

POINTERS ON DIAMONDS

Review of the Mines in South Africa

Boys and Girls Discovered the Precious Stones and Used Them as Toys.

The African diamond beds have much to answer for in the history and civilization of today. Nevertheless, in their native understood by the outside world. Gardner Williams, the general manager of the De Beers consolidated mines, knows perhaps as much about them as any other man, and he has recently written a book to tell what he knows. It is a fine, handsome volume, brought out by the Macmillan company, and entitled "Diamond Mines of South Africa: Some Account of Their Rise and Development."

It is no surface study of his brilliant subject that Mr. Williams brings to bear upon it, for he goes back to the beginnings of history and the shining land of Ophir to trace the wondrous history of the precious stones. King Solomon's mines are duly considered, and located by the ingenious gem hunter in the very beds of Rhodesia. This makes the ancient and modern touch hands at once, and around these beds the pioneer searchers of different nations are shortly gathered. Dutch and Spanish, as well as English, explorers have danger and privation unmeasured to search for the precious gems, before the English at length secure a sure foothold on the Cape.

The appearance of the Boer brings the matter down to familiar history, and all the late and absorbing interest that clusters about it. The constant skirmishing with savage Zulus and other warlike tribes is not new to me. I refused to eat the fare furnished, and the law compelled the allied to better it. I demanded bedding and meat, and the jailer had to comply. He was glad enough to see the last of me, but I had scarcely tramped into the next county before I was picked up again. This was in Ohio, just over the Michigan line, and although it was five years ago I have no doubt they are talking about me yet.

"I was plodding along the highway about sundown when a farmer jumped over the fence and pitched into me. He had got in three or four blows before I landed him one that knocked him down. Three other men came to his rescue, and I was handcuffed and kept in a barn all night.

"Next morning I was arraigned before a county justice, and without even asking me to plead and refusing to let me consult a lawyer, he sent me up for six months. The charge was vagrancy, resisting arrest, and felonious assault on an officer, all filled into one and a happy combination. Only one of the men who aided in my arrest testified against me.

"I was bundled off to the county jail in a hurry, and upon my arrival was placed in a dark cell, fed upon bread and water, and it was two weeks before I had the run of the ward. Then it so happened that a young lawyer who had happened to run for the legislature visited the jail on business and I got speech with him. The result was that he took up my case, and the end astonished several people.

"In the first place, while the man who assaulted me was a constable, he did not seek to arrest me in the regular way, but only after the assault. Under the law, therefore, I had a right to resist. The charge against me was vagrancy, and yet I had \$15 in my pocket. I should have been taken before a justice forthwith, but instead I was locked up in a barn until next day. We had that constable so scared within two days that he fairly begged of me to take \$100 and call it square.

"We then went for the justice. He had not given me the show allowed by law, and on four different points had rendered himself liable to removal. He came to me with tears in his eyes and \$75 in his hand and I let up on him.

"Then it was the jailer's turn to toe the mark. He had no legal right to shut me up in a dark cell. No law gave him the privilege of substituting bread and water for my prison diet. He had been abusive and tyrannical and had kicked me, and that was assault. The law specified what food he should furnish his prisoners, but he had substituted what he pleased. He had tried to make me saw wood and scrub out the corridors, and had put me in irons because I refused, and yet I was clearly within the law. I had him up on six different charges, but before the case came to trial I settled with him for \$250.

"The case did not end when the jailer squared up. Three or four politicians saw that my lawyer was making too much capital out of it and they set out to down him. The result was that it became a political contest of interest to all in that legislative district, and after a mud-slinging campaign and a close vote

ical, historical and scientific, which pertains to the mines and their development, is brought into this fascinating book. The descriptions of the country and character of the soil where diamonds are found, methods of working the mines and scientific appliances thereto, all claim careful attention in this exhaustive study. The exciting incidents and episodes of the mining life and search and the breathless spell of discovery hang like an absorbing romance over all the history and make this work of Mr. Williams one of the most readable as well as instructive volumes on these famous diamond beds that has ever been given to the public. It is magnificently illustrated, too, with pictures, maps and diagrams, and finished in the finest style of the printer's art.

Butter, two-and-a-half pound roll, only \$1.00, at all stores.

Why Smith Left Home—Auditorium

THE C. O. D. MAN

Relates Some Incidents of Life in the County Jail

"In my wanderings to and fro," said the C.O.D. man, as he pocketed the quarter extended to him and bowed his thanks. "It happened that I have seen the inside of several county jails. In each and every case I was sentenced as a tramp, and the time was for various periods. In some states they have given up trying to grapple with the tramp problem; in others they are alert to lay hands on him and try to cure him with a dose of jail life.

"I took in the county jail as part of the program," continued the wanderer, with a smile, "and I got it all. The first time I was arrested I lot things slide. The constable maltreated me; the justice of the peace abused me, and the jailer half starved and put me at the most menial work. The jail was a little better than a pig pen, and the food hardly fit for hogs.

"When I had served my time and been kicked out I posted myself as to the law, and my next arrest resulted in a surprise party. I refused to do any work and the law upheld me. I refused to eat the fare furnished, and the law compelled the allied to better it. I demanded bedding and meat, and the jailer had to comply. He was glad enough to see the last of me, but I had scarcely tramped into the next county before I was picked up again. This was in Ohio, just over the Michigan line, and although it was five years ago I have no doubt they are talking about me yet.

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Why She Couldn't

The talk turned to Christmas gifts as the three or four travelers smoked their cigars together, and one of them finally heaved a sigh and said: "I am also going to take advantage of the occasion to make a gift. It will be to my wife."

"A diamond ring?" queried one of the others.

"Well, hardly. The gift is in the baggage car ahead. It cost \$100 and stands four feet high. I do not think I could have got a more suitable thing. If she could speak I know that she would express her great satisfaction."

"But why can't she speak?"

"Because she has been dead two years."

"You don't say! Then the Christmas gift is—"

"Exactly. A beautiful tombstone of the whitest marble, and the epitaph ends with, 'Our loss is her gain.'"

RURAL POSTAL DELIVERY

An Extension of the Farm Mail Sections All Over the United States.

The postoffice department has decided to furnish every farmer, at its own expense, with an official letter box, which, being the property of the government, will be protected against theft by the awful authority of the federal law.

In the future, on rural free delivery routes, mail matter will be as safe from robbers as when deposited in receptacles on urban street corners.

Another new departure is likely to be the employment of women more extensively as carriers on rural routes.

Already a few mail carriers of the gentler sex are in the service at the customary \$50 a month, and they have been found very satisfactory. The work they are obliged to do is not severe or arduous, except occasionally in stormy weather, and the official uniform of light gray cloth, cut to fit the figure neatly, is noticeably becoming. Thus attired, the postwoman, with her pack of letters and newspapers, is a most cheerful and attractive object, as she dismounts at the farmhouse door to deliver and collect the mail.

Ordinarily, however, the rural delivery boxes are so arranged—being neatly painted and fastened to posts at a height of five feet above the ground—that it is not necessary for the carrier to dismount from his horse or from the little wagon which he more commonly employs in his business. He is obliged to furnish both horse and wagon at his own expense, but he is permitted to transport passengers, as well as to carry unmailable packages and other odds and ends, so that he earns a good deal of extra money. Incidentally he is newspaper and newspaper distributor, and thus, with multiplied activities, he derives an income from quite a variety of sources.

The rural carrier is liable to be just about the most popular person in the neighborhood.

All the world loves the postman, of course, but in the country districts it is out of the question for everybody to get the job of transporting the mails unless he is liked by the neighbors. That is the first requirement made by the postoffice department. In addition, the applicant for such a place must be sober, able-bodied and able to read and write. His age may be anywhere between 17 and 55.

Just think, if you please, that up to within the last four or five years every farmer in the United States

which afford valuable hints in regard to the holding or selling of produce from corn to pigs.

Finally, the new contact with the world brings to the farmer the knowledge. He acquires fresh ideas which enable him to raise larger and better crops. To facilitate the carrier's trips he is inspired to improve the roads, and when there is a snow blockade he is eager to turn out with his neighbors and open a track for traffic—a work of enterprise that does good two ways, inasmuch as it enables the towns to get their regular supplies of fresh country produce, which would otherwise be cut off.

As for the farmer's wife, she benefits not less than her husband by the rural free delivery. The old-time isolation weighed upon her even more than upon him, but now she is a woman of the world; she "takes in" the newest periodical literature, and enjoys acquaintance with the latest fashions. It is her own fault if she is more than sixty days behind Paris in the pattern of her frocks, and her opinions on the topics of the day (as expressed over a cup of tea at the "neighborhood social") are based no longer upon gleanings from the gossip of the corner grocery, but upon the latest news despatches and editorials published in the daily press.

Ordinarily the mailbox stands, fastened to its post, by the roadside near the farmer's door, but where there is a crossroads, there is apt to be an assemblage of boxes, each representing a dwelling in the neighborhood and bearing the name of the owner. In this way the work of the carrier is made easier, and it is no trouble for the children to come one day to deposit letters and to collect whatever the postman may have brought.

No wonder that the folks of the country side, taking pride in their new postal facilities, are eager to contribute money out of their own pockets for the purchase of a uniform and appropriate wagon for the government's messenger. Hitherto they have paid about \$2.00 apiece for the supplies, of patterns prescribed by the postoffice department, but the receptacles will cost them nothing when the plan of ownership by Uncle Sam goes into effect.

The carrier leaves the town postoffice after the arrival of the morning mail and returns in time for the evening mail. Not only does he drop letters, etc., into the farm boxes, and collect from them, but he carries stamps for sale and affixes the necessary postage when money for the purpose has been put into the box. He registers and delivers registered letters, and gives receipts for money orders. In short, he is himself a veritable traveling postoffice, performing all of the functions of such an institution, even to cancelling the stamps on the matter he collects.

New routes are being started as fast as they can be laid out and 100-



"WHERE IS THE SLAVE-BOY?" FIND HIM. In yesterday's puzzle Marie may be found by using the left-hand side of the picture as base. She is then in the lower left-hand corner.

CHANGE OF HALL

Invitation Dance This Evening at A. B. Hall.

The dance given this evening by Mr. and Mrs. George Byrnes and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Macpherson, was called off for the Pioneer hall, but it has been found that the hall is not large enough for the company and the affair will therefore take place in the A. B. hall. One hundred and fifty invitations have been sent out, and the Boyle orchestra has been engaged to play for dancing.

Why Smith Left Home—Auditorium

ANOTHER SOCIETY

Lodge of Ancient Order of Hibernians to be Organized.

The meeting yesterday afternoon in Aurora hall to take steps for the organization of a lodge of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was postponed until eight o'clock this evening at the same place. T. W. P. Smith and Herbert A. Macauley were appointed a committee to make the preliminary arrangements, and were instructed to draft a letter to the Rev. Father York of San Francisco applying for a charter. This letter will be submitted for approval to the adjourned meeting this evening.

Among those who are interested in the movement are John P. O'Connor, Patrick McKel, Cornelius Lowrey, D. A. Shea, N. J. Donohue, D. Rowan, M. Connelly, James Gordon and William Butler.

Why Smith Left Home—Auditorium

DOWNING'S EXPRESS

For Fortymile and Eagle City.

Carrying mail, passengers and express, leaves every TUESDAY MORNING AT 8 O'CLOCK From Calderhead's dock, Dawson. Four-horse stages, plenty of fur robes, careful drivers, insuring a fast, comfortable service. All road house stations on this route are strictly first class. For fares apply at office of Merchants Mail & Express Co., L. & C. Dock, Dawson.

FOUR CARLOADS OF JOB PRINTING MATERIAL

The finest and Largest Assortment Ever Brought to Dawson.

DO YOU NEED PRINTING?

IF SO THESE PRICES WILL GET YOUR WORK:

Letterheads	\$6.	PER THOUSAND
Business Cards	3.	"
Meal Ticket	4.	"
Dodgers	4.	"

Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Today. THE KLONDIKE NUGGET JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

VALE OCTOPUS

Attempt Made to Corner the Land Market Disastrous.

It has been currently reported that several parties recently combined to corner all the land in the market as the quantity in town was very limited. After spending several nights in secret session counting what their profits "should" be the members of the would-be trust were paralyzed to learn that all the leading retail grocers have a large stock of good butter which they are selling at such a low price that every land consumer has substituted butter for all cooking and baking purposes with the result that the "octopus" have their land on hand while the consumers smile and say nothing. If you have not already tried this butter get a roll from your grocer and satisfy yourself as to its merits and cheapness.

At 8 p.m., while Pa and Ma Helped entertain, with Sis, Both John and May in distant seats Were far apart, like this.

At 9 p.m., as Pa withdrew And sought his room upstairs, The lovers found some photographs And nearer brought their chairs.

At 10 p.m. Mamma decamped, And then, ye gods! What bliss! Those lovers sat till nearly one About as close as this.

—Puck.

Cateau Breddon de Watters — You can quit drinking whenever you want to, can't you, my friend?

Bighurst—Yes, but I never want to quit till I'm full.—Chicago Tribune.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Woman.

As long as the adhered shall honor that Mrs. Hanna, better than to such a representation of the assembly. I regulate you up- nor never con- shekahn in this according to Sister Hanna, of the Sov- prouder mo- the sisters and the degree of ceremony was whom all love that never be- woman, and ve been more est of confer- woman was y, there was and Mrs. Han- ported to Des degree was eminent com- Odd Fellow- is old, but is lite hale and or of the de- was presented across at the suspended the diamonds.

Oldham, on on, the well harbanel, the of France, ace for one five hundred the fearful nel took the though only a time around, ace and wof on was very time was 1 lasgow Week- 13.

ge, the squaw discharged as brown today. That an in- ing house for aid, but that gful about it and one that