

LA FRANCE CUT RATES! THISTLE

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 18, 19 and 20, We Will Sell Tickets, DAWSON TO WHITEHORSE,

\$25.00 1st Class - \$20.00 2nd Class

GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 1st, 1902.

Tickets Are Transferable! Passengers holding these tickets will receive every courtesy and attention from the crew.

IF YOU CAN'T USE THEM, YOUR FRIENDS CAN.

R. W. CALDERHEAD, Manager

L. & C. DOCK

Merchants' Transportation Company

Their Similar Initials

Richard S. Daly is a Chicago newspaper man and a sport. Dick is a square sport of the kind that one ties to. He likes to play the races better than to eat, and what he doesn't know about horses is so little that it's smaller than the small end of a 1,000 to 1 shot. Dick is only a gambler as playing the races constitutes one.

Richard S. Daly has a brother whose name is Robert S. Daly. Robert S. cannot be called a sport in any sense of the word. He doesn't play the races and he lacks game-ness and a lot of other things that go to make up the true sport as well as the true man. Robert S. regards Richard S. to a great extent as an outcast. The amount of brotherly affection that he extends to him wouldn't test the holding power of the spoon that goes with an after-dinner coffee. It is hard to tell which Robert S. most disapproves of in Richard S.'s career—his being a newspaper man or his being a sport. They are both equally low in the estimation of Robert S., who makes soap on a large scale and is the vice president of the great Young People's Association for the Suppression of High Spirits. Richard S. writes good poetry, while Robert S. confines himself to prose of the kind usually found in business letters. Perhaps Richard's being a good poet, while Robert is a poor prose writer, has something to do with the matter.

One day last summer Dick Daly was approached by a man whom he knew as a gambler pure and simple. His name was Hank Powers.

"Daly," said Hank, "I have a friend who has invented a new kind of wheel of fortune. It's an intricate thing and full of interest. People like to work it just to see the wheels go round. It's so attractive that there doesn't have to be anything crooked about it. The chances in favor of the 'house' can be seen at a glance by the player, and they are strong enough to make the working of the thing bring big money without the necessity of working a skin game. My friend Billy Johnson is going to take the thing through the state to all the country fairs. There's nothing like it ever happened. Now I told Billy that you could write stuff that if a good 'barker' got hold of the people would come flocking round like blackbirds in corn time. Billy's as square as a die, but he's blown in pretty near everything he has in making this machine, or rather, the two dozen of them, for that is the number he is going to put on the road. The United States treasury won't be in it when the season closes, which will be some time in the late winter, because tours are to be made in the south, where it's summer all the time. Now if you'll write some stuff, the real good stuff that you know how to write, jokes and poems and such like, that Billy's barkers can use he'll make it all right with you when he gets back."

"All right, Hank," said Dick, "I'll do it for you, anyway, provided the wheels are square, and I have the time just now."

Richard S. Daly wrote many pages of his best stuff, sent it to Hank

Powers, and never thought anything more about it until the other day.

Billy Johnson, the wheel of fortune man, did not know Dick Daly by sight, and did not even know he was a newspaper man and a sport. Billy got back the other day from his trip that had lasted many months. All his machines had made money, and there hadn't been a kicker, for things were square on their face and behind their back as well. Hank Powers was out of the city. Billy Johnson remembered his obligation to Richard S. Daly. He started out the morning after he reached Chicago, with \$1,000 in greenbacks in a neat little bundle to be put into the hands of the men whose "written eloquence" when voiced had brought such crowds about the wheels. He had Daly's name like this, "R. S. Daly." He took up the directory in the Pilgrim House and ran down the Ds. He found this—"R. S. Daly, soap manufacturer, 11,000 River street."

"That's the name all right enough," said Billy to himself, "but I didn't know he was in that business."

He went to the address given. His loud voice attracted the attention of the office boy, who eyed him with suspicion when he said he wanted to see Mr. Daly.

"Queer looking man with a red vest wants to see you, Mr. Daly," said the office boy.

"Tell him I'm busy and can't see him for two hours. That will probably make him leave. I've no time to see strangers."

The office boy delivered his message, but in a minute was back again. "He says he owes you \$1,000 and wants to pay it."

"Let him in," said Robert S. Daly.

Billy came in. He saw the sleek, sidwiskered person, in the chair and said to himself, "Gee whiz! He doesn't look much like a fellow who'd write sporting stuff, but you can't always tell." Then aloud he said: "Are you R. S. Daly? Them rhymes you wrote for me last summer brought my wheels a pot of money, especially that one about the coal winnin' by a nose. You ought to have heard the barkers get that off. It was a peach. The wheels might have made money without it, but they wouldn't have made so much. I asked a newspaper man what they were paid for stuff like what you wrote. He said the ordinary rates was low, but when a fellow done a thing special like that he ought to get \$50 for it. There was 1,500 words all told. Here's \$1,000 for you, Mr. Daly, and your poems and jokes was worth it every cent."

A light broke in upon the mind of the vice president of the Young People's Association for the Suppression of High Spirits. "That low brother of mine," he said to himself, "has been writing some of his doggerel verse to help along a swindling gambling scheme." Then to Billy Johnson he said: "Efforts like that are hardly worthy of consideration, but still if you think they are worth \$1,000 I'll take the money."

Billy handed over the thousand and took no receipt as square sports seldom do. Then he shook hands with

Robert S. Daly, said good-by, and wondered the while why it was that the hand which could pen the fiery, spirited lines of "How Little Nell Won the Derby" could be so very like a fish.

It had long been the desire of Robert S. Daly to do something in a money way for the Y. P. A. for the S. of H. S. Now he had a way to do it without costing him a cent. He mailed a check for \$1,000 to the treasurer of the Y. P. A., etc., within an hour. In another hour this letter found its way into the mail. It was addressed to Richard S. Daly and read like this:

"Dear Richard—I have long pleaded with you against the evil of your ways. Now I find that you have been writing verses tending to lead the virtuous into paths of vice. You have been in partnership with the owner of swindling gambling schemes which are a snare and a pitfall before the feet of the unwary. Your partner in crime called this morning and paid me, as being R. S. Daly, the \$1,000 which he thought was due you for your part of his villainy. No brother of mine could handle such filthy lucre. The money is now in the possession of the treasurer of the Young People's Association for the Suppression of High Spirits. I wish you to appreciate the fact that I have given the money, not in my full name, but in that of R. S. Daly, which stands for both of us. I wish you would think once more upon your ways. Your brother, ROBERT S. DALY."

It might be said in passing that Robert believed that the gambling wheels were necessarily swindling affairs, and he had a thought that easy-going Dick would say nothing, either from sheer force of good nature or because of the crookedness of the wheels of fortune.

The next day Robert S. Daly received this letter:

"Dear Robert—The wheels were squarer than one of the cakes of your own soap. I earned the money legitimately. It's queer how things sometimes happen. Last night there was delivered to me by the postman a letter from New York containing the check for \$3,000, in full payment for your share and my share, half and half, of our late uncle, John Colton's estate. Curiously enough, the check is made payable to R. S. Daly. Perhaps the letter should have gone to you instead of to me, but I have it and the check with it. Tomorrow I shall cash it and retain \$5,000. The other \$3,000 I shall send you, Billy Johnson, the man who saw you yesterday, is in town. Your brother, 'RICHARD S. DALY.'"

"I trust the Y. P. A. for the S. of H. S. will make good use of your money."

—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

Mons Montjoie at Auditorium.

Wall Paper 15c. Per Roll DOUBLE ROLLS Cox's Wall Paper Store Second Ave. Three Doors North Pioneer Drug Store

The Boys' Home

A good boy is, the natural product of a good home, and all the efforts of philanthropy to make boys better are consciously imperfect substitutes for the natural influences of a healthy-minded home. The great and overshadowing peril of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, his bad companions, or his bad books, or his bad habits; it is the peril of homelessness. I do not mean merely houselessness—having no bed or room which can be called one's own—but that homelessness which may exist even in luxurious houses—the isolation of the boy's soul, the lack of any one to listen to him, the loss of roots to hold him to his place and make him grow. This is what drives the boy into the arms of evil and makes the street his home and the gang his family, or else drives him in upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose house was empty, and precisely because it was empty there entered seven devils to keep him company. If there is one thing that a boy cannot bear it is himself. He is by nature a gregarious animal, and if the group which nature gives him is denied, then he gives himself to any group which may solicit him. A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is a vacuum of lovelessness and homelessness, then he abhors his home.

Evidently, therefore, when one speaks of the peril of homelessness, he is not thinking of poor boys alone. Of course there is a poverty which involves homelessness, the wandering life of the street Arab or the young tramp. In a vast majority, however, even of very humble homes, one of the most conspicuous and beautiful traits is the instinct of family affection, enduring every kind of strain—the woman clinging to the drunken husband, the parents bearing with the wayward son—and, on the other hand, an increasing danger of the prosperous is in the tendency to homelessness; the peril of the nomadic life, as though a home were a tent which one might at any time fold, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away; the slackening of responsibility through the movement of social habit to the hotel or boarding house as ways of escape from the burdens of the home.

I have heard of a mother in the Boston Public Garden who said, "There is my baby in the distance in its carriage."

"Is it?" said her friend.

"I think so," said the mother, "for I seem to recognize the nurse."

The fact is that between some boys of the most prosperous and some boys of the least prosperous type there exists a very curious and imperfectly recognized likeness of condition. Both run grave risk of homelessness; to both the home presents itself as a shifting, restless, temporary incident.

The growth of the boarding school system is, to a large extent, an indictment of the luxurious home. It is but the admission by parents that, for some reason—often a good reason, but often a mere unwillingness to care for the child—some other place is more wholesome for the boys than the home into which they are born. Such a boy, though he may have many blessings, has missed the fundamental blessing of a boy's life and his chief defense from sin.

If, therefore, a boy is normally the product of a home, what kind of a

home is likely to make the right kind of a boy?

This is the kind of a home that makes the right kind of a boy—a home where simplicity and consistency open into piety; a home where children, think of parents, not as taskmasters, or faultfinders, or money-getters, or housekeepers, so that the first business of the boy is to keep out of the way, but as companions to whom it is a happiness to go, and advisers from whom it is safe to learn; a home which in later life, as the mystery of experience makes one again a little child, seems to the man the best picture both of the necessary discipline and of the abiding love of God.—Prof. Francis G. Peabody.

Washington Wheat Crop

"The wheat crop of Washington will be as large as that of last year," said Thomas Cooper, general manager of the Northern Pacific, to a reporter for The Times this morning.

Mr. Cooper, who assumed the position of general manager a few months ago, is one of the best known railroad men of the west. Two men preceded him in the position since the reorganization of the road in 1895. They are J. W. Kendrick, who went to the Atchison, and W. G. Pearce, who began work in the operating department in 1895 as assistant general superintendent at Tacoma, succeeding George W. Dickinson. Mr. Cooper followed Mr. Pearce up the ladder, first as assistant to the president at Tacoma and later as general manager.

"The wonderful resource and richness of the wheat belt of this state was never more exemplified," said Mr. Cooper, "than in the fact that after a considerable portion of the winter wheat had been killed by frost the farmers in the spring reseeded their fields and the new wheat is as good as any. Some of the farmers have told me that the yield is not as big as was expected, but there is no sign of a crop failure in any district. Harvesting is now in full blast and the farmers face an era of plenty and of good prices. The outlook for them in my opinion was never more promising."

"The Northern Pacific is now in better shape to handle the wheat grown on the territory tributary to it than ever before. We have recently purchased 100 new locomotives all of the heavy type, and the last of

them will be in service by September 1. More than half of the new locomotives will be sent to the west on the Idaho division we will have forty of the new locomotives and the Pacific division will get eighteen. Thus more than half of the new engines will be put in service on the western end of the road. We need them here to handle the immense crops.

"The construction of the Adrian cutoff from Coulee City will be of distinct and positive benefit to Seattle. The wheat of the country tributary to the Central Washington branch will be brought to Seattle and the wheat exports of this city should naturally be considerably augmented. Of course the wheat will be sent where the exporters desire it, but if you have exporting firms here much of the grain that has heretofore gone to Tacoma from the Big Bend country should come to Seattle. That is a matter, however, on which the exporting houses have no control."—Seattle Times.

Drank Carbohc Acid

Chicago, Aug. 8.—Louis Clark, who a few years ago was one of the most prominent promoters and capitalists in Chicago and who was associated with Charles T. Yelm in the building of surface and elevated railroads, has committed suicide by drinking carbohc acid at his residence, 2472 Kenmore avenue. His wife and five children were in the house at the time.

Latterly Mr. Clark had been engaged in mining operations and promotion and lack of success in that line drove him to take his life.

Mr. Clarke returned from Colorado recently, where his mining interests were centered. Business worry had produced mental depression, which had been noticed by his family and had caused some alarm. In the past few days, however, there had been a noticeable change in his condition.

Hempstead—Where was Moses when the light went out?

The Cheerful Idiot—Oh, that's dead easy! On his bicycle, of course.—Brooklyn Eagle.

He ordered a saddle of mutton.

The waiter brought it, of course. Said he after trying to carve it: "Tis the saddle, no doubt of a horse."

—Chicago Daily News.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Alaska Flyers OPERATED BY THE... Alaska Steamship Co. DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days SCHEDULE DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, July 22; August 1, 11, 21, 31; Sept. 10, 20, 30. HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, July 27th; August 6, 16, 26; Sept. 5, 15, 25. Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days. FRANK S. BURKS, Capt. 604 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent.

MISSIONARIES ARE AT WORK

To Stiffen Julius Goecker's Vertebrae

Hope to Get Him Clear of Without Interdiction Comes up Friday

A matter that has long been looked in Dawson to a great extent now to be taken up and that is home mission work will be brought to the attention of the community by the case of Julius Goecker.

Of late Julius has been engaged in most weekly engagements. Magistrate Wroughton appeared during the winter before Magistrate Macaulay days ago he was told that offense on the stereotyped drunk and disorderly was seriously to him.

Yesterday morning found the old stand on the old case was decided to hold him to enable him to appear in court when it was proposed that he be interdicted. This morning his friends came to temporarily in the hope that he may be able to get him out of his being interdicted for good that if he is, and violates the interdicting will, to use a comprehensive phrase, "hit the ceiling."

Their missionary efforts will be to put some stiffen Goecker vertebrae, to wrestle conscience and endeavor to him to say as did Fred when, by his own efforts at midnight oil, he became read letters on a box car man.

In order that Julius may be able to repeat the Douglas experiment further back and say behind me, Satan," heard case was postponed until morning, to which time he has liberty on cash bail.

Hunting Out Heir

New York, Aug. 2.—Evidences of pages of it, has by J. E. Hedges, referee prepared his report for the court as to kinship of the estate of Mrs. Flagler, formerly Mrs. M. Flagler, of the Florida Company.

The estate of Mr. Flagler has been in charge of the referee since she was declared to be dead, amounted to \$3,200,000, and has the net income runs from \$17,000 a year.

An important point in the case was whether Mr. Flagler, through his divorce, lost his right to the estate of his wife. Mr. Flagler died first. Mr. Flagler's estate had not been determined. The referee is now hunting for the heir.

A mass of evidence was taken in the case. The three founding heirs of Mrs. Flagler's estate were their relationship to the estate. The referee is now hunting for the heir.

In 1861, William, who became a harness maker, became the heir of his family tree and the relationship to Mr. Flagler. Richard, one of the founders, is a painter. The relatives as judged by the referee are: Charles, one of the heirs, each will get of the estate, are: Charles, one-quarter, Stephen, one-quarter, one-quarter, one-quarter.

Get Others' Prices

Then come to me and get your outfit. Prices Always the Lowest. W. Green