

DEPUTY MARSHAL FOR NOME

Ike Evans, Former Hunker Miner, Gets a Plum.

Marshal Richards Will Take Corps With Him From Below—Will Go Up on First Boat.

Frank H. Richards, recently appointed United States marshal at Nome, has announced his appointments. Mr. Richards has selected W. R. Forrest, of this city, to be his chief deputy, and Isaac Evans, of Tacoma, to be office deputy at Teller City, about 80 miles from Nome. The official headquarters of the marshal's office will be of St. Michael, but he will probably spend the greater part of his time at Nome, where court is almost continually in session.

The appointments mentioned are all that Mr. Richards will make at present. He said yesterday that until he had arrived at Nome and had familiarized himself with conditions there he would not undertake to fill and other positions.

"From what I understand of the work of the marshal's office at Nome," said Mr. Richards, "I believe that it will be found desirable to appoint deputies in the various camps from among the men who have regular business or other employment. I would not think of taking any men with me for these positions. You understand that a deputy marshal is to be appointed at every place where there is a United States court commissioner. In all of these cases the deputy marshals would have to rely on fees, there being no salary attached to his office. These deputies, therefore, should be men located in the country who are either in business or who, like the present constables here, have some other employment."

Chief Deputy Forrest is well known in this city. He served as state senator from King county in the first legislature after the territory became a state. Subsequently he served one term as county auditor. He has been prominent in newspaper work, being at one time connected with the Seattle Press-Times and afterward with the Post-Intelligencer in an editorial capacity.

Isaac Evans, who is to be office deputy at Teller City, is a resident of Tacoma. He was at one time deputy sheriff of Pierce county and was for number of years on the detective force of the Tacoma police department. Marshal Richards expects to sail for Nome on the first steamer to leave this port for Bering sea. This will probably be some time during the latter part of May.—P. L., April 18.

(The Isaac Evans referred to above came to Dawson in 1898 and for a year was engaged in mining on Hunker creek. His success was somewhat indifferent and he returned to Tacoma last fall.)

Who is the Owner?

Yesterday a policeman came across an untied, uncollared and unmuzzled dog on Third street and, according to the ordinance passed the previous night, would have been justified in shooting the animal and was preparing to do so when a workman nearby asked permission to tie the dog up, saying that he would take care for it. The policeman consented and the stranger at once took possession of the dog.

The question may now arise in case the original owner of the dog turns up as to who will be entitled to its possession, and if right is adhered to the decision would be favorable to the Good Samaritan who saved the dog from the policeman's bullet, the former owner having lost his right to ownership in carelessly allowing his dog to run at large contrary to law. The dog is an intelligent looking black shepherd, and the policeman's act in sparing it provided the stranger would care for it was generally commended by witnesses to the affair.

Martin Ritter Captured.

Nashville, Ill., April 17.—Martin Ritter, who killed Clara Cheek with a hammer because she refused to marry him, was captured today by Charles Luno, of Oakdale, who was induced to search for Ritter by the \$800 reward offered for his capture. The posse of 50 armed farmers who scoured the country between this city and Pinckneyville from Sunday night until this morning are yet determined to lynch Ritter, and threaten to do so as soon as he is brought to Rice, the scene of the crime, or taken to Pinckneyville. Ritter has been placed in jail in an adjoining county for fear of mob violence, and will not be removed until the excitement of the farmers abates and the sheriff of Perry county arranges for a sufficient guard to protect him.

When the ice started this morning all the firemen with the hoses were stationed beside the engine in order to pull them up the bank in case they should be endangered by a rapid rise in the river. The ice went out smoothly so that it was unnecessary to remove them.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

COMING AND GOING.

The Yukon is rising rapidly this afternoon.

Mr. G. A. Wagner is a guest at the Regina hotel today.

T. C. Blake of Last Chance and C. K. Knickenberger are registered at the Yukon hotel today.

The next regular quarterly meeting of the full Board of Trade will be held on the last Wednesday of this month.

Thos. Moran of Caribou City, Capt. T. Whalen, Jas. J. Collins and R. B. Gray of Bonanza, are registered at the McDonald.

The territorial courts did not convene this morning owing to the fact that today is Ascension day and a statutory legal holiday.

Street Cleaning.

A number of men are now at work raking up and hauling trash from the streets of the city in preparations for Victoria day which is now but one week off. There is no time to spare in the completion of arrangements and all low points on the streets should be speedily drained in order that they may become dry by that time.

ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used in a Churchyard in Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife.

Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watch-houses whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in it a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center-bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffin-like relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grave was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist.—Scientific American.

The Explanation.

One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scots handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with which the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scots did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

A Jail Case.

The late Sir John Bridge, the well known London magistrate, was fond of telling his friends of a curious letter he received not long before his retirement from Bow street. It ran:

"Sir—I am sorry to occupy your time, but I feel I must write to thank you for having locked up my wife for six months. My wife had often come before the court for drunkenness, but after being fined she was worse. You were kind enough to give her six months, and she came back to me a reclaimed woman and is now the best wife in England."

This letter was all the more valued by Sir John Bridge because he was ordinarily a lenient judge.

His Candid Admission.

"I suppose your constituents will be prepared to kill the fatted calf when you get home?" said the amiable friend.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "my constituents aren't violent people. Besides, they haven't got anything against the fatted calf. I'm the one they're after."—Washington Star.

When Ignorance is Bliss.

Fudge—Do you believe in love at first sight?

Budge—Cert. It is then that neither party knows what kind of a person the other is. Why shouldn't they fall in love?—Boston Transcript.

Notice.

Board of health regulations—Till further notice all street, trade and household refuse, etc., must be deposited in the Klondike river from a pier built for that purpose above the Klondike suspension bridge.

J. H. MACARTHUR, M. O. H. Dated 16th May, 1901.

Impressions of Zanzibar.

In writing of Zanzibar I am embarrassed by the knowledge that I am not an unprejudiced witness. I fell in love with Zanzibar at first sight, and the more I saw of it the more I wanted to take my luggage out of the ship's hold and cable to my friends to try and have me made vice consul to Zanzibar through all succeeding administrations. Zanzibar runs back abruptly from a white beach in a succession of high white walls. It glistens and glares, and dazzles you; the sand at your feet is white, the city itself is white, the robes of the people are white. It has no public landing pier. Your rowboat is run ashore on a white shelving beach, and you face an impenetrable mass of white walls. The blue waters are behind you, and a strip of white sand is at your feet.

And while you are wondering where this hidden city may be, a kind friend takes you by the hand and pilots you through a narrow crack in the rampart, along a twisting fissure between white-washed walls where the sun can not reach, past great black doorways of carved oak, and out suddenly into the light and laughter, and roar of Zanzibar.

In the narrow streets are all the colors of the Orient, gorgeous, unshaded and violent; cobalt blue, greens and reds on framework, windows and doorways; red and yellow in the awnings and curtains of the bazaars, and orange and black, red and white, yellow, dark blue and purple, in the long shawls of the women. It is the busiest and the brightest and richest in color of all the ports along the East African coast. Were it not for its narrow streets and its towering walls it would be a place of perpetual sunshine. Everybody is either actively busy, or contentedly idle. It is all movement, noise and glitter, everyone is telling everyone else to make way before him: the Indian merchants beseech you from the open bazaars; their children, swathed in gorgeous silks and hung with jewels and bangles, stumble under your feet, the Sultan's troops assail you with rifle and drum, and the black women, wrapped below their bare shoulders in the colors of the butterfly, and with teeth and brows dyed purple, crowd you to the wall.—Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's.

Destiny of Cuba.

No one doubts for a moment what the ultimate destiny of Cuba is to be. It is as sure to become a part of the United States as that Florida, Louisiana and Texas are parts of the United States, and there are but three ways of bringing this about—two of them dishonest and unjust and proper. The first is the immediate and arbitrary annexation of the island, irrespective of our promises. The second is the shirking of our present responsibilities, by which we shall abandon a people not yet ready for self-government to their own worst elements, with the certain knowledge that within a brief period they must come to us for succor, and in such a state of beggary that they must take the stone if we chose to give it them instead of bread. But there is the honest method—the third—by which we may keep our promise to all, and in the end achieve the result which I believe is desired by all who have the permanent interests of Cuba at heart, and that is, to remain in the island until these at present dazed and lame and halt people have been quickened, have been cured of the ills from which they are still suffering; until the vitalizing work of the United States has gathered such an impetus that it may be left without fear of reactionary influences in the hands of those for whose benefit it has been instituted; until, in short, the people of Cuba are strong enough to accept the burdens they seek to assume. They shall soon be found seeking statehood. Those who say they are not worthy ignore their virtues. Those who say they are ready and able to stand along at the present time, ignore the facts.—Harper's Weekly.

A Prompt Boy.

Small boy dashed breathless into a merchant's office.

"Is the gov' nor in?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Must see him myself; most particular."

"But you can't; he's engaged."

"Must see him immedj; most particular."

"The boy's importunity got him in."

"Well, boy; what do you want?"

"D'yer want a office boy, sir?"

"You impudent young rascal! No! We've got one."

"No, you ain't, sir; he's just big run over in Cheapside."

Boy engaged.—Tid-Bits.

South African Bluebook.

London, April 17.—A South African bluebook, containing recent dispatches from Sir Alfred Milner and other official correspondence, was issued tonight.

Sir Alfred Milner wired under date of March 3 requesting permission to return home at an early date upon leave of absence, for the purpose of resting. Joseph Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, replied by granting this request, but expressing the government's regret that it should be necessary for Sir Alfred to leave South Africa at the present time, quite recognizing, however, his need for rest, and mentioning three months as a possible period of absence.

In a dispatch dated February 6, Sir Alfred reviews the situation in South Africa and says he had hoped some definite point would be reached, after which it would be impossible to sum up that chapter of history containing the ways and forecast of administrative reconstruction which must succeed it.

"But I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that there will be no such dividing line," continues Sir Alfred, "and I have not the slightest doubt of the ultimate result, but I foresee that the work will be slower, more difficult, more harassing and more expensive than was at any time anticipated. At any rate, it is idle to wait longer in the hope of being able to discover a clear and clean-cut situation. In spite of the confused character of the present position, I think it better to attempt to discover, however roughly and inadequately, the state of things as they exist today. It is no use denying that the last half year has been one of retrogression. Seven months ago this colony was perfectly quiet, at least as far as the Orange river. The southern half of the Orange River Colony was rapidly settling down, and even a considerable portion of the Transvaal, notably the southwestern districts, seemed to have definitely accepted British authority and to rejoice at the opportunity to return to orderly government and the pursuits of peace. Today the scene is completely altered. It would be superfluous to dwell on the increased losses to the country caused by the prolongation of the struggle by the form which it has recently assumed. The enemy are now broken up into a great number of small forces raiding in every direction, and that our troops are similarly broken up in their pursuit makes the area of actual fighting, and consequently of destruction, much wider than would be the case in a conflict between equal numbers operating in large masses. Moreover, the fight is now mainly over supplies. The Boers live entirely on the country through which they pass, not only taking all the food they can lay their hands on, but looting the small village stores of clothes, boots, coffee and sugar, all of which they are in great need of. Our forces are compelled to denude the country of everything movable in order to frustrate the tactics of the enemy.

"The loss of crops and stock is more serious to the Boers than farm burning, of which so much has been heard. I say this not at all as an advocate of such destruction, and I am glad to think the measure is now seldom, if ever, resorted to."

The appearance of the blue book just at this moment is explained as a characteristic move on the part of Mr. Chamberlain, who, with a view of anticipating the inevitable criticism upon the temporary absence of Sir Alfred Milner from South Africa, published important communications, giving frankly the views of the men on the spot, and showing that Sir Alfred seized an occasion to secure well-earned rest while the military operations are still unfinished, so as to enable him to be back at his post again when the time arrives for inaugurating the civil administration.

The barber profession has been materially increased in Dawson by the advent into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mazade of a nine pound boy Sunday morning.

Family Night.

This is family night at the Standard when the comedy "My Friend From India," will be presented. The play is replete in interest from start to finish and those who miss it will miss a good thing.

Seal of North Carolina, finest Virginia and Kentucky tobaccos blended.

Canned spring chicken. Selman & Myers.

TO MINERS.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce desire to ship a large collection of nuggets from the various creeks to Great Britain for exhibition purposes and is prepared to pay better than the actual assay value for the same at their office in Dawson.

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B Wins This Bet.

Editor Nugget: A bet B the Yukon river would be open by 6 o'clock p.m. of the 14th and claimed the money after the ice in front of a portion of the city moved at 4:12 of that same evening. B refused to pay, claiming that as there was solid ice both above and below the short open space the river was not open. Please decide as to who won and oblige.

A AND B. (Strictly speaking, the river is not open so long as solid bodies of ice cover it at frequent intervals as was the case on the evening of the 14th, therefore, according to the stipulations of the above wager B is certainly the winner.)

Here's a Snap.

For Sale—A restaurant complete with tables, chairs, stoves, cooking utensils, etc., all ready for business. (Lease on fine central location for one year secured. Must be sold immediately. Apply at once to R. Gillis, broker, McDonald hotel building, Second street.

Photo supplies reduced at Goetzman's.

Stampede to Mine Concession.

Another attack was made on the concessions Tuesday when a suit was filed in the gold commissioner's court by Cramer and about 50 others, against the Milne concession on Hunker. A stampede was also started last night by one of the local brokers and the case will be fought to a finish in the courts.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. Kodak tripods; \$3.50 Goetzman's.

A DEEP MYSTERY

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