

AFTER DEER IN MAINE

What it Costs New York Sports

Could Come and Hunt Mastodon in the Klondike for Less Money.

Several thousands of men, each armed with a rifle, went into the woods looking for deer. Some of them have already brought down their game, and all may succeed if they only stay in the woods long enough and know how to keep quiet and to shoot straight at the right place.

There are in the woods of Maine, according to the best estimates, not over 100,000 deer, and of these 10,000 will be killed between now and the 15, to which date the open season extends.

This loss will be made up by natural increase, so that at the beginning of the shooting season of 1901 there will be just as many deer as there were for the sportsmen to shoot at.

It is said that 10,000 men from other states come into Maine every year to hunt the moose and the deer, and that this army of gunners spends in the state not less than \$1,000,000—some statisticians say \$1,500,000.

For every deer killed by a non-resident it is estimated that \$100 is expended in hotel and railroad bills, the pay of guides, etc., and for every moose killed \$500 or more.

In fact, Maine gets more money from her big game than from some of her prominent industries.

To perpetuate this source of revenue the state has framed many laws for the protection of the big game, but spends comparatively few dollars in the enforcement of those laws.

The annual appropriation for the protection of game and the propagation of fish is but \$25,000 to \$30,000, and by far the greater part of this goes to the fish.

The farmers in the legislature cannot be induced to put up any cent for game protection, taking the view that to spend more would be to rob the people's money for the benefit of a lot of sportsmen from the big cities.

The fact that the state gets at least \$1,000,000 a year out of the hunting sportsmen seems to be quite overlooked by the legislators.

The administration of the fish and game laws is in the hands of three commissioners, who are assisted by a staff of wardens and about 1,800 registered guides. The commissioners and the wardens are paid by the state, while the guides get about \$3 a day from the sportsmen who employ them and are useful to the state in reporting the amount of game killed by those whom they employ and in preventing the spread of disease in the timber.

The guides are supposed to be obedient to the laws and to see that, so far as the parties they guide are concerned, the laws are obeyed. Except in a very few instances, the guides have been faithful to the trust reposed in them and have been of valuable assistance to the commissioners.

The need of money with which to pay more wardens has led to a proposition for the levying of a tax upon non-resident hunters, and the matter will be decided by the legislature next winter. A license fee of \$10 a season for all visiting sportsmen is suggested, and that would yield a revenue sufficient not only to maintain a very efficient corps of wardens, but also to reimburse the long-suffering farmers of Maine for the crops eaten up by the voracious deer some time.

Some object to the imposition of a tax, saying that it would keep many sportsmen away from Maine, but to the friends of the measure reply that a sportsman who would stay away on account of a \$10 tax would not be a very profitable visitor, anyway.

In New Brunswick and in some of the American states a tax is imposed upon hunters, and it is likely that Maine will adopt the plan.

Last year 3,883 deer and 259 moose were brought down to Bangor from the country north and east of the city—around Moosehead lake, the east and west branches of the Penobscot and Aroostook country—and the average for eight years past has been 3,710 deer and 158 moose.

The region referred to is the greatest hunting ground in Maine, the east coast section comprising the regions of Hancock and Washington. The Hangeley lake region is next in importance.

close of the shooting season of 1901. This is accounted for by the fact that, as declared by Commissioner Carleton, there was more killing of deer last summer than in any season since the state began to protect the game.

Some of this poaching was done by natives, but a good deal of it is laid to fishermen from out of the state who came early in the year and had rifles as well as poles in their outfit.

As for the moose, it is said that there has been no increase in the number of those animals, but that they have scattered over a much greater territory than usual. Moose hunting has already begun in New Brunswick.

A good many people are killed or wounded every year in the woods by careless or excitable hunters, and to discourage this reckless shooting the following law was passed two years ago: "Whoever, while on a hunting trip, or in the pursuit of wild game or game birds, negligently or carelessly shoots and wounds or kills any human being shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding 10 years or by fine not exceeding \$1,000."

The man who takes every moving object to be a deer is already abroad in the land, and several persons have been wounded. Several persons have been killed last year, but as yet none of the reckless gunners have been sent to prison.—New York World.

WANT TO LYNCH.

Member of Their Own Race the Intended Victim.

Wynne, Ark., Oct. 29.—Mary, Sophie and Minnie Gibson, aged 17, 12 and 19 respectively, daughters of Thomas Gibson, a prosperous negro farmer, were killed, and one of them was the victim of a criminal assault, at their home near here. A posse, composed of whites and negroes, is now on the track of the murderer.

The murders occurred while Gibson was away. When he returned all three girls were dead. The bodies of two of the girls, with their heads crushed, lay in the house, while that of the third girl, terribly mutilated, was found in the yard. The third victim had been subjected to the most atrocious indignities.

David Cross, an old negro, was arrested and confessed he had witnessed the killing, which he declared was committed by a negro named Johnson.

Later Cross confessed to the triple murder and outrage and was placed in jail. Late tonight, a mob composed exclusively of negroes formed with the avowed purpose of taking the prisoner from the officers by force and hanging him. The sheriff and his deputies, becoming alarmed at the increasing proportions of the mob, spirited Cross into the woods, where they are now in hiding.

TIED UP SHERIFF.

Then Loot the Bank and Secure the Cash.

Gardner, Ill., Oct. 29.—Six men blew open the vault of the Exchange National bank here early today and took several thousand dollars. They seized Town Marshal Edmondson at the engine house, tied him up with ropes, took him to the bank and set him in a chair. The marshal is the only policeman and everybody else was asleep.

The vault was blown open with dynamite, and the inside of the bank was wrecked. The robbers are supposed to have secured between \$2,000 and \$4,000, although the exact amount is not known. After leaving the bank they took the marshal to the schoolhouse and tied him to a chair and put a rope around his neck. The chair was placed at the head of a stairway, so that if he struggled to release himself he would fall down stairs and hang himself. The robbers took a train which left at 4:40 for Chicago.

Made a Rich Hunt.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 29.—The boldest bank robbery of recent years in Iowa occurred at Prairie City yesterday. The robbers dynamited the safe of the Iowa State Bank and stole an amount approximating \$4,000. They exchanged a fusillade of shots with officers and escaped. Night Watchman Erskine discovered four men approaching the bank at 1 o'clock. One of the men cornered him and kept him covered with a rifle for three hours, while another broke open the bank door and worked on the safe. The other two men patrolled the street, and by a system of signals were able to hold at bay several citizens who were attracted to the scene. Five dynamite charges were discharged by the man in the bank before he succeeded in getting to the cash box.

The sum stolen was mostly in silver. At 4 o'clock the robbers left the bank and disappeared, after having fired several shots to terrify those who had seen them. Watchman Erskine opened fire on them, and narrowly escaped death from a return bullet. A general alarm was given and a posse quickly formed and is now on the trail. Bloodhounds are being used.

Hi—Oh! Then you confess that you were wrong. She—Er—well I confess that you were right.

Sweet as a nut—Swift's Winchester Bacon.

Job printing at Nugget office.

IS AN OLD OLD STORY

Of an Old Favorite Dear to Memory

It is the History of "The Bohemian Girl" Whom You Will Shortly Meet.

Everyone will be going to the opera tomorrow night, for it stands to reason that the production of more ambitious compositions cannot fail to be even more successful than were the two operas essayed by the local amateurs last season.

"The Bohemian Girl" was the one production of Ballo which some of our burlesqued and de-powdered grandmothers best liked, and also their daughters. Everyone has heard of it. The title itself has become more than a household word; it has become a memory suggestive of purest pleasure. Most people have seen and heard it, and are familiar with its songs and with its characters.

Too much, however, cannot be said of such a popular composition. Let us, therefore, provide you with the argument of the piece, so that you may refresh your memory this evening for the great treat of tomorrow evening.

The opera is founded on a ballet called "La Gipsy," derived from Cervantes' tale "Preciosa." Its action is as follows: Count Arnheim, loyal to the Austrian empire, entertains certain guests at his castle, where they raise the national standard above the emperor's statue; the count meanwhile extolling a soldier's life. The guests depart for the chase without him, his daughter, Arline, a child six years old, accompanying them with her nurse. Thaddeus, an exiled Polish rebel, enters seeking refuge, which he finds in the company of a tribe of passing gypsies, who disguise him by order of their leader, Devilsfoot, just in time to escape his pursuers.

The huntsmen, with Florence, a foolish nephew of Count Arnheim, return in terror with the tidings that Arline is attacked by a stag; Thaddeus rushes to her assistance, and restores her unhurt to the count, whose gratitude induces him to invite the apparent gypsy to join the feast of rejoicing. At this feast Arnheim proposes the emperor's health, which is declined boldly by Thaddeus, whose life is in danger by this act, but he is protected by the count. Devilsfoot, however, who has shared the republican enthusiasm of Thaddeus, is arrested and confined in the castle. He escapes, and is seen by the distracted company bearing away in his arms Arline, whose abduction suggests his revenge.

In act II, twelve years have been passed in sorrow by the count; the gypsies are stationed at Presburg ready for a fair, led still by Devilsfoot, who catches and robs Florestein, an incautious intruder. The Gipsy Queen, however, commands the restoration of his property. Devilsfoot obeys, but reserves a diamond medalion for himself. Arline, reared among the gypsies and tenderly loved by Thaddeus, wakes from a sleep and relates a strange dream, which Thaddeus knows is retrospective. She asks the history of her birth, which he hesitates to relate, fearing lest her love should leave him. The Gipsy Queen who also loves Thaddeus now irritates Arline into jealousy, whereupon Thaddeus implores her to marry him.

Their betrothal is witnessed by the tribe, who now set out for the fair. Here Arline attracts hosts of admirers, amongst them Florestein, who suddenly recognizes his medalion on Arline's neck, where it had been cunningly placed by the Gipsy Queen. In spite of Thaddeus and the tribe, she is seized and conveyed to the count's castle. Here an accident reveals to the father that the prisoner is his child.

Thaddeus implores Arline (Act III) in a secret interview not to desert him, but the count spurns the supposed vagabond, and Arnheim is induced to give his daughter to the noble exile. At the feast in their honor, the Gipsy Queen with Devilsfoot directs the shot which strikes her who aimed it. The festival proceeds to commemorate the happy fortunes of the Bohemian Girl.

The scene is laid in Presburg, and its romantic neighborhood.

Strathcona's Letter

London, Nov. 4.—The Standard quotes a letter which Lord Strathcona addresses to the English press as evidence of the fact that the Canadian policy of opening the doors to Britain had been followed by a large extension of commerce, though there is still ample room for improvement in an increase of British exports. In this published letter Lord Strathcona invites merchants and importers anxious to extend Anglo-Canadian trade to correspond with him. He suggests that consumers ask for Canadian products among the many kinds offered them.

One Hundred Years Ago

From the Times of Oct. 15, 1892, reproduced in the Times of Oct. 15, 1902.

It is a great pity that so many well-disposed persons should misapprehend our old sports, instead of regulating and conforming them to their original institution. The cruelty of the amusements of the vulgar may, perhaps, be ascribed to the absence of the gentry, who have forsaken them for the refinements of the town. That the sentiments of Sir Richard Hill and other gentlemen equally respectable, with regard to bull-baiting, etc., have any political motive, we do not venture to insinuate; but that if they had obtained the concurrence of parliament, they must have had a political effect, we shall not scruple to assert. It is a curious circumstance that the book of sports was put forth by the pious Charles the First, and that his profligate son passed the law for the better observance of Sunday!

The old stock exchange and premises belonging, which formerly would have netted about £10,000 at a sale, were sold on Wednesday for £3,100.

Rosebery on Home Rule

Edinburgh, Nov. 3.—Lord Rosebery speaking at a crowded meeting here, welcomed the suggestion of a conference between the Liberal leaders. He said he was willing to promote to the utmost in his power the success of such a proposal. He, however, reiterated his abnegation of home rule, and said he did not see any prospect of the Liberals coming into power in the near future. He believed that as a matter of policy—the government might give the Boers more money, and he declared that if he had been premier he would have made Lord Kitchener secretary of state for war.

Lord Rosebery further said it was the duty of the Liberals to remove any possible belief from the minds of the Irish that any independent parliament or anything leading up thereto could be entertained by Great Britain. He was willing to admit that it would be well if there could be developed, from the basis of local bodies, a scheme applicable to England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, which would relieve parliament of business relating to purely domestic concerns. Mr. Redmond's recent announcement that in future the settlement of the Irish land problem must take precedence over home rule, said Lord Rosebery, had quite changed the character of the Irish question. A hopeful sign, he added, was that Ireland seemed to have progressed towards the idea of a conference between landlords and tenants.

See Mrs. Boyes as "Arline" in the opera "Bohemian Girl" at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Ask your grocer for Swift's Winchester Bacon.

CORBETT'S NEW FAD

In His Training for Jim Jeffries

Walks on His Hands to Strengthen His Fingers—Got Scheme From an Acrobat.

James J. Corbett, who says that he will fight Jim Jeffries at the close of his forthcoming theatrical season, has introduced a new and unique feature into his daily training. It consists of standing on his hands, or rather his stiffened fingers, twice daily for as long as he can stand the strain.

No one has ever questioned the fact that Jim Corbett is the cleverest heavyweight, considering only footwork and sparring, that the prize ring has seen, but it always has been contended that he cannot win against a man with the hitting and recuperative powers of Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, because he hasn't the punch which counts the fatal 10 seconds.

Corbett, also, to a certain degree, has admitted this—not that he hasn't the capacity and muscles for hard hitting, but the bones of his hands are so tender that they cannot stand the crash which accompanies a heavy weight's knockout blow. In several of his hard fights, notably the last battle with Jeffries, Corbett's hands have been in a pitiable condition and caused him excruciating pain before the fight was over.

Of course, it is impossible for a man of Corbett's age to do aught that will result in a strengthening of the bones, for he is now past the time of life when one's bones grow and his frame already is knit. His object in taking this odd form of exercise is to develop his hands to such a superlative degree that the fingers and palms will be protected by as powerful a set of muscles as possible.

"Despite what people have said about me lacking the punch that does the business," said Corbett, "I can hit just as hard as Bob Fitzsimmons. But one punch with the full strength of my back and arm muscles, if it did not land on some vulnerable spot of my opponent, would effectually lose the fight for me, as I would be unable to use the same hand again for at least a month.

"Just look at my hand," continued Corbett, holding out a small, well-shaped fist which looked more like the hand of a business man than that

of a puglist, "look at that hand and you will see what I mean. Now, I have tried everything to strengthen it without avail. I used to rub shellac on my hands two or three times a day, hoping they would be hardened thereby, but after a single experience I discovered that, though shellac will harden the skin—in fact, raise a crust of cuticle upon the fist—the bones are still practically as liable to injury as before. Bandages helped a bit, but they aren't thoroughly satisfactory.

"I got the idea of my new form of exercise from shaking hands with an acrobat quite recently. His grasp was wonderful, and it was apparent that he was not attempting to exert his strength on my hand for the purpose of showing it. The development of his hand, too, was marvelous. I never saw anything like it.

"How in the world did you get such a hand?" I asked.

"It comes," he said, "from standing and walking on my hands. I make a specialty of this in my acrobatic act, and my hands have finally gotten so that they can stand more than an ordinary man's foot. I can hit that wall, for instance, a good stiff jolt without anything more than a slight shock."

"He hit the wall a passable punch to prove the truth of what he said."

"You must have tough bones," I remarked.

"No, no," he replied, "the bones don't count for much. It's the sinew and muscles grown hard as a rock that permit me to do it."

"That settled my mind," continued Corbett. "The hand-walking thing for me," I said, "immediately."

"I have been working now for some little time, and the change is marvelous. I don't want to make any rash statements, but I will say right now, if I can develop my hands to the condition that acrobat has reached with his I'll wager every cent in the world not only that I can lick Jeffries, but also that I will put the quietus on Bob Fitzsimmons as soon as he gives me the opportunity, in case Fitz re-enters the ring, as it is now said he will."

Make Good Rubies

Paris, Nov. 12.—The value of rubies is threatened with sensible diminution on account of the perfection to which the manufacture of artificial stones has been lately brought. Hitherto artificial rubies could be made that were on superficial examination apparently real. Examination with the microscope, however, revealed flaws and imperfections, but the Academy of Sciences today examined specimens of artificial stones manufactured by M. Verneuil that the members declared were superb in color and equal in purity and brilliancy to genuine rubies.

The process of production, which is partly by means of the blowpipe, is very costly.

Salt cured Winchester Bacon is the best.

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