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# Mr. Dooley on the Soldier

"The life iv a sojer though glory-ous is hard," said Mr. Dooley.

"Here's me frind, Gin'ral Fred Fustian, wan iv th' gallantest men that has come out iv Kansas since Stoney Jordan's day, has been callin' down fr' on'y suggestin' that Stojitor Hoar an' th' rest iv thim be changed be th' heels. I'm with th' gallant gin'al meself. I'm not sure but he'd like to hang me, though as ye know, me opinyons on th' Ph'lippeens is various an' I don't give a damn anyther way. If he runs me to death I niver ast iv him as a fellow to write that he won't give me th' wather cure. Th' very thought iv it makes me flesh creep.

"But the presidint called him down. After th' publication iv th' fiftenth speech, when ivry college professor in this broad an' fair land was under sentence iv death fr' th' gin'al, th' presidint wrote to him sayin': 'Dear Fred: Me attention has been called to yer patriotic utterances in favor iv fryin' Edward Atkinson on his own cook shovle. I am informed be me advisers that it can't be done. It won't fry beans. So I am compelled be th' regulations iv war to give ye a good slap. How ar ye, of comrade-in-arms? Ye ought to've seen me on th' top iv San Joon hill. Oh, that was th' day I ever, me dear Fred, reprovin'ly but lovingly, T. Rosenfelt, late colonel First United States volunteer cavalry, better known as th' Rough Riders, an' ex-officio presidin' iv th' United States.' That was wan fr' Fred. I wisht th' same cud be heeded to Gin'ral Miles. Ivry time he opens his mouth, it 'tis on'y to say 'tis a fine day—which I must say seldom—all they do to him is to slap his back.

"'Tis a hard life, a sojer's, but a glorious wan. I wisht me fader had ethered me fr' a martial career instead iv tacin' me be precipt an' example, as Hogan says, to be quick on me feet. In these days when a man gets to be a gin'al because he's been a long time a doctor or because he's suppressed a naygur rite, it's me that wud go boundin' up to th' top iv the ladder.

"'Janooary wan—Private Dooley distinguished himself at th' battle of Agowwan, in th' island iv Samar, be ushin' out in a perfect hell iv putty balls, rice, arrows an' harsh cries; an' ezain' th' gin'al iv th' Tamalese an' thim him over th' head with his own beanblower.

"'Janooary twenty—Col. Dooley, th' Hundred an' Eighth Macabean scouts, yesterday administered the best an' muddiest part iv th' long river to Gin'ral Alfeco Bin an' a prisinee iv a large an' smilin' platoon. Th' rebel had rayfused to communicate his plans to th' gallant scout, but afther he had had sufficient irrigation his conversation was more extended. So was th' gin'al.

"'Febry eighth—Gin'ral Dooley, th' hayro iv th' Ph'lippeens, who is at home with a large spleen which he got into him in our beautiful island possessions, made a speech before th' Looced Club las' night. He said we shud niver give up th' Ph'lippeens, which had been wathered by some iv th' best blood in our land, he might say all. He didn't know much about th' constichoochin, but he wa what he heard about it fr' a man in his rignint who cud spell, it wasn't intinded fr' use out iv court. He thought no wan shud be thitted to congress under th' rank iv major. There was much talk fr' progress in lithrachoor an' science which he was in favor iv hangin' on. All th' army needed was rope though an' all wud be well. Th' supreme court was all right, but if ye wisht justice hot out iv th' oven, ye shud see it administered be three Ph'lippean laughin' sub-returns on th' top iv threes; jus' afther lunch.

"'March eighth—Presidint Dooley, shakin' at th' delay in th' sinit re-questin' all civilians to submit their opinions on the tariff to th' neighborly rayerustin' sergeant want a week, wint over to th' capital this mornin' with a file iv sojers an' arrested th' anti-administration foot-ers who are, now locked up in th' back iv th' White House. Th' presidint was severely lacerated by Senator Tillman durin' th' encounter.

"'Yes, sir, I'd like to be a sojer. I want to be a military man. An' iv I niver wanted to be a policeman. Th' strange, too, fr' if ye think it they ain't th' lot iv difference between th' mos' ordinary, flat-footed elbow that iver pulled wan leg afther another, to mornin' roll call an' th' gr-reatest gin'al that iver went through a war belong to th' same iv round-headed men. When ye smother th' head iv man or dog, ye rayforce his courage. That's thrus to all but th' bull tarryer an' th' Turk. Both iv thim fight like th' devil. Th' jooties is much th' same

# Medicine by Proxy

The car was bathed in gloom and silence, except for an occasional groan from upper 7—a groan which grew in intensity with each repetition.

"Dat man," commented the porter, as he stopped polishing shoes to listen, "am pow'ful sick."

Then a vision appeared to him so suddenly that it made him jump. The vision was that of a woman, the unconventional nature of whose improvised night attire was partly concealed by a wrapper and whose head was surmounted by a mass of hair that looked, to say the least, straggling.

"I am from lower 7," she said. "My husband has had a bad turn to-night and I am going to mix him a little dose that will warm him up and relieve the pain. He is in upper 7. Please put the steps there so I can reach him quickly. He's waiting for me now." The apparition disappeared in the direction of the ladies' dressing room, and the porter got the steps used in reaching the upper berths and carried them to upper 7. Then, however, there was a diversion. A masculine head appeared between the curtains of upper 9 and a masculine voice exclaimed: "Thank heaven! I've caught you, porter. Now, take this flask, pour a good drink into a glass, put a little water in it and bring it back to me. My tongue's as thick as a two-inch plank. Take a drink yourself, if you want it, too."

The porter thoughtlessly put the steps down in front of upper 9, took the flask and retreated to the water cooler. The apparition—but, really, things happened so quickly and in such perfectly logical and natural sequence that it would be a waste of time to give details. When the man in upper 9 yelled the apparition screamed, the man in upper 7 groaned, the steps were overturned and a vision in white and gray, with black hair, vanished between the curtains of lower 7. The porter, returning, was met by a boot and a volley of imprecations hurled from upper 9, accompanied by a demand for a gallon of ice water and the hose. The other passengers anxiously inquired the cause of the disturbance. The porter gave copious drafts of ice water to the man in upper 9, and assured them all that there was a mistake which could be easily explained.

"Ma'am," he said, stopping in front of lower 7. "Oh, ma'am!"

This had to be repeated several times before there came a sleepy query: "What's the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Yes'm," was the meek reply. "Somethin' pow'ful bad's happened. D-did yo' give de medicine at de berth wud de steps was?"

"Medicine? What medicine?" asked the feminine voice in lower 7. Then it added, severely, "Porter, have you been drinking?"

"Don't bother the lady!" roared the man in upper 9. "What does she

# Heavy Loss of Timber

Tacoma, June 21—Standing timber of commercial value to the amount of 550,000,000 feet has been burned in five districts along the line of the Northern Pacific. This timber comprised a splendid forest of fir, clean of limb for a hundred feet, and all readily accessible because it grew within a few miles of the railroad. Two days ago these giants of the Washington woods reared themselves in an almost unbroken mass covering sixty-three square miles of territory; today all that remains of them are the smoldering, blackened trunks, so huge that they still defy the rapacity of the flames.

The value of the timber destroyed is placed at \$1,000,000.

A special tonight to the Ledger from Hot Springs, Wash., says: Lester is now the threatened point. The forests on each side of the village are in flames, and an increase in the velocity of the wind would likely doom the town. So menacing was the situation during most of the day that the relief train kept steam up and was held in readiness until after 3 o'clock to go to Lester at a moment's notice with the Tacoma fire engine. At that time the danger was thought to have passed and the train returned to Tacoma.

At a late hour this evening the forests above here are burning fiercely, the flames being driven into a belt of timber not hitherto touched. The course of the fire belt is directly east, this direction gradually diverting it from the line of railroad. The valley for miles is brilliantly illumined by the blazing trees, but the most combustible material nearby has been consumed and the fire is slowly receding on both sides of the river. Its northern boundary is now about two miles back from the stream.

If the wind remains in its present quarters twenty-four hours longer the fire will pass the summit of the Cascades. It is only thirteen miles from here to Stampede tunnel, with inviting bodies of heavy timber all the way, and with an upward slope that favors the progress of the flames. It is not thought the fire will reach the tunnel, however, as its present course will carry it to the divide a few miles north of that point.

Down at Kanaskat, twenty-two miles below here, a tract of seven square miles is in flames. At Cor-

# \$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mammoth dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox orcoon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince.  
F. J. HEMEN.  
Klondike Nugget.

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