

York's Famous Zoo

best out of the Sports- one must be a sports- matters of fly casting, when it comes to guns their canoes alongside. Canoeing is fun—but canoeing with a live Indian in buckskin and beads and feathers! Could anything outside of a story book beat that?

One chubby little five-year-old in a resplendent Russian coat and white cap beckoned to an Indian valiantly; but, when the canoe headed toward him, clutched his French nurse desperately and made round O's with his eyes, and his mouth. The nurse lifted him into the canoe and climbed in herself.

The little man kept a tight hold on her hand, but never took his eyes from the Indian. Not a thing did he see on the shore as they went glidingly.

The trapper cleaning a gory skin in front of his cabin made the nurse shudder, but the small boy didn't see him. In all the wide world there existed for him nothing save the impassive figure plying the paddle.

When the ride was over the laddie came back to earth long enough to protest against getting out, and they started on another round, the wide blue eyes in the round, chubby face still staring in lamination at the Indian. The boy had loosed his hold on the nurse's hand. His own pudgy little hands were clasping his fat little knees. He had forgotten to be afraid, but he was ecstatically happy.

Again and again the boat came back to the landing. The youngster would not budge. The nurse shrugged her shoulders and bought more tickets.

For exactly one hour and a half they rode round and round the strip of water, and even the Indian relaxed into a smile; while the on-lookers pointed out the small boy and laughed. He never knew it. At last the nurse insisted upon going home.

"Whatever will your mamma say, Master Eddie?" she scolded, as she pulled down his coat skirt and settled his hat. "Two dollars for boat rides."

Master Eddie wrinkled his small brow.

"Don't bother," he said sternly. "I'm finkin'."

He was still traversing primeval forest streams in company with a wild Indian.

Some of the children haven't his fine imagination and are over-critical. One small boy leaned over the railing and talked to the Sun reporter.

"Say," he asked confidentially, "do you believe they're real Indians? On the dead now, do yer, or are they only white folks painted and dressed up? They ain't like Buffalo Bill's Indians. Their noses ain't right and their cheeks ain't right. They might be just anybody."

He was relieved to know they were real, but he doesn't think much of the Penobscot and Ojibway types.

There's a little Indian boy, aged 5, who fills the hearts of the white youngsters with envy. He's a mere scarp of a boy, but he has a knife—such a knife.

It is almost as big as the boy, and its blade is long and shiny. It is sharp too, for its owner sits in front of the tent and whittles splendid big shavings from beautiful soft sticks. A whole group of boys stood looking enviously across the water, the other morning, and commenting on the joys of Indian life.

"Gee, ain't that a knife," said one. "I expect he's had one ever since he could hold anything. They train them that way. I bet he's got a tomahawk too, and it won't be no time till he'll be shooting things and cutting them up. I tell you that's the way to do—no learnin' arithmetic and spellin' and things."

The oldest Indian girl is pretty. She knows it. In her simple Ojibway fashion she flirts with any one from a guide to a Willy boy.

The Ojibway fashion seems to be much like that in vogue on Fifth avenue and on Broadway, with, perhaps a little of the emphasis of the Grand street variety; but in conjunction with flowing black hair and a bright, Indian face, and picturesque Indian garbs it has a charm of its own, and most of the men about the show turn smiling faces to the girl.

Her younger sister is more conservative with her smiles and friendliness. They are for Mene, the Esquimau boy, and no one else. Mene is shy, but that doesn't make any difference. The small Pocahontas is friendly enough for two and the couple have good times together and pose for their photographs on an average of twice every five minutes.

Mene had troubles of his own one day last week. He was invited to have his picture taken with the young musk ox and being an obliging

lad he got into his fur Esquimau toggery and went into the iron cage or stall where Olive, the musk ox lodges.

Olive is a good natured brute and she hadn't any objection to Mene. Perhaps the fact that they both hailed from Arctic lands gave her some sense of kinship with him. She looked him over, smelled him carefully and then ignored him.

Julius Friesser, her keeper, tried to explain to her that she must have her photograph taken. The photographer went into the cage and set up his tripod and camera. He wanted the musk ox at the other end of the little pen.

She wouldn't go. She was interested in the photographer. In vain did Mene and Mr. Friesser use every will and blandishment. In vain did they offer her carrots. She took the carrots and wandered back to the camera.

Whenever the photographer stepped out and tried to dictate a pose, Olive rushed him and he skipped nimbly behind his camera.

"It's not that I'm afraid," he explained to the gazing crowd, "but I would hate to have her hurt my camera."

It wasn't logical, but what is logic in dealing with an opinionated musk ox? A score of times Mene coaxed the shaggy little brute to the right place and struck an attitude beside her. Before the photographer could get to work, Olive invariably wheeled around and presented an uncompromising back view.

She seemed to take a positive joy in the manoeuvre. Mene stood sweating in his furs. The photographer lost his temper. Finally they gave it up.

The crowd drifted away. Mr. Friesser, who had been generally unperturbed, rubbed the shaggy head as it fished around his pockets for apples. He and Olive understand each other, and it's a great thing for the only musk ox in captivity to have a friend who understands her.

"She doesn't pose very well," the friend said laughingly, "but she's very feminine for all that. She likes to show off, and she loves a crowd. She enjoys this sort of thing on that account."

"But doesn't she get lonesome without any of her own kin?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, no. She was only four months old when Capt. Bodfish got her, you know, and she and I are good company for each other."

"The only times I've seen her unhappy have been when I've taken her out in the snow. I suppose it stirred up something in her blood. She sniffed and sniffed and threw back her head, gave long queer calls—for her mates, I suppose. When I took her back indoors she seemed unhappy."

It was a pathetic picture, that lone little musk ox, the only captive of its kind, standing in the snow of a Chicago backyard and calling across a continent to its kin in the frozen land, the kin it could not remember, but of which something in its blood spoke when it sniffed the snow and ice.

And there was a touch of sentiment, too, in the picture Mene and Olive made in the narrow pen with the camera trained upon them and a gaping crowd standing round. Both exiles from the same land, both novel shows among strangers, but Mene can read and write English and says he is happy. Olive says nothing, but seems content save when the snow calls her.

There's one animal in the show that is distinctly unhappy. That's the Axis deer. He's a beauty, but admiration cannot soothe him, and he trots restlessly around his pen, making sudden little darts toward the netting, as though bound to break through and escape.

Here is more sentiment. The deer wants his wife and baby. He's father to a wonderful leggy little baby at the Central Park Zoo, and he hasn't been allowed to have even a glimpse of the infant.

Moreover, Mme. Axis is obliged to stay at the Zoo and look after the baby. Her mate considers that if the managers of the Sportsmen's Show had hearts in their bosoms, if they ever had been fathers themselves they wouldn't keep him away from his family. He raves against their lack of consideration.

He has always had a fine temper of his own. Olive, the musk ox, was installed next to him when the show opened, but he hated her with a deadly hatred, and resented her presence so hotly that they had to move her to the other side of the island.

The bull elk had a temper, too, until he took pneumonia and was chastened by illness. Now the only fighting rival of the Axis is the white pheasant.

He's a mighty fighter, that pheasant, and a swaggering, bullying family man, and about once a day there is a scrap in the white pheasant cage that is worth the price of admission. All white pheasants, it seems, are fighters. Game birds are

often crossed with them to gain the fighting strain.

Now the mate of the white bully is something of a fighter herself, but she'll put up with almost anything for the sake of a quiet life. Her mate chases her and pecks at her and claws at her, and bullies her hour after hour, and she scuttles meekly around without an effort at self-defence, but finally she reaches the limit of her patience.

Then she turns and makes a stand and gives the bully a fight worthy of any hero. As often as not, she wipes up the cage with him, and though there's no quarter on either side, he seems to take a certain joy in being done up by a member of his own family.

Oh, there's plenty of individuality in the Sportsmen's Show exhibits if one has time and interest to look for it.—New York Sun.

The Happy Farmer.
Oh, the happy, happy farmer, who lives seven miles from town, Has no furnace in the basement that must now be shaken down?

He doesn't have to hurry out to catch the train and then Work behind a desk and worry as the slave of other men;

No superior berates him for the small mistakes he makes, He is not denied employment for some little rule he breaks, And he needn't, when he's weary from the duties of the day, Hurry to some distant station, dodging footpads on the way.

Oh, the happy, happy farmer, he just hustles out of bed And goes, shivering, for the kindling, which he chops out in the shed?

Then, while maw is getting breakfast he runs out to milk the cows And to pry the frozen hay up from dusty, dusty mows!

Oh, he milks away at Bossy, and his hands are cracked and sore, But he thinks with kindly pity of the pale clerk in the store, And he carries down the horses and at last, all hairy, goes In to breakfast with the odor of the stable in his nose!

Oh, the happy, happy farmer doesn't have to pay a cent To a landlord who is heartless when he comes to claim his rent!

The luckless clerk is worried when some other man than he Is promoted to a station where he knows he ought to be, And his wife—his poor wife—nags him just because she cannot fly To a perch beside some neighbor who is roosting rather high;

He must walk an aisle from morning till they close the doors at night And goes home to find the water in the laundry frozen tight.

Oh, the happy, happy farmer wades in snow up to his knees Out to where the wintry demons have been overturning trees, And he chops and nearly freezes while the mad wind howls away, And the echoes of his mauling ring among the trees all day!

The snow gets in his boot-tops, and the frost bites at his ears, While the noises he produces are the only sounds he hears, And at night he thaws the pump loose and goes out to do the chores, Where the snow in long, thin ridges filters through the stable doors.

Oh, the happy, happy farmer, what a careless life he leads! Instead of always buying, he just raises what he needs, His neighbors don't ignore him if he's not as rich as they, All he has to do is work to keep the old gray wolves away, The coal man and the plumber never crowd him to the wall, He just keeps forever paying for farm implements, that's all, And at night he needn't dress and blow three dollars for the treat Of beholding a performance that's worth fifty cents a seat.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

New Railroad.
Nanaimo, B. C., March 24. — A deputation from the local board of trade has waited upon the provincial government a second time in the interests of a railway from this city to Alberni on the other side of Vancouver island. They were ably assisted this time by G. A. Hull, ex-M. P. of Alberni, who, representing the citizens of that place, spent several days in Victoria pushing the scheme of a railway from Nanaimo to Comox by way of Alberni.

The government has now promised to put a surveying party in the field just as soon as the weather will permit of it. This party will report upon the feasibility of the route.

The trade of Alberni, which is fast becoming a very important mining center, will be considerable. With direct communication between Seattle and Nanaimo by means of steam-

boat, which is now being agitated in both cities, this important mining centre would, if a railway line were constructed, be brought within very easy reach of Seattle.

In Kentucky.
Henderson, Ky., March 23. — A fatal shooting occurred at Corydon, this county, today, in which G. W. Pritchett was killed, and John Bellow, a farmer, fatally wounded. Bad blood existed between the two men

over business, and when they met on the streets today Pritchett shot Bellow and Bellow shot Pritchett.

With a bullet through his heart Pritchett fired the third shot at Bellow, but missed. Pritchett then fell and expired. Pritchett was one of the wealthiest men of the section. He was an extensive tobaccoist. The coroner's verdict exonerated Bellow.

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