

OLD LETTERS DISCOVERED.

Correspondence Between Christ and King Agrippa

Brought to Light in Rome After Being Lost 1803 Years—Rare Old Documents.

(From Friday's Daily.)

New York, May 22.—The Herald and the Journal and Advertiser print today special cables from London and Rome respectively, which say that two letters, one from King Agrippa to Christ, and the other from the Saviour to the king in reply—letters referred to by Eusebius in the fourth century—have been discovered after being lost 1803 years.

The letter from King Agrippa to Christ reads:

"I have heard of Thee and the cures wrought by Thee, without herb or medicine, for it is reported that Thou restorest sight to the blind and maketh the lame to walk, cleanseth the leper, raiseth the dead, chaseth out devils and unclean spirits and healeth those that are tormented of disease of a long continuance.

"Hearing all this of Thee, I was fully persuaded that Thou art the very God come down from heaven to do such miracles, or that Thou art the Son of God and performest them. Wherefore I have sent Thee a few lines entreating thee to come hither and cure my disease. Besides,

"Hearing that the Jews murmur against Thee and continue to do Thee mischief, I invite Thee to my city, which is but a little one, but is beautiful and sufficient to entertain us both."

Christ's reply to the above reads:

"Blessed are thou for believing Me, whom thou hast not seen, for it is written of Me that they that have seen Me shall not believe and they that have not seen Me shall believe and be saved. But concerning the matter thou hast written about, this is to acquaint thee that all things for which I am sent hither must be fulfilled and then I shall be taken up and return to Him that sent Me. But after My ascension I will send one of My disciples that shall cure thee of thy distemper and give life to all them that are with thee."

The Journal and Advertiser says:

"The special cable from Rome purporting to prove the truth of a tradition that is almost as ancient as Christianity. Of course, the Journal cannot vouch for the truth of the statements which were made yesterday, April 30, by Prof. Bohrmann, of Vienna University, to the Archaeological Congress in Rome, but they are of intense interest."

The cable message continues: "Prof. Bohrmann announced that these letters had been discovered carved in a stone over the gateway of the old palace of the Kings of Ephesus, and that they were undoubtedly the letters referred to by Eusebius and other early writers according to whom they were written in Syro-Chaldae characters and originally discovered under a stone, eighty-four miles from the city of Iconium in the year 97 and then lost. Fragments reporting to be of the original were declared spurious by Pope Leo III. Prof. Bohrmann says this discovery proves that such letters were written and supplies the full text."

A special from London is also printed in which Prof. George Robert Milne Murray, keeper of the department of botany and natural history in the British Museum, is quoted as saying that the inscription was undoubtedly genuine. Prof. Murray had been shown a fac simile.

Violin Music.

The violin was used recently with interesting results in experiments with all sorts of living creatures. First it was played before a tarantula. She paid no attention whatever to it. But a nest of scorpions became intensely excited and wiggled frantically.

A cobra showed remarkable susceptibility. She was sleeping soundly when the experimenters approached her, but the first tone awakened her, and she raised her head. As the music swelled she continued to rise till she was standing straight as a pillar, supported only by her tail. Every change in tempo and pitch had effect. The pizzicato made her puff her entire body, swiftness of music caused her to erect her ugly hood to its fullest size, and a sudden dissonance made her wind and twist her body as if she were in real agony.

The polar bear tried to dance to the sounds of the instrument. At least he swayed his body rhythmically and made a rumbling sound which portrayed deep measure. The grizzlies and the lions moved their paws and the lions their

tails also in time with the music. It happened that a string snapped, with its peculiar sharp smack, just as the player had begun to perform before the cage of a hyena. That poor animal, at once hunched its back up, drew its tail between its legs and crouched, trembling, in the farthest corner of the cage. The elephant and the ostrich were delighted by soft tones and appeared to suffer true distress from loud and sharp notes.—New York Press.

Cy Warman in Dawson.

Cy Warman, the poet, author and one of America's most graphic descriptive writers, visited Dawson the latter part of last summer. Warman is not the man to announce his arrival in a city with a blaze of trumpets, being very quiet, but exceptionally observing. After his return to the outside he wrote some of the most vivid descriptions of Alaska ever yet penned regarding that country. A late issue of the Moyle, B. C. Leader, has one of Warman's articles which appeared in the New York Sun. By reading the article it will be seen that things have changed very little in Dawson since Cy was here, except that watermelons are not yet on the market and meat is considerably higher. Other wise things are about as Cy found them ten months ago. The following is the article:

"Cy Warman, composer of the song 'Sweet Marie,' and author of a score or more short but interesting stories, made a trip to Dawson city some time ago. Cy evidently took in the town, for when he returned he contributed some pen pictures of midnight vice and revelry to the New York Sun, which are simply astonishing. In describing his experience he says:

"At one o'clock we pushed the doors open, peeped in, coughed and backed out again. The foul air, had tobacco, and the smell of spilled gin were too much even for my hardened friend Thomson. To a woman who blew cigarette smoke and smiles in his face he said: 'You are no lady.'"

"I think he must have been wrong, for I am sure no gentleman would dress as that did. It wore a pink bathing suit, short and starched natural stockings, sunset slippers and garters of gold. Its hair was the hue of a house on fire. After looking it over carefully for a moment Jim said it was what Klondikers call a 'dream.'"

"Wash yer neck," asked a miner, jerking his head towards the bar.

"Oui," said the dream, and then she put a naked elbow on the board and cooed in a clear, confident voice, 'High ball.'"

"Here comes a man crying Puget sound papers only eight days old. Behind him, in the gloaming, a man is carrying a basket of sliced watermelon; little crescents cut thinley from a six inch shell, and he wants 25 cents a bite. Watermelons are cheap now. You can buy a whole one as big as a boy's head for \$2.50. They were \$10 earlier, and they were \$25 last year. In a little market a man is cutting a round steak for 75 cents a pound. Porterhouse is a dollar."

Found the Ends.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he could find work on the ship.

"Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have some work."

The Irishman got hold of the rope, and, showing it to the captain, said "That's one end, your honor." Then he took hold of the other end, and, showing it to the captain as before, said, "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying, "And faith, there's another end to it, your honor."

He was immediately engaged.—London King.

Kruger's Pinching Qualities.

When Kruger wants to punish people, he has a way of pinching them, using only four fingers of the right hand, but those fingers are especially strong. He invites the offender to sit next him and then grips the flesh of the leg between two of his fingers and twists it until the person turns blue and green. He was particularly irate with a gang of four who had stolen his horses.

"What made you steal my horses?" he asked angrily. The leader of the gang replied, "Because they were very bad, and we thought we would give your honor the opportunity to replace them with better ones."

Kruger was very angry and pinched very hard one after the other till they turned all kinds of colors.—Ex.

A. B. Meeting Tonight.

As a number who contemplate leaving for the lower river on the steamer Hannah desire to be initiated into the Arctic Brotherhood tonight, it is imperative that all members be on hand promptly at 9 o'clock in order that the work of the evening may be completed in reasonable time.

HE FOUGHT AGAINST FATE

How Aaron Burr Endeavored to Stem the Tide of Ill Fortune.

Engaged in Practice of Law in His Old Age but Family Sorrow Carried Him Down.

"Aaron Burr was 60 years old when he resolved once more to battle with fortune," writes William Perrine in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Going quietly into New York, he opened an office for the practice of law and in a fortnight had earned \$2000 in fees. But hardly had he written to his daughter about his luck when there came from South Carolina the news that her beautiful boy, who had been the idol of the ambitious statesman, was dead."

"But there was in reserve for Burr a still heavier blow. Toward the close of the year 1812 Theodosia Alston made preparations to visit her father in New York. Passage was engaged on the schooner the Patriot for Theodosia, her physician and her maid, and the lovely woman was radiant with the expectation of meeting her father within the next five or six days. The Patriot sailed from Charleston out into the ocean in Christmas week, and not a vestige of her was ever again seen, and it is surmised—but nothing is known as to her fate—that she foundered off the coast of Hatteras."

"Day after day and long after all hope had been abandoned there might be seen on the Battery at New York the lonely and unhappy father, peering far down the bay as if he were scanning the sea for a sail. At his agony Aaron Burr gave the world but little view. He had schooled himself in the habit of never exhibiting his emotions, but in one of his letters he declared that he felt as if he had been severed from the human race."

The Eternal Feminine.

Mrs. Alan Gardner, on one of her big-game shooting expeditions in Somaliland, gave a native woman a looking-glass, says Tit-Bits. She was so delighted with the first clear sight of her dusky countenance that she sat through two entire days and nights outside Mrs. Gardner's tent gazing with rapture at her own reflection. On the morning of the third day the fame of the looking-glass had spread through the country, and a row of 40 Somali women collected from far and near, were engaged in taking an admiring turn at the magic mirror. When Mrs. Gardner came on the scene she was greeted by 40 feminine Somali voices joined in chorus, and each begging for a looking-glass "all to herself." But, alas! for the limitations of a sporting outfit, the dusky belles were obliged to content themselves with the one mirror. And the woman with the looking-glass remained for many weeks the most important person in Somaliland.

Aged Lovers Wed.

A wedding of romantic interest occurred at Rushville, Ind., the other evening in which the happy couple, now well along in years, were sweethearts 55 years ago in Rush county. The groom, William D. Westerfield, a wealthy farmer of Manilla, Rush county, is 74 years of age and the bride, Mrs. Helen J. Conway, of New York city, who came to Rushville to wed the lover of her girlhood days, is 72 but a well-preserved and good looking woman. The ceremony was performed by Justice Poe.

William D. Westerfield and Helen Thomas were schoolmates in Walker township 65 years ago. Their childish acquaintance ripened into love and they grew to be sweethearts as the years advanced. In the spring of 1848 they expected to marry, but unforeseen circumstances crossed their path of happiness and caused them to drift apart. Afterwards both were married. Mrs. Conway's husband died two years ago and Mr. Westerfield's wife passed away one year ago.

Two Nome Railroads.

Articles of incorporation of the Nome Railroad Company were filed in San Francisco on the 18th of May. The company proposes to have a main line four miles long, with a branch line two and a half miles long. The incorporators are C. D. Lane, E. J. Cutchen, C. H. Willard, P. J. Miller and F. W. Winn. The capital stock is \$100,000. The road will run from Nome to Anvil creek in Alaska.

The same persons have incorporated the Wild Goose Railway Company with \$100,000 capital stock, to operate four and a half miles of road from the shore of Berling sea near Nome toward Anvil creek, with a branch line a mile and a half long.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 15
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
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INVESTIGATE FULLY.

The conviction of the three men concerned in the Struthers case has demonstrated several things very forcibly. First and foremost, it has established beyond a doubt that there has been crooked work in the gold commissioner's office to an extent yet unknown, but presumably covering a considerable length of time. It has shown that the general methods of conducting business at the gold commissioner's office must be extremely lax and unsystematic to admit of such violations of the law being committed. It has also proven a lack of judgment on the part of someone in placing Struthers in the position he occupied, with no adequate check kept upon him; and, finally, as a sort of corollary to the last proposition, it indicates that the heads of the office are woefully ignorant of what transpires in their particular department.

The people of this territory have never had confidence in the administration of the gold commissioner's office at any time since the original induction of Thomas Fawcett into office.

This lack of confidence has been augmented by the persistent and determined effort which has been made to keep the transactions of the office as nearly as possible hidden from public knowledge. A demand was made long ago for a complete reorganization of the office and investigation into the methods of conducting business which have maintained therein.

This demand, though supported by an overwhelming array of facts, has been studiously ignored, and a systematic effort made to divert public attention and interest by impugning the motives and attacking the characters of the men who identified themselves with the movement calling for an investigation.

The Struthers case, however, has finally brought matters to an issue, which cannot be dodged or avoided, if the government desires its administration of Yukon affairs to become in any degree established in the confidence of the people. The gold commissioner's office is the most important branch of the government service in the Yukon. Honest and efficient administration of that office is absolutely essential. In one way or another, every man in the territory comes in contact with the office, which has in its keeping, records of property interests running far into the millions.

It has resulted in serious and lasting injury to the country in general that the workings of the office have not been such as to inspire a feeling of public confidence. Investors have hesitated to place their money in Klondike properties on this account, and a general feeling of mistrust has prevailed.

We submit that the time has arrived when a thorough, searching and impartial investigation should be conducted, to the end that justice may be done all parties and the gold commissioner's office of the Yukon territory be placed upon a level with similar departments of public service in other portions of the Dominion.

"THE NEWS WAS JOBBED."

Our virtuous contemporary, the News, which has acquired no inconsiderable reputation as a purveyor of "hard luck stories,"

has again been made the victim of bad and designing men.

This time, it appears that a veritable confidence game has been played upon the News, the details of which were set forth in last night's issue of our contemporary under the caption as quoted above.

The matter might not at this time properly call for any comment, were it not for the fact that the News has been "jobbed" on several previous occasions. There was the famous telegram "job." We wonder if the history of all the great conspiracies, which have wrecked nations and sent thrones tottering to their fall, could produce anything to compare with the deep-laid plots and machinations which the News has told us were laid against its "exclusive telegraph franchise?" We think not.

But, again, do we not all remember when the first men arrived in Dawson from Nome last winter? Was there ever a clearer case of "jobbery" shown than on that occasion, when the Nugget, six hours in advance of the News, published the full details of the long journey over the ice? Very justly, our contemporary felt aggrieved, and by affidavits and long drawn-out statements showed to its own satisfaction, at least—that the News, and not the Nugget, should have published the Nome story first.

But these former outrages and impositions upon our "guileless contemporary pale into insignificance when compared with the incident which furnished the text of the News' editorial of yesterday. It is bad enough to be wronged by a hostile government or to be outdone by an enterprising contemporary—but to be deliberately "jobbed," to again quote our contemporary's elegant language, by one whom popular rumor credits with having contributed many lurid and lengthy, if not weighty, articles to the News' editorial columns—surely that is sufficient occasion for all the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth of which our contemporary is capable.

Such ingratitude has not been equaled since Brutus buried his dagger in the heart of his protector.

"The News was jobbed!"—betrayed by its best friend! O, shade of immortal Caesar! draw the protecting cover of your robes about you and turn your face to the wall. As the architect of man's ingratitude, you have had your day. Your race has been run. You no longer hold first place, and must yield the palm. Your toga has fallen upon the shoulders of the Dawson Daily News, and Brutus again walks the earth in the person of Joseph Clarke.

Political questions are agitating our brethren in Alaska just as strongly as though they were down in the states and right in the midst of the fray. Preliminary conventions are being held for the election of delegates to the national assemblies of the various political parties, and all the politicians are getting their war paint on. Alaskans seem to be just as vitally interested in the questions of expansion, free silver, trusts, etc., as are the people generally throughout the states, and the matter of party platforms has been most vigorously discussed in all the Alaskan coast towns. They are not overlooking a few demands for federal recognition of various requests for alterations in the Alaskan code, and the prospects appear to be that Uncle Sam will in the near future give some attention thereto.

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