

ICE RAPIDLY ACCUMULATING

Klondike River Expected To Close Not Later Than Monday.

Steamers Still Moving Up the River Eldorado Lingers in Vicinity of Fivefingers.

Now is the time when the sound of the wood saw is heard in the land, and the advent are apparent, and it is therefore in order that some enterprising genius, upon whose hands time is a weight, should drag forth into the light of day the oldest white inhabitant and the most aged Indian, and have them tell the public precisely when the Yukon will close, how soon teams will be able to cross the Klondike on the ice.

The ice in the Yukon is thickening fast and the Klondike is given till tomorrow to cease running. The steamer Clossett arrived from up stream last evening where she has been hustling or trying to hustle scows off bars. To how great an extent she was successful is not known, but so far as known, the evidence of her success to date, has consisted in the arrival of three scows. There are said to be fully 50 wrecked scows between here and the foot of LeBarge, and a great many more hopelessly stuck.

This morning's telegraphic report from above, says the Canadian arrived at Whitehorse last night and the Zealandian and Sifton this morning. The Eldorado is reported from Five Fingers early this morning when she passed on her way down, and the Clara passed Selkirk at 4 p. m. yesterday. The Flora passed Selkirk at 10:40 yesterday, and the Anglian passed Ogilvie at 11:20 yesterday.

Not an Imperialist.

Nugget: Sir—I have noticed with increasing interest from day to day the expressions of political feeling as set forth by correspondents in the columns of your paper, and am too thorough an American; too much imbued with the spirit of democracy to find it possible to remain firm in my original intention to remain silent on a subject which, after all can have no bearing on the great battle at home. I noticed two letters in yesterday's paper, both in favor of the Republican candidate, and it seems to me that both contained statements not strictly in accordance with facts. Both, however, contain the arguments which I have heard—which I may say I have used—before, for I once called myself a Republican. The first letter states that one need not put the stamp of approval upon the utterances of Mark Hanna by voting for McKinley.

That statement is rank nonsense. First, because everyone who knows anything whatever of the last campaign knows that Mark Hanna put a large amount of money into the McKinley fight. Now, why, in the name of sacred reason did he do this? Will the writer of that letter go on record as being sucker enough to believe that Mark Hanna would part with his heart's blood for the pure love of Republican principles? I trow not. If it is conceded that there was some other consideration, then what was it? Every thinking American understands that when money is put into a campaign, the man furnishing the money is really the man making the fight; he is the power behind the throne; the man who presses the button after the election. Then how, I ask, can one vote for Wm. McKinley and not endorse the means by which he was first elected, i. e., Mark Hanna's sack.

The question of expansion is also touched upon. Let me ask your correspondent to think, if he can, what was the cause of the downfall of the greatest empire the world has any history of. Why did Napoleon fail? Too much territory in the first instance; too much ambition in the second.

Many Republicans say, as does the writer of one of yesterday's letters, McKinley is a good American because he fought and whipped Spain and because America is prosperous. There is about as much gray matter displayed in the formulation of these two arguments as one would expect to find in the cranium of a jack rabbit. Every schoolboy in the land knows that McKinley had absolutely nothing to do with bringing on the war with Spain that the war in Cuba was the direct result of Spain's action in destroying the battleship Maine, and that McKinley could not have prevented the war had he tried.

Prices are high and wages good under McKinley, are they? Yes, prices are high because European nations are at war, and America feeds Europe. If wages are good why are we receiving telegraphic dispatches daily about the

greatest and most dangerous strike on record?

Imperialism? The future, I might almost say the present, emperor of the United States spells his name with a single character; read it—\$. I don't like him, myself, and I am in favor of advising every American who don't, to vote for William Jennings Bryan.

INDEPENDENT VOTER.

Utilizing the Gout.

"Every now and then," said a man of moderate means, "something happens to remind me that I am only a novice in the art of life. For instance, my shoes were wearing out, and in one of them there was an ugly crack in the top. If there is one thing more disturbing to me than another, it is the sight of a shoe on one of my feet with a hole in the top. But I had not the money wherewith to buy another pair, and, though it may seem ridiculous, I couldn't very well spare the quarter that it cost for a patch, to say nothing of the fact that a patched shoe is little less unsightly in my eyes than one with a hole in it.

"Walking, in this predicament, one day, I met a friend, whose means, so far as I knew, were little, if any, greater than my own. He now had in the top of one of his trimly blacked shoes a carefully cut round hole. Since I had last seen him he had apparently prospered enough to have got the gout, a fact on which I ventured to comment. "Why," he said, "you can get precisely the same kind of gout with a pair of shears." And then he smiled. He always was blithe and gay, no matter what betided.

"Well, when I got home I enlarged that hole in the top of my shoe to the size and respectability of a gout opening, and now, when I go down in the morning on the elevated, I don't hold that foot with the broken shoe curled under the seat, back of the other ankle, as though I had a curious habit that way, but I place it boldly out in front, and I read the paper with the air of a man who is going down with his surplus interest money to take a little flyer in stocks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Awed by the Authors.

Some day—perhaps Jesse Lynch Williams may follow his book of newspaper stories with some sketches of magazine office life. He has had experiences, and he can write them. Here is one of them: "When I first went to Scribner's Magazine," he said, "I was a walking interrogation point. The editor would toss a letter across the table just like a common piece of paper, saying: 'Here's a letter from Kipling. It's all right.' It might as well have been a note from his tailor.

"I stood by and shivered at the sacrifice. And the typewriters! They would pound letters to Meredith, Stockton, James, Howells and Kipling just as they might have done to me, without changing a feature, or missing a punctuation mark, and I marveled at their nerve. One day a stout, middle aged man brushed by me in the office. We begged each other's pardon.

"Hold on a minute," called the editor. "I want to speak to you, Howells."

"Is that Howells?" I asked the office boy.

"Sure."

"Yes."

"Mr. W. D. Howells?"

"Cert."

"Mr. William Dean Howells?"

"The same."

"And I softly caressed the sleeve that the novelists had brushed against as if it had been touched by a saint.

But after awhile the feeling of awe wore off. We deal in authors. That's our business."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Great Wrestler.

One of the stories of Peter the Great which are current at the court of St. Petersburg is of the great czar's wrestling match with a young dragoon. Once in the imperial palace—so the story goes—Peter was at table with a great many princes and noblemen, and soldiers were posted within the hall. The czar was in a joyous mood, and, rising, called out to the company: "Listen, princes and boyars! Is there among you one who will wrestle with the czar?" There was no reply, and the czar repeated the challenge.

No prince or nobleman dared to wrestle with his sovereign. But all at once a young dragoon stepped out from the ranks of the soldiers on guard. "Listen, Orthodox czar," he said. "I will wrestle with thee!" "Well, young dragoon," said Peter, "I will wrestle with thee, but on these conditions: If thou throwest me, I will pardon thee; but, if thou art thrown, thou shalt be beheaded. Wilt thou wrestle on those conditions?" "I will, great czar," said the soldier. They closed, and presently the soldier with his left arm threw the czar

and with his right he prevented him from falling to the ground. The sovereign was clearly beaten. The czar offered the soldier whatever reward he should claim, and he ignobly claimed the privilege of drinking free, as long as he lived, in all the inns belonging to the crown. What became of him history does not say.—Ex.

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