

DECLARED NOT GUILTY

Accused of Attempted Robbery

Case Against Preston and Sullivan Heard This Morning Before Mr. Justice Craig.

Preston and Sullivan, the two men charged with attempting to steal gold from the sluice boxes at 1 below on Bonanza on the night of May 5, were on trial this morning before Mr. Justice Craig.

George D. Bentley, a partner of Tagish Charley and a third owner in the claim, testified that no one, watchman, laymen or even the owners, had any business around the boxes when the water was turned off and sluicing was not in progress.

Dickson, a watchman employed to look after the interests of Tagish Charley, also gave evidence for the crown, though it did not injure the defendants in the least, but on the contrary was rather in their favor.

Dickson, by the way, is a man who came into considerable prominence some years ago. He it was who arrested George O'Brien, the triple murderer, at Whitehorse when he was attempting to pass over the new railroad grade.

On behalf of the defense several witnesses were called, among them being Richard Armstrong, who is also interested in the dumps. He swore to having employed Sullivan as a watchman on the night in question and that he was to relieve him (witness) at midnight.

In summing up the evidence his lordship concluded there was not sufficient evidence to convict the accused of any criminal intent and both were discharged.

The Age of Pottery.

The attempt to ascertain the age of a porcelain vase by testing it with a magnet may appear to the lay mind as rank lunacy, but a French scientist with the musical name of Folghoraiter claims, with much plausibility, that he can fix, approximately, the dates of old potteries in this way.

The magnetic needle does not, as many people suppose, point exactly to the north, but deviates from a north and south line to an extent which differs in different places, and also varies from year to year at the same place.

At Paris, for example, this deviation, or "declination," as it is technically called, was 11 1/2 degrees to the east in the year 1580. In 1663 there was no declination—that is, the needle pointed due north. Since then the declination has been westerly. The greatest westerly declination—about 22 1/2 degrees—occurred in 1835, since which time the needle has been slowly coming back to the meridian. The declination is now less than 15

degrees, and in another century it will be zero.

Furthermore, a freely suspended magnetic needle does not lie horizontally, but dips toward the north, and this dipping, or "inclination," varies, as the declination does. It is evident that if we know the inclination and declination for all past times, or know the laws of their variation so that we can compute their values at any epoch, we can fix the date of any occurrence by the declination and inclination at that time.

Now, most clay contains iron and is magnetized in the direction of the prevailing magnetic force—that is, parallel to the compass needle. When the clay is "fired," or baked, the direction of this magnetism becomes fixed, parallel with the direction of the compass needle at that instant. Hence, if the resulting vase or brick were undisturbed, it would preserve, graven in it, so to speak, a record of the date at which it was made.

Vases are disturbed, and we cannot tell which side was north in the firing kiln, so that we cannot use the magnetic "declination," but we can make use of the dip, or "inclination."

This ingenious method has been applied to vases of the Roman and Etruscan periods. The former give a very different inclination from the latter, indicating a great difference in age, which is at least interesting and gratifying as a first result.

Other investigations have endeavored to fix in a similar way the epochs of volcanic eruptions from the magnetism of clay beds which have been covered and baked by hot lava. No satisfactory results have yet been obtained, however.—EX.

Pay Your Bills.

Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to The Alaska Commercial Company that accounts remaining unpaid May 15th next will be placed in the hands of the company's solicitor for collection.

RELEASED FROM JAIL

Pardon of Judge Noyes' Stenographer

Claude A. S. Frost who was mixed up in Nome Mining Case Scandal.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

San Francisco, May 15.—A telegram received at Alameda county jail announced the pardon of Claude A. S. Frost, special agent of the department of justice and stenographer for Judge Noyes, who has been serving a sentence of one year's imprisonment for contempt of court on account of his connection with the Nome mining scandals. The telegram is from Attorney-General Knox and it directed the immediate release of Frost.

The Secret of the Hills.

There's a glorious golden vision, And its view my spirit fills, While I gaze in silent wonder On the beauty of the hills, Where lies hid the golden treasure, Precious ore in ample measure, Neath the moss-clad Yukon hills.

When the lone star, pale Polaris, Glows serenely overhead, Hope resplendent shines transcendent Where the secret-seekers tread, O'er the hills, where golden treasure Lies concealed in ample measure 'Neath the snow-clad Yukon hills.

Fortune favors brave endeavor, Patient courage to pursue Till the secret stands discovered, Toiling, keep the end in view, And unearth the hidden treasure, Hoarded deep in godly measure, 'Neath the ice-bound Yukon hills.

In this northern land of promise, Though the breath of winter chills, Soon the summer's vernal beauty, Crowns the glory of the hills, Where lies hid the secret treasure, Buried deep, in ample measure, 'Neath the spruce-clad Yukon hills.

Then the sun's meridian glory Will dispel the winter's night, Giving token of the coming Of the promised vision bright, To unfold the secret golden In the ages past with hidden 'Neath the moss-clad Yukon hills.

—Canuck Job Printing at Nugget office.

THAT STRIKE OF MINER'S

Quaintly Described by the Morning Joke

Men Demand \$4.50 in Currency Instead of \$4.25 in Dust, the Former Scale.

For pure assinine assinity an article in the morning's morning of this date heads off all competitors.

Under the heading "Miner's Strike for Higher Wages" it goes on to tell about men on Fox, American and Magnet gulches refusing to take dust at \$15 per ounce but insisting on it at \$16, a clear loss of \$1 to themselves.

The article goes on and says the wages were earned under the old value of \$16 per ounce and that the men refuse to accept it at \$15.

There is a difference existing between Hamilton and Knox and their men, 23 of whom are employed on American gulch. The men have been receiving \$4.25 per day in dust and they are demanding \$4.50 per day in currency. For back wages they demand dust at \$15.00 per ounce, thus allowing the 2 1/2 per cent. royalty off. This offer the owners refuse, but wish to hold out 60 cents per ounce for royalty.

On one or two claims on Magnet gulch the same conditions prevail. The morning joke should brush up on its mathematics.

Ancient Egyptian Boat.

A wonderful old boat that sailed the Nile 3,800 years ago, 1,800 years before Cleopatra's famous barge was built, creaked through the streets of Pittsburg the other day when it was transferred from the Lake Erie freight yards, on the south side, to the sheltering port of the Carnegie museum.

The ancient vessel, according to Dr. Holland, was found, with two other boats, in one of the Egyptian funeral vaults. "Its history spans that of civilization," said Pittsburg's noted scientist, "and when you stop to consider the age of its worm-eaten planks, our Anglo-Saxon civilization seems a thing of yesterday. When you contemplate the architectural monuments in whose shadow it has lain, the great building of the Carnegie Institute seems insignificant."

Only three boats of this character were found, and one went to the British museum, one to the Field-Columbian Museum of Chicago, while the third was secured by Andrew Carnegie for Pittsburg. Edward Ayer, one of the trustees and leading men of the Field-Columbian Museum of Chicago, called the attention of Mr. Carnegie to the possibility of securing the third boat for the Carnegie Museum, and was instructed by the steel king to secure the relic for the Smoky City.

The ancient craft was shipped in June, lashed to the bow of the steamship Hohenfels, and came direct from Suez to New York, the tarpaulin covering it still bearing the marks left by the dashing spray. The boat is shaped like the crude dug-outs of barbaric races, and the heavy rotten planks of uneven length are at present held together by iron hoops. The vessel measures 32 feet in length, is 8 feet wide and 6 feet deep.

Its size will not permit of bringing the relic into the present museum, and therefore it will be housed outside until the promised new building is completed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Gash-ding it, Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Billus, pulling a crumpled document out of his pocket. "There's that letter you gave me to mail a week or more ago!"

"And you told me you dropped it into the first letter box you passed!"

"That's what grinds me. I certainly did drop something into that letter box. I wish, by George, I knew what it was!"—Chicago Tribune.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists. "Her husband is very handsome. Don't you think so?" "Yes, quite handsome." "Isn't his plain wife jealous?" "Not a bit of it. If he gets a little flirtatious she simply cuts off his weekly allowance of nine dollars, and that ends it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

J. A. Hubley Is the Winner of the Prize!

We, the undersigned representatives of the Dawson newspapers, having been appointed by Hershberg & Co. to count the ballots in the guessing contest as to the date of the moving of the ice in front of Dawson, do hereby certify that we have counted the said ballots and have found that J. A. Hubley having guessed the nearest according to the official time, 8:45 p. m. on the Eleventh of May, 1902, his guess being, in fact, on the exact moment of occurrence to the official time. He is hereby declared to be entitled to the complete outfit offered by Hershberg & Co under the provisions of the said guessing contest.

Witness our hands this 12th day of May, 1902. WM. P. ALLEN, Nugget; A. F. GEORGE, News; B. H. MORAN, Sun.

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NO PEEPING TOLERATED

Miss Caulman Enforced Order in Earnest

Actress Shoots Man Who Peeped Through the Window of Her Dressing Room.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Boston, May 15.—Miss Madeline Caulman of the "Railroad Jack" theater company, which closed an engagement at Lynn theater last night, shot a man who was peeping through the window of her dressing room. She was dressing for the last scene when she saw a man's face pressed against the window glass. She told him to leave and when he declined Miss Caulman took a revolver from her trunk and fired three shots at him.

Decorates His Own Grave

Few indeed have the strange privilege of decorating their own graves. Such a person, however, is to be found in Corona, L.I. He is a veteran of the late war. He enlisted in the Flushing regiment and in the battle of Vicksburg was hit with the fragment of a shell.

For a whole day he lay in the trenches. They thought him dead. When he came to, his mind and memory were gone. Strangers found him and asked him who he was. He could not tell. He was like a child.

He was transferred, and after the war was taken to the Soldiers' home in Washington. There he learned once more to read and write, to converse and thus began life over again.

One day, thirty years after the battle that robbed him of his senses, the man woke up, as it were. He came to his old self. His first question was about the battle.

"What battle?" they asked. "Why, the battle I was in today. Was I hit?" They told him that he had been hit thirty years before. He had been restored to his former identity. All memory of the intervening years now faded as completely as that which had gone before had faded previously.

"Who are you?" they asked. He told them. Then he started the long journey back to Long Island, in search of his former home and friends. Arriving at Flushing, one of the first objects that met his gaze was the soldiers' monument. It stands in front of the old Quaker meeting house, date 1661, and which was used alternately as a federal and British stronghold during the Revolution.

The old man naturally paused and read the familiar names of his martyred comrades. To his consternation he saw his own name enrolled there. That was some years ago.

Since that day the old veteran has never missed Decoration day in Flushing. He comes with a big wreath and lays it on the mound under his own name literally upon his own grave. These are the facts as told me and vouched for by a veteran comrade of the very live ghost himself. It is almost a parallel case with the famous Colonel Chabert of Balzac.—New York Herald.

An Unconscious Sermon.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a ditch, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable looking farm house; and at the same time a boy 10 or 12 years old came out into the

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STEAMER MAY WEST May 20 From S.-Y. T. Dock For Rates See H. W. CARR, Third Avenue, Opposite Post Office. Telephone 102-C.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

H. L. Hedger, Dentist, has removed his Dental Parlors from the Exchange to the Bank Building and associated with Dr. G. M. Faulkner (formerly with Dawson Dental Parlors). Rooms 3, 4, 5 Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co. Your patronage solicited. PHONE 178 DRS. FAULKNER & HEDGER.

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road with a small pail, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse. "Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully. "Indeed, he would; and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as He does a very large favor; and this is the most I can do for others. You see, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot; and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and the houses are all some distance from the road; and so, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the gray eyes, that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and so expectedly.—EX.

An impudent fellow named Hawarden, inquired, without asking his pardon, Of the learned Colquhoun if the man in the miquouin Always lodged in some nobleman's gawarden. Whereupon the fire-eating Lord Cholmondeley, Overhearing the words, remarked glolmondeley, To an awe-stricken neighbor, as sheathing his neighbor, That the question was very uncolmondeley.

Too Democratic—"They've given to the Authors' club." "Why?" "Every body who had written a historical novel was eligible, and they found it wasn't going to be exclusive enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Instructor—In what respect did the fourteenth and nineteenth centuries resemble each other? De Grees—The nineteenth century resembled the fourteenth in that both were a hundred years long.—Harvard Lampoon.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.