ROM THE KOYUKUK

R. Mathews There on June 1st

Little Work Done in That Country Since Last Fall.

ut little has been done in the yukuk country since last fall according to Mr. J. R. Mathews who Bettles on June 1st and joined Rock Island down the Yukon in capacity of chief engineer.

Mr. Mathews owns discovery claim Emma creek, a tributary of the yukuk, but did little more than spect during the past winter. He ll return next fall and spend the nter working his property. He s that Hammond creek, once reted very rich, was not worked at the past season, the pay having parently petered out. No mining speak of was carried on last win. A good discovery was reported rly in the spring on the north fork the Koyukuk.

Vermont creek, according to Mathws, is the best creek in the country d has yielded good returns wher r worked.

Nothing has ever been heard on the yukuk of Victor V. Lowry and ck Burns who left Fort Yukon Coldfoot early in the winter. ey are given up as having been zen to death somewhere on the ide between the Dahl and Koyuk rivers.

F. X. Gowans, the meteoric young n who stole gald dust from a cabin Coldfoot and was held in jail year awaiting trial but was never ied, was turned out on the opening navigation. He drifted down the oyukuk and on down the Yukon in small boat a sadder if not a repent t man.

Mathews estimates that 300 people ent the winter in the Koyukuk untry. He confirms the story pubshed here in March of the freezing death of a Frenchman from Vanouver, B.C., on the trail a short stance from Coldfoot. The man d gone out to bring in a moose and t returning in the evening a searchg party was organized and the man und dead on his sled.

Puppy and Parrot

here's the lout who whistles shrilly
(though he never keeps the tune),
On the street car and the elevated
train,
nd the bleacher fiend who wholly
spoils your pleasant afternoon
By his yelling at the umpire—quite
in vain,
nd the porcine theatregoer who dissects the play aloud,
While he crowds you over sideways
in your seat,
nd the dolt who keeps his hands up
on your shoulders, in a crowd,
And the ass who shouts to people
on the street,
nd the bawling, blatant huckster
who disturbs your beauty sleep—
They are savages of note, I grant
you that;
ut the man who makes them all
look insignificant and cheap
Is the cad who keeps a puppy in his
flat!

i-yi! bow-wow! Hear the mongrel
yelp,
Yapping at a non-existant rat;
here are villains "doing time"
ho are novices in crime
To the man who keeps a puppy in
his flat!

here's the girl who murders Chopin
and believes she has a voice,
And the chambermaid who wrangles
with the cook,
nd the woman buying tickets, who
can never reach a choice,
And the lady who desires to sell a
book,
nd the chit who likes to call her
mother down before a guest,
And the typist who talks "fellers"
through the 'phone.
nd the cackler who recites from
Robert Browning "by request,"
And the actress with the rasping
nasal tone,
nd the shopgirl who is sure she is a
lady in disguise,
And the flirt who thinks she's
charming—though she's fat—
hey are worthy of a mention, but
the fine who wins the prize
Is the old maid with a parrot in
her flat.

quawk-wawk! screech-screech! Hear
the demon scream,
Scolding an imaginary cat;
nly in the padded cell
Can you find a parallel
For the old maid with a parrot
in her flat!

cial Co.

Stroller's Column.

When the Stroller heard yesterday that an election had been held in Fairbanks and that his former fellow-townsman and friend, John P. O'Connor, had essayed to run as a candidate until he learned that being a subject of the king debarred him, it was not hard to imagine a speech which John probably delivered in the Aurora No. 9 during his short-lived candidacy. The speech was as follows:

"Oi say, bys, Oi take th' flure to tell ye's thot Oi'm a candidate f'r th' office ov alderman ov th' growin' town ov Fairbanks an' if ye's don't elact me Oi want ye say thot ye's are a pack of chumps, ivry divil oi ye's. An' roight here Oi'll say thot if a mon in th' camp is willin' t' wager Oi won't be elicted, Oi'll bet th' dun-colored harse ferninst $50' thot Oi'll go in hands doon. What'll ye's hav hov till drink?"

Great applause followed the address and everybody took red liquor on the candidate. After several rounds had been quaffed and John had begun to feel sorry that he had not come out as a candidate for mayor, some fellow said to him:

"I thought you were a British subject."

"Sure, an' Oi am," said John, "but warn't Oi a pleeceman in Tacoma, an' warn't Oi a Yankee thin, an' ain't it an ould sayin' 'once a Yankee, allus a Yankee?' Answer me thot, th' bloody disturbin' illimint thot ye's is, bad cest till ye's fer meddlin' wid somethin' ye's aint brains enoof till understhan'. Spit out th' lasht dhrink ye's tuk on me or begory Oi'll shake it out ov ye's roight on th' flure an divil th' bit Oi ever buy ye's anither dhrink slong as me name is John P. O'Connor."

* * *

There is war between the Sun push and fire hall No. 2 over a measly cat owned by the former which was removed from its sphere of uselessness by a mangy dog, the property of the latter. The Sun push insists that the ink-stained deceased was a jewel of sweetness and affection that to know was to love, cherish and protect. The push further insists that the dog owned at the fire hall is of low lineage and badly degenerated blood; that no trace of respectability can be found in it, that it is a thief and should be killed by every man who meets it.

On the other hand, the firemen insist that their dog sprung from illustrious ancestry and that none but the purest canine blood courses through its veins; that its habits are beyond reproach and that the dog, in reality, is the embodiment of integrity, honor and virtue. The firemen further assert that the deceased tabby was of no family standing; that none of its ancestors had ever been the spoiled pet of any of the local 400; that its name was unknown in the American Herd Book; that the Sun push gave it nothing to eat and that it was forced to subsist on ink, drink from the lye pot and occasionally snatch a mouthful of paste; that their dog, possessed of almost human intelligence and having been reared on the milk of human kindness, took pity on the dejected, moth-eaten feline and tore it asunder out of pure kindness of heart.

Owing to the strong feeling which has been engendered over this cat and dog affair the Stroller does not care to take sides. He is on good terms with the Sun push and desires to keep on good terms with the firemen for no man knoweth when he will, in a moment of absent-mindedness, put a lighted pipe in his pocket and require the services of the fire department. However, the Stroller will drop a few suggestions that he hopes will be accepted in the spirit in which they are given. If the Sun push will import the only kind of pet that a respectable newspaper ever keeps he will wire Yukon's representative in parliament requesting that on his next junketing trip through the South he ship them an alligator. They have a good slough for it to range in and all the dogs in the Yukon could not rend a six foot saurian in twain. Besides, an alligator would lend an air of respectability to the Sun office.

The firemen should be ashamed to go to a private house where there are innocent children to even put out a fire so long as they persist in keeping a dog that has no more sense than to go snooping around a printing office in quest of anything to eat; in fact, if the firemen would not lick their platters so clean and would give the poor dog a chance, the mangy brute would not be compelled to snoop around other people's doors in quest of crumbs that fall from the rich man's table a la Lazarus.

Collectively the Stroller advises the Sun push and the firemen to shake off their cats and dogs, hold up their heads, quit drinking and be somebody.

Anyway, it is better to have a cat spontaneously distributed by a dog than to have it crawl under the house where you can't reach it and die nine lingering, moaning, spasmodic deaths and at length force you to take up a section of floor in order that the remains may be removed.

Dogs and cats are to a great extent fads and there are few people who are not fadists in one direction or another. Some people like from 8 to 12 cats around them. Many men have a whole pack of dogs while others, especially in Turkey, have a whole pack of wives. Some men run to kennels and others to harems. It depends on the whims of the fadist.

At last reports the Sun's cat was still dead and the wolfish, snooping, feline devastator owned by the firemen still lived, breathed, moved and had its being.

* * *

The professional violinists of Dawson have cause to tremble lest they be consigned to the sleepy hollow of obscurity by one whose every stroke of the bow is a musical poem, a symphony in A minor.

It was in a First avenue jag store where they keep a piano and a player instead of one of those tuba horns that plays "Bill Bailey, won't you ah Please Come ah Home." On top of the piano lay a violin and bow. Captain J. P. Hubrick of the Yukon ferry sauntered into the joint. He was mad because his peculiar surroundings will not permit of his running Sunday excursions to a wood pile. He saw the violin and reached for it. He fitted it under his chin and bystanders all knew by the graceful curve he got in his neck and the majestic way he drew the bow that a local Olaff Bull had been discovered. His first stroke of the bow proclaimed him a virtuoso. Bystanders stood aghast, the man behind the bar forgot to knock down a two-bit piece and in a moment of absent-mindedness put it in the cash register. The bourbon and rye ceased wondering why they should be called by different names when they both came from the same barrel. Sweet strains continued to drip from the bow. Classic selections alternated with the time-honored tunes of our fathers such as "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Hell on the Wabash" and other choice selections of a century ago. In short, the recitation was the most select and varied ever delivered in such close proximity to the north pole. Seeing the big hit he had made an idea struck the accomplished ferry skipper and here after he will have music on his Sunday excursions. He fiddled himself into a good humor and later was seen to indulge in a smile.

The Pilot's Mistake

Quebec, June 15.—The investigation into the grounding of the steamer Ibernia near Sorel a few days ago, while en route to Montreal, was continued here this morning. The court of inquiry found that the casualty was due to Pilot O. Naud in attempting to pick up the buoy which marked the south side of the channel, starboarding his helm to avoid a bateau which he supposed was on the north side of the channel, whereas it was on the south side, and obscured from view the buoy he was looking for. Owing to this error of judgment the ship ran out of the channel and grounded before it was possible for the pilot to see his mistake.

The court drew attention to the fact that Pilot Naud has had thirty-five years experience as a pilot, with a clean record, having taken over eleven hundred ships up and down the river, and he is the senior pilot on the route.

THEATRE MELANGE

"Turned Up" Being Presented This Week

Moran and Montgomery in Parts Excruciatingly Funny—Preparations for "Camille"

The second week of the Lillian Hall Company opened last night the company presenting a comedy made famous by Nat Goodwin entitled "Turned Up." While very laughable and extremely funny yet it must be remarked the company does not appear to as great advantage in comedy as it does in drama. Moran and Montgomery made the play go and had it not been for them it would have fallen flat. There is no star part for either Mr. Fanning or Miss Gale, though the characters they essay are made the most possible of. Moran is funny, so excruciatingly funny that he has the people of the company laughing so hard half the time that they can not read their lines. From his first entrance to the final curtain there is not a dull moment when he is on the stage. His comedy is natural, spontaneous and his antics as Caraway Bones would make an anchorite pause in his meditations and enjoy a hearty laugh.

It is an extreme rarity to find a performer who is so versatile that he or she can appear as well in comedy as tragedy or vice versa. Though his part last week was scarcely in the line of tragedy it was certainly not in the nature of a comedy role and Montgomery could almost have divided the honors with the star, and again this week he is one of the principal characters in the play. His impersonation of the old sailor is delicious, his makup so far that of "Heinrich Heine" that one is tempted to believe one the counterpart of the other, and his very walk at his first entrance and also throughout the entire play shows him to still be in possession of his sea legs, his lumbering gait reminding one of a craft plowing through a jolly good sea. In all the time that he has been in Dawson Montgomery has never appeared to a better advantage than he did last week and is this week, the two roles being as different as day is from night.

The first act until toward the end is rather prosy, things not warming up until after the sousing of Bones in the river. Captain Medway of the good ship "Petrel" appears in the second act after an absence of ten months on a voyage in which his ship is lost and all hands reported to have gone to Davy Jones' locker. Believing her husband dead his widow has married again, her second offense being Jones (Moran) an undertaker. The captain while in foreign seas has also committed an indiscretion, his gratitude toward a nurse who nursed him through the fever being so great that he married her, at least that is what he is told he did after his recovery. It so happens the nurse is black as coal and when the captain returns to his old home in London with No. 2 persistently follows him. He learns also that his real wife presuming upon his death has married again and that is the plot of the play. The two husbands meet in the second act, though unknown to each other, and with Moran and Montgomery occupying the center of the stage the audience laughs until their sides ache. All ends well at the finish as the second marriage of the captain proves to have been merely a mock marriage. Mutual forgiveness between the captain and his wife is exchanged and Bones consoles himself with the dusky No. 2.

Mr. Fanning has a very simple, straight part and while he extracts out of it all there is in it there is really nothing to it. It is almost subsidiary as compared with the characters of Bones and the captain. The same is true of Mary Medway, the character taken by Miss Gale. There is little to be said and that calls for but little effort. The other female characters are of not much consequence. Miss Jocelyn plays the dusky wife in black. Miss Chandon enacts the housekeeper who wants her time and does it far better than any character she has yet attempted. Miss Condon plays the captain's daughter and Miss Newman the daughter of the general. Mr. McDonald would be much more acceptable as the general if he would not rant so much. It seems incongruous. Mr. Wilson's variety stunt might also be eliminated without the play suffering very materially.

In the announcement made by Mr. Fanning previous to the last act it was stated that next week a special production of "Camille" would be given with Mrs. Hall in the title role. It is a character that Mrs. Hall has given a great deal of study to and those who have seen her do not hesitate to praise her work very warmly. Mr. Bittner will make his reappearance as the father and Mr. Fanning as the impetuous lover. The week following Gillette's great military drama "Secret Service" will be given and next will be presented "Faust," in which Mr. Fanning will be seen as Mephistopheles, the character made famous by Louis Morrison, with whose company and whose understudy Mr. Fanning was for several years.

The following is the cast of "Turned Up," which will run during the entire week:

General Baltic, on foreign service — F. F. McDonald
Captain Medway of the "Petrel" — Frank Montgomery
George Medway, his son — Frank B. Fanning
Nod Sheldam, barrister — W. H. Morgan
Tarraway Bones, undertaker and general dealer — Chris Moran
Police Constable Nibble — Richard Clarke
Mary Medway, Medway's widow — Franklyn Gale
Sabina Medway, her daughter — Alice Condon
Ada Baltic, the general's only daughter — Marguerite L. Newman
Mrs. Donnall, George's housekeeper — Bessie Chandon
Tom Lobb, a wherryman, Kit Wilson
Cleopatra, Capt. Medway's second wife — Harriet Jocelyn
Ephraim, Cleopatra's nephew — By himself

Many Refugees

Sofia, June 15.—Fully 1,000 Bulgarian refugees arrived in the Burgas district yesterday from Pirogu, Kulakatchar and neighboring villages. They report that a reign of terror exists in the eparchy of Adrianople. Turkish regulars and Bashi-Bazouks are said to be pillaging the whole region under the pretext of searching for arms and are arresting and maltreating the dwellers in the countryside. The panic-stricken people are fleeing in a body, men, women and children taking with them their carts, cattle and all their movable possessions. The refugees say the population of whole villages farther from the frontier are following in their wake.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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REPORTS OF THE CREEKS

Interesting Doings Beyond the Dome

Sulphur, Gold Run and Lower Dominion Are All Very Busy.

2 Below Sulphur, June 29.

Last week Joe Mace of 23 below on Sulphur creek was made happy by the arrival of his wife and children from their former home, Humboldt county, California.

Also a broad and homelike smile illuminated the ever pleasant countenance of James Sipprell, the energetic and efficient manager of the Sulphur branch of the N. A. T. & T. Co., for a few days ago Mrs. Sipprell and children arrived from Shoshomish county, Washington.

Mrs. La Tour of No. 1 above accompanied by her son, Robbie left on Wednesday last for their Seattle home. While a resident of Sulphur Mrs. La Tour made many friends who will miss her pleasant and charming personality.

Mrs. Rutherford, the talented philosophical lecturer, spoke to appreciative audiences last week on Gold Run and Lower Dominion. She returned to Sulphur on Wednesday and will take a much needed rest before pursuing her mission in other climes. Mrs. Rutherford looks in glowing health. She is not and hospitable enough to predict for her a great future for Gold Run and Granville. She said that these prairies are preeminently fertile. In fact, the camp generally is much good with chances more than elsewhere in the country. Codes of this subarctic zone. We predict for Mrs. Rutherford success and refinement and numbers attendant on every her splendid lectures.

Mrs. Conrad of the Brunstone roadhouse, No. 2 below, has sold out to Mr. Blackburn of No. 3 below. The house has been known as one of the leading roadhouses on the district, and Mrs. Conrad is interested in another roadhouse outside so a good deal of regret is felt at her departure.

Mr. Neubert below Mrs. Allard has force of fourteen men at work who are taking out from 100 to 100 buckets a day, which average 30 cents each. This enterprising lady possesses a splendid mining plant and outfit and she ranks as one of the most prominent operators on the creek.

Mrs. Tate, who was housekeeper for Gus Chisholm and his workmen on discovery, has left with her little daughter Dorothy. They are visiting in Dawson.

C. Williams has opened up his large two-story roadhouse and store on No. 1 below, and is meeting with success. A few days ago he was joined by his wife and family.

Mrs. Freeman of No. 10 above Gold Bottom creek is visiting her old friend Mrs. Roberts of 17 above Sulphur.

Mrs. Wright of Dawson is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Rios of No. 8 above.

Last week Deputy License Inspector Falconer paid a visit of inspection to the hotels of the creeks of this district.

Erwin & Shropshire of No. 56 below have purchased the splendid mining plant lately the property of Crawley & McBride of No. 2 below. Under the direction and management of Miss E. Clark a very select and highly respectable element of Sulphur's cultured residents assembled on Wednesday evening last at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of No. 11 above for the purpose of showing in a social manner their appreciation of this popular couple. This was a farewell party and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have by this time embarked for the outside to spend the summer months. The distinguished directress of ceremonies gave a splendid demonstration of social etiquette, after which dancing was indulged in by the happy guests until the midnight sun ushered in a glorious morrow.

On Friday night the entertainment and dance given by the social club at the pavilion, No. 1 below, was a brilliant affair which would have done credit to a metropolitan community in the heart of civilization. Mrs. Rutherford's talks were humorous and well received. Frank Griffin sang a song that completely electrified the vast audience and he was vociferously encored. In response he sang "Wait till the Clouds Roll By" with such enchanting effect that he was subsequently treated to Hobson like to his heart's content. Recitations and songs were excellently rendered by well known local artists. On July 10th a similar function will be held. After the entertainment the usual dance was participated in, to the delight of all present. The guests were again treated to a repast by Miss Hall, proprietress of the Dale roadhouse, who is universally the most popular hostess to be found in the territory.

On July 4th a picnic and dance will be given at Granville. Excellent music will be furnished by the Granville band and lunch will be served to all guests. Everybody is invited.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 29 AUDITORIUM

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