

Stroller's Column.

"Nigger Jim" Dougherty who is soon to leave for the outside for the purpose of recovering his failing health is one of the early Klondike men who will long be remembered. In '97 and '98 "Nigger Jim" was one of the most prominent figures in town, his famous "Pavilion" being the rendezvous of the high-class sporting talent who were accustomed to risk thousands on the turn of a card.

On the night of "Nigger Jim's" grand opening of the Pavilion, a sum approximating \$20,000 was spent over the bar, principally for wine, which brought \$40 for a "small hot."

Nigger Jim was famous also as a stamper, his greatest exploit in that particular connection being performed when he bought up the entire outfit of the Twelvemile roadhouse in order to prevent himself and party being followed to the scene of a new stampede.

Scores of people who sought accommodation were compelled to turn

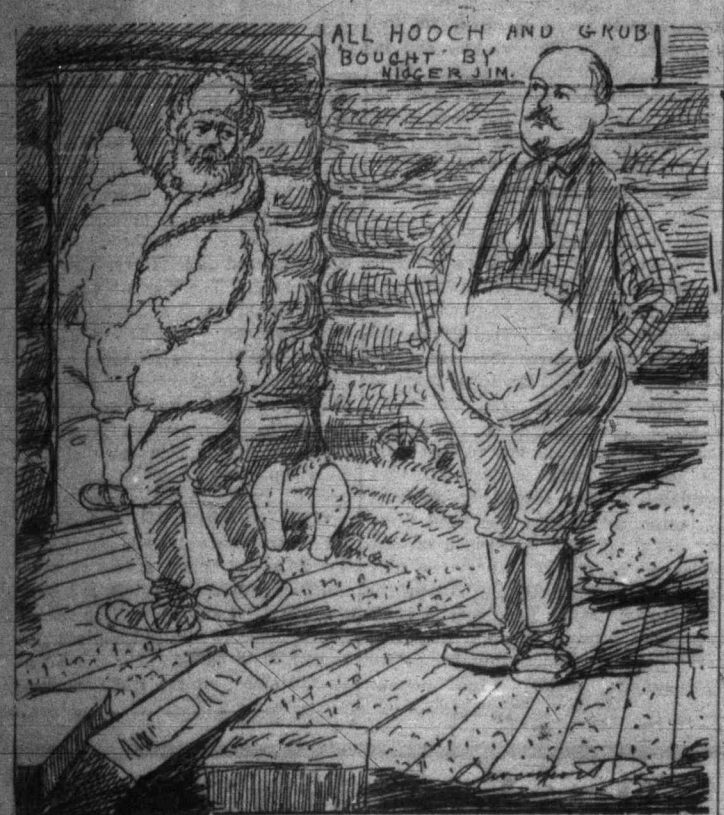
Macaulay men, in fact I might say that I was the original Macaulay man, and of course I expected to be landed in a soft snap just as soon as the election was over. Now then, nearly 8 months have gone by and still I am just as far away from realizing my ambition as ever.

I had expected to be appointed egg inspector but my friend Mike Stone has snatched that sinecure out of my grasp and it begins to look as though I am to be left out in the cold. I think that you might give me some advice that would help me out of my difficulty, and if so I would appreciate it very much. Enclosed please find postage stamp for reply. Yours truly,

P. Rennial Office-Seeker.

The Stroller receives many such letters as the above, but usually the writer has sufficient insight into human nature to enclose something substantial in the way of an inducement for the Stroller to exert himself.

In the present instance the Stroller



"NIGGER JIM'S STAMPEDE."

back as Nigger Jim had bought up everything in sight. That exploit was celebrated in the following lines, which appeared in the Nugget of Jan. 21, 1899:

THE BIG STAMPEDE.
 'Twas at the hour of midnight
 When the moon was hanging low,
 The northern light was flashing bright
 On the mountains deep with snow.
 That a cautious word went through the town
 And was whispered o'er each bar—
 That a Dawson man got a two-ounce pan
 Way down on Cassiar.

'Twas a stampede to Coal creek
 And down to Cassiar,
 And "Nigger Jim" was in the swim
 And was the guiding star.
 'Twas a stampede to Twelvemile;
 Did you get in with the push?
 With a whispered tip from a cautious lip
 And a malumete to mush.

The Eldorado kings were there
 With Stanley mashing on;
 And little Ramps with eagle lamps
 Saw the way the crowd had gone.
 He chased all the dogs in town,
 And got the push in trim;
 And with a few foot stride—he scorned
 To take after "Nigger Jim."

Some said Coal creek was the place;
 And some said Cassiar;
 And word went round that the richest ground
 Was Eldorado far.
 And all who had a malumete,
 And grub and grit and speed
 At the dead of night, by the pale moonlight,
 Went on the big stampede.

Dear Stroller—
 I am needing a job and needing it badly. Ever since the city election last winter I have been hanging around expecting some plum to fall my way but thus far nothing has dropped. I was one of the original

can only say that he does not wonder that his correspondent has never received a place.

Appreciation is all right in its way, but it will not stand off an account at the butcher shop, neither can it be discounted at Uncle Hoffman's. Even the stamp enclosed turns out to be an American stamp which must be sent to Seattle before the Stroller can realize on it, and close inspection of it leads to the suspicion that it has already been used once or twice.

The Stroller's advice to Mr. Office-Seeker is to take unto himself a tumble—in the language of the street to "get next." If he will spend the coming four months cultivating a knowledge of the rules and procedure of politics he may succeed better. But for the present he does not deserve any job. He couldn't hold one if he had it in his hands.

A lean and hungry appearing newspaper editor entered a local newspaper office recently and enquired for a paper of a date nearly three years old. Half an hour's search brought the desired copy to light and the attenuated individual proceeded to scan its columns very eagerly.

"Ah, I have it," said he finally after about ten minutes search and pointing to a short item, asked the manager of the paper for the use of the office shears.

Carefully clipping the article for what he had sought, the stranger folded it up and placed it in his vest pocket.

"As long as I don't want the whole paper I suppose you won't charge me anything," he remarked when the operation had been concluded.

The manager of the paper being suddenly taken with a choking fit was unable to reply and the lean and hungry one taking silence for consent proceeded calmly upon his way.

At Auditorium—Old Homestead.

The Nugget's facilities for burning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

Decay of Morals Causes a Plaint From the Dowager

Manners and customs of "ye olden time" and of the active present, were being discussed by the Dowager and the caller who had dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat with this dignified, patrician representative of days that are dead.

She spoke sadly. His voice expressed satisfaction, hopefulness.

"We are not so religious as we were when I was young," the Dowager was saying.

"We treat Sunday as a day of recreation, a holiday. We play golf or tennis, go boating or watering, and enjoy ourselves. In the old days we attended church, and stayed at home in the intervals between services and read our Bibles."

"We are less conventional, that is all," the man argued, as he sipped his tea with the air of a connoisseur. "We are as religious as were our fathers, even though we live in different fashions. One of the best proofs of this statement is in the increase of charitable undertakings with the years."

"A healthy mind in a healthy body" is our watchword, and in accordance with it we spend the hours after the morning service in the sunshine and in open air amusements. We are not less religious as a consequence."

The Dowager was not convinced. She shook her head mournfully, then woman-like continued her argument along a different line.

"In old days the English grande dame who set the fashions for her American sister was never seen abroad, except in her own carriage; her own carriage, mark you!"

"It at rare intervals she took a short walk, she was accompanied by a stately, powdered footman walking a few paces behind her."

"Thus she was sure of protection from annoyance."

"Now our smart women make their own way alone in the streets. They walk and even ride in hansoms. The fact of hiring a carriage is no longer considered a sordid economy, or even a social disgrace. English women now even ride in the omnibus. This plebeian conveyance has even become the fashion. I have seen some of our smartest girls riding on the roofs of these vehicles. I am sure the sight was enough to cause their grandmothers to turn unhappily in their graves."

"Do you know," protested the man, "I rather like to know the girls have independence enough to defy the old conventions, and take life simply and naturally."

"But surely you cannot approve of the fact that woman has gone into politics and business," protested the Dowager.

"And why not?" protested the man with laughter in his eyes.

"Note how much has been done in England by women who identified themselves with the interests and pursuits of men."

"Lady Tweedmouth and Lady Aberdeen work earnestly in the Liberal cause, and a bevy of well-known women labor in the interests of Conservatism."

"Many smart women are good accountants and first-rate house managers. They possess a fair amount of legal knowledge, and are both prompt and accurate in dealings with tradesmen and in the payment of their bills. Stocks and shares and the jargon of the money market are as familiar to them as their mother tongue."

"The clever woman of today seems able to hold her own with lawyers, stock-brokers and sometimes, alas! with money-lenders. On the whole, she is a wide-awake, progressive person. Education has done its work. Those whose heritage is wealth and a family tree have become more democratic, more large minded and practical; less inclined to pose as the 'salt of the earth' and the 'hills of the field.' All this is a big stride forward in the earth's progress."

The man stopped, breathless, after his peroration.

"The Dowager, still a brave old fighting figure, smiled, a trifle sarcastically."

"Granted you are right and I am wrong," she said softly. "When you marry, will she be a politician, a speculator, an acquaintance of the money-lender, or will she be an old-fashioned girl?"

The man laughed in reply, and mutely held his cup for more tea.

Old Homestead—at Auditorium.

Wonderful Engineering Feats....

In Lord Rosebery's recent speech at Stranraer he endorsed the proposed tunnel from Wales to Ireland, a distance of 25 miles under a deep and turbulent sea.

It's a big undertaking. Eight-mile holes in the ground are not unknown but even in these days such work as this is more than a nine days' wonder. Yet the engineering difficulties are not great. Once the capital of perhaps \$100,000,000 is provided. Working from both ends, construction parties can meet in the middle with a variation in level of but a few inches, and the tunnel would earn dividends.

Not that Wales has a monopoly of such schemes. From the Mull of Kintyre, Scotland, one can see Fair Head, Ireland, 12 miles away. Instead of a tunnel it has been proposed to throw a causeway across these troubled waves by casting into the sea a mountain from the mull, thus fulfilling the scriptural phrase: "The mountain is scenery, the causeway would pay cash. Besides the inevitable railroad it would support two rows of mills, their wheels turned by tides rushing through gaps left for the purpose. Ship passages would thread the dyke at intervals. If we learn to send electricity long distances, this power might also heat and light a good part of England and spare her waning coal supply."

Canal digging is an ancient and simple art. Get men and shovels enough and the thing is done. The first Suez canal was dug by the Pharaohs; that of Corinth was begun by Nero. The Chinese grand canal is the largest in the world—600 miles—about as many years old, and of course out of repair.

Nowadays canals are dug by steam shovels. But for all the "devil's greed in biting off a ton at a mouthful, artificial waterways cost more every year. They have to be so much bigger. The original Erie canal in New York state cost a little over \$7,000,000 for 352 miles. That sum was exceeded ten times over in improvements and enlargements. The Manchester ship canal, 30 miles cost a million a mile, or about \$300 per running foot, where the Erie cost four dollars per foot. The Suez canal, 88 miles, cost a hundred millions.

If Uncle Sam accepts the French company's offer and for \$40,000,000 buys the French rights in Panama and puts \$200,000,000 in good money on top of de Lesseps' \$300,000,000 of bad money, that great ditch will have cost in all \$1,800 per foot.

The German emperor is pushing a big project. Northern Prussia is a vast, level plain through which sluggish rivers creep toward the North sea. By connecting these at the head of navigation by canals valuable "short cuts" will be provided. When completed the system will have cost \$66,000,000. It should be finished in 15 years.

More than 200 years ago Louis XIV. of France linked the Atlantic

and the Mediterranean by the Languedoc canal of 148 miles, saving 2,000 miles of the Gibraltar route from Marseilles. Modern French engineers are ready to make his work wide and deep enough to admit a warship. The saving of time in peace would be considerable; in war French craft could dodge back and forth, while an enemy must take the long way round. The cost would be \$200,000,000.

More gigantic than any other world railway projected is Cecil Rhodes' "Cape to Cairo" project, interrupted by the Boer war, but certain to be pushed now that it is over. Egypt is building her railroad up the Nile. To meet it from the south there is already a road from Cape Town to Mafeking, and another just built from the east coast to Uganda, the country Livingston found behind Lake Victoria Nyanza—and a fine lake it is, as big as our Superior, and the real source of the Nile.

What a building it was! On one section in Uganda a big lion ate so many tracklayers that the survivors struck work and covered in their camps trembling at every sound. The engineers had to drop their theodolites for rifles, to break up the injunction his lionship placed on the building. To work on this line Chinese and Hindoo coolies were imported; but they died so fast in the malarial climate that the company had to catch and tame natives to do the work.

It is anticipated that the difficulty which bars Rhodes' road has been practically overcome, though the good will of the Kaiser, German East Africa backs up against the Congo Free State, and from one of the other permission must be obtained to join the Nile and Uganda lines in a straightaway course of 5,000 miles. The cost of the portion yet unbuild may be \$100,000,000. No one knows.

On any old map of Holland a big body of water is marked "Haarlem Meer," or sea. Later maps don't show it, for the excellent reason that it isn't there. It has been turned into dry land—dry enough, at any rate, to grow 40 feet below sea level, to supply half the world with Edam cheese and to feed the finest of Holstein cattle.

When Queen Wilhelmina is a middle aged woman the Zuyder Zee will also have disappeared. Dutch engineers are planning to drain it, leaving only canals for local shipping. The sea is 80 miles long by 10 to 40 wide. The work will cost \$70,000,000; the value of the land obtained will double that sum.

Truly, it is an age on wonders. And yet—

Not one of these works, nor all of them together, could equal the wonder of the pyramids of Egypt, put up without modern machinery. So let's not brag too much; only just about enough.

How to Handle Developing Papers.

In two years' experience with developing papers one picks up many facts which, if plainly stated for the benefit of others, may save them a great many failures and disappointments. There are two principles demonstrated to me in my experience with this class of photographic paper—which lie at the base of the whole matter. The first is the exposure, the second proper development and fixing. Perhaps the greatest proportion of failures result from improper exposure. The best way to insure success, no matter what the printing light, is to test each and every negative with strips of paper before attempting full-sized prints. Lay the strip on the negative so as to cover the most critical parts, the highest light and the darkest shadow. Make a trial exposure and develop. Do not proceed to regular printing until an exposure which brings out the details in the whites without forcing is decided on. With the slow or carbon emulsions the development should be completed in from 15 to 25 seconds; any forcing beyond this time will most certainly degrade the values of the whites, giving yellow or brownish effects, says "Camera and Dark Room." If the exposure necessary to bring out the details in the high lights in twenty-five seconds is such as to over-expose the whole picture so that it develops to black, one should use the quick or portrait emulsion, because that will bring out the details from the dense parts of the negative without too great exposure of the shadows. Do not make the fatal mistake of trying to print all sorts of negatives on one sort of paper. Most amateur negatives are made in strong light with snapshot speeds, and developed in strong developer for contrast until the lights get very dense, the shadows remaining without sufficient detail. These, when printed on carbon paper, will give startling contrasts, which are far from artistic. If one intends to use carbon paper as a standard, the negatives must be made soft by dilution of the developer or the use of metal; for the denser negatives carry a little rough paper, which is the best. By making soft plates, particularly by the use of metal alone for snapshots, one can easily print almost all the subjects on the heavy paper with satisfactory

results. But whatever the character of the negative, do not try to force a print. If the precaution of determining the exact exposure to the light used is taken one need never lose a single sheet of paper from insufficient printing. It is better to tear a sheet of 4x5 paper into three strips and use them all in tests, than it is to print the whole sheet and have to throw it away because the whites are yellow or the blacks dirty in tone.

Do not depend on ready-made developers if you wish to do really good work. Buy a pound each of the very best sulphate and carbonate of soda you can obtain (the kind that comes in glass bottles preferred), and an ounce each of metol and hydroquinone, some pure potassium bromide, a small pair of scales weighing grains and drams, and some glycerine. Get some large bottles with wide mouths. In thirty ounces of hot water dissolve at the same time one and one-half ounces carbonate crystals. After they are thoroughly dissolved add exactly seven grains of bromide, then, together, ninety grains hydroquinone and twenty-four grains of metol. The last two will overexpose when they are put in, but nothing is injured thereby. When all are thoroughly dissolved add one-half ounce glycerine, and filter. Keep in well corked bottles filled to the neck. The developer can be very nicely adjusted to any lot of paper by slight changes in the amount of metol and of bromide. The proportions given above work perfectly on both Argo and carbon Cyko, of many different emulsions. Dilute with an equal volume of water for portrait papers. In developing it is of the highest importance not to overwork the developing solution. If the plan of brushing the developer on with a wide camel-hair brush is adopted, pour out a small quantity only at one time. I prefer dissolving with about four ounces for four by five, covering the paper at once and completely. As soon as the slightest sign of degradation of the blacks is evident take a fresh portion of developer. There is little danger of yellowing the whites with this formula, for the glycerine seems to have a slight restraining action, and the omission of this ingredient makes a great difference in the purity of the

tone. Still, do not force, because the delightful quality of the blacks will surely be destroyed by overdevelopment. Correct printing and quick development is the infallible rule for carbon emulsions. For portrait paper expose so that development will be complete in about forty seconds. Remember that the test is the appearance of the details in the high lights, and expose long enough to bring these out as far as possible without carrying the tone of the whole picture too far toward the dark. It is absolutely essential to use the acid fixing bath recommended by the paper manufacturers. The formula is so easily accessible that I will not include it here. There is one point, however, that I have discovered. If the bath is deficient in sulphite of soda it will decompose on standing, throwing down sulphur as fine white or yellow precipitate. Use plenty of sulphite, then, and not too much alum. Be sure to rinse the prints thoroughly and quickly before putting them in the bath, keep them in motion for a few seconds, and don't leave them in too long in water. The bath must be kept strictly acid with acetic acid, and to prevent evaporation it is well to keep it in another of the large wide-mouthed bottles, well stoppered. Don't use the bath too long. If you have reason to suspect it, try fixing a plate.

With attention to these principles and the details given in the instruction sheets there is no reason why anyone cannot produce perfect pictures on developing papers.

Should Help Trade

New York, Sept. 9. — The Anglo-Chinese treaty is hailed as a signal triumph for British diplomacy, and Sir James Mackay's achievement in persuading the Chinese government to strike off the heaviest fetters that have hitherto impeded foreign commerce with the Celestial empire is lauded to the skies, says a London dispatch to the Tribune.

It is fully recognized, however, that the abolition of the likin cannot become an accomplished fact without the concurrence of all the powers. Russia has not yet disclosed her hand. Her commercial interests in China are considerable, and she may object to any arrangement which would be principally for the benefit of England. Certainly, whatever Russia does will be fully supported by France. On the other hand, the advantage to all nations of having important commercial relations with China is manifest, and no opposition is anticipated from America or Germany.

It is hoped that Russia and France will consider the treaty on its merits and not allow economic reform to be blocked by any of the difficulties and jealousies which are only too apt to make the European concert inharmonious and ineffective. But even assuming that all the powers approve of Sir James Mackay's agreement, the task of carrying it out cannot fail to be one of immense difficulty.

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