

DOG ISLAND DISPATCH

Daily Publication Now
Issued There

Manifestations of Love for Health
Officer Are Not Numerous.

SUNDAY EDITION, DOG ISLAND
DISPATCH, JUNE 8th.
The open letter addressed to the
Sun covers our editorial for this issue.

PONG-PINGS.
Hurrah for Casey, long may he live
and report.
Ping the gods at MacArthur,
Pong the pure water to us,
Serve the warrant on Casey
And count on the steamer Whitehorse.

THE BASTILE.
By the looks of our exchange MacArthur must have stirred up several things besides the muddy Yukon.

It seems strange that of all the visitors that spoke to us Moran was the only one picked out for a victim.

We hereby advise all who visit our sanatorium after this to refrain from publishing anything they may hear, see or think, as our quarters are limited and no room for private baselines.

Oh, Dr. Mac, when we get back
You'll get a warm reception,
With stale vaccine and petty spleen
You'll win (?) at the next election.

—A Victim.
If the water falls much lower we will be over to the home of Chief Isaacs soon. We are now about fifty feet from the shore and soon no doubt the health officer will be down to fix it.

Glad tidings came over last night that we were to be connected with Dawson by telephone. If such should be the case we will keep the wires hot for a while at least.

The "Hogans" held a small session last night after the ball, and as Daddy Goggins was waltzed out Brother Kerwin took the shears and held full away. As the meeting was held behind closed doors and the secret work given to new members we cannot report full proceedings, except that Brother Devonshire was fined a five-spot and sent to the top. Brothers please take notice.

The editor-in-chief has developed quite a mania for singing. We understand there will be a bid for his specialty song, "Alley-go-whet-go-long," to put on the Dawson stage when he gets out of soak.

If you are late for a meal go hungry till the next—Steward.

Now all join in the chorus—Hibbard.

Keep that man away from me—Mrs. S.

Just one more—Hume.

I still believe the man in the pest-house has not smallpox.—Little Lady.

If you don't win at "solo" furnish the cigars—Sanborn.

If they can't cook let them starve.—MacArthur.

Don't go to bed yet.—Johnson.

Sing me an Irish song.—Kitty.

Purser Purdy wishes to acknowledge the gift of reading matter from Anderson and Swan, also Whalley & Co., which has been most acceptable to all concerned.

A dance was given on board the steamer Friday night. The officers had been busy all day arranging for it. The dining room was cleared for the dancers, card rooms and tete-a-tete corners were convenient. The affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The officers were voted jolly good fellows and we were hoping never to be slighted when the officers of the Whitehorse entertain.

Just as fast as little groups of two and three leave us the cleaning up of the steamer proceeds. Too much praise cannot be given to the ship's officers all round on this score. A laundry has been started, bath tubs are to be had, hot water and soap plentiful. Scrubbing, sweeping and dusting until we doubt if anything could be cleaner and more sanitary than our present home.

Many groups of two and three have left the steamer and camped in tents on the shore, living entirely separated from each other and from the steamer. The second class passengers are now all occupying tents on the shore furnished by the government, thus minimizing the danger of infection. Jolly good nature prevails everywhere and there are no cloudy faces here since Dr. Edwards has been in charge.

News has just reached us that the steamer Zealandian has been placed

in quarantine. We feel sorry for our sister boat, but accidents over which they have no control will happen to the best of regulated steamship companies. Also that Sergeant DesBarre and his companion will be detained for some days to come. We sincerely hope that no new cases will develop up the river or at this camp.

CARD OF THANKS.

Daddy Goggins of the "Hogans" wishes to thank our many brothers in Dawson for the presents which they sent over to us in his care. The package was opened in our midst and each member received his due share. While some of the tools come in handy to Brother Devonshire, Brother Kerwin has a hard time deciphering the Jewish Journal. Brother Clark got in the French dictionary and will endeavor to send a letter of thanks in the same language.

We have held the paper for some little time awaiting our friend Mr. Casey, expecting him to be one of us. A chair has been reserved.

Miner's Exchange.

Among its prominent public institutions Dawson can now count a mining stock exchange. It opened for business today, in the store recently occupied by Mayor Macaulay next to Alderman Norquay's drug store. Its promoters are Captain Alcock and the well known quartz king Wilson Foster. They purpose listing all local mines, both quartz and placer, on huge blackboards, providing they show prima facie evidence of pay, also water, electric light, railroads and industrial stocks.

One of the features of the exchange will be the immense cabinets, 50 feet long by 10 feet high, on each wall of the offices, for the exhibition of mineral specimens.

WATER FRONT NOTES.

The Sarah, which left for St. Michael last night, gave no evidence of the fiery ordeal she had passed through less than a month ago, all the burned and charred timbers having been replaced and the entire upper part of the vessel treated to copious quantities of white paint.

The long salon was resplendent in gold leaf fresh from the hands of the decorators. The Sarah had 95 tons of freight and the following passengers: Miss Margaret Wissel, a daughter of A. G. Wissel, of the N. C. Co., who is going outside to enter a young ladies' seminary; Mrs. F. H. Medart, wife of an N. C. attaché; Capt. C. G. French, who goes to Fort Gibbon to assume the command of the troops at that point; G. A. Williams, interested in the Mulato coal mine; Chief Isaac, Oscar Fish, A. C. Ross, Pete Kelly, D. A. Shea, John Mellon, Henry O'Brien, F. Stafford, W. G. Atwood, Arthur Roby, J. A. Wilkins, Rose Smith, E. Deblois, Mrs. J. R. Evans, Lucy Cary, J. W. Kelly, W. E. Williams, N. V. Hendricks, H. Schweitzer, A. Lundquist, R. Larch, Eric Peterson, Geo. Hakes, F. Clausen, W. Keene, R. L. Nash, H. Cushing, O. B. Medley, H. Moller, A. Pusher and H. K. Laidlaw.

The Nora arrived at 11:30 last night with a heavy cargo and the hull of the Ora, now fitted up as a barge carrying a load of machinery for the N. C. Co. She brought the following passengers: George Saluto, K. C. Taheda, Mrs. M. J. Reilly, Ed. Vant, Mrs. Vant, Joe Peretti, D. Cesare, Dan Hewart, John Karbo, J. W. Jamison, Mrs. R. Perry, Anna Young, S. C. Macfarlane, W. S. Hugo, Antone Smedsud, Fred Timmeyer, Emma Timmeyer, Wm. Dougherty, E. H. Ketsloff, F. L. Kajam, G. P. Burke, Miss Tietzruk, John Jones, M. A. Caniff, T. E. Coniff, Miss C. Conway, W. E. Katagaim, W. A. Sheritt, A. Kerr, A. S. Kaylands, B. H. Lindig, Mrs. Murphy, J. N. Horn, Mrs. J. N. Horn, T. Palmer and G. Olson. The Nora leaves this evening at 8 o'clock.

The Dawson left at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon with the mail and the following passengers: Mrs. W. L. Jones, E. B. Bolger, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ash, W. W. Wolfenden, Mrs. M. V. Tyler, D. T. Laird, Fred Madison, H. T. Spiger, Wm. Hartley, J. J. Langram, Thos. B. Fowler, John Turner, Mrs. Turner, Miss Turner, A. A. C. Moffatt, Miss Minnie Haines, O. Bonnin, M. McDermott, M. B. Odell, C. Johnston, L. T. Burwash, Jas. Hart, Fred McNeil, D. A. McRae, W. K. Garrison, M. R. Boyd, A. G. Adams, Jno. Campbell, Geo. Smith, H. C. Clark, E. Pozzi, Gus Erickson and C. Henry.

The Wilbur Crimmin arrived last night on her first trip of the season. She carried about 20 tons of freight and will return at 8 o'clock this evening.

The Robert Kerr came over from the ways below West Dawson yesterday where she had been undergoing her annual renovation. She will leave for St. Michael tomorrow with 50 tons of hides.

Job printing at the Nugget office.

HOME FROM CHICKEN

Two Prospectors Return
Last Night

Say That Country is Greatly Misrepresented—Chicken Not Showing Up.

C. L. LaPlant and Hal Howell returned from Chicken creek on the Lorelei last night, and both seem desirous of nipping in the bud any stampede in that direction and yet afraid of giving the district any shade under the optics.

LaPlant was on Chicken creek on March 1st and thought so well of it then that he outfitted here and induced Hal Howell to accompany him. They left here on April 1st and Mr. LaPlant says:

"I thought the creek looked fine on my first visit, from discovery a mile down, but on my second trip I found that after water was running and they were at work it did not show up as expected. I will say this much, if a man owns the ground and works it himself and works hard, he may pay wages. But it is no second Eldorado. That is all nonsense. The pay is in small and unrequited spots and has a sticky bedrock of coal; in fact, the coal takes the place of the bedrock.

They claim to have a white channel. There is a body of small light gravel, some of it quartz but mainly granite, of a yellowish tint and no sediment in it, and no pay has been found in this, although hundreds of holes have been sunk. This granite sand gets finer and finer as you go down, and hardens up and forms the bedrock.

On Eagle creek, about half a mile above Chicken, which was reported to be rich, there is an outfit working but they told me they had not taken out anything near wages.

On Engle creek, five miles above Chicken, there are two outfits ground sluicing. They have got a little pay, but on all the other creeks above, Moose, Tomato and Wilson, there have been a great many men prospecting this spring and colors is all that has been found so far.

"As far as bench claims are concerned, it may be there but they have not found it, although many holes have been sunk, with the exception of one claim on Lost Chicken, Charley McDowell's, where I think there is fairly good pay.

"All there is to say is that the Chicken creek district does not turn out to be what it was cracked up to be, and especially Chicken creek itself."

Auditorium Re-Opens

In response to a very general public demand and with a heavy advance sale of seats the Auditorium will be re-opened this evening, presenting the play "Ten Thousand Miles Away." Manager Bittner is convinced that Dawson wants a first class theater and that the people are able and willing to give it the necessary support.

He has taken the house again as an experiment and the success of the next few weeks will decide as to whether the Auditorium will continue running all summer. The drama that will be presented tonight, and during the balance of the week is a strong one and will bring out all the best talent in the company.

NOTICE.

We have moved into our new location and are ready for business. Inspection of our new stock of imported goods invited. Everything first-class. Best of trimmings, workmanship and fit guaranteed.—GEO. BREWITT, Second avenue, between Queen and King streets.

Job printing at Nugget office.

In the Fancy Patterned Suits

The trend is now largely towards undressed Worsteds, Cheviots and Tweed effects in modest toned colorings of stripes and checks and mixture. These are the sort of stuffs that the high-class merchant tailors outside are making to order at from \$60.00 to \$75.00.

OUR PRICES RANGE FROM \$15.00 TO \$40.00.

However, it will be well worth your while to call at our store and see the examples of high-class tailoring in the ready-to-wear suits.

We give you entirely different goods from what you see in other places about town. THEY MAY COST A LITTLE MORE but are the cheapest for you.

FIRST AVENUE
Opposite White Pass Dock

HERSHBERG

The Reliable Clothier,
1st Ave.

PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT

Cable Ferry Floated Off
Saturday Night

Rope Was Cut by Captain Hubrick
to Prevent His Craft Being Swamped.

About midnight Saturday evening considerable excitement was occasioned on the river front by the cry being raised that the ferry had broken loose. Everyone ran to the wharves and sure enough the craft was on her way to St. Michael with Shipper Hubrick alone on board. Several canoes shot out to his assistance, a sort of general alarm being raised by the continuous blowing of the little Marjorie's whistle. By considerable hard work the ferry was finally gotten ashore abreast the gardens below West Dawson. Captain Hubrick later came to town, secured the services of a number of men and they towed the boat back up to the landing by hand. Repairs were quickly made and yesterday business was being conducted at the old stand as though nothing had happened.

In explaining the cause of the trouble, Mr. Hubrick said he had purposely cut the boat loose to prevent a more serious accident. He had just landed a number of passengers on the opposite shore and being alone he had no opportunity of scrubbing up the craft as is customary. The passengers in jumping ashore had pushed the boat out in the stream again, she was caught in a cross current which came near twisting her end for end causing her to cant up so that one side was all but swamped, and being without assistance and not knowing just how much of a tangle he was getting into the skipper out with his knife and cut the cable rope. She righted herself at once and being loose floated merrily down stream.

The Best Works

A story is told of one of the old time pillars of a New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when he finally yielded did so without reserve.

From violent opposition he became the most strenuous of all the congregation as to the fitness of the instrument to be purchased.

"Seems to me you aren't very consistent," said one economical brother reproachfully. "Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had."

"See here," said the deacon grimly. "If we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter round with any second rate running gear!"—Ex.

From Way Back

Frank Brain, for the past four

years a hunter and trapper on the north fork of the Stewart 270 miles from the Yukon and 70 miles from the falls, is in the city, having brought down his winter's catch of furs. He will take a year's supplies back with him, leaving on the steamer Prospector which sails for the Stewart river falls on Thursday of this week.

Mr. Brain has great faith in the future of that country as a mining camp. From 10 to 15 men are now on Canyon creek and are well pleased with the prospects. He also brings excellent reports from Mayo and Duncan creeks. A number of men now here will leave for Duncan on the next trip of the Prospector with supplies, flume hose and general miner's outfits.

Mr. Brain had good luck during the past season and brought with him to Dawson a large consignment of fur, martin, beaver, bear, mink and fox.

Judgment Reserved

Another case growing out of the decision of the gold commissioner that Stowe creek was "alle samee" Conglomerate, was up for hearing in the gold commissioner's court today. Tuncento Bucci staked on both Conglomerate and Stowe. When it was decided that it was all one creek he lost one of these claims, No. 5, Conglomerate. He asks now that an

order be issued setting aside the judgment which lost him the claim on the ground that he received no notice and did not order anyone to enter a defence for him. As against this an agreement showing that the sister Thornburn had been engaged by him was put in evidence. Judgment reserved.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Rochester Hotel.—Arthur Roby, Washington, D.C.; Herman Schwartz, Seattle; Geo. W. Comerford, Dawson; Jos. L. Grant, Atlanta; E. A. Leak, Bonanza; Talbot, H. C. White and wife, McPhee, John A. McDougal and wife, Hunker; James Bennett, G. W. Blondo, Chas. Jeannot, Fred Johnson, Leon De Blegico, Dominio, Clair Dumont, George Philipp and wife, Miss F. Cave, Grand Forks, Miss T. Kingsford, San Francisco, Charles Murray, C. Brownly and wife, M. O. Kristianson, Hunker.

Load too Heavy.

A wagon loaded with a boiler weighing 12,300 pounds through the culvert on First avenue near the Fairview Saturday night. It required several hours to extricate the load.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG at Hershberg's.

City Drayage and Express. **DAWSON TRANSFER CO.** Day and Night Service. CHANGE OF TIME TABLE—On and After May 20, 1902. —STAGES—
Leave Dawson: 8:30 a. m. and 6 p. m. Leave Forks: 8:30 a. m. and 6 p. m. Phones—Office, No. 6; Night Phone No. 9.
Freighting to all the Creeks. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING

Auditorium Theatre

BEGINNING MONDAY, JUNE 9

"Ten Thousand Miles Away"

No Smoking Monday, Thursday, Friday. Prices as Usual

STEAMER ..CLIFFORD SIFTON..

—WILL SAIL FOR—

WHITEHORSE

ON OR ABOUT JUNE 12th.

FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY

FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

Robins Belt Conveyors Stack tailings, carry and elevate dirt and rock successfully and economically. B. A. Howes. Office, Hotel Metropole, Dawson

500 Gent's Nobby SPECIAL! Straw Hats \$1.00

SEE OUR WINDOW

REMEMBER THAT UP-TO-DATE LINE OF CLOTHING WE CARRY

\$15.00 - \$18.00 - \$20.00 - \$22.00.

N. A. T. & T. COMPANY