

MINING IN CZAR'S TERRITORY

Is Attended With Many Unforeseen Hardships.

Russians Get Gay When on Their Native Soil—California Man's Experience.

That those who essay to prospect in Siberia do not meet with plain sailing is the experience of all those who have made excursions into that country. This has been the experience of at least two expeditions so far this season. The difficulties in the way are not alone those embargoes placed upon prospectors by Russian officials, but the inhospitable nature of the country is not such as to encourage or aid the pioneer in Siberia.

About a month ago there arrived in Nome an expedition bound for Siberia under the direction of Geo. D. Roberts, a San Francisco capitalist, who through English and French sources, had been able to secure a mining concession in Siberia. This concession, as is always usual in these cases, was held in the name of a Russian dignitary of high standing, and a representative of his accompanied the party to Nome. The expedition arrived here, thoroughly equipped in every way for a prospecting trip in the czar's domains, on the steamer Somoa, after first touching the coast of Siberia and landing a Cossack or two and a half dozen Chinamen. After a few days stay in this port the Somoa again headed for Siberia. But on her arrival at Plover bay, trouble arose.

The Russian dignitary began to prove obstreperous as soon as he was on his own doorstep, so to speak, and he acted in such a high handed, outrageous and insulting manner that one day, exasperated beyond endurance, an Englishman of the party with his good double fist knocked his highness down. A number of Cossacks who were attached to the party in the capacity of laborers, it is declared thought to revenge themselves by shooting at the American flag, and they also threatened to annihilate the entire party, but they were either dissuaded from the bloody purpose or wisely concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. At any rate they did not carry out their design.

Peace was patched up in some way and the party decided to return to Nome, it being rather early on the bleak Siberian coast for them to accomplish anything.

They reached here in safety, and the Russian official who had acquired a decided liking for hooch became again so quarrelsome that an officer was sent on board the Somoa to preserve order.

The Somoa again sailed for Siberia a few days ago, with the Russian, who it is claimed had to be put in irons until such time as he would learn to conduct himself in a becoming manner. His truculent conduct, it is said, came nearly bringing the expedition to a disastrous end, and what the result may be will not be determined until the Somoa shall have again returned to this port which will be about Sept. 1.—Nome News.

Why He Liked Him.

The barber was perhaps a trifle more talkative than usual, and the customer was scarcely in a good humor. The portly gentleman had come straight from the dentist's. In blissful ignorance of this little fact the knight of the razor opened fire. He discussed the weather, foreign politics, the rival barber opposite, and was just explaining his views on the education question when the customer suddenly growled:

"Where's that assistant of yours, the one with the red hair?"

"He's left me, sir. We parted last week—on friendly terms, you know, and all that, but—"

"Pity!" growled the portly gentleman. "I liked that young fellow. There was something about his conversation I thoroughly enjoyed. He was one of the most sensible talkers I ever met, and—"

"You'll excuse me, sir, but there must be some mistake," gasped the astonished barber. "If you remember, poor Jim was deaf and dumb."

"Just so. Just so," was the curt rejoinder. "That's why I liked him."

And the barber went on shaving.—Pearson's Weekly.

Favors the Miner.

A disposition is shown on the part of many prospectors who are really desirous of doing legitimate work in the country, to jump and attempt to hold locations made by the batchet and pencil process. In the opinion of many of Nome's leading lawyers a great number

of claims in this district could be taken possession of by men who would go on the ground and stay there to work it, the original locators in a great number of instances not having complied with the law in staking, nor show any disposition to open up ground after claiming it, says the Nome News.

Judge Noyes is himself, so far as a strict interpretation of the law admits, inclined to look with much more kindly eye upon the man who goes out with a pick and shovel and gold pan than on one who starts for the hills with a bunch of location notices, a bundle of stakes and a carefully pointed pencil. "There is no question," he said recently, "that the indiscriminate staking of ground in this district retards its development and is an injustice to the men who come here to prospect and mine. There have been too many instances of one man taking up a number of claims by powers of attorney that were more often than not fictitious. The trouble, of course, is to prove that the powers of attorney were not bona fide. It is not right that any one person or set of persons should be allowed to take more ground than they can develop. It is too much like the dog in the manger."

From other expressions used by Judge Noyes, it could be seen that he has little use for claim holders who wait for adjoining owners to prove the value of their properties and seek to grow wealthy on the "unearthed increment" plan.

Effect of an "H."

A cockney whose name was Ogton, which he, following the usage of his class, pronounced Hogtown, settled at the beginning of the present century in the city of New York, where he did business as a trader. His prefixing of the h was the occasion of the postoffice story which Dunlap, the author of the "History of the Arts of Design," tells.

Before the clerks of the postoffice knew Ogton he called day after day to inquire if there were "any letters for John Hogtown."

"None, sir," was the invariable answer.

"Very strange," said he, feeling uneasy about the goods he had ordered from England and the bills of exchange he had remitted.

One day after the usual question, "Any letters for John Hogtown?" his eye, following the clerk, noticed that he was looking among the letters beginning with H.

"Oho," cried he, "what are you looking there for? I said John Hogtown."

"I know it, sir, and I am looking for John Hogtown, and there's nothing for you."

"Nay, nay!" shouted John. "Don't look among the hatches; look among the hoes." And among the O's were found a pile of letters addressed to John Ogton, which had been accumulating for many a week.

Expedition to Siberia.

Some days ago the Times told of an expedition being formed to hunt for gold on the far away coast of Siberia, and of Capt. Otto Buckholtz making preparations to take the party thither on a Victoria vessel—if possible a Victoria sealing schooner. Today information has been received that the head of the expedition is Mr. Leahman, a Russian gentleman residing in Vancouver, has been delayed in carrying out his plans through the difficulty experienced in getting the necessary papers from the czar's government. These were secured through the Russian consul in San Francisco, whom Mr. Leahman had to go south to see, and it is stated give him the mining rights of a whole province. They are of a most voluminous character, and call for a 50 per cent royalty, that is of all the gold found by the expedition within the domains of the czar, just one-half has to be handed over to the government.

Anadyr river, which empties into the gulf of Anadyr, on the northern coast of Siberia, is the destination of the expedition. It is situated between 62 and 63 N. latitude, almost in line with Nome. The place is a most desolate and dreary spot, with no civilization other than a guard of Cossacks, which periodically frequents the coast. The natives resemble very much the Esquimaux. They are a little more degenerate than the latter and know nothing of the value of mines. They dress in skins and are thoroughly inured to the rigors of the Arctic climate. Like Nome, Anadyr is completely surrounded by ice in the winter, and in fact it is considered doubtful if a sailing vessel could reach the Siberian coast from here before the weather turns cold, making the venture an impossibility.

It was first proposed to charter the sealing schooner Oscar and Hattie for the voyage, but it is understood the plans have now been changed and that if the expedition sets out at all this year it will be in a steamer, which after landing the expedition could engage in

a trading expedition along the Siberian coast.

Whales are found in big numbers off the Siberian coast, and from the natives ashore whalebone and oil, together with other valuables can be readily obtained. Capt. Buckholtz was within 80 miles of Anadyr when he was on his last voyage north. While waiting on the Alpha for an opening in the ice to proceed to Nome he was close in to the Siberian coast, and is therefore well acquainted with the difficulties in the way of a voyage to that part of the world. He is now said to be waiting for orders from Mr. Leahman.—Victoria Times.

Chinese in Bond.

The strongest article that E. S. Busby, supervisor of Canadian customs at this port, has been called upon by his Yankee cousins to send through the British-Yukon district in bond has just come to hand. It is a human article, and the reason for it going to the interior, and being in this country at all, carries a tale that would well adorn a moral as to the matrimonial state of affairs in the Yukon basin. One might gather a number of incidental tales from the underlying cause of the human article being here.

The strange object which Mr. Busby was called upon to bond through John Bull's Yukon strip is nothing more nor less than a heathen Chinese.

The celestial, Mr. Chin Sing by name, is not going to the land of nuggets to await an opportunity for something to do. He arrived on the last Dirigo and is being taken in by Col. E. D. Wiggin, United States land commissioner at Rampart, on the lower Yukon, for a cook. Col. Wiggin is not introducing Chinese labor into the north because he is particularly fond of the celestial or his kind, but because the fascinations are too great for him to retain other servants in his pioneer home.

Several times has the colonel taken girls to cook at Rampart, but the demand in the matrimonial market was so great there that time and again he saw his servants go off to cook for life for some hardy miner, and he gave up in despair and hired a Chinese. This is the way the colonel explained matters to Mr. Busby.

In bonding the yellow lad, through Mr. Wiggin had him produce a photograph of himself and his certificate showing his right to be in the United States. Mr. Busby took the number of the celestial's certificate, and a few other facts concerning him, and the colonel and his charge went gleefully on their way.—Alaskan.

Bennett a Dead One.

Last Thursday the Canadian customs house was moved from Bennett to Whitehorse and this step drove the last nail in the coffin of the once prosperous town of Bennett on the lake. The steamer Gleaner which plied to and from that point is now running between Caribou Crossing and Atlin, thus cutting out Bennett from the business formerly obtainable in that direction. In future Bennett can look only to the scow trade for success from its stagnation and Caribou may prove a rival even for this. Vale Bennett.

Intercepted Telegrams.

Shanghai, Aug. 1.
Kwang Hsu, Alleged Emperor, City Jail, Pekin:
Powers want to know where the ministers are. Auswer. L. H. CHANG.

Pekin, Aug. 2.
L. H. Chang, Shanghai:
Am not in jail. Fine you 1,000,000 taels for lese majeste implied in word "alleged." Keep them guessing. K. HSU.

Shanghai, Aug. 3.
K. Hsu, Kaiser, Pekin:
Powers will scalp me if I don't tell them where ministers are. L. H. CHANG.

Pekin, Aug. 4.
L. H. Chang, Shanghai:
Ask them how they'd like to be the iceman. I am no kaiser. Don't get funny with your betters. K. HSU.

Shanghai, Aug. 5.
K. Hsu, Ice Turst Magnate, Pekin:
Powers say they will commandeer my property if you don't fork over those ministers. Are going to march to Pekin. What's to be did? Rush answer. L. H. CHANG.

Pekin, Aug. 6.
L. H. Chang, Shanghai:
Tell them to wait a week. Do you think I'm Dick Crocker? Fine you another million for lese majeste. Am going to sea side. Don't bother me with any more telegrams. K. HSU.

Shanghai, Aug. 7.
K. Hsu, Pekin (Forward):
Powers on the march. Say they will hamstring me if ministers are not delivered. What shall I do? Rush answer. L. H. CHANG.

Ho Tell-by-the-Sea, Aug. 8.
L. H. Chang, Shanghai:
What's the matter with hari-kari? K. HSU.

Shanghai, Aug. 3.
K. Hsu, Pekin (Forward):
Emperor William has told his troops to boil you in oil. Situation critical. Rush answer today. L. H. CHANG.

Ho Tell-by-the-Sea, Aug. 11.
L. H. Chang, Shanghai:
Coghlanize him. Can't you let me alone? K. HSU.

Shanghai, Aug. 12.
K. Hsu, Pekin (Forward):
Powers have got me up a kopje. How about those ministers? Answer immediately. L. H. CHANG.

Ho Tell-by-the-Sea, Aug. 12, 11:59 p. m.
L. H. Chang, Shanghai:
What ministers? K. HSU.

And here, unfortunately, some one cut the wires, and Kan Li, the correspondent, was able to follow the dispatches no further.

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