

ECONOMY IS WEALTH

AN INNOVATION IN MINING

Introduced in the Klondike by McCrae Brothers.

By Means of Gasoline for Fuel Great Saving is Affected in Operation of Machinery.

A new innovation in the machinery line in the Klondike is being experimented with by the McCrae Bros. and if the machine, or engine, more properly speaking, does the work it is claimed it will, it may revolutionize things along the creeks in that life. The engine referred to is of the gasoline pattern, is mounted on wheels and was brought inside primarily for the purpose of operating a wood-saw. It is of a type quite common on the outside, particularly in California, where pumping plants are in use for purposes of irrigation. The power to drive the engine is produced by the explosion of gasoline in the cylinders, they being kept cool by a continuous circulation of water about them. Their cheapness of operation as well as their efficacy in performing the work required of them is where their great value lies. An experienced engineer is not required; in fact, they practically run themselves after once started, and in many places along the Pacific coast they are preferred to steam engines even where coal can be procured for \$4 a ton. Gasoline outside is bought for 11 cents a gallon, and benzine, an even better fuel, can be purchased in California for seven cents a gallon. The amount required to run an engine is one-eighth of a gallon per horsepower per hour. With one of 10 horsepower, such as that now being operated by McCrae Bros. the consumption for a day of 10 hours would be but 12 1/2 gallons, which at a cost of seven cents a gallon would amount to less than a dollar a day for fuel. Here in the Klondike where wood is becoming scarcer

and dearer each year the gasoline engines, if extensively introduced, will be found to be far cheaper in operation and in cases, such as running a pump, where steam is not required for other purposes, the work would be done just as effectively. Engines of this type are built in any size up to 300 horsepower. George Wattenhaugh, superintendent of the McDonal Iron Works, has installed many of them and is enthusiastic over their use in countries where fuel is scarce. One of the plants which Mr. Wattenhaugh put in operation was of 150 horsepower, which by means of a 30-inch centrifugal pump raised 28,000 gallons of water a minute 20 feet. With an engine whose fuel bill amounts to less than \$5 a day every bench claim in the Klondike upon which pay has been located could afford the possession of a pumping plant.

THE WIND AND WEATHER

Only Former That Causes Shivers at Present Time.

And yet, so far as temperature is concerned, winter has not fairly begun. All other cheap instruments, to the contrary, the official thermometer last night registered only 1.5 degrees below zero. This is the first time for the winter that below zero weather has been recorded. The ice in the Yukon has thickened up some in the past 24 hours, but the Klondike was running almost clear this morning. There is more water in the Klondike than usual at this season of the year.

Scots to Assemble.
The meeting which will be held this evening at McDonald hotel will elect officers for St. Andrew's Society and will appoint committees to have charge of the coming ball. It is expected that there will be a goodly assemblage of Scotchmen present.

Fresh Lowney's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

GREAT REDUCTION IN CANNED MEATS

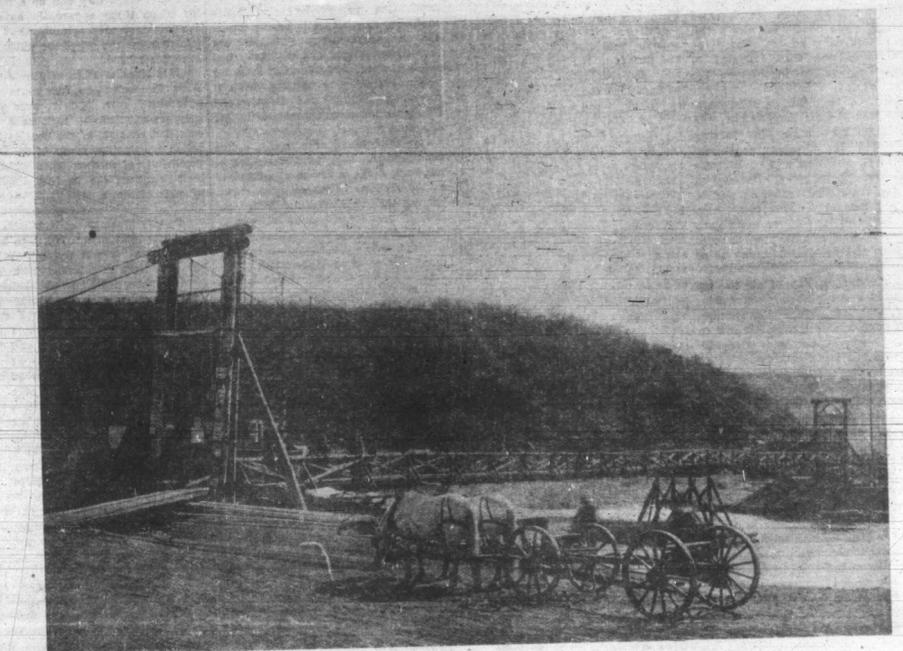
Soft Wheat Flour, per Sack	\$3.50	Roast Mutton, 2s, Per Dozen	\$4.50
Sugar, per Pound	.12	Corned Beef, 2s, Per Dozen	3.50
Roast Beef, 2s, Per Dozen	4.00	Choice Honey 12 Half Gal. Cans, Case	8.00

Don't Overlook This Opportunity.

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY.

Take Advantage of This Special Inducement to Consumers and

SAVE YOUR MONEY!



SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS KLONDIKE RIVER, DAWSON.

WOULD KILL HIS WIFE

Jealous-Crazed Atlin Husband's Terrible Crime.

Early Sunday afternoon, October 13, the calm serenity of Atlin's peace loving citizens was rudely disturbed by the news of an attempted murder, in which Mr. and Mrs. Hennig, the "Quick Lunch Room," played prominent parts. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Hennig, the proprietor of the Quick Lunch Room, was in his room sorting out the soiled clothes for the following day's washing, her husband entered and roughly asked her if she was going to leave him. Upon answering him "No," he seized her and threw her on the bed, and pushed something into her mouth to gag her, then drawing a razor from his pocket, he tried to cut her throat. A struggle ensued, but the husband succeeded in inflicting a number of painful wounds on the face, throat and hands.

Mrs. Hennig, by her struggles, and from loss of blood, finally became exhausted and said she was lying, but pleaded to see her baby before she died, and asked for a glass of water. Hennig believing her to be dying, said he would go for water, and then they would be together. While he was gone Mrs. Hennig slipped out and ran to the back door of her neighbor's house. Mr. Foley's, where medical aid was at once summoned for her, and then she was removed to the hospital.

Hennig was arrested by Special Constable Bickel after a hard fight, Henning endeavoring to evade arrest and protecting himself with a cleaver which he brandished with murderous intent, but he was eventually overpowered and taken to the goal. He now awaits his preliminary hearing, which will be as soon as Mrs. Hennig is able to give her evidence. In all probability he will be removed to the court of assize next summer. He has, during his incarceration, been trying to create the impression that he is crazy, and has made several clumsy attempts to break his neck. He had been drinking pretty heavily during the past summer, and this, together with a misalliance of jealousy are supposed to be responsible for his rash act.

Mrs. Hennig is slowly recovering from her wounds, though 47 stitches had to be made in her face, neck and hands.

High Tax on Wives.

The missionaries in South Africa recently held a convention in Natal. Among the questions that claimed their attention was that of polygamy among the natives. The discussion of the practicability of making a crusade against this heathenish custom, Mr. ... declared that the practice was condemned not only by moral but also by business considerations. The Bishop of Mashonaland, asserted that the country might find in polygamy the real reason for the very inconvenient dearth of labor in the mines.

The native father looks upon his daughter merely as so much merchandise. He will cheerfully part with her if he can get what he considers her value in cattle, according to her value to him. The girl is sold to her future husband for from five to fifty head of cattle, according to her beauty as that quality is estimated among the natives. An exceedingly fat girl is very beautiful, indeed, and brings the highest price in the matrimonial market.

The father of a family who raises a large number of daughters is certain to become rich. The more wives he has the more daughters are in prospect, thus it is highly desirable to have quite a number of wives. The young man who agrees to sell his labor for a stipulated time in the gold or diamond mines has only one thought, and that is to get some money with which he may purchase cattle and change them for a wife. When he has secured this desirable object he will do no more work for the white man until he wants some more wives in the course of time he will have daughters to sell and then he will do no more work at all. His wives will do all the field work, his daughters will bring in more cattle and his herds will grow also by natural increase. Between wives, daughters and cattle he will be able to lead a life of gentlemanly leisure.

The bishop of Mashonaland proposed a plan which, if carried into effect, would, in his opinion, put an end to polygamy. He would have the government view all wives except the first as articles of luxury and tax them in a progressive scale. Wife No. 1 should be exempt from taxation, but the husband should pay a tax of \$25 a year for the luxury of having wife No. 2 in his family, \$50 a year for wife No. 3, \$100 a year for wife No. 4, and so on. It is evident that at this rate it would take a very long purse or a very well-stocked cattle yard to keep the native home adorned with a goodly number of wives.

The convention did not commit itself to this or any other plan for doing away with polygamy, and it remains to be seen what the white legislators of South Africa will think of the novel scheme suggested by the bishop of Mashonaland.—Ex.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

"KID" WEST AFTER MONEY

Continued from page 1.

and they just happened to nail de right one. After dey found him guilty and told him he would have to stretch hemp he asked me what I thought his chances was for a new trial. He also told me he wasn't sore at me for takin' de stand. One day just after I got in he asked me what I thought of his job and I told him I thought it was de rawest piece of work I ever seen.

"I left here with Seelye on de Whitehorse July 5 for de outside. De board and he hands me a lot of coin about takin' my picture and den sell 'em on de way down from Skagway. Say, I'll bet he took me fifty different ways, ever'pin' de bull, de fat, a watch and ever'pin' like dat, but after we got to Skagway I never see him again and he didn't send me no pictures. Dat guys got a sure 'nough roast comin' if I ever meets him again. Some of de bank boys at Skagway tried to get a snap shot at me when de Hating but I docks into de stateroom. I was pretty sore on photograph guys about dat time. When we got to Seattle I stayed dere three weeks while Tom Huiig, de arch-deputy sheriff and de whitest man dat ever wore a star, and Seelye were gettin' up de petition to de govnor. De finally takes me over to Walla Walla where de pardon was supposed to be when I got dere. De govnor happened to be away at de time and de pardon didn't get dere for six days and den I was free. After I gets out I digs up some plunder I had cached for a long time, makes a cut wit' my pal and den takes a trip to Prisco to see me folks. Went east to Chicago and New York, has a hell of a big time and gets back to Seattle broke. Goes up to Vancouver and works for some time for Mr. Taylor, chairman of de committee on decorations, puttin' up de arches for de Duke of York. Den I comes to Skagway and down de river as de head chef on a bunch of scows and here I am."

Shortly after finishing his narrative the "Kid" blew out through the door with the parting admonition "to look out for any job" for him "dat was on de square."

Gossip of the Ring.
Jack Root of Chicago has issued a challenge to meet the winner of the Wolcott-Gardner battle.

Willie Fitzgerald of Brooklyn is anxious to try his prowess against either Terry McGovern or Jack Roberts of England.

Despite Oscar Gardner's many statements of late that he made up his mind to retire, he is to fight again.

Madden's management and that the latter will look out for Gardner's interests in the future. Madden is now anxious to pit his man against any good 158-pounder.

Sam Fitzpatrick expects soon to take under his wing Mose La Fontaine of Butte. La Fontaine is regarded as the best welterweight out to hang up a purse for the club in Oakland, Cal. It is known as the Acme A. C. and has a capacity for holding 3000 persons. Billy says that he will make an offer for his brother and Terry McGovern. He wants the combat to be decided some time during the latter part of November or the first week in December.

Kid McFadden of Prisco denies that his recent encounter with Solly Smith was a "fake." In his defence McFadden has this to say: "Smith buffed me repeatedly and three me repeatedly and threw me out of de ring. I defeated him on the legal. If Smith was not knocked out, he quit and there was no lay down to it, as far as I am concerned. I went in to win and did so on the level."

Vocalists Discouraged.
Recorder Hughes is entitled to a niche in the hall of fame. A few mornings ago he fined three young men \$5.00 or 30 days each for singing "When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear." Perhaps there is no statutory law prohibiting the singing of "When Reuben Comes to Town," "Amie Moore," "1000000 Eyes" and other sentimental songs, but there should be.

Three or four young men will go out to have a good time. They will mop up a few highballs and then begin to imagine that the operatic stage

has lost a few stars out of its constellation because they did not adopt the profession. One of them will begin to hum alleged popular air and presently the bunch will be standing with their heads close together, so their voices will blend, and they will make night hideous with a repertoire of songs that never had any excuse for being written, and should be allowed to rest in peace in a well-curated grave.

There has never yet lived a man, who after he had absorbed a few drinks, didn't think he could sing. He might not be able to distinguish between a musical score and a laundry ticket, and try to dance a two step to the air of Chopin's funeral march, but if he lingers at the bar long enough, he will reach the musical stage of intoxication, and burst forth into joyous song.

Recorder Hughes has established a precedent that should be followed by all men who have magisterial powers. Of course the ordinary citizen is restricted to anathemas or an ax, but if there could be a scale established by the police court justices whereby these self-supposed musical wonders could be given long terms in the workhouse, it would be welcomed and endorsed by a long suffering and sleepy public.

Two-fifty or twenty Mays is too cheap for "Jessie Dear." When it first came out it was a melodramatic ballad it should be revised. It savors strongly of body-snatching, and the man who resurrects "Jessie Dear" in the dead hours of the night should be classed as a ghoul.

These young men made an improvised music hall out of a vacant lot at the corner of Tulane avenue and Johnson street, and were rendering the entire barber shop repertoire. They were too far away from the buildings for people to throw things at them with any hope of fatal results, so they escaped until Capt. Boyle happened to go to that part of town. When he was two blocks away he heard the "musical," and rang for

the wagon. Even the horses that but they were forced close enough to the officers to swoop down on the trio, and do a little harlequin of their own.

The warblers had gotten together "Mamie," "Because," "Sweet Kitty and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," with the usual long list of the minors when the officers arrested them and changed the tune to "Ye Terriers, Drill!"—New York Times-Democrat.

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