

truthful and old; as man mourned his lot too hot, it's too cold, it's too cold, it's too hot. —Washington Star

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WITH THE THEATRES

Side Splitting Comedy Holds the Boards

At the Auditorium While at the Orpheum Vaudeville Continues the Attraction.

The first real, genuine, mirth provoking, side splitting comedy that has been seen at the Auditorium for these many moons is a "Crazy Idea" which is being produced this week, and there should be inscribed on the bills a legend to the effect that it was constructed for laughter only.

There is not a scene nor an incident that rakes one's emotions save those which tend wholly to the agitation of the risible faculties. Of plot there can be scarcely a semblance, there is an abundance of horse play, but it produces the desired effect so what are the odds whether it be a Shakespearean comedy, one from the facile pen of Sheridan or merely a conglomeration such as Hoyt was wont to turn out every six months or so?

Tom Blane is a young medical student in Chicago who is left in charge of his uncle's handsome residence while he and his family are in the east. He becomes lonesome and concludes to take in lodgers in order to dispell the gloom. There is where his trouble begins. In his collection of curious he gets together a nervous musician who aspires to become an old master; a thoroughbred sport who is being constantly chased by his creditors; and a prima donna in a burlesque company. Last comes John Davis and his family from Kokomo, Indiana, to view the sights of the city. Pater Davis is on the shady side of 40 but still has a weakness for the fair sex; Mater Davis is a strong minded female who rules with a rod of iron and wears the family trousers. Then there is the daughter, Augusta, a wild rose who like Viola "n'er told her love but let concealment like a worm in the bud gnaw at her damask cheek."

Beautiful Gussie, with a Madonna face, a child like innocence and a openness to implicit obedience regulated only by her rotund papa. Tom of course makes love to Augusta, and her father becomes enamored of the prima donna. All sorts of topsy-turvy follies of ludicrous incidents and most laughable scenes, the stage not being straightened out until the last act.

Mr. Sedley plays the nephew and makes love as easily as he plays the heavy villain, from which one might infer he has had oceans of experience in the real thing. Mr. Bittner is the hen-pecked husband with a predilection for pretty actresses, a part he makes much out of. Mr. Southard plays the servant, though his name seems to have been inadvertently left off the program. Mr. Lewis is the eccentric musician with ambitions, Mr. Breen the man with unpaid bills, and Mr. Layne is Tom's uncle. Miss Lovell is the country flower so deliciously naive. Miss Forrester makes a star part out of the shrewish mother and Mrs. Bittner is the prima donna with a fondness for angels with fat bank accounts.

The play goes with plenty of dash and ginger and was greatly enjoyed by the audience. The melody in the finale of the last act is a little queer, but, then, such plays generally end in a similar manner, only it seems such an incongruity to see some one is accustomed to think of only as in the leading roles of high class plays stand up like a lot of amazons in a performance. The complete cast is as follows:

James Stone.....Mr. Layne
Beatrice, his young wife.....Miss Howard
Eva, his daughter by his first wife.....Miss D'Avra
Tom Blane, his nephew (a medical student).....Mr. Sedley
Estimate Puders, a composer.....Mr. Lewis
Julius Button, who flees from creditors.....Mr. Breen
William Tussell, a comic opera singer.....Mrs. Bittner
John Davis, from Kokomo.....Mr. Bittner
Catherine, his wife.....Miss Forrester
Augusta, their daughter.....Miss Lovell
Samuel Hicks, Stone's friend from the rural districts.....Mr. Thorne
Evelyn Browning, Eva's suitor.....Mr. H. Cummings
Mrs. Miller, a widow.....Miss Winchell
William, Stone's servant.....Mr. Dundon
Unstable.....Mr. Traub

THE ORPHEUM

The Orpheum was packed to the doors last night by a jolly crowd intent upon being amused. The opening act was "Comanche," a comedy-drama in one act and three scenes by Arthur Lorraine depicting a realistic picture of border life in the early days of '49. The following was the cast:

Long John, a rancher.....Arthur Lorraine
Long John's wife.....Helen Jewell
Their Daughter, just from school.....Lillie Howell
Alkali Ike.....Ed. Dolan
Longfoot Ted.....Kate Rockwell
Arizona Joe.....Cecil Marion
Johnny Behind the Duce.....Paula Cordero
Bashful Maggie.....Ollie Delmar
Gumboot Kittle.....Annie Merrill
Ten Cent Sally.....Dollie Mitchell
Puyallup Annie.....Florence Broeze
Indians led by Sitting Bull.....Sitting Bull
Chas. Moran
Standing Cow.....Rube Robinson
Afraid-of-Himself.....Bill Roosevelt
Scarfaed Charley.....Ike Blivins
Peter Peterson, a servant.....John Mulligan

An excellent olio follows which includes Ollie Delmar, Paula Cordero, Cecil Marion in operatic selections; John Mulligan in his ventriloquial exercises, Dollie Mitchell in song and dance, Beatrice Lorne and Annie Merrill in their ever pleasing duets; Eddie Dolan who is even a greater favorite than he ever was before. Vivian in new songs, and Lorraine & Howell, the new specialty team, in a new act, introducing their marvelously well trained dogs. Manager Pantages states that several new people will arrive from the outside this week and open at his house next Monday.

To Protect Caste

London, June 7.—His highness, the Maharajah of Jaipur, and the other high caste Hindus who are coming with him to represent their section of India at the coronation, have taken precious good care that during the considerable time they are to be away home they shall be obliged to break none of the strict rules which Indian custom imposes on persons of rank. The precautions they have taken against even the possibility of doing so must have cost them a pot of money.

The exalted company which, counting in the servants, numbers 125, is coming to England, by way of Marseilles, on the Anchor line steamer Olympia. Before the Hindus would consent to embark on this vessel, however, her owners had to allow the cabins and the other parts of the ship which their guests would use to be fitted up in Indian fashion, and six of the ship's kitchens to be equipped with Hindu cooking utensils. They had to agree, also, that the potentates' food should be prepared only by "caste men," that no member of the crew should enter the apartments of the Indians, and that no beer or veal—both of which are tabooed in Hindu "hupper suckles"—should be brought on board even as food for the sailors.

To partake of either foreign food or water being forbidden by their rules, the Maharajah and his companions are bringing with them not only Hindu provisions to more than supply them during the six months that they will be away, but even enough water from the Ganges to last that length of time. Several sacks of real Hindu sand—to be used in cleansing the noble pots and pans—also are among the baggage. The most important part of the entire paraphernalia, however, is the Maharajah's particular and most esteemed god, which occupies the place of honor on the ship. One of the vessel's kitchens is entirely given up to the preparation of food for the deity's delectation.

Skyscraper in London

London, June 7.—That huge American office building, announced some time ago, and afterward declared to be impossible, is not only to be built but work on it is to begin in August, unless there is some further hitch in the negotiations with the London county council, the body from whom the land must be rented. The company wanted 999 years' lease of the land, but it is said the county council would listen to nothing more than ninety-nine years and that the business has been arranged on that basis.

The company is to pay \$150,000 a year rent for the land, and at the expiration of the ninety-nine years their \$10,000,000 building will become the property of the municipality. On the other hand the site on the Strand at the foot of the broad thoroughfare now being cut through to Holborn is undoubtedly the finest site in London for an office building. It is said that the company expects to have its sixteen-story structure opened ready for occupation eighteen months from the time the ground is broken.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

NEW STRIKE OF QUARTZ

Made by Three Experienced Miners

At Mouth of Fifteenmile Creek Twenty Five Miles From Dawson.

The most wonderful quartz discovery in the history of the Klondike or the Yukon territory has been made one hundred and fifty feet from the banks of the Yukon twenty-five miles north of Dawson, or two and one-half miles below Fifteenmile creek on the right limit. The strike was made on the twenty-first day of May, but the same was kept quiet until the discoverers secured and recorded three claims. Seven different tests were made of the rock, the lowest assays giving returns of \$83 in silver, \$10 in gold and 66 2/3 per cent. lead. A tip was then given to some friends who lost no time in reaching the promised land of gold, silver and lead, and the stamperders were no less persons than Dr. Norquay and W. J. Randall, the city engineer. Ore is a smelting proposition; the lode is about 45 feet wide and the vein crops for a full mile and a half. The owners kept on working and said nothing about the strike until a number of stamperders found their way in and they knew it could no longer be kept from the public. They made a clean open breast of what they found. This morning about 10 a. m. Mr. J. J. O'Neill, the mining expert, walked into the Nugget office with a sack-full of ore and said: "I want to show you some of the best ore ever found in the Yukon territory."

The ore will show for itself, and any one wishing to see it can go to the Home Bakery on Third avenue, where about twenty pounds of the ore will be seen in the window. It is not the intention of the owners to cause any booming or stampede as there are all ready nine claims recorded on the ledge. There is not much work done yet, only eight holes about ten to twelve feet deep, so that the owners are not excited over it as they are miners from childhood, experienced and have worked all over the world in all of the mining camps of any note. They will be pleased to show the merchants and business men of Dawson what they have got at present and would like to tell the companies and storekeepers if they are interested in the future existence of Dawson to come down a little on the price of powder, fuse and caps, so that the miner and prospector may have a chance to open up some of the hidden wealth that lies covered under the moss in this northland. There is no doubt but what there is as big a showing of quartz in this country as can be found anywhere, and the only thing that is needed is capital to open it. This rich ore comes from the Australian Girl, Yukon Beauty and Highland Chief claims. Mr. J. J. O'Neill, P. R. Doherty and John G. Love are the owners. They are not trying to sell or dispose of the property but will open it up themselves and prove its extent and value and they are satisfied that they have the making of a good mine. Mr. O'Neill is not much of a wild cat chaser and never sticks a stake in the ground without putting down a shaft or driving a tunnel, as the case may require.

This ledge is in a lime formation, and the strike is made only 150 feet from the bank of the Yukon, so that it costs nothing for hauling or freighting the ore, but can be loaded in boats without any expense. There is also some heavy timber on the ground. A fine townsite can be had at the mouth of Fifteenmile creek, so that there is every advantage to work the mines cheaply.

Coming Next Fall

London, June 7.—There is more than a possibility that the deputation being organized to visit America in the fall will be accompanied by Lord Rosebery, Sir Thomas Lipton and Sir Joseph Dinedale, lord mayor of London. The official delegates will be leading members of the London chamber of commerce, headed by Lord Rosebery.

Although the special object of the excursion is to attend the opening of the new buildings of the New York chamber of commerce, the deputation will visit Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, and probably a number of other cities. They expect to meet the president in New York, and to convey to him friendly greetings from the city of London. It is not known yet how many persons will compose the deputation.

How to Win Her

He sat with his head bowed and a sad, far way look in his eyes. "What's the matter, old man?" his friend asked. He sighed, pulled a little slip of paper from his pocket and answered:

"I saw this ad in one of those weekly papers they print down in Maine. Read it."

It was read as follows: HOW to win the girl you love—Full directions furnished in plain, sealed envelope. Ten thousand dollars reward for a single failure. Send 50 cents, silver or stamps. Address— "Well, did you send for the formula?" "Yes. Here's the answer. Get a million dollars and let her look at it." Then he emitted another sad sigh and his head dropped forward again.

A Model Juror

In one of the courtrooms the other day a well dressed man who had been drawn as a juror was being put through an examination. "Suppose that in the case under trial the preponderance of evidence should favor the defendant," said the attorney, "whom would you favor in your verdict, the defendant or the plaintiff?" "The plaintiff," replied the witness. "You would, eh? Well, suppose

His Last Bluff

"In days gone by," said the man with the horseshoe pin, "I never traveled by boat or rail without hunting for a fellow passenger to play poker with me. I was gone on the game. I'd go without food and sleep for it. I'd play for pennies, dollars or brick houses. One night, as I left Chicago for St. Louis, I fell in with a chap who thought well of himself, and we had a stiff game. I had bad luck for an hour and lost \$100, but then the cards began to come my way. I'd got back half of my losses, when a hand was dealt in which we both held four cards, and I opened the pot on two pairs. The other man might have had the same or be drawing for a flush or straight. I drew my one card and didn't help my hand, but by the grin on his face as he drew his, I judged he had something good.

"Well, we began seeing and raising, and in ten minutes there was \$100 in the pot. I had just opened my mouth to raise him \$20 when the train struck a curve and our car lurched over and went rolling down an embankment fifteen feet high. It was four days later when I came to my senses and discovered that I was in a hospital. On the next cot, to my right, was my opponent at poker. We had both been badly smashed up. We lay looking at each other for a while, and then he feebly said: "I'll see your \$20 and raise you \$10."

"And I raise you \$10 more," I said. "And \$10 more." "And \$10 more." "He closed his eyes and appeared to think for a while, and as he opened them again, I knew that he was game. "I'll see your \$10 and raise you \$40." "He was either a bluffer or he had a good hand, but I was bound to see it through, and again raised him \$10. After two or three minutes the nurse came over and asked what was the matter. "I raised him \$10 and haven't heard from him," I explained. "And you won't, either," she replied. "You have raised him out of the game." "The poor chap had gone dead," said the man of the horseshoe, "and the pot, wherever it was, was mine. As to whether he was bluffing or had a good hand I can only guess, but as they carried him out I turned over to the wall and made up my mind to return to checkers and stick there. You don't have to bluff a dead man to win that game, you know."—Ex.

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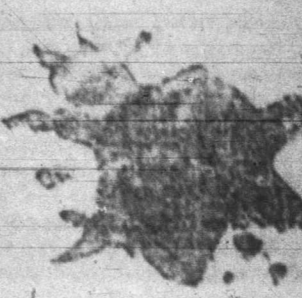
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