

## MRS. CRANE ON MAIL MATTER

Speaks With Authority Upon This Interesting Subject.

She Ascertains the Fact That There Is No Congestion of Delayed Mail at Skagway.

Seattle, Aug. 28.—During her voyage from Dawson, Mrs. Alice Rollins Craue, the Los Angeles authoress, undertook to ascertain the cause of the interminable delay in mails, particularly letters addressed to American residents of the Klondike. The service, she says, is almost as abominable as it was in the pioneer days of the great gold camp.

When Americans protest, the Dawson postoffice authorities "with the solemnity of owls" invariably inform the complainant that the delay is due solely to the congestion of the Skagway office. "If you want your mail have the American Skagway office forward that 20 tons of mail matter that is piled, and has been for months, in the postoffice at that point," is the usual flippant reply of the Dawson office.

Accordingly, when Mrs. Crane reached Skagway she determined to investigate on her own account. She was shown all through the postoffice, but found absolutely no delayed mail. As a further proof of the fact the following signed statement was handed her with authority to publish, that it may be known that the fault of the delayed Dawson mails is not that of the American postoffices and clerks:

"To Whom It May Concern:  
"Skagway, Aug. 22, 1899.—There has been dispatched from the Skagway office since July 4 for interior points 398 sacks, aggregating 10,579 pounds. Nine-tenths of this was letter mail and for months there has been no delay of any character in forwarding the mails from this office. The reports that tons of mail have for months been piled up at Skagway are absolutely without any foundation whatever. There is no accumulation of mail at this office, nor has there been at any time.

"A special agent of the department has been stationed here for some months and he has made it his special business to see that the mails are sent from this office regularly, and during last winter dispatched the mails frequently by special dog teams. If any delay has been occasioned in the arrival of mails at interior points it has been no fault of the Skagway office or the employes connected therewith.

"With regard to registered mail, it has been forwarded as rapidly as it was possible to record and make up the same.

"M. L. THESPY,  
"Assistant Postmaster."

After McCook.  
Mrs. Crane reached Seattle on Aug. 27, en route to her home in California, and was interviewed at considerable length by a reporter of the P.-I., who said:

Mrs. Alice Rollins Craue, authoress and miner, arrived in the city yesterday from the Klondike. She has for two years been gathering material for books, which she is soon to publish, and incidentally adding to her fortune by way of mine speculation and development. Of the many bright women whom the fates sent into the Klondike, none has had a more interesting career in the famous gold camp than Mrs. Craue.

In 1897, equipped with a commission from the bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute, she went to Alaska to make a collection of folk-lore and mythology of the Indians of that interesting land. Caught up by the great Klondike rush, she soon found herself in the Mecca for fortune hunters. She has made a study of the Klondike people, and her impressions are soon to find dramatized expression in the shape of a play, entitled "Official Life in Dawson," with Col. J. C. McCook,

the American consul, as the star character.

Mrs. Crane, by the way, bluntly says Col. McCook is a disgrace to the proud people he has the honor to represent in the most-talked-about gold camp in the world.

She tells several stories illustrative of the debauchery she alleges, and does not mince her words in describing his character and the opinion in which he is held by Canadians and Americans in Dawson.

Mrs. Crane, a few days before her departure from Dawson, had the professional pleasure of witnessing the Klondike's first execution, the triple hanging of Henderson and the two Indians, Dawson and Jim. She was the only woman present and was permitted to see the men hanged by reason of her profession. She received a special autograph invitation to attend from the territorial sheriff, Frank Harper.

Oom Paul in Danger.  
London, Aug. 28.—There is little fresh news from South Africa, but it is announced that the governor of Natal has refused to allow the transit of empty cartridge cases intended for the Transvaal.

The Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Chronicle declares that President Kruger's concessions are so far-reaching that it is doubtful whether the burghers will ratify them. He thinks it more likely that they will demand Mr. Kruger's resignation and the appointment of a younger man, probably S. W. Burger, a non-official member of the legislative council of the Transvaal.

All the morning papers comment upon the seriousness of the situation, as revealed on Saturday at Birmingham by the speech of Joseph Chamberlain. The Daily Telegraph calls the speech "An informal ultimatum."

The Standard says it marks the most critical stage yet reached.

The Daily News says: "We cannot but suppose that such grave words were well weighed beforehand."

The Times says: "Such a delicate situation should not be protracted. We believe that within the last few days the final arrangements of the general direction of the expedition which will be necessary in the event of a rupture have been completed at the war office.

"It is scarcely necessary to point out the extreme danger of allowing entrance into South Africa of arms which would be likely to fall into the hands of black population exceeding the white four to one."

British and Russians Clash.  
Shanghai, Aug. 27.—As the outcome of a dispute regarding the ownership of some lands at Hankow, on the Yangtsekiang, about 700 miles from the sea, which were purchased in 1863 by the concern of Jardine Matheson & Co. but were subsequently included in the new concessions to Russia, the owners under the advice and protection of Mr. Hurst, the British consul, sent workmen to fence in the tract.

After the work was begun a dozen Cossacks from the Russian consulate appeared on the scene and forcibly ejected the workmen.

The captain of the British second-class gunboat Woodlark, specially designed for river service, after consulting with Mr. Hurst, landed a party of blue jackets and moved the Woodlark within firing distance of the Russian consulate. For a time a fight seemed imminent, but nothing further occurred.

The blue jackets are now guarding the property.  
The British third-class gunboat, Esk has been dispatched to Hankow from this port. Great Britain is evidently determined to uphold British rights.

How Is This?  
Mr. Beall has established a dog livery stable, where dogs can be rented at the reasonable sum of \$1 per day, for dog and harness. This is a venture that will be appreciated by those who will only need the use of a dog team occasionally during the winter.

Send your letters and packages to any claim on the creeks via the Nugget Express.

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## HOT TIMES AT MANILA.

Letter From One of Uncle Sam's Boys Now at the Front.

Big Guns Do Terrible Damage—Church Blown Up—More Severity Should Be Shown Toward the Natives.

Mrs. Edna Agnew is in receipt of a letter from her brother Harry, who is helping fight Uncle Sam's battles in the Philippines. The letter tells in a realistic manner of the dangers incident to the war now in progress, and among other interesting matters contains the following:

"U. S. S. Callas, Manila, Philippine Islands, 1899.

My Dear Sister:—"I am on this gunboat yet, and I am not sorry, for we have been having some great fighting for the last two weeks, and the natives had something that could bark louder than a rifle—having four 6-inch muzzle loading and two 5.7 breech loading Krupp guns, and they used them.

On Saturday, June 18, we got under way 5:30 a. m. and steamed over to a place called Cavite Viego, where these guns were supposed to be. The Monterey moved over with the Helena, Princeton and Manila, and the Monadnock followed the coast from the direction of Manila down to Bacoor.

The ball was opened by the Monadnock, about a mile and half up from us, upon entrenchments along the beach, followed by the Princeton, Helena and Manila, who planted their shells around Bacoor and its church, doing great damage. The Monterey planted two 10-inch shells right into the church and one on the beach, and when I went over there Sunday I was able to see the damage 850 pounds of powder did. One shell struck the sand bank, about twenty feet thick, and put a hole in it through which a horse and carriage can drive. Another struck the church near the roof, went through the first wall like paper, struck the wall in the rear of it and burst, tearing the inside all to pieces and piling debris that would take weeks to cart away. The third struck in front of the altar, knocking that to pieces and unearthing a dozen or so skeletons. I was going to take one for a curio, but when I picked it up it nearly fell apart, so I left it.

Well, we had been cruising up and down the beach for an hour or so pumping shells from all guns into them, and we must have been raising them, for in about five minutes after the Monterey's 10-inch shot, a cloud of smoke arose from the bushes about 600 yards from abreast us and we heard a shell screaming over our heads, striking a Spanish wreck between us and the Cayite navy yard. That was close and a singer if ever there was one. We marked the place on the chart and going right in close to the beach we gave it to them hot and heavy. We were now within 400 yards of the beach, we could see men moving in the bushes, and all the people on board that were not busy got their rifles. They got mad at our

audacity and fired back, one bullet, striking a boat, passed through and struck a gun-mount about two feet from the captain. Well, we pumped it into them right and left till pretty near 10 o'clock, when old Victoria Manual, that is the name of the gun, or at least the name we give it, let drive at us again and landed about seventy-five yards from us, ricocheted over us and struck the crane in the navy yard and fell under them and was picked up by one of the officers in the yard. That was another singer and a warm one too. The captain thought it was too warm, and, as in that case, discretion was the better part of valor, he got out of that place in a hurry and asked the Monterey to put a few 10-inch shells in there, which she did and knocked them out for they did not fire on us again that day.

There is one thing certain, that is that we are too lenient with the natives. They let them pass in boats and in and out of our lines just so they don't wear soldiers uniforms. One fellow at Bacoor said he was standing outpost duty when two amigos, or friends, came close to him and was talking, when he noticed one native monkeying with his coat sleeve. He carefully worked the bolt of his magazine till he had a cartridge in, then with a quick movement brought his rifle up and was going to run the Filipino when an officer of his regiment saw him and made him let the Filipino go, but he got his knife as a relic. Other insurgents have been caught almost red-handed, and after giving them a feed let them go next morning because they said they were amigos and wore white clothes.

Your Affectionate brother,  
Harry.

Guerin Holds Out.  
New York, Aug. 24.—A dispatch to the Herald from Paris says: There is little to chronicle from Fort Chabrel, as the Parisians have now definitely christened the anti-Semitic stronghold.

Up to midnight the police have some difficulty in controlling the mob that surges round the street leading to the Grande Occident de France.

All down the street as far as the eye can reach can be seen nothing but black lines of soldiers, their bayonets glittering in the moonlight. In the middle of the street a group of officers with jingling spurs and clattering sabers are tramping wearily up and down, evidently heartily sick of their tedious task.

Anticipating an attack from the gendarmes occupying an adjacent house, M. Guerin, president of the Anti-Semite League, and his companions who are barricaded in the headquarters of the league poured petroleum in a room near the point from which the attack was expected, preparatory to setting it on fire. The anticipated move on the part of the officers, however, did not materialize.

Reed's Resignation.

Augusta, Aug. 24.—Reed's letter, resigning from congress, is as follows:

"Portland, Me., Aug. 9, 1899: To the governor of Maine, Augusta:

"I hereby resign the position of member of congress from the First district of Maine, to take effect on September 4.

Very truly yours,  
T. B. REED"

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