

Orie.

buttoned in sweater, questioned as to his "Boggy, I'm keeping the hot air clothing in a position to get a hot statement."

ERG, CLOTHIER

Beginning on Monday, Oct. 21, 1901, the latest Cash Ever Paid in Dawson.

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THE LAST RITES PERFORMED

(Continued from Page 2.)

Guard. The first terrible shocks of grief having passed, the grim old man had forced his features back to their normal passiveness. Nothing could be read in them as he stumped firmly along upon his cane and gave his wife the support of his arm. He was the Hanna of the senate and of the congress. Fate had decreed and he had accepted the judgment.

Behind him, with quick, nervous strides, came Myron T. Herrick, the tall Cleveland banker, who was McKinley's financial ally, and social companion. Herrick hoped much in the future from this connection, and he might be truly classed as having real grief. In the same category might be placed the tall, willowy Senator C. W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, who with his wife walked with Congressman Charles E. Dawes, who escorted his wife also.

From in the senatorial group was E. Mason, the senior member of the cabinet, who looked curiously at Dawes as he passed. The president had begun the campaign for the Mason vote. While the family was being seated those two favored children of fortune, whose wealth came from the earth's depths, Senators Clark, of Montana, and Kerns, of Utah, were ushered in.

Other Attendants. Clark is little and spare of build, and Kerns, a rugged Irishman with strong thighs and muscles, made so by hard labor in the mountains of his adopted state. The official guest list closed with the belated arrival of Lieutenant McKinley, the President's nephew, and Captain and Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, who had just left the hotel-street cottage.

It is the meantime at the side door the stream of distinguished visitors has not diminished. Following the Iowa Legion the Buffalo Exposition party came in, headed by John M. Wilson, the gentleman at whose home the end came last Saturday evening. The Ohio state officials, Secretary Laylin, Treasurer Cameron and Auditor Guilbert, came in separately. Outside the crowd was closing upon the lines, and the confusion was extreme at the points where the guests came through. The side stream was black and slow until Governor Bliss, attended by a full military staff, entered and took up seats in the rear of the church.

Then came Governor Yates, of Illinois, debonair and youthful. The envious politician eyes him hungrily. He is supposed to be in high favor with Roosevelt.

Other Governors came, some with staffs and some alone. There was the dark-skinned General Miguel Otero, of New Mexico, with a military aid, Major Lewisellyn, Governor W. T. Durbin, of Indiana, had an escort of friends from the tin-plate region of his state. Governor LaFollette, of Wisconsin, had a part of his staff in suit, while with Governor Dockery, of Mississippi, came David R. Francis of St. Louis, President of the St. Louis Exposition. Toward the end came Perry Heath, once the power behind the throne, and a leading figure in the memorable fight of 1896. He was alone, and the usher not knowing him, he picked his way to a seat across the chairs.

While the guests were still coming word was given to begin the ceremonies in order that the programme might be finished before the fall of night.

The Opening Hymn. There came a burst of glad singing, sweet, though dead, and a hush over the audience. Four young women of Canton, friends of the President, were the singers, and their song was of "A Beautiful Isle Somewhere," where happiness was eternal and suffering and sorrow never came. Their voices were fresh and sympathetic, and thrilled those who heard them. Their simple song done they gave way to Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Canton. By this time the turrets of ticket holders had burst through the side door, and the ushers, losing their heads, began to give orders in a voice loud enough to disturb the services and to cause a volley of hisses from the press gallery.

Dr. Milligan is a full, portly man, thickly bald, and wearing an unbecoming moustache. His eloquence was of a labored sort; it seemed, until he spoke of the suffering widow, and begged his auditors to write with him in the prayer that her sorrow might pass and peace and health be restored to her. As he spoke thus every head was bowed, and a woman in the gallery began to sob softly. The sympathetic feeling of his hearers seemed to enter into the preacher, and the peroration was so uplifting that when he came to recite the Lord's Prayer he found the entire audience repeating it with him. A verbatim report of the sermon follows:

THE SERMON. The president is dead. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken from the fountain, the wheel is broken from the cistern, the mourners are about the streets. One voice is a wall of sorrow from all the hearts for the beauty of Israel is slain in the high places. How are the high places! Another beauty in the character of our President that was a chapter of

grace about his neck was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unswerving. It held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the Fatherhood of God and in his sovereignty. His faith in the Gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of pulpit discourse. "Christ, and Him Crucified," was to his mind the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word. He said: "We do not look for great business men in the pulpit, but for great preachers."

It is well known that his Godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the Gospel and that he believed it to be the highest honor in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster responsibilities than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God.

William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and his public addresses not infrequently evince the fact. A Grand Life. It was perfectly consistent with his life, long convictions and personal experiences that he should say at the first critical moment after the assassin's approach, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done," and that he should declare at the last: "If it is God's will, His will be done." He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and calmed him we find that in his supreme moment he was still a conqueror.

My friends and countrymen, with what language shall I attempt to give expression to the deep horror of our souls as I speak of the cause of his death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repentance in the dreadful act. This gentle spirit, who had had no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin, and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

Could the assailant have realized how awful was the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless, the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime.

Had this man who fell here a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an imbecile, a frenzied to rid the world of him, might have sought excuse; but it was the people's friend, who fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toiler. No one has seen the matchless grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such, can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart throb was for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such a time, just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americans were rejoicing together in one of the inscrutable mysteries of providence.

Like many others it must be left for future revelations to explain. In the midst of our sorrow we have much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East or West. Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history and saw the dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fullness of his fame. With St. Paul he could say, and with equal truthfulness, "I am now ready to be offered."

The work assigned him had been well done. The nation was at peace. We had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among nations was secure. Our president was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not at him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the very life of the government. His offering was vicarious.

BLOOD FOR LIBERTY. It was blood poured upon the altar of human liberty. In view of these things we are not surprised to hear from one who was present when this great soul passed away that he never before saw death so peaceful, or a dying man so crowned with grandeur. Let us turn now to a grief consideration of some lessons that we are to learn from this sad event. The first one that will occur to us all is the old, old lesson that in the midst of life we are in death. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." "He reeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay." Our president went forth in the fullness of his strength, in his manly beauty, was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may

PEOPLE WE MEET.



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His Hens were killed. "Railroads are often blamed for fighting legitimate claims against them," said the claim agent. "Now a railroad doesn't care to be always fighting its customers in the courts, but they are fairly driven to it. Settle one legitimate claim promptly and you will be immediately swamped with claims that are not legitimate. The other day we received a claim for the price of three hens from an old farmer whose farm adjoins our right of way. The claim was really too small to pay any attention to, but I was called down to that point to investigate the death of a man who had been killed by one of our trains near the old man's place, so I inquired concerning his claim for dead hens. "What train killed them?" I asked of the old man. "That that train that gets here about midnight," he answered. "What were they doing on the track at midnight—roosting on the rails?" I asked sarcastically. "No, sir," he shouted. "I look 'em in the henhouse every night." "And the train ran over them when they were locked up in the henhouse, did it? How do you explain that?" "Jes' ez easy ez rollin' off a log," he answered. "A blame thief broke into the henhouse and stole three of my best hens; an' then, ez he was crossin' the track down here, the mid-night train ran into him an' killed my chickens, an' the man, too!" "The best I could do was to advise the old man to sue the heirs of the thief, if he had any."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Blank. Today was another blank so far as police court was concerned, there being not one case, either civil or criminal, on hearing. This condition of affairs speaks well for the peace and quiet of Dawson and the creeks but, from the standpoint of news the condition is a deplorable one. RAY SOUTHARD, THE MINISTREL KING IS SINGING "GIN-GER LOU," "SHABBY COON" AND "DINNAH." THIS WEEK AT THE NEW SAVOY THEATER.

Our Own Bouquet. Have you seen the new type—job type—the kind that appeals to the reader in bold, self assertive style or that daintily and elegantly reflects your ideas in modest beauty? We now have all kinds of type adapted for all kinds of work, and paper—that's another story. You should see the warehouse full to the roof with paper, the kind you would get in the great cities of the east if you were a bit particular. All this material was purchased for you and is now awaiting your order. Dress Your Stationery in New Clothes. And keep up with the times. Perhaps you are one of those "Rush Job" fellows. You can't frighten us if you are. Hundreds have tried it on us and we sent them all away astonished with our rapid action. There's all kinds of printing but we only stand for one—the good kind, clean and workmanlike. The Nugget Printery. We Have Recently Added 750 Square Feet of Floor Space to Our Printing Department.

Thawing Points. The Best Hydraulic Pipe. EVERY ONE GUARANTEED AT THE Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd. Store, Second Ave. Phone 36. M'g. Dept. 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY. Steamer Ora, Last of Season, Left Dawson Through Ice. It will be remembered that one year ago today, October 17th, 1900, was election day in the Yukon, the occasion being the selecting of two members to serve on the Yukon council for a period of two years. It will also be remembered that the day was very cold and stormy, a hard wind driving the light snow hither and thither, that the Yukon was nearly full of running ice and that it was on that day that the steamer Ora, the last boat of the season to leave Dawson, pulled out for up the river, picking her course and dodging large pieces of ice all the way between Dawson and the mouth of the Teviu river. The Ora carried the last mail sent by steamer and, notwithstanding the fact that the ice had been running for fully two weeks, made her way safely to Hootalinqua, where she tied up for the winter; her cargo of mail being carried around thirtymile, across Lake Lebarge and on up to Whitehorse in a boat, it and two succeeding mails sent out later over the ice reaching Skagway on the same day. That this season is more than two weeks later than last is evidenced by the fact that no ice is yet running in the Pelly river nor has the water of the Yukon become so chilled as to melt ice even if it came from another stream. There is no telling yet what the date of the sailing of the last boat will be, but so long as the river remains open with no more signs of closing than at present, the smaller boats will doubtless be kept in commission, although the fact that the railroad is not now in operation, owing to recent washouts, will postpone the arrival of both freight and passengers at Whitehorse, therefore, there is no possibility of any business for the boats between Whitehorse and Dawson. From the present outlook it is not improbable that steamers will leave Dawson for the upper rivers this year as late as November 1st, and if such is the case another record will be broken and a precedent established which may not be again attained in a score of years.

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SOCIETIES. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m. J. M. WELLS, W. M. J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

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