

SPLENDORS OF THE DURBAR

Magnificent Scenes in Beautiful Delhi When King Edward Was Proclaimed Emperor of India—The King's Message and the Viceroy's Address.

Delhi, India, Jan. 1.—Tens of thousands of people from the city of Delhi and from villages far and near began gathering at daybreak this morning on the great plain outside the city. There they waited patiently for the supreme announcement of the durbar, that King Edward was Emperor of India. Soon the plain was filled with a vast throng of people, and the brightly-colored clothing of the vast throng covered the space with gorgeous hues. The crowd on the plain was composed largely of the common people, but among it could be seen the retainers of the various rajahs who had assembled for the function. The whole ceremony was favored with brilliant sunshine. The attention of all was fixed upon the white amphitheatre in the centre of the plain, where the announcement was to be made. The amphitheatre was adorned with gilded cupolas and surrounded by batteries, squadrons and lighted-up of the Indian army. Beyond the amphitheatre in the distance could be seen great numbers of elephants, camels and horses. So vast was the multitude that the troops appeared as mere splashes of color.

The arrival at the amphitheatre of the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and other dignitaries and the princes was one of the brilliant episodes of the day. Lady Curzon was dressed in pale blue chiffon, trimmed with passementerie. She wore a flower hat. Lord Curzon was in full uniform, with cocked hat. The Duke of Connaught had on a field marshal's uniform, and the Duchess of Connaught wore a costume of cream lace over white silk, with silver trimmings and a cream toque. The princes were clad in silks and adorned with jewels, and their horses and carriages were brilliant with trappings of gold. The spectacle within the arena was most striking and gorgeous. The Pathan chiefs and the Sardars were resplendent in brilliant raiment. Soldiers, civilians and visitors from far-distant countries were included among those within the amphitheatre. Upon the entrance of the veterans of the Indian mutiny there was tremendous enthusiasm and as the arrivals marched to their places the bands played national airs. The carriage of the Duke of Connaught, who represents King Edward, was escorted by a detachment of cavalry, and as the Duke and the Duchess were driven around the arena the assemblage gave them an enthusiastic welcome. Amid the acclamations of the people the Duke took his seat at the left of the throne, while the Duchess proceeded to a place behind the throne. When the great amphitheatre was filled and the hour for the announcement drew near the multitude within and without awaited expectantly the first act of the proclamation ceremony.

Then the approach of the Viceroy was heralded. Preceded by members of his bodyguard, clad in white, blue and gold, and under the command of Major Grimston, Lord Curzon appeared at the entrance of the arena in his carriage. The postillions wore uniforms of scarlet and gold and the carriage was drawn by four bay horses. The Viceroy was escorted by Sir Perth Fry. Alighting from his carriage, Lord Curzon mounted the dais to the throne, which was decorated with golden lions and around which were placed massive silver footstools. The throne itself was surmounted by a canopy of white and gold. When the Viceroy reached the throne the national anthem was played, and a salute of 21 guns was fired. The spectators resumed their seats after the anthem, there was a flourish of trumpets from the heralds and Major Maxwell, at the command of the Viceroy, read the proclamation opening the durbar. The royal standard was then raised on high and the imperial salute was fired. The massed bands marched by playing, bonfires were started by the troops outside, and it was announced that King Edward was Emperor of India.

There was another flourish of trumpets, and Lord Curzon arose and stood for a moment impassive. Then in impressive tones he delivered a speech and read the message from King Edward. In his address the Viceroy announced the coronation of the King; he extolled the loyal Indian people, and prophesied prosperity for the Indian empire. He said also that it had been decided not to exact interest for three years on all loans made or guaranteed by the government of India to the native states in connection with the recent famine. The Viceroy announced also the appointment of the Indian Staff Corps which has long been an army sinecure.

In the King's message, which was then read by Lord Curzon, his majesty said that the Prince and Princess of Wales would shortly visit India. He regretted his absence from the durbar, and sent his greetings to his Indian people. In conclusion, the message said: "I renew the assurances of my regard for the liberties of the Indian people, of my respect for their dignities and rights, and of my interest in their advancement, and of my devotion to their welfare. These are the supreme aims and objects of my rule, which, under the blessing of Almighty God, will lead to the increasing prosperity of my Indian empire, and to the greater happiness of its people."

As the Viceroy finished reading the King's words the assembled people broke into cheers for the King and Emperor. The cheering was taken up by the multitude outside the amphitheatre, and was long sustained. There then followed the presentation of Indian princes to the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, and political officers paid homage to the sovereign. This ended the ceremony, and the royal cortege then left the arena, followed by the delegates from foreign powers and the Indian princes.

Lord Curzon spoke for thirty minutes, standing most of the time with one foot on a silver-footstool. During the reception of the princes Lady Curzon and the Duchess stood behind their husbands, not participating in the ceremony, except in the case of the Begum of Bhopal, a Mohammedan princess, who was thickly veiled. After the presentation of the nobilities the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught stepped forward and shook hands with Lady Curzon.

Lord Kitchener, after the ceremonies, entered his carriage and was driven to Delhi.

LEFT TO COURTS.

Manila, Jan. 8.—Solicitor General Arana, in a written opinion, sustains Governor Taft's contention that he is not in a position to intervene regarding the possession of Roman Catholic property seized by independent Catholics, and that the courts must settle the question.

The adherents of the independent Catholic church have seized several churches and convents and in some instances native parish priests have seceded, continuing in possession of the churches and have defied the new pastors appointed by the Roman Catholic authorities. Archbishop Guidi, the papal delegate, has formally requested Governor Taft to dispossess the independent Catholics and restore the Roman Catholics and to use the constabulary in so doing, if necessary.

But the governor has declined to do so, holding that such action is beyond the powers of the executive. He also advised an appeal to the courts and cabled the facts to Secretary Root, who sustained him. Attorney General Willey concurs in Solicitor General Arana's opinion, which Governor Taft will forward to Archbishop Guidi. It is expected that the latter will institute proceedings to oust the independent Catholics, who claim that much of the church property belongs to the people. It is not thought that the incident will affect the friar lands negotiations between Governor Taft and Archbishop Guidi.

It is a compliment, says The Denver Ledger, to be abused by a reptile newspaper or slandered by some individual whose soul is black with deceit and hypocrisy. It is equivalent to being cursed by Caliban, black-guarded by Benedict Arnold, or denounced by Judas Iscariot.

PACIFYING THE BOERS

Success of Chamberlain in South Africa

Lucid Explanations of Imperial Policy Removing All Former Friction.

London, Jan. 3.—Mr. Chamberlain is making a splendid impression in South Africa. All the dispatches from the Cape, whether to ministerial or opposition journals, are agreed to this. The prophecies of the liberal and radical press that he would undo by imprudent speeches all he might accomplish in his personal interviews have been falsified by events; for it is his speeches that are carrying the day for the colonial secretary's programme. Even the Daily News admits he is displaying unexpected tact and remarkable astuteness as a pacifier, and he has only to continue as he has begun if he would completely revolutionize the letter both Boer and colonial feeling.

Judging from the two meagre abstracts of his utterances in Natal, where he has spoken three times, Mr. Chamberlain's plan is to convince the colonials and to conciliate the Boers' afterward. The convincing process involves showing the loyal element that their highest and paramount interests are endangered by the fostering of petty local jealousies.

"Here he puts his finger," says one correspondent, "upon the weak spot in the South African system today. The colonials are not broad-gauged as a rule. Though many of them have traveled far, they are more insular than some Britons who have never crossed the channel. Their loyalty is unimpeachable, but their horizon is narrow and their perspective is false. Mr. Chamberlain's purpose is obvious—to give them a wider prospect by convincing them that local concerns, however important, are dwarfed by imperial interests and that intercolonial co-operation is the first thing needed."

That he is working wonders along this line is evident from the changed tone of the press of Natal and Cape Colony. Two months ago the Times of Natal reflected the local opinion in a slashing article commenting unfavorably upon Lord Milner and the colonial office.

"Neither at Pretoria nor in London," said the writer, "does there seem to be any marked desire to compensate this colony, whose losses from the war were in excess of those of any other loyalist territory, and

PARIS AND HER WALL

Few English visitors to Paris ever realize the fact that the city is surrounded by a wall twenty miles in circumference, and that nothing can enter the French capital without passing through the fortifications. This wall, which is sixty feet high and is surrounded by a deep ditch, was constructed about fifty years ago at a fabulous cost. Its construction caused thousands of peasants to flock to the capital, and when it was completed they remained in the city without employment, a source of constant anxiety to the authorities.

The most curious thing is that the fortifications never had any military value. In 1863 General von Todleben, the Russian Vauban, the constructor of the defenses of Sebastopol, came on a visit to Paris. Napoleon III. was anxious to know his opinion of the newly erected enceinte and asked him to inspect it. The following morning the Russian general mounted his horse at one of the bastions, and followed by two aides-de-camp with the question, "Eh, bien, monsieur, c'est tout?" "Oui, bien general," was the reply. "Alors, Paris est pris d'avance," was his response, which was only too well justified by the events of 1870.

In spite, however, of the lessons of the war, the wall round Paris still exists, and until 1902 no effort has been made to remove it. It has retarded the development of the city and has served no purpose except to facilitate the collection of taxes on all objects entering Paris. The main revenues of Paris are derived from the octroi, which consists mainly of taxes on foodstuffs of every kind. This is what makes Paris one of the dearest cities in the world.

It has now been decided to pull down the fortifications and give la ville lumiere breathing room. This will also abolish the military zone—the strip of ground a quarter of a mile broad which surrounded the wall and on which no houses were allowed to be built. This was a sort of no man's land, covered with huts and wooden shanties run up by vagabonds and smugglers. The sale of the military zone will bring in hundreds of millions of francs. There is only one thing that can be laid to the credit of the wall round Paris. It rendered the Commune possible in 1871, by giving the communards the power to close the gates and shut the city against the army out of the city.

New York, Jan. 13.—H. Theobald Chartran, the French painter, has arrived from Havre. He comes to paint a portrait of President Roosevelt. His portraits of Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt attracted a great deal of attention at the late Paris salon.

HOW PENELOPE MISSED IT

BY SWIFT ADAMS.

I think I'll get married," said Penelope to herself, as she sat in a quiet corner on the veranda of the Seaside Hotel.

Penelope was young and pretty. No level-headed person would ever have thought of making an assertion that, by any possibility, could be construed as contradictory to such palpable facts. And every man at the hotel was heels over head in love with her.

After having reached this important matrimonial decision, she charged along the piazza, so wrapt in her cogitations that at a sharp turn she bumped, with considerable violence, into Tom Hathaway.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I beg your pardon! I—"

"You can't have it," interrupted Tom. "There's no reason why I should give it to you. It was delightful."

"Tom Hathaway, aren't you ashamed?"

"Not at all," said Tom. "Let's play golf."

"But it's so hot," protested Penelope. "Even the caddies are asleep."

"Never mind," said Tom. "Then we'll have the links all to ourselves. Come along."

Tom was on his knees, making her tea, when it happened. Penelope stood close by him. Suddenly he seized her hand.

"Penelope, dearest, for a long time I have wanted to tell you something. I want to say" (he fervently kissed her hand) "that I—"

"Oh, Tom!" screamed Penelope. "Whatever is the matter?"

Tom had jumped to his feet and was wildly grabbing at his mouth and choking. He had planted a passionate kiss on a wad of damp sand that, in his excitement, he had pressed into her hand.

"Hello, what's up?" and Bob Hamilton, who had heard Penelope scream, came running out of the club house.

"I-I-I guess Tom has some sand in his mouth," said Penelope.

"Good," said Bob. "It's good for his digestion. But how on earth—"

He stopped short. Neither of his listeners was in a condition to utter an intelligible answer. Tom made a break for the pump, and Penelope was sitting on the ground, sobbing with laughter.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter with Tom?" asked Bob, after she had in a measure recovered her composure.

"He just had an accident," she replied.

"Oh, all right," said Bob. "If you don't want to tell, I don't want to know. Let's take a walk."

They promenade lazily until they came upon a secluded bench. They sat and chatted, and his arm crept toward her waist, much to the consternation of an old gardener, who unobserved behind them was sprinkling the lawn with a hose.

"There is something I have long wanted to say to you," began Bob. "Oh, dear!" sighed Penelope to herself. "They all begin the same way."

"I want to tell you a secret, darling," he said, approaching nearer to her lips than her ear.

The poor gardener was so perturbed at Bob's words and actions that he nervously dropped the hose.

Bob opened his mouth to make the rest of his declaration, and was astounded to receive in it an inch stream of water. Gasping and

THE BOERS

den decision. "Sit down on that bench," Malarack started at her curiously and complied.

"You won't fall off, will you?" asked Penelope.

"I should hope not," said Malarack, looking at her in blank surprise.

"Please put this parasol over your shoulder," directed Penelope.

Malarack did so, eyeing her nervously.

"Have you any sand in your pockets?" she suddenly demanded.

"Penelope!" he began severely.

"There! It's all right now," said Penelope, sinking down beside him. Malarack, after all, was the one she would have chosen, she thought. "You were going to say?" she said softly.

"Eh? Oh, yes," replied Malarack. "I have been wanting to tell you, as an old friend, that you really powder your nose too heavily. Now, I hope—good Heavens! Penelope, what ails you?"

Penelope had faint.

HIS FAVORITE POEM.

The late Speaker Reed was a constant reader of Browning, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, but his favorite poet was Tennyson. To show the catholicity of Mr. Reed's poetical taste he cited the following from the pen of the present Commissioner of Pensions, Eugene F. Ware, as one of his favorites:

"Once a Kansas rephyr strayed
Where a glass-eyed bull pup played,
And that foolish canine bayed
At that rephyr in a gay
Semi-dialect way.
Then that rephyr in about
Half a jiffy took that pup,
Tipped him over wrong side up,
And it turned him wrong side out.
Then it calmly journeyed thence,
With a barn and string of fence."

Moral.

"When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
The disorders of a gale
Act upon a well-known law.
Face the breeze, but close your jaw.
It's a rule that will not fail.
If you buy it in a gay,
Self-sufficient sort of way,
It will land you, without doubt,
Upside down and wrong side out."

The physicians were holding a consultation beside the cot of the man supposed to have appendicitis concealed about his person.

"I believe," said one of the surgeons, "that we should wait and let him get stronger before cutting into him."

Before the other prospective operator could reply the patient turned his head and remarked feebly:

"What do you take me for—a cheese?"

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