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STEAMER FOR KOYUKUK.

Captain Syd Barrington Has Leased Florence S.

Will Run Between Dawson and Peavy and Possibly on to the Gold Diggings.

(From Friday's Daily.)
 Capt. Syd Barrington, the young but experienced river navigator, arrived over the ice a few days ago and has already arranged for his summer's avocation by taking a lease on the staunch little steamer Florence S., which he will operate on the Dawson Koyukuk run. As many larger and deeper draught steamers than the Florence S. have been up the Koyukuk to Peavy, a distance from the Yukon of 550 miles, Capt. Barrington is of the opinion that he will be able to operate his steamer clear on up the river to where the gold is being taken out.

The Florence S. is of 20 tons burden and will carry at the same time 75 passengers. When laden she draws but 13 inches of water and can, therefore, be run where there is even a trace of moisture.

It is Capt. Barrington's intention to have everything in readiness to follow the ice down the Yukon, or be as nearly in its wake as will be possible. Already there is a great deal of talk about the Koyukuk and it is likely that by the time navigation is open on the Yukon, it will also be open on the Koyukuk river, and the travel into that country will be large; and in case good reports continue to come out, the rush to that country during the summer will be greater than it has ever been from Dawson to Nome.

Persons who contemplate the trip to Koyukuk should bear in mind the fact that unless they take their own provisions with them they will be in line for starvation, no matter how plentiful the gold may be. As yet there are no stores or trading posts established in that portion of the country and provisions and supplies are not to be purchased at any price. However, if the camp proves as rich as it is reported, the question of purchasing supplies there will probably be obviated before the expiration of the season by the opening of stores and the establishing of trading posts and eating houses.

Religion in the Philippines.

The latest acquisition to the territory of the United States, the Philippines, has been discussed from the standpoints of trade, commerce, politics and war; and now comes Bishop Potter who discusses it from the standpoint of religion. The following is a New York Associated Press telegram:

A partial report of the condition of affairs as found in the Philippines by Bishop Potter, addressed to the joint commission on the increased responsibilities of the Protestant Episcopal church, has been made public. The report is in part as follows:

"The religious situation in the Philippines is such as was to be expected in a colony of Spain. She has stamped her ecclesiastical traditions—narrow, intolerant and often corrupting—wherever she has gone, and she has gone almost everywhere among the various islands of the archipelago, great and small. Worst of all, her religious orders, except perhaps the Jesuits, have robbed the people, wrung from them their lands and taxed the administration of the sacraments and ordinances of religion with a scale of exactions and impositions at once scandalous and outrageous.

"If we are to retain these islands and the undersigned are constrained to own, however, they may differ from any of their associates as to the wisdom of originally entering upon them, that no other course seems for the present open to the United States, these wrongs and the righting of them lie at the foundation of the whole Philippine problem. We must do justly in the Philippines, or God will have no use for us, and our presence there will inevitably redound to our national dishonor."

Spirits on a Man-of-War.

Wines and spirits on an English man-of-war are laid in by the officers at their own cost. The quantity, however, is limited by the wants of each mess. The orders to the wine merchant must be viced by the captain, and he is supposed to keep a careful eye on the amount consumed. The officers no longer receive rations of rum, but a small allowance in money instead. Nor is it issued to seamen under 20 years of age.

Before being served out to the crew it is again diluted in the proportion of one part of rum to three parts of water. This is grog, which derives its name

from Admiral Vernon. He it was who first diluted rum. He habitually wore a program coat and went by the name of Old Grog. The barrel is broached on deck at the dinner hour, and each comes forward with his pannikin in turn.

All government stores are marked in some way so that they can be readily identified. The rum has a small quantity of finely chopped hair introduced into it, which can be detected by holding it up to the light.—Chambers' Journal.

Some Lively Old Citizens.

How long do people live in southwest Georgia? The Whitsett Courier has these interesting items:

"Uncle Billy Wilkins, 105 years old, was in our midst Wednesday, looking for a birthday present for his youngest daughter, aged 67.

"We are pained to chronicle the serious illness of Colonel Spriggs, aged 94, who sprained his left leg in a wrestling match recently.

"Aunt Sally Fancer will celebrate her 84th year with a quilting-bee next Tuesday.

"Major Marj Scott has just taken unto himself a wife at the age of 98. We wish the happy couple many years of wedded bliss."—Atlanta Constitution.

IF MOTHER WAS A MAN.

If mother was a man,
 I want to go to you,
 There'd be different goin's on,
 An' who I say I love,
 'Cos mother never tells a lie;
 She always does what's right;
 She's good as she can be all day
 An' just the same at night.
 How do I know?
 She told me so.

If mother was a man,
 She would make the law;
 She'd make it so there'd never be
 Such a cruel thing as war;
 An' she would make another law
 To govern married men,
 Requirin' them to be at home
 Prompt every night at ten.
 How do I know?
 She told me so.

If mother was a man,
 All private clubs would be
 Wiped out of existence,
 Just 'cos you an' me
 An' in her sleep she wouldn't say,
 As pa does: "What'd you draw?
 Give me two words, what!
 Straight bush! That's against the law."
 How do I know?
 She told me so.

If mother was a man,
 She'd stop the sale of rum;
 She'd fill the world with sunshine
 An' give everybody some
 There'd be no need of goin' to heaven
 To get away from here,
 'Cos if mother was a man,
 I would be heaven here below.
 How do I know?
 She told me so.

—Thomas Holmes in Trenton State Gazette

In North Carolina.

"I spent my vacation last summer in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina," said a New Orleans rice broker, "and was deeply interested in the quaint, primitive people in the neighborhood where I staid. It was a little settlement southwest of Asheville, away off the line of the railroad and full of characters that would have made a fine study for Miss Murfree or John Fox.

"One of the most picturesque of the lot was an old fellow who kept a country store at a crossroad up in the mountains and who had acquired a sort of patriarchal authority over all the surrounding district. Captain Jake, as everybody called him, was barely able to write his name, and his knowledge of the outside world was extremely vague, but he had a great store of homely wisdom and was regarded by the country folks as a sort of oracle. His sayings were quoted far and wide, he was general arbiter of disputes, and his decisions were as much respected as those of a court.

"One day I was sitting in the store, talking with the old man, when the conversation turned on modern inventions, and I began to describe a few things I thought would interest him. He listened in silence while I detailed the workings of the automobile, and even the Holland torpedo boat failed to elicit more than a grunt; but when I started on the biograph he shifted uneasily in his chair and finally mumbled some excuse and went indoors.

"If I was you, stranger, I'd draw it mild on them yarns," said a native who had strolled up while I was talking. "Captain Jake licked a city chap for foolin' him only last month."

"But I wasn't foolin' him," I protested. "Everything I told him is gospel truth."

"That's what the other feller said," replied the native, "but Captain Jake swatted him all the same."

"What did the city man tell him?" I asked, with some curiosity. The native chuckled.

"The biggest whopper you ever heard. He said there was an Eytalian named Macaroni could send off telegrams without no wire or nuthin—just shoot 'em through the air."

"He was a prize liar," I said with great presence of mind, "and Captain Jake ought to have murdered him."

"As I walked down the road I thanked my lucky stars I had stopped where I did. The next thing I had intended describing was the X ray, which would certainly have called for gore."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

INTREPID ENGLISH WOMAN.

Who Was Born With a Love of Adventure.

She Has Explored Former Unknown Regions in Botanical Research—Now a Nurse.

Miss Mary H. Kingsley, who has just sailed for South Africa, where she will join the hospital service of the British as nurse, is one of the most distinguished women in England and an explorer and scientist of note. While she is not precisely the kind of woman Beloit describes in his "Black Venus," her travels in Africa are in many respects comparable with those attributed to the fictional heroine of the French author's romances.

As Kingsley is the daughter of Dr. G. H. Kingsley and the niece of the late famous Canon Kingsley, she was born with the love of travel and adventure in her soul, and as a child she took naturally to the study of botany and zoology, finding her laboratory in the fields and in the woods. For one or another reason she did not indulge her passion for penetrating unknown lands and visiting strange peoples until 1893, and in that year she made her first journey to Africa.

Going to St. Paul de Loanda for the primary purpose of studying the flora of Africa, she was soon tempted out of the civilized zone and pushed her way into regions which had never before been traversed by Europeans. In cutting her way through thick brush, conquering primeval forests, camping in swamps and setting up her tents now and then in delightful meadows near sweet streams, this tenderly reared woman found great delight, which was intensified by her discoveries of valuable botanical specimens. With these she returned to England, and they are now the prized possessions of the museum.

It is said that one journey through unknown Africa forever binds the traveler to the desire of return. The rule operated perfectly in the case of Miss Kingsley, for after three years of life in tame and civilized Europe she began to long for the jungle once more. In 1896 she returned to the dark continent, this time to visit Old Calabar and the river of the Niger Coast Protectorate. Thence she made a journey into the country of the elephant and the gorilla, making her way into parts of Africa in which no other explorer had set foot. After several hairbreadth escapes from raging floods and from wild beasts the intrepid traveler managed to reach her friends of the French Protestant mission at Talagoga. Here she spent some weeks in rest with these hospitable Europeans, and then Miss Kingsley undertook a courageous journey across the country to Ogonou on the Remwe river. There, too, she explored regions into which she was the first white person to penetrate.

The result of these journeys and investigations Miss Kingsley has incorporated in her two books, "Travels in West Africa" and "West African Studies." These may be counted among the most interesting contributions to the literature of African exploration. It is now only three years since Miss Kingsley left Africa, and while she returns thither in the capacity of a nurse, it is by no means certain that her innate love of the wilds and of adventurous action has not much to do with her present determination.

Miss Kingsley, it is understood, will improve her opportunities in South Africa by a study of the remarkable botany of that interesting region, especially in transplanted specimens.

Not Yet Arrived.

The Seattle Times of March 30th contains the following:

"Major Strickland, of Dawson, in charge of the Northwest mounted police, with a murderer in his keeping, will depart for the North on one of the Sound steamers today. He arrived only two days ago from Dawson to take back J. Sarga, who murdered a man at Dawson last summer, and was arrested in this city last October. Sarga has been held in the provincial jail since at Victoria."

The Nugget had a telegram announcing the arrival of Major Strickland with his prisoner at Skagway and their subsequent departure for this place; since which time nothing has been heard as to the progress being made. Owing to the present condition of the trail, it is doubtful if Sarga will be brought further than Selkirk before the river opens. When brought on trial he will probably be confronted with, in the language of our contemporary, the "charred bones of his charred victim, which were found in the charred ruins of the charred tent."

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)

ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

ALLEN BROS., Publishers

LONG RANGE GOVERNMENT.

No government conducted at a distance of several thousand miles has ever been satisfactory to the people governed. The old Roman colonies were in continual rebellion against their imperial masters, because the colonial governors had only to satisfy Rome and need not regard the people over whom they held sway.

Spain has almost entirely lost her prestige as a colonial power, for the simple reason that, Bourbon like, she has been unable to learn anything from the lessons of history.

Great Britain holds the confidence and loyalty of her possessions by virtue of the fact that she long ago recognized that to be successful in governing her dependencies she must grant them all the rights and privileges of self-government consonant with the maintenance and acknowledgment of her own sovereignty.

No satisfactory solution of the various questions which have so long been subjects of discussion in this territory will ever be reached until, as a self-governing community, we shall have laws and regulations made by men acting under instructions from our qualified electors. The powers of the Yukon Council are so limited and their actions so hedged about, through natural deference to the wishes of the appointing power at Ottawa, that it may truthfully be said we are governed from the Federal Capital, and not in Dawson.

It cannot be expected, therefore, so long as the present system maintains, that we shall have laws passed which will be based upon the desires of the citizens of the territory. Instead, we must expect only such remedial action as in the judgment of the Ottawa authorities it is wise to give us, and long and bitter experience has proven that as little will be given as possible.

The root of all our troubles lies in our long range system of government. We want from Ottawa the same measure of self-government that Canada enjoys with reference to the imperial authorities. When that is granted us, it will be our own fault if we are not thereafter satisfied.

TOWNSITE TITLES.

The almost endless chain of red tape that intervenes in the transaction of business between Dawson and Ottawa is well illustrated by the present status of townsite property. The original Harper & LaDue townsite has been platted for a matter of about three years. The application for the townsite, together with the payment of the money required by the Ottawa authorities, was made prior to the laying out of the town. A delay of about a year ensued, and an announcement came from Ottawa that the government would recognize the Harper & LaDue claims, as well as several additions subsequently platted. Another six months rolled by, and it was stated that, instead of patents being issued to the respective townsite applicants, the government would give title direct to the individual who had purchased from the townsite owners. Another interval succeeded, and everyone who owned property was directed to hand in his deed at the commissioner's office, and government patents would be issued as soon as the

necessary formalities should be performed. That was about 18 months ago, and at this time some few patents have been issued. The greater portion of property owners, however, hold nothing but their deeds from the townsite company. This does not indicate that there is any flaw in the title, nor does it prevent as many transfers of property as may be desired. It merely serves to show that Ottawa is in no hurry to give attention to Yukon matters, and proposes to devote as little time to the straightening out of affairs as possible.

Verily, the mills of the gods grind slow.

WHY NOT RECOGNIZE ALASKA?

These Cape Nome facts, like all others, are interesting, and if congress will really get at them, and will meet the Alaskan issues with appropriate legislation before it adjourns, it will but be doing strict justice to a territory bound hands and foot all too long by lack of organization. Denied the very revenues it

raises, ever since 1896, the beginning of the great gold boom, the territory has gone from bad to worse. Today Puerto Rico stands all the chances of a pampered favorite when compared with the prospects of Alaska, even under the pending bills. It is to be hoped, however, when Cape Nome is sending out \$10,000,000 or so a year, that Alaska will at last be recognized and congress will finally act.—Philadelphia Press.

The Nugget's eight-page semi-weekly paper is the popular paper on the creeks, all of which are reached by a regular and systematic carrier service. The Semi-Weekly Nugget places all the news on the creeks from two to three days ahead of all weekly papers, and hence its continuous and growing strength. Advertisers in the Daily receive the benefit of the big semi-weekly service, as well as the daily delivery in the city and on Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, without extra charge. Heavy and increasing demand on advertising space is the result. The Nugget is the recognized medium through which to reach the people who buy. Dawson's shrewdest business men have long been well informed as to this fact. Promoters of new business enterprises are invited to experiment with an ad in the Nugget and watch for results.

It is a fortunate thing for Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell that his official existence does not hinge on the will of the people, of whose rights he avows himself so staunch a protector. Were Mr. Bell responsible to the community in which he exercises his powers, he would not have the temerity to shut the public records away from all public knowledge. It would require only a short time to show Mr. Bell that his ideas of protecting the public interests differ very materially from ordinarily accepted opinions on the matter.

Tonight the fire laddies will entertain their friends at a grand ball. The firemen have proven their capacity as fire fighters on numerous occasions, and should be favored with a big representation of Dawson's citizens tonight. The public now has an opportunity to show their appreciation of the fire brigade's efficiency, and the Nugget hopes that the opportunity will be improved.