

IS SOLID FOR ROSS Enthusiastic Meeting at Fortymile Speeches by Grant and Thornburn. Only One Voter for Clarke.

The supporters of James Hamilton Ross at Fortymile opened the campaign there on Monday evening with a large meeting. The date of the meeting had been advertised by the local committee and in consequence there was a large attendance of voters from the creeks in addition to those of the town. Two speechmakers were sent to the meeting by the central committee of Dawson, Ex-Mayor John Grant and William Thornburn, both of whom made stirring addresses.

Mr. Grant was the first to speak and he spoke at length of the past career of the people's candidate, comparing it with the career of Joe Clarke. He was warming up in his customary manner upon the latter point, when he pulled himself together, and said that Mr. Clarke not being present to answer him he would reserve the remainder for a meeting with the opposition candidate. The chairman then announced that the meeting was open to the supporters of the opposition to take the platform. Mr. Gillis, late an actor of Dawson, attempted a reply in denunciation of Mr. Clarke, but wandered from the subject in a general abuse of Sillars without much reference to the issues of the campaign.

Smallest Hansom Cab on Earth. So small is this hansom that it runs upon a set of ordinary bicycle wheels. Though perfectly constructed in every detail, the little vehicle is a trifle less than three feet in height. Only the very smallest ponies can fit between its slender shafts.

The hansom is doubtless the smallest carriage of its kind in the world. It is not, as might be imagined, a plaything for children, but was built especially for a curious little ape which travels with a circus in the west. Only the very smallest child could find room enough upon its narrow little plush-cushioned seat when the swinging glass doors have been folded in. Seated in this very elegant, if diminutive, vehicle, the little ape is driven every night into the ring where he performs.

A careful inspection of the toy hansom cab fails to reveal any variation from the conventional big one. The passenger who is small enough to crowd under its low roof first steps upon a little metal projection like that on any cab. The folding door is swung open, and a narrow seat extends across the cab within. It is not more than a foot wide. The doors may be swung to in the familiar manner, their glass tops affording the usual outlook. There is even the familiar scuttle in the top through which one may direct the driver.

Very Artful of Moses. A celebrated physician of Vienna one day received a telegram from Cracow requesting him to repair thither with all haste, as Moses Abrahamson was very ill and required advice. This Moses was known to be one of the richest men of his race. The doctor, who had an enormous practice and was very busy at the time, wired back:

"My fee will be two thousand florins."

A second despatch urged him to come without delay, but added that he might surely do it for less.

"Not a kreutzer less than two thousand florins," was the reply from Vienna, whereupon a final telegram came to hand directing the physician to start at once.

It was in the depth of winter and bitterly cold, so that the medical man was anything but pleased at the prospect of the long journey. But what was his disgust on being met at the Cracow railway station by a deputation of long-coated Polish Jews, bringing the tidings that he came too late, as Moses Abrahamson had died a few hours before!

As there was no train back to Vienna that night he was perforce compelled to put up for the night at an hotel.

Meantime the news of the great doctor's arrival had spread through the town, and sick people of every description, both Jews and Christians, besieged his door. The sight of so many afflicted persons touched his compassionate heart, and he freely gave them the advice they needed.

When he got to the station in the morning, and was about to step into the carriage, a Polish Jew came sidling up to him with a knowing smile on his face, and whispered in his ear:

"Moses Abrahamson isn't dead! He was among those patients whom you advised for nothing!"

TYRRELL'S HARD PULL Gets in From Eagle With Passengers

Floating Ice Too Heavy for Her Near the Coal Mine for Two Days.

The steamer Tyrrell, which got in yesterday noon, had a pretty tough time making the distance between Eagle and Fortymile on the return journey. She got up as far as the narrow neck near the coal mines, twelve miles below Fortymile, on Thursday night, and tried her best to push her way through. The ice piled up on her bows so heavily that she had to give it up.

On Friday morning she tried it again with the same result. In the afternoon she got a line on the point and that didn't work. It was then that Ben Downing, the mail carrier, Peabody the pilot, and Count Victor Kasselovitch started to mush it to Fortymile, and the Tyrrell picked them up there the next day.

Ben had lots of fun along the trail, joshing the count upon his new role of roadhouse keeper, the count having purchased the Twenty-six-mile roadhouse from Eli, who was last year the right hand man of Ben Downing, and is this year the mail carrier between here and Eagle.

After they left the steamer the captain managed to get a line from the colliery and snubbed up past it. But he never made any attempt to move the big scow of coal that was there waiting for him.

At Fortymile the Tyrrell took on seven passengers, and among them were Mr. Griffin, the agent of the N. A. T. & T. Co., Mr. Gaskins, John Grant and William Thornburn; from Eagle the passengers were Mrs. Tom O'Brien, Mrs. Bucholtz, Ben Downing and Count Victor.

Boers Among Germans. Berlin, Oct. 9.—It developed today that the Boer generals declined, in a telegraphic message, to seek presentation to Emperor William through the British ambassador, and the fact has produced an extraordinary commotion among politicians and courtiers. No later than last Monday the foreign office received a message from the generals announcing that they had not the slightest objection to applying for an interview through British channels, and it was even understood here that the government of Great Britain was willing to countenance the interview. Whether this is true or not, the pan-German committee in charge of the Boer reception was confident the generals would come with proper credentials and hence have an opportunity for an audience. Then, on Wednesday, came a dispatch saying the generals were determined not to apply to the British government, but would leave the Emperor to summon them himself. This, of course, would have put his majesty in direct opposition to Great Britain, and the announcement immediately followed that the proposed interview would not take place.

The press today attacks the Boer generals in the style which it has heretofore reserved for Colonial Secretary Chamberlain. Some of the newspapers oppose the generals being allowed to come here at all, and advocate the suppression of the proposed reception, including girls crowning the generals with laurel wreaths.

Various explanations are given for the Boers' motives. A favorite idea is that Dr. Leyds, who is called the Boers' evil genius, devised the whole thing so as to strike back at the Emperor for refusing to receive Mr. Kruger.

The reception committee is advised that the generals intend to come here as though nothing had happened, and any anti-British demonstration now will certainly be stopped by the police, as official circles are very much annoyed at the Boers' behavior.

A Smile in Court. At a recent trial one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed, "Mr. Wilkins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I told, sir?" "That is what I mean." "Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are." "Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

Roosevelt is Displeased. Because it has been announced in some places that he will make a campaign speech this fall. But Dunham is not at all displeased at what his customers say, because they are unanimous in saying they can always get the best at his place.

Hans Mueller, Crumpeter

Hans Mueller, used to toot a trumpet in the Third Cavalry, Hans was more or less of a but for the jokes of the men of his troop. He took all kinds of gibes with a good nature that was as perfect as it was stolid. The trumpeter knew more about music than he did about musketry. When for a while he tried what the other men called straight soldiering he was continually getting tangled up with his equipments, and on several occasions at skirmish drill he came within an ace of shooting himself. His comrades told Hans that as long as he confined his efforts to killing himself they would offer no strenuous objection, but that if he got real careless and shot the head off some one else he must look out for trouble. As a matter of fact, he did one day come pretty close to putting a bullet through the heart of Sergeant Peter Nelson, who forthwith thrashed Hans in an approved style. Captain Roberts called Hans "gross," and said that he must stick to his trumpet.

The edict of his chief made Hans feel badly. He blew the whole scale of calls, from reveille through fatigue, recall and drill to taps, but his soul wasn't in his music. Down deep in Hans' soul there came the thought that somehow he was not like other men. The smartness of appearance which characterized Sergeant Nelson, Corporal Brady and a score of privates he knew could never be his. There was lacking in his makeup that something which gives dash to a soldier. Hans used to fall over his feet in a most un military way, and his hands were never in the proper places. There was one thing, however, that could be said for him, he always tried to obey orders implicitly. He generally blundered a number of times while making the attempt, but the intent was right and that covers a multitude of sins much more serious in nature than mere blunders.

The Third Cavalry was in the Wyoming country in the Elkhorn creek region. There had been a good deal of trouble with the Nez Percés and I Troop had been kept on the jump most of the time for a month. I Troop was Hans' outfit. There had been one constant succession of scoutings. It had been necessary to send small squads in half a dozen different directions at one and the same time. The trumpeter had been forced to stay with the main body, which was not a very big rain body at that, at all times. He had been in everything in which the whole troop was engaged, but the idea of sending Hans out on a reconnaissance where coolness and the subtlety of the devil were necessary for safety was the last thing that ever entered the head of the troop commander.

One day, however, one of the cold days of the second winter month, it became necessary to send a scouting party to investigate the rumor of the approach of a band of savages. Now it happened that the whole command was ragged out, and this in a nutshell is the reason why Hans Mueller found himself for the first time in his life in a position of acute responsibility. He was ordered by Captain Roberts to proceed with Sergeant Nelson and two privates northwest until something was "felt" or until the sergeant was satisfied that a wrong report had been turned into the camp.

When the little body set out the fatigue of the individual members of the troop showed that it was not, so to speak, strong enough to keep these same individuals from giving Hans a send-off. Hans had a carbine and a revolver. His trumpet was hanging up on a peg. One of the by-standers said to the sergeant in command, "Look out for Hans if you happen to get into a scrimmage. The first thing you know he'll forget himself and he'll try to blow 'treat' on his carbine. You may lose one man if Hans puts his mouth to the wrong end of the barrel."

Then they said a few other things to Hans. He was told to be sure not to get his canteen mixed up with his carbine belt, and to make sure that he took note of the landmarks on the way out, so he could get back to camp in a hurry if he happened to hear an Indian shout off a gun. Hans looked at this well enough, because the thought of actually going out on a scout was sufficient to knock all other things out of his head, resentment along with them. They had left the camp far behind them. Sergeant Nelson, who was an old and tried campaigner, turned to his men and said, "We are getting near the place where we may expect to see something." Then he spoke seriously to Hans. "Mueller," he said, "you're not half as bad perhaps as the troop makes out, but I tell you honestly that I'm kind of afraid of you when it comes to a pinch. Do the best you can and don't run. As a matter of fact, I think that Jim Crosby was pinning down when he brought the rumor of reds in this vicinity into camp, but you may have a chance to see trouble, and if you do, please stick."

That was a pretty tough thing to have to say to a soldier with Uncle Sam's uniform on his back. Stick! Mueller's face went almost white under realization that the true significance of that admonition was that sergeant had a pretty strong fear in his heart that this trumpet tooter was a coward. Stick! He would show them if he was only given a chance.

Sergeant Peter Nelson was an old and tried campaigner, indeed, but that day he made a mistake. He led his three men straight into an ambush. There was a score of painted Nez Percés straight across their track. The Indians had very little cover, but they used it so artfully that the old soldier sergeant had actually thought that the bit of embankment and the few scattered bowlders did not offer cover enough to conceal a jack rabbit.

The first intimation of the Indian's presence was a volley. Sergeant Nelson went to the ground with a wound in his side. One of the privates, shot through the shoulder and leg, fell with him. The two men crawled behind a couple of rocks and secured temporary shelter. At the savage volley Hans Mueller's heart went to his throat. With the other private who, like Hans, was unhit, he fell back about forty yards and went behind an adequate cover. There for five minutes they exchanged shots with the reds, who, in accordance with Indian custom, would not charge across the open, but depended rather upon being able to pick off the soldiers and then go forward without danger and take the scalps. Hans Mueller found that he could use his carbine. His heart went down out of his throat. He looked around him and saw that there was some chance of holding the savages off for hours. Out beyond he saw his two stricken comrades. They were not dead. He knew that because he saw them move, and occasionally weakly raise themselves, and send a shot in the direction of the reds. Hans said to himself, "Those men must be brought back here." Then he handed his carbine and with it his belt and ammunition. "You may need these," he said, "if those fellows hit me." Then he jumped over the rock in front of him and with his long, shambling, ungainly stride he made for the side of Sergeant Nelson. The Indians pumped at him. The balls whizzed by his head, cut his clothes in three places and spat spitefully into the dust at his feet. Telling Nelson to grab his carbine, Mueller raised the sergeant in his arms and made back for cover, his track all the way marked out for him by the shots of the savages. He dropped the sergeant under the shadow of the rock and then stood on his feet.

"Where you going, Muller?" said Sergeant Nelson feebly. "I'm going after Dodds," said Mueller and he cleared the little rock to the front once more.

"God bless you, Mueller," was what he heard above the cracking of the rifles to his front. He reached the side of the wounded Dodds, raised him and started back with him across the strip of belt. Twice he staggered, as volleys rang out, but he reached the side of his comrades and placed Dodds between Nelson and the unwounded trooper.

Then Hans Mueller fell dead. Relief came to the three surviving cavalymen. The two wounded lived. In the little cemetery at a post in the far Northwest there is a headstone which is inscribed thus: HANS MUELLER TRUMPETER AND SOLDIER His Courage Was Bullet Proof. —Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record Herald.

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