was the devil's grandmother?"

"The devil's grandmother," replied the old man in the quick, sharp tone so characteristic of his speech, "the devil's grandmother—how do you expect me to keep your family record?"

When a Man's in Love.

Love was under discussion, and the time old "When Is a Man in Love" question came up. "A man is in love," said one, "when it gives him physical pain to tear up the slightest of her notes." "When?"—but it would be violating confidences to tell other answers. One only—the best—we begged leave to print. "A man isn't really in love," said this romantically astute old gentleman, "until he begins to skip the descriptions of heroines in novels he reads, saying, 'What's the use of reading that? I'll have her looking like her and talking like her anyway.'"—Metropolitan.

Something to Praise.

An American judge, who had the reputation of never saying an ill word of any one, was once tackled by a lawyer friend who hoped to get him to admit wrong in somebody. He tried every conceivable subject in vain, and then, coming to a notoriously troublesome character, he inquired: "By the way, judge, what do you think of this man Blank, anyhow?" The judge considered a moment. "I think he has the finest whiskers I ever saw grown in Missouri," he finally declared, with so much animation that his interrogator was utterly baffled.—St. James Gazette.

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

Duties of the Highest Salaried Magistrate in the World.

The powers and duties of the lord mayor of London in presiding over his square mile of territory present some curious features. Theoretically, at least, the consent of this important personage must be obtained before even the king may enter the city of London. At the same time, it may be pointed out, the lord mayor spends a considerable portion of each morning disposing of petty offenders against the majesty of the law in the small area over which he rules. Most of these are plain "drunks." Imagine the mayor of New York, of Boston or of Chicago engaged in the dispensation of such Solomon-like justice.

The "city" in London comprises but one square mile, the greater part whereof is occupied by the great business houses that control the finances of the world. For instance, there is the Bank of England, containing a reserve fund of \$100,000,000 in gold. Twenty-eight soldiers are detailed to guard the treasure within, but without it is still further watched, inasmuch as within the square mile mentioned there circulate no fewer than 1,800 policemen. After 9 o'clock in the evening the silence of the streets there is broken only by the slow tread of these "bobbies." It would be a bold burglar indeed who attempted work in this well guarded area.

The result of all this is that as downright criminals give the city a wide berth, the chief offenders haled before the lord mayor in the morning are those who have looked upon the wine when it was red in the cup.

The lord mayor's salary is twice that of the prime minister. He receives as much pay as does our president. He is the highest salaried magistrate in the world.

It is not to be assumed, however, that, aside from disposing of the morning's "drunks," the lord mayor has nothing to do. One such official, who kept a record of his activities during the course of one year, has tabulated for our information some interesting figures in this connection. It appears that he attended 130 public and semipublic dinners, 85 balls and receptions, 365 meetings and committees. He delivered 1,100 speeches and paid 20 state visits to churches.

When the above mentioned class of duties militates against his dispensation of justice a brother alderman takes the lord mayor's place on the bench.—Harper's Weekly.

A Brave Briton.

When the attack was made on Sidon, during the war with Syria, it became necessary for the British troops to advance across a long, unprotected bridge in the face of a battery of six guns, which completely commanded the approach. The men were unwilling to expose themselves to certain death, when Arthur Cumming, carefully dressed in full uniform, stepped forward to the middle of the bridge. It was immediately swept by the fire of the battery. When the smoke had rolled away, there stood Cumming intact, carefully brushing the dust from his boots, after which he stood erect, fixed a single glass in his eye and looked back at the men. This was too much, and they captured that bridge and battery with a whoop.

No Joy Visit.

A Glasgow journalist who was careless of his personal appearance was assigned to write something about a show at a leading Glasgow theater. He presented his card at the box office.

The manager came out and looked at the disheveled visitor dubiously.

"Did you come here to write something about the play—to work?" he asked.

"Do you think I'd come to your theater for amusement?" asked the journalist as he stalked out.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Zulu Rain Charm.

The Zulus employ a rain charm which is very remarkable considering their usual fierceness and cruelty. They catch a bird, and after the tribal wizard has consecrated it and made it a "heaven bird" they throw it into a pool of water. In spite of their own indifference to the sufferings of animals they believe that the sky, which they conceive to be a personality, will be full of woe at the death of the bird and drop sympathetic tribute in showers of rain.

Choice of Evils.

"Well, old man," said Sinnickson after the performance, "I certainly was surprised to see you in private theatricals." "Yes," replied Brightly, "but you see if I didn't appear on the stage I'd probably have to sit in the audience and be bored to death."—Philadelphia Press.

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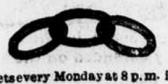


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