

**RECEIVED BY WIRE.
HOLD THE
WIRES.**

**Chinese Boxers Follow Example
Set by Filipinos and
Boers.**

UNDATED MESSAGE FROM CONGER.

**Says Allied Militia Is Having Hard
Lines in Peking.**

IMPERIAL PALACE IS EMPTY.

**Bill Introduced to Advance Royalty
in British Columbia—Smallpox
Restrictions Modified.**

(From Monday's Daily.)
Washington, Aug. 30, via Skagway, Sept. 3.—Reliable news from China is not being received to any great extent. It is believed the Boxers have cut the telegraph lines in many places in the interior, as a cable from Shanghai reports that they are operating along the lines of communication just as was the case in the Philippines and in South Africa. The fact that the Boxers are sufficiently strong to hold the lines of communication is taken here as conclusive evidence that they are much more formidable than was at first supposed.

Another undated message has been received from Conger which says there have been no new developments further than that the allied military is meeting with much opposition in the attempt to restore and preserve order. No representatives of the Chinese government have yet shown themselves. Several ministers of the tsung li yamin are reported to be in the city and it is expected they will appear soon. The various generals of the allied forces have decided to not enter the imperial palace, but to leave it vacant.

Smallpox Scare Over.
Skagway, Sept. 3.—The smallpox restrictions at the boundary line have been greatly modified, very much to the delight of travelers who were formerly subjected to various annoyances.

To Increase Royalty.
Victoria, Aug. 30, via Skagway, Sept. 3.—A bill has been introduced in the provincial legislature to increase the royalty in British Columbia from one to two per cent on both quartz and placer outputs.

"Canada's Own."
Quebec, Aug. 25.—Of the 119 invalided Canadian soldiers who returned from South Africa, yesterday, on the steamer Lake Onatario, there were very few who preserved the appearance of invalids, when they stepped ashore today, after their arduous campaigning. They swung around the corner of the Queen's wharf to St. Peter's street, and up the steep mountain hill to the Citadel, with an ease and vigor which showed that the hardships of the South African veldt had left hardly a trace. They were in charge of Lieutenant Colonel Delamere, commandant of the Bisley team, and were clad in khaki. He marched at their head.

Today they were paid off, and sent to their respective homes.
The voyage was a pleasant and uneventful one, except for a delay of six hours at Belle Isle straits, on account of fog. The men were allowed the freedom of the whole ship, the only time in all their voyages, they said, when they were not treated as Indians. A clean bill of health was reported, and Dr. Epoulate, medical health officer of the port, allowed the ship to proceed.
Coming into Quebec, a grand reception awaited the home-coming soldiers.

The Cow Came In.
Last Saturday evening a young married man went home and to bed, never dreaming of being disturbed by any

serious night alarms or intrusions. His wife went to bed, also the baby; they were also without apprehension. Sometime towards morning the man was suddenly awakened by hearing a heavy fall, accompanied by the crash of falling crockery. There was also a peculiar swishing sound at irregular intervals and a heavy breathing. One of the first things he noticed was that his wife was not in bed, and that the baby was crying lustily. Then he commenced looking around at the darkness, and presently saw two large greenish spots which made his flesh creep and his hair bristle. He thought two such eyes could find room in the head of nothing smaller than a reincarnated mastodon.

With the energy born of despair he sprang out of bed and struck a light. In the center of the cabin floor, in fact she took up about all the standing room there was, stood a large red cow, peacefully chewing her cud and from time to time basting the stove with her tail. The young wife had heard a noise in the house which led her to get up and investigate, and in the darkness she had run against the cow, and promptly fainted from fright. She fell against the table and knocked some dishes off, which, combined with her fall made sufficient noise to waken her sleeping spouse.

The man says after this he will lock his door when he goes to bed, and not leave it open for fresh air and dairy cattle.

Freighting to Hunker.
Owing to the very hard condition of the road or trail leading from Dawson to Hunker it is impossible to get freight there other than by packing a few pounds on the back and going afoot, or by towing small boats up the river. This latter is a slow and laborious process. One man with a long rope pulls the boat along close to the bank while another with a pole keeps it out a few feet in the water. When the boat contains 400 or 500 pounds of freight it requires two days' hard and steady work to make the trip from Dawson to the mouth of Hunker.

Lucky Baldwin's Scheme.
A late communication from Nome to the P. I. reports a scheme which has emanated from the fertile brain of Millionaire "Lucky" Baldwin for the emancipation of the "poor miner" of that place. It may be on the "square" and it may be a scheme of a philanthropist in the eyes of the people in order that he may be enabled to sell out his large stock of booze before the crowd gets away. The article referred to is as follows:

Keeping a resort in which patrons may drown thirst and woo the goddess fortune at almost any kind of a game, is not the only thing that Millionaire "Lucky" Baldwin, of San Francisco, is doing here. Mr. Baldwin has numerous prospectors, accompanied by pack trains laden with the best to eat, scouring the country in all directions from Nome, with eyes peeled on ground that looks good enough to locate and record. Baldwin has to date made 286 locations and says he is not going to stop until he has staked 1000 claims. As the recording fee is \$2.50 for each location, the noted San Franciscan will have spent a small fortune in recording fees alone by the time he gets all the ground he wants.

Out of the whole number of locations he expects to find possibly two or three that will pay to work. Development of the few will, however, not begin until next season, and it will cost him a big pile of money to find the few among the many, as more or less development work must be done in all to find what there is in them.

Mr. Baldwin is partly actuated by a desire to expose the broad injustice of the present mining laws which, he says, permit one man to locate the whole country if he has the means to do it, to the exclusion of the many who come to the country with their grub and blankets on their backs. Mr. Baldwin has confided this magnanimous purpose to a friend. He says that when he returns to Seattle and San Francisco he hopes to be interviewed by the big newspapers, so as to place the situation before congress and the people of the country.
Mr. Baldwin's mascot seems to have deserted him in the saloon and gambling business. The general financial and thirst condition of the crowd is at a low ebb, and for once the name "Lucky" is a hoodoo for him.

Much Business in Sight.
From now until the close of navigation there will be no idling on the part of the river steamers either above or below. From the upper route is reported thousands of tons of freight, all the steamers arriving at Skagway being loaded to their full capacity. The Canadian Development Company expects to keep all of its ten steamers on the go all of this month and until forced off the run by low water or ice. The outlook for very heavy travel by the upper river during the remainder of the season is promising.

**ALL ARE
IN LINE**

**At Points on the Creeks Where
Meetings Have Been
Held.**

ARE ENTHUSIASTIC FOR REFORM.

Representative Men Selected as Delegates to the Convention.

HARMONY THE WATCHWORD.

**Bonanza, Eldorado, Grand Forks and
Last Chance Have All Taken
Action.**

Partial reports from the members of the citizens' committee who went up the creeks on Saturday have been received. Meetings have been held on Bonanza, Eldorado, at the Forks and on Last Chance, and in all the places named the voters turned out well and displayed commendable enthusiasm. On Saturday night the British subjects on Lower Bonanza were called together at the Elby roadhouse. A large crowd turned out, although the notices had been posted only a few hours.

E. Chandler was chairman of the meeting and Peter F. Hoggart acted as secretary. Secretary Joe Clarke of the citizens' committee, attended the meeting. The following delegates were selected to act in Saturday's convention: Dan McGillivray, Harry Mackay and Jos. Thebidean. There were about 50 voters present.

Yesterday afternoon the voters on Eldorado got together at Billy Leak's cabin on No. 31. From 40 to 50 men attended the meeting and elected as their delegates to the convention the following: G. Williams of 30 Eldorado, Wm. McPherson of 31 Eldorado, who has been here nearly two years, during that time has been in Dawson but once, and C. S. (Kodak) Cameron of hillside off 19, who is as well known in Dawson as on Eldorado. Mr. Cameron was formerly of Ottawa.

Sunday evening a well attended and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Forks, where C. W. Woodworth and Barney Sugrue made stirring addresses. They were followed by Mr. Gibbs, Dr. Edwards and McLeod, Mr. McMillan, Ernest Rivard, Louis Hagelwood and others. The following delegates were selected: Skiff S. Mitchell, well known in the Klondike and at Fortymille; Geo. H. Gibbs, Eldorado grocer; Jack Trembly, of 14 above, Bonanza; Dr. Edwards, Forks physician; Ernest Rivard, in charge of 17 Eldorado, and Louis Hagelwood, a well known Forks business man.

The meeting at Last Chance was large and representative. Fully 70 men were present and one and all were enthusiastic and sincere. They feel the need of reform and also feel that now is the time to get it. Col. MacGregor and C. W. Woodworth of Dawson, were present at the meeting. Harmony prevailed from start to finish. Two excellent delegates were selected to the convention in Messrs. McCormack and Nadeau.

At a late hour this afternoon a report was brought in by Mr. Proudhomme of the following selection of delegates on Dominion creek: At Caribou, R. Smith, T. Donovan, Napoleon Huott, At Lombard, Alex Clark, Gust Chism.

Sold Hootch on Sunday.
Yesterday there was a noticeable lack of police uniforms on the streets, although police officers were plentiful. There were lots of them about, but they were arrayed in citizens' dress. A possible explanation of this was found later in the day when a couple of arrests were made for violation of the Sunday liquor ordinance. The dispensers of hootch who thus profited by the drawn front door curtain, and the open back door were placed under arrest, but as today is Labor day and the courts are closed, the cases cannot be heard before tomorrow morning.

"It's a very strange thing, but a fact all the same," said the man behind the Pioneer bar this morning, "that there are plenty of men here who seldom buy a drink during week days, who will

come in on a Sunday and make a talk for a drink that would draw tears from the eyes of a potato, and then, if we give it to them we get run in and fined more money than some of them would spend over the bar in a year."

The Bonanza proprietor, when asked if he had been arrested for selling liquor on Sunday said, "Yes, but that's nothing; that is one of the things which may happen any time and has to be taken into consideration beforehand."

Stratton's Mail Received.
Two bags of mail were delivered at the postoffice yesterday that originally formed a part of the mail consignment shipped on the ill-fated steamer Stratton which was wrecked near Selkirk last October.

A man coming down the river in a small boat picked them up on a bar and brought them through with him. Beyond the fact of their being soggy and discolored from long immersion, the bags were little the worse for wear.

Shipwreck on the Klondike.
An accident which might easily have resulted very disastrously, occurred on the Klondike yesterday afternoon at a point a short distance below the upper ferry.

Jas. Kelly, Daniel Keelar and T. M. Banlay were making their way up the river in a skiff. They reached a point where a sharp turn in the stream occurs, around which the water runs at about a seven-mile speed. In attempting to pass the point the men lost control of the boat and the stream caught it broadside on. The skiff was swamped immediately. Two of the men were on shore with lines, but the third got a thorough ducking. The contents of the boat, consisting of blankets and grub, were soaked. A bundle of the former floated down stream and was picked out of the water by a couple of passers by.

The party was en route up the Klondike hunting, but concluded to give it up as a bad job and returned to town.

Mrs. Ferguson Coming.
Mrs. M. L. Ferguson, a Los Angeles capitalist, will arrive on the City of Seattle today enroute to Dawson to look after interests which she has there. Mrs. Ferguson is one of the most energetic business women that ever came to the North. She last year compiled a directory of the Klondike and other parts of the North, and it is in connection with this directory, in part, that she is making her present trip. Mrs. Ferguson visited Nome this summer.—Alaskan.

The Dawson directory which Mrs. Ferguson compiled did not materialize. She received permission from the council to issue a directory of Dawson, but that is as much progress as was made.

As It Should Be.
When the local office of the government telegraph moves into its quarters in the new postoffice building the arrangement will be complete and modern. The business will occupy three rooms, one down stairs on the first floor and two upstairs. The business room, where all patrons of the office will be received, will be just off the hall from the westward entrance off Third street, while the operating room and manager's private office will be on the second floor. An elevator on which messages will be sent to and received from the operating room will connect with the business office, the public being excluded from the upper rooms.

Possibly Abandoned.
According to the majority of the officers of the steamer Tees which arrived yesterday from the south, the wrecked Skagway-Vancouver flyer Cutch cannot be saved. They fear she is too badly stranded. However, some of the officers hold that possibly the craft may be by careful handling be lifted up and patched and finally floated. This is on the ground that other vessels in apparently as bad a predicament have been reclaimed.

The Tees stood off opposite the Cutch half an hour or more when she sighted the wreck. The noisy siren of the Tees was blown for a long time, but no one appeared on board the Cutch to answer the salutation in any way or manner, and there were no signs of men about the ship or on the shore.

It seemed as though the Cutch had been abandoned, and this conclusion is held quite firmly by a number of men on the Tees.
The only sign about the ship that might lead one to think there was yet someone aboard the Cutch was what appeared to be a boat hanging to one of her davits.

It was predicted soon after the tidings of the wreck of the Cutch reached here that she could be saved unless a wind should come up. A severe south wind was blowing in Skagway last night, and if the same wind prevailed at the scene of the wreck it is ventured, perhaps the once fleet and nimble liner is now a shapeless pile of wreckage.—Alaskan, Aug. 29.

**BITTER
FIGHT**

**Now On Between Local News
Agents, Who Are Busy
With the Knife**

CUTTING PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.

**Trying to Have Each Other Boy-
cotted by News Dealers.**

A FRACTURED CONTRACT

**Results in the Public's Benefit to the
Extent of Half Price for Sun-
day Papers.**

News Agents Wholly and Pollock are at war, bitter relentless war, and contrary to most wars this one is not of a nature to benefit those who supply the munitions, but the public in general, or that portion of it that reads the outside papers is reaping the reward of quarters which, when white-winged peace presided over the Dawson news-dealers, went to the pockets of Messrs. Wholly and Pollock.

The reason of all this dissension is, so the story runs, due to Mr. Pollock's having sold a lot of P.-I.'s of the date of the 23d of last month in a way contrary to his agreement with his business rival. It appears that at the same time the papers of the 23d arrived, a lot of others of the 18th and 19th came to hand, and an agreement was made and entered into by which the papers of the latest date were to be held from sale till the public had been given an opportunity to read (and pay for) those of the earlier dates. Mr. Wholly says that his competitor sold the P.-I.'s of the 23rd when he should have been selling the others, hence the present difficulty and the fact that Sunday Examiners are being sold on the street today at 5 cents per copy when heretofore they have brought 50 cents. One of the warring news men has today procured the services of all the newsboys in town, excepting one lonely vender of news, and has served notice on the various newsstands that if they dare to handle the papers or magazines of the hated rival, they need look for no mercy in reading matter at his hands, and everyone connected with that branch of business is waiting for the end which is not yet clearly discernible.

The Sheriff Sells.

"Five dollars, five dollars! Come gentlemen, if you want that fraction bid up and don't waste time joking. The idea of bidding \$5! It's ridiculous. Why, that is one of the richest pieces of ground out of doors. The gold sticks out between the grass blades and the nuggets are so thick that nothing larger than a grass root can find soil enough to grow in. Five dollars! You can't have it for less than five hundred."

Nevertheless, the sheriff knocked the Eureka creek fraction, down a little later to a man who had run the bidding up to \$75.
Clerk McDonald, of the territorial court happened to come along the street during the sheriff's sale of property, mining and otherwise, and before he realized what had happened he had heard the seductive voice from beneath the canopy of canvass and parted with \$50 for a pair of bob sleds. Now, he is trying to figure out why he did it, and what he is going to do with them.

Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell got sight of Deputy Sheriff Longmore as he arrived on the scene with two dogs, and the sight, coupled with the description of the animals and the romantic account of how they had been captured single handed by Mr. Longpre in the wilds of Labrador, led to Mr. Bell's undoing and he bought the nucleus of a dog team.

May Locate Here.

Mr. John Kalem, the Skagway wholesale grocer, is again in Dawson, this making his third trip in since navigation opened last spring and each time he has brought with him and sold large stocks of goods. He has five carloads of an additional shipment now on the road. Mr. Kalem is accompanied this trip by his wife and four children and it is possible that they may make their home here.

MOST W
Belle Oats
She Gave
fore S
Terror
Belle Oat
o ten been
e caped fr
by boldly
Rio Grande
flood of wa
is one of th
ful crimina
southern bo
the world's
a western c
The story
caused Belle
don a career
at least was
which she l
had gained
was trying
written in
the girl's ov
possessed b
other emotio
"I had
road," she l
man mount
horse comin
dently in a
for he was v
face wore r
that I can n
inclination o
more "How
about to pas
horse by the
ver in his fa
"Without
he dismount
quest, but w
rush and to
face turned
appeal of h
on his featu
one could h
on," I said,
poor, trembl
ingly display
slowly forwa
head or spea
to the bank
"That w
your clothes
for the first
face and I w
asked if I s
"Sir," sa
grant me a
wife and I
soon be fath
"I thought
specimen of
tempted to
love with h
devilry poss
go ahead and
while I smok
"He insta
with his face
gan to pray.
setting itself,
the trigger.
forward at t
stream of blo
of his neck.
pockets, find
tuning a few
the dying
over the bank
d his horse a
"After ridi
to a cabin, an
ing some in
A woman app
rived me to
cooking reac
learning that
wrong directi
house and ap
"Papa has
me and brothe
Santa Claus n
the girl 5 or 6
"By this tri
little boy you
crawled up i
smiled and s
not afraid of
went to town
boys for them
for him to ret
"The little
my knees, an
beauty and i
was pushed
woman scream
it seemed as
mashed upon
red with bloo
woman and
"Ob, papa
"Do not b
had boy shot
let I am not
"While they