

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

# PRINCE OF WALES

Is Seriously Sick and Is Constantly Attended by a Score of Physicians.

COMPLICATIONS OF DISEASE FEARED.

Bulletins Regarding His Condition Are Suppressed.

BOERS ARE MUCH CORNERED.

Conger Does Not Like Military Control in China—Santa Fe Strike to Embrace Train Men.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.  
London, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The Prince of Wales is seriously sick with stomach troubles and a score of doctors are in constant attendance. Complications are feared. All bulletins regarding his condition are suppressed.

## Boers Cornered.

Cape Town, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The principal seat of action in the South African war has been changed to the northern part of Cape Colony. Early on the 16th a large body of Boers crossed the Orange river towards Burgersdorp. The British force followed and to avoid them the Boers turned westward and occupied Venterstad on the 18th. But the same day, on the approach of the British they evacuated that town and marched in the direction of Steynsburg. The Boers are now completely hemmed in and can not get out in any direction as Steynsburg, Burgersdorp, Stramberg, Rosemead and Naanpoort are all strongly occupied by the British. As the Orange river has risen very considerably, it is not possible for the Boers to escape by crossing it.

## Delay at Washington.

London, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The delay in the signing of the joint articles which will settle the difficulties in China is due to an objection raised at Washington. Conger has telegraphed his government urging a speedy settlement of the matter on the ground that foreign military control is worse than Chinese management.

## Strike Broadening.

Topeka, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The latest development in the Santa Fe telegraphers' strike indicate that the train men will join the strikers. If they do, there will be a general tie up of the entire system.

## McKenzie Answers.

Washington, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—Alexander McKenzie, the receiver of Nome mining claims who was appointed by Judge Noyes, the two being accused of standing in to defraud the owners, has filed an answer to the charges against him. The supreme court will decide on the matter in February.

## In a New Place.

London, Dec. 22, via Skagway, Dec. 28.—The latest news is that the Boers have raided Cap Colony at two points about 100 miles distant. General McDonald has gone out with a strong force to drive the invaders back.

## He Is Not Marked.

Mr. E. J. McCormick, looking fat, sleek and trim, is back from a visit to the outside with a fund of experience not usually acquired on the ordinary business journey from Dawson to the outside world and return.

Mr. McCormick left here on one of the last steamers in October and reached

Skagway in due time, from which place he took passage on the steamer City of Seattle for Seattle. And there was where he erred, for had he waited in Skagway for another steamer, or had he shipped for below in a small boat he would have gained time, for when the Seattle reached Vancouver her passengers and crew to the number of 400 persons were ordered into quarantine, and there they stayed for 41 days. However, Mr. McCormick had the distinction of being one of seven, five men and two women, to have the smallpox, but from his rugged and very healthy appearance now no one would ever suspect it. He says all the cases were very mild, no worse than chickenpox, and that he did not even take to his bed one day on account of the infection; but ate like a drover and played football every day.

Mr. McCormick speaks in terms of the highest praise of the treatment of the marooned people at the hands of the British Columbia quarantine officials and says that everything that was wanted was had for the asking.

On being released from quarantine Mr. McCormick proceeded on to Seattle and transacted his business, remaining but five days and starting back for Dawson at once. The trip in was uneventful, that portion of it from Whitehorse down being made in 10 1/2 days on a two horse sled on which were eight passengers and 800 pounds of freight. The trail is reported by Mr. McCormick to be in fairly good shape for horses and sleds, but rather too new yet for bicycles.

Mr. McCormick will remain in Dawson the remainder of the winter looking after his various property interests, one of which is the Portland hotel property on Second avenue and Third street.

## Biding His Time.

It is well that the Yukon is frozen over hard and solid, and that it is some distance from the North end of town to where there is an open piece of water broad and deep enough for convenient drowning purposes, otherwise there might have been a tragedy within the past few days, which would have left one, or possibly two chairs always vacant afterwards.

The averted tragedy has several people and things mixed up in it, and contains all the component parts for a novel by "The Duchess" or a Conan Doyle mystery.

To begin with there is the grand old incentive, jealousy, raging away like a river steamer fires when pitch is burning and a nigger is perched on the safety valve. This awful thing is still going on and the young men concerned are being watched by their friends who are fearful of the worst yet. For a clew for the modern Sherlock Holmes to begin business with, there is the most delightful thing in the world—a lady's black silk mitt.

The thing that started all this trouble was a promise made by a young lady that she would be on hand at a place named, and would, so the story goes, accompany one of the gentlemen in question from there to the midnight mass at the Catholic church Christmas eve. There were two ladies in question as well as two gentlemen, but both masculine hearts were centered upon the same lady, and besides the love that is said to be the cause of sometimes breaking the organ all to pieces, there was room in one of them for somewhat of guile. The possessor of the guileful blood pumping apparatus went to the handsome hero and told him that all he had to do was to wait quietly at the trysting place and he, the friend and all around good fellow, would bring both ladies.

This arrangement looked good to the hero, so he dressed and repaired to the place of meeting where he began smoking and waiting and after a while wondering why the expected ones did not arrive. At 3 a. m. he had consumed two bottles of Scotch and reduced to ashes and bad odors nearly a whole box of cigars. He had done more than this he had taken counsel with himself and decided that his friend had "trunk him down," and that he deserved death as the reward of his treachery. In casting about for a means of extermination he thought drowning would be about the proper thing, but, as he can not drown his hated rival he is waiting with what patience he can muster till the river breaks up, and if nothing further is done to augment the debt of hatred will allow the enemy to lumber the earth till there is water.

## A Merry Time.

Messrs. Stumer & Shenkle, proprietors of the Cascade Steam Laundry, gave their employes on Christmas a most enjoyable time at their place of business. A fine repast was served to over 25 people and Christmas presents were distributed to all, there being fully 125 articles distributed, some of which were of a most ludicrous character.

## REPORTER'S DEATH WARRANT

Ferretting Out Mysterious Murders Was His Fort.

His Last Article Was Accurate for the Reason That He Himself Was the Murderer.

"It was in the north some years ago," remarked the chief reporter. "We had a man on the paper who was simply a crank on homicides, and, he was more than a mere reporter, for he had detective talent of the highest order. He didn't care much for the common crimes—burglaries, larcenies and such—but give him a good mysterious murder and he was splendid. Not only did he have the history of all the famous murders at his fingers' ends, but he delighted in ferretting out the most mysterious crimes that came within our province. In every case except the one I am telling about—and there was a good many crimes in that town—he traced out the murderer before the detectives even dreamed of his identity.

"I have since thought the secret of his success was that he put himself mentally in the place of the murderer, and reasoned it out from motives rather than from the 'clews' of the ordinary detective.

"There is seldom much method in murder," he once said to me, when in a rarely communicative mood. "Most men would commit it in about the same way under the same circumstances. It is only when a murderer goes about it systematically, as do the thugs in India, that a murder becomes truly mysterious."

"I once asked him why he did not become a regular detective.

"I was born and bred a journalist," he said, "the habit is too strong to break."

"That was literally true in his case. Otherwise I might not have to tell this story.

"One morning the body of a fine looking man was found in an alley adjoining the electric light works, in the very heart of the town. The afternoon papers had a chance at it, but didn't make much of it, so I at once assigned it to Jones—as we will call him. Although he did not show up at the usual hour, I had no doubt he was already at work on it, as it was as mysterious a case as even he could desire.

"The victim was identified as a traveler, who had just arrived, and, so far as known, he had no friends or acquaintances in the town. It was not a case of robbery, for all his money and valuables were left on his body. There was a slight contusion on the back of the head, and a small, needle-like hole through the man's heart. It was especially strange that such a crime could have been committed in a public thoroughfare, while there was absolutely no clew to the murderer or his motive.

"But these difficulties were only such as would ordinarily put Jones on his mettle, so I did not doubt that he would have a good account of the affair. I was therefore somewhat surprised when he came sneaking in about 6 o'clock in the evening to see what his assignment was. He looked worn and haggard, but denied that he was ill, so I gave him the murder job. He went out without a word.

"I did not see him again that evening. About midnight I began to wonder why I had not heard from him, but only speculated on the possibility of something having happened to him, for the idea that he could possibly fail never occurred to me. Finally, after an hour had gone by, I telephoned to the police station. Word came back that there were no new developments in the case, and that Jones had not been there. Sending two men out to hunt him up, I set to work myself to make a story of the murder from the afternoon papers. Just then Jones came in. His step was unsteady and his face flushed. He had evidently been drinking heavily—something I never knew him to do before—but rather he was not drunk; rather, he seemed at high nervous tension, although outwardly as calm as ever.

"I decided to let this breach of discipline pass, and merely asked him for his murder story. He replied that he hadn't written it.

"Well, get to work on it at once," I said, rather sharply.

"Then he really surprised me by saying that he had nothing to write beyond the bare facts already known. The police had developed nothing new, and he supposed that I had worked up the story from the evening papers.

"And it has now come to pass that

you wait for the police to develop a murder case for you?" I exclaimed angrily. "As for the reports in the evening papers, you can 'fake' a better story than they had."

"He sat down, in apparent despair, at his desk. Then I relented and cajoled him a little, begging him not to spoil his great record by failing on such a case.

"There's a starter for you," I said, throwing him the article I had commenced. "Now go ahead and fill that out with a column description of the scene."

"I haven't even visited it," he replied. Nevertheless, he picked up the pages and read them as if impelled by some hateful fascination. Then he took up his pen and made a few minor corrections. Then, as if totally oblivious to my presence, he began to write.

"As sheet after sheet fell from under his fingers, I snatched them up, read them hurriedly and shot them up to the composing room. I read rapidly, taking but small account of the matter as long as it ran smoothly, while I had too much confidence in him to question the accuracy of his statements. I only realized that he was writing a great account—the greatest he had ever written. He seemed inspired with the very innermost thoughts of the murder, and under his touch every trivial incident came out with distinctness and coherence that made the cause and method of the crime perfectly plain.

"First he described the scene with accuracy of detail that would have been impossible for one who had not studied it closely. The selection of the spot was explained by the fact that the bright electric light, streaming through the windows of the engine house, made it impossible for the passer-by to see into the shadows. Thus, while impenetrable darkness screened the assassin, the rattle and roar of the machinery near by drowned all sound of the struggle or the falling body.

"The blow on the head, he demonstrated, must have been from a stick, while the wound through the heart could only have been made by one of those long, fine bladed stilettos of Italian make. Furthermore, the fact that this peculiar weapon was driven home with a firm hand, after the victim had been stunned by a blow on the head, indicated premeditated and deliberate murder, while the theory of robbery was disproved by the fact that the man's valuables had been untouched. The only tenable theory, therefore, was that the motive of the murder was revenge.

"A more masterly analysis of a case I never read, but here he branched off into what I at first supposed to be purely imaginary speculations as to the wrong which had led the murderer to seek the life of the unknown man. These seemed purposely vague at first, but gathered in strength and certainty, until I concluded that he must have some good foundation for them. Starting with hypotheses, he soon began to state them as facts. He described how the dead man, a once trusted friend, had entered the home of another; how by subtle wiles and deceit he had stolen the love of the wife; then followed an elopement and the breaking up of that once happy home.

"He told with the bitterness of truth how the scoundrel had deserted the erring woman and left her to perish alone; how the idea of revenge had filled the mind of the wronged husband; how, himself unseen, he had followed every movement of the intended victim for months and carefully plotted his destruction; how he had decoyed the doomed man to the town, and to the very spot where the murder was committed, and how he had destroyed the only clews—a couple of letters in the pockets of the dead man—and finally made his own escape, the secret safe in his own heart alone.

"As I read this remarkable tale through the conviction forced itself upon me that this was the absolute truth. If the writer himself had committed the deed he could not have described it more graphically. Suddenly the thought flashed over me—could he describe such a crime thus without having, in fact, committed it?

"We were alone in the room, I glanced at Jones apprehensively. He was writing rapidly—fiercely. His eyes were fixed, but he seemed to be looking through and beyond the paper across which his pen flew, at something fascinating—terrible! When he finished it was with a start, as if waking from a trance. I glanced at the last page, where was final confirmation of my fears.

"Good heavens, Jones, is this true?" I managed to say.

"Every word of it, as I live," he replied, firmly, if faintly.

"Then you have written the warrant for your own arrest," I said.

"His head dropped on his desk, but he said not a word.

"Jones," said I, finally shaking

him by the shoulder to arouse him to an understanding of my meaning, "enough to hang you is already in type. In an hour the papers will be on the streets; in another hour the police will be after you. Go make the most of your start."

"It was as I predicted," said the chief reporter, after a pause. "Before daylight a detective called on me to ascertain the source of that story. I simply pointed to Jones' name on the book and they went after him."

"Did they catch him?" asked the other, eagerly.

"They found him in his room, with a stiletto through his heart," said the chief reporter. Rx.

## Sure Enough.

A busy merchant who had not taken a vacation for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for the mountains.

When about a day's journey from home, he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

Dear Frank—Our home was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once. MARIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

Dear Maria—What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you and don't worry. Affectionately, FRANK.

—Youth's Companion.

## The Irish Peasant.

The Irish peasant is still, thank heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland in the early thirties—he is still "the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors of course commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck."

The peasants' passion for rhetoric still induces them to commit to memory imposing polysyllables which they often misapply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nurse-maid exclaim at a crying child in her arms, "Well, of all the ecclesiastical children I ever met you're wan of them." A landlord in the south of Ireland recently received a letter from a tenant in the following terms:

Yer Honor—Hopin this finds you in good health, as it laves me at present, your bulldog Bill has assassinated me poor ould donkey.—Rx.

## Mad Horse Sent Out.

The horse owned by Lew Craden which was bitten by a mad dog some time ago on account of which appeared in the Nugget at the time, has been sent up the river as it was found to be not only impracticable but almost impossible to keep the animal and work him around Dawson. The very sight of a dog drove the horse mad and caused him to become wholly unmanageable. It was this horse that stampeded the stages coming from the Forks a few mornings since, an account of which appeared in the Nugget the same evening. While hitched in a team on the Klondike river near the ferry the horse had got sight of a dog with the result that he kicked and raved until all fastening gave way and he was free.

Previous to being bitten by the dog the horse was considered a very valuable one; but two days ago when Mr. Craden received an offer of \$500 for him, he jumped at the opportunity to "let go." If no dogs are met on the trail between Dawson and Whitehorse the new purchaser will get value received for his money. But in the event of the meeting of a dog team, there is no telling what will happen.

## So It Does.

An old gentleman when passing a little boy selling newspapers at a street corner remarked:

"Are you not afraid you will catch cold on such a wet night, my little man?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy, "selling newspapers keeps up the circulation."

## The Lie Eternal.

A little girl came in her nightclothes very early to her mother one morning, saying, "Which is the worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so bad she could not tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, less you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But—there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—Rx.

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