

The Klondike Nugget

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GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between June and the North Pole.

LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.



TRACY IS DEAD.

Tracy is dead. The noted desperado whose hands were red with the blood of a half dozen victims has paid the full penalty of his crimes. He has gone to his account, killed by his own hands—preferring this to compensate outraged society for his misdeeds rather than surrender and suffer the disgraceful death of hanging.

The history of the dead murderer's career will always furnish an interesting and important page in the criminal annals of the northwest. For weeks the officers of the law have been on the track of the fleeing outlaw but throughout the chase he has exhibited a degree of skill in eluding pursuit that is simply marvelous. Hundreds of men joined in this pursuit and the authorities of two states were long baffled in their attempts to run the murderer to ground.

The story of his dramatic fight with a sheriff's posse in which three men were killed has been read by millions of newspaper readers and there has been a noticeable inclination among certain classes of journalists to lionize and applaud the murderer on account of his daring and the ease with which he escaped from the minions of the law. It is satisfactory on that account particularly to know that the end has come.

Instead of applauding a successful desperado, the emotional writers have now only to record his sickening end.

It is well that Tracy died as he did. There will be no long drawn out trial. No detailed reports of his manner when facing a jury and, thank heaven, there will be no opportunity for sending bouquets and other remembrances to the murderer's prison cell.

There is nothing about Tracy's deeds which should create a desire for emulation. He was simply a human monster, whose right to the enjoyment of the pleasures of life had long since been forfeited. He has killed himself and thus saved the state in which his crimes were committed the expense of legally putting him to death. For this last act he may be entitled to some little credit but beyond that, nil.

newspaper readers who are not in reach of the daily with all important happenings. If you wish to keep in touch with Dawson and the Klondike during your winter vacation, telephone or send an order by mail. You will receive the paper as regularly as though delivered in Dawson by carrier.

The Yukon territory should be represented on the floor of the house of parliament by the best man whose services can be secured. It will be the fault of the electors themselves if an undesirable man is selected.

The bylaw passed by the city council for the abatement of the dog nuisance is a good one in the main and is well calculated to accomplish the purposes for which it is intended.

The lack of confidence which seems to prevail generally in the community is not born of distrust in the country, but rather of distrust in the government.

If such visitation as yesterday's hailstorm prove of frequent occurrence it will be necessary for Dawson gardens to be roofed over.

Burial of Nome's Dead
Funeral services over the remains of Mrs. A. L. Carpenter and Miss Anna Denlap, who with Stanley M. Healy, were drowned July 10 near Gold Gate creek, were held July 15 at Golden Gate hall, Nome, Rev. C. E. Ryberg, of the Congregational church performing the last sad rites.

Services over the remains of Stanley M. Healy were conducted at St. Joseph's church by Rev. Father Van der Pol, after which the body was conveyed to Golden Gate hall. The ladies of the Oddfellows' Club had prepared elaborate floral decorations, and one of the caskets—that of Mrs. Carpenter—was draped with the English and American flags. A quartette composed of Messrs. Cunningham, Taylor, Thornquist and Reed sang two sacred numbers in a most touching manner. Mrs. J. S. Thomson rendered a solo in excellent taste.

A splendid band composed of twenty-five pieces escorted the funeral cortege to the cemetery.

Russell Recrants
Seattle, July 28.—George Wagar, an eastern capitalist and lumber dealer, is alleged to have been swindled in a Nome mining deal to the extent of \$60,000 by one Charles Russell. Brief particulars of the affair were brought from the north yesterday by passengers of the steamer John S. Kimball.

In July or August, 1901, as the story goes, Russell, representing Wagar, went to Nome to secure a few mining snags. By correspondence he is said to have claimed that he had secured options on rich No. 7 above on Anvil, owned by Dr. A. N. Kittilsen, one of the pioneers of Nome, and on No. 9 above, owned by P. H. Anderson. In this way he is said to have secured the advance of \$60,000 cash.

This was last September. Navigation closed, as Wagar supposed, leaving Russell frozen in in the north. Winter passed and he heard nothing from his representative. This spring, however, Wagar dispatched W. E. Rumry to Nome to investigate and make a report on Russell. Rumry searched all through the district, but Russell was nowhere to be found, and the options on the Anvil creek claims proved to be bogus.

Barracks' Improvements
A number of convicts at the barracks are now busy removing bark from the logs in the various buildings which will afterwards be painted a uniform terra cotta color. Improvements of the barracks buildings and grounds have been steadily going on for the past year until they now possess an appearance much different from that of former days.

Comfortable rooms, rates reasonable. Rainier House, King street, near post office.

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SAILOR HATS
From 50 Cents Up.

DRESS GOODS
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In Baseball Circles

Editor Nugget:
The two contesting teams at baseball on Saturday will be the Dawsons and Grand Forks. The Dawsons will have the strongest team in the field that has been of any time this season. The line-up of the Forks team has not yet been given, but it is known that they have some of the best players in the country.

Billy Long, who has an out-drop that would cause a pet dog to bite, will be in the box for the Dawsons. Slim Traube, who can hold down first base as good as any totem pole between here and Moosehide, will do so. Sandy Frew, who can throw higher than any 42-year-old man (over the catcher's head at a critical moment,) will look from second bag for just a few admiring glances from the spectators. Arty Slight, who has a more reliable wing than Sandy, will work on third. Chauncey Boyer, the Dayleboro, will hold down short. George Russel, who can cover one-third of any out field, will be the left basket. Kennedy (not the wrestler—but Ventilator Kennedy) will wrestle with the ball in center. Frank Gardner, who has handled many an old ball, will two-step in right and Jack McFate, the only ball player in the Yukon that ever demanded a salary, will be north of home plate.

There appeared in yesterday's Sun an article notifying the public that the ball team called the "Rivals" claimed the championship. Of course that was all right, only they forgot to mention that the junior championship was all they claimed.

Both the Dawsons and Yukon baseball clubs think alike—that since Ruddy's team has disbanded and Cribbs' team has had such a run on the empty bottle and coal oil can trade as to render them too busy to play any more this season, it is no more than right to award the title of junior champions to the Rivals, notwithstanding that already this season they have played game after game till they have arrived at a total of two—and won them all. Their success, it must be said, is mostly due to their manager, Mr. Nat Darling, who, it is said, has a reputation for the successful handling of juveniles.

MACK.

Brussels' Sugar Treaty
St. Petersburg, July 27.—The different organs of the ministry of finance publish an identical article on the note of M. De Witt, the minister of finance, regarding the Brussels sugar convention. The article declares that the application of increased duties to refined sugar exported from Russia must be regarded as an infringement of existing treaties, and that such infringement would serve as a precedent for a whole series of similar acts.

Referring to Russia's answer to "America's arbitrary increase of the sugar duty," the article contends that Russia is justified in taking similar action in analogous cases.

Discussing the trust question generally, the article declares that the trusts have paralyzed all treaties and prevented trade developments on a sound basis.

Heavy Gales in Europe
London, July 27.—The gale which prevailed in England Saturday caused great destruction to crops throughout the United Kingdom. Incoming steamers report terrific weather on the Atlantic. The rough weather continued round the British coasts Sunday evening and has been general throughout Europe.

A tornado occurred in the Liege district of Belgium. Navigation on the Liege and Marstricht canal was stopped by fallen trees, and the greater portion of crops were destroyed or hopelessly damaged. Enormous injury was done in the town of Liege.

Many persons were injured in Aix-la-Chapelle and Stolberg, Prussia, by falling tiles and chimneys.

Beaten by Insurgents
Port of Spain, Island of Trinidad, July 27.—The Venezuelan revolutionary general, Luciano Mendoza, learning that President Castro was receiving reinforcements from Trujillo, state of Los Andes, awaited near Alto de La Palma, a body of these reinforcements, 1,000 strong, under command of Leopoldo Baptista. An engagement ensued, resulting in the defeat of the reinforcements by Mendoza's troops and the capture of their ammunition. The forces of Baptista were driven back to Carache, seat of Los Andes.

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NOW IN STOCK

Hay, Oats, Cracked Corn, Whole Corn, Bran, Shorts, Chop Feed, Rolled Barley, Oil Cake Meal.

Our prices on feed will interest you, especially if you are a large purchaser.

N. A. T. & T. COMPANY.

When Poverty Knocked.

Poverty knocked at the door, Cold, hard knuckles a-rapping, Love at the window saw him stand, Knew the weight of his grim demand—
Drew the latch with a fearless hand, Answering thus the tapping:

"Enter ye in, Sir Poverty, Sith ye must come compelling! Sit if ye will at our simple board, Take if ye must from our scanty board,
Ye will learn full early that I am lord, Lord of this sunlit dwelling!

"Grim ye may be, Sir Poverty— We harbor ye not with chiding, Never ye'll darken our daily cheer, Though your face be stern and your ways be drear;
For know, Sir Poverty, I am here, I who am Love Abiding!"

Poverty knocked at the door, Love, at the signal starting, Lifted the latch at his stern behest, Softened his rigor with song and jest:
"Twas no such terrible, fearsome guest!" Said brave little Love at parting.
—New York News.

Reported Merger.

Baltimore, Md., July 27.—It is impossible to obtain an authoritative expression of opinion on the rumor that negotiations are pending looking to the absorption by the Atlantic Coast line of the Louisville & Nashville railway, which is controlled by J. P. Morgan & Co. In financial circles here the general impression prevails that the report is well founded.

"I think Mr. Morgan has already practically turned the road over to the Coast Line," said a member of one of the leading banking firms. "The two roads do not parallel anywhere, and have a physical connection at Augusta, Ga., through the Georgia railroad, which runs from Atlanta to Augusta and which is leased jointly by them."

"Such a deal would eliminate that hostility in Tennessee and Kentucky which has been aroused by the rumor that the Louisville & Nashville will be merged with the Southern Railway. These roads parallel and are competitors in both states, and following the report, Gov. McMillin, of Tennessee, has threatened to call a special session of the legislature to pass a law that would prevent a merger. It is said that when Mr. Morgan purchased the Louisville & Nashville he had in view its transfer to the Coast Line."

"Morgan & Co. manage the Southern Railway, and have been working in complete harmony with the Coast Line. The absorption of the Louisville & Nashville would give the Coast Line control of the railroad situation in the south east of the Mississippi river."

"The outstanding stock of the Louisville & Nashville amounts to \$60,000,000, and if the plan of Morgan & Co. to pay \$150 a share for it is carried out, \$90,000,000 will be required to complete the deal."

In round numbers the combined mileage of the Coast Line system and the Louisville & Nashville is 9,400.

Rumblings Are Heard
San Jose, Costa Rica, July 27.—Subterranean noises, resembling thunder are frequently heard in this city and in Alajuela, a town eleven miles distant.
They are believed to be caused by the Poas volcano, nineteen miles northwest of here. Quantities of ashes have fallen at San Pedro, a village near the volcano.

Up-to-Date Games.

A group of boys gathered for play: "What shall we play?" is the cry. "Rocky-bang," exclaims one of the lads. "My rock 1."

"My rock 2," cries another. "My rock 3," "my 4," "my 5," and so on call others in quick succession.

The last to call must be the ogre, who guards the castle, said castle being a large rock or fence upon which the ogre places the tower—a rock at least as large as a good-sized snowball.

Ogre cries "bang" and the boys in turn fling stones at the tower. If one happens to hit the tower he starts off at once, the boys all following in swift pursuit.

If by chance he can pick up the missile which he, himself, threw he is free. If caught he must become ogre and guard the castle. In case all the throwers miss the ogre may catch any one of them if he can.

Whoever the ogre catches must take the ogre's place and ogre takes the captive's missile and bangs at the tower. The lad who hits the tower and secures his own rock the largest number of times during the game wins first place.

Sometimes the boys make it a contest of sides, then rocky-bang becomes a real tug-of-war conflict equal in stress to baseball or golf. The boy who leads for the day wears home

the badge of victory, and to lead score for the week or month becomes a matter of highest honor.—New York Sun.

Indictments Fall

Minneapolis, Minn., July 27.—Indictments that have failed to secure for more than two weeks Police Superintendent Fred W. Jones were seen here today. A friend of hands with him in a railway station in St. Paul this morning and the superintendent was seen in St. Paul in a carriage with his private secretary, E. E. Wheeler, that midnight he had not been located.

Search for him was futile and those who are believed to know his whereabouts declined to talk. His wife declared, however, that he would be on hand tomorrow, ready to accept service under any warrant that may be pending against him.

There May be Others

But I have a full list of groceries which I am offering at prices that will meet competitors.

T. W. Grennan
GROCER
King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

Regular Service on Stewart River

STR. PROSPECTOR

WILL SAIL

Monday, August 11th, 8:00 p. m.

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Apply W. MEED, Mgr., - - S.-Y. T. Dock

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Str. Whitehorse Will Sail for Whitehorse Thurs'd'y, Aug. 8:00 P. M.

Only Line Issuing Through Tickets and Checking Baggage Through to Skagway.

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MONDAY, AUGUST 11th, AT 8:00 P. M.

FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY

FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

By Couch

The sultan rolled over on his back. As he faced his anxious gaze in his eyes fell back as though he were struck them with the scimiter always lay within his reach. "Allah sent you all as a plague," he said hoarsely. "Here have I been mortal hours, and sleep has been mine eyes. Higher will I go, falls! Can a man rest with his hands hanging over him?" The lights shone more brightly on the ruler's eyes searched every corner. Sudden

"Fetch me that Christian page brought to the palace yesterday of the eternal sinner for faces!"

The grand vizier, whose life had been beyond words by his liking for his presence, sought to seek the boy, wondering how much longer he would be in affairs of state if he were to keep awake all night.

A velvet footed enuch brought the page's side. The vizier, although the page had been praying over the little one he called home were so tired on his cheeks.

The vizier woke him, not uttering a word, he felt some pity for the boy, and moved to his bedside, he helped the page to rise, and took his hand as they passed through the long, dimly lit corridors.

The sultan still sat up, clapping his hands around him and to the vizier most unpleasantly, "Why did you not bring me the vizier with you in his hair, so that I might have seen him shiver inwardly as he passed the page."

"Leave the boy alone with his master. 'Are you not, my son of idios, that you move when I speak?'"

The last sentence cleared the vizier's mind, although the sultan had been so nearly alone before his two gigantic guards, who the foot of his bed, venturing naked scimiters gleaming in their hands. The door closed.

The page melted quietly near the door of the room, the light from the lamps full upon him. He was resting undisturbed.

Rise and come here!" growled the ruler hoarsely. The page, who the sultan's astonishment and confidence to the couching himself on it, passed his fingers over the ruler's brow very hot and uncomfortable!" he said thoughtfully. "I've almost got a fever, but it's worst of all."

"What's the matter with my head, the sultan, consider me as back."

"You're quite wrinkled with trouble, like father's is before me, it's away for him. This is the end of it."

"It was so small and the ruler was so large that he had to reach the coverings to reach his head, but his touch produced a remarkable effect. The vizier laid on his pillows and the sultan for nearly fifteen minutes stroking went on."

"The door knelt the vizier, looking carefully through the keyhole, too amazed to report to the sultan his observations to the vizier's mind.

"What makes you think trouble is in my face?" asked the sultan.

"I don't know how I know, but the page perplexedly, "but when they took me to the vizier and brought me to the vizier, I thought you would be very happy. But you look old and weary near us did you not, broke his long hair."

The sultan grinned, his lip curled, after the fashion of a boy, "that my vizier could say compliments! But my head is broken, and was into attempt it! Thou seemst to be of my palace!"

"I have more things than thou could count," said the page. "What a good time I've had!"

The sultan growled. His hair was in the depths of a shadow, while his other hand rested on his forehead. "I suppose, by way of chance, your infidel sect of boys, which it calls he, I suppose, your master, hot tears splashed from the page's eyes upon the sultan's face. The vizier disti-