

LOCK YOUR BACK DOORS

Band of Pirates Loose This Evening

Police Will Surround Auditorium and May Capture Some of Them.

Wherever the "Pirates of Penzance" has been played there has always been a strong body of police present to control the audience, for the reason—and the only reason there is in the play, if there is any—that its teachings and the only moral to be drawn from it—there are any morals in it—are directly opposed to a constitutional form of government. Mr. Searelle, who places this thrilling drama before the public on the boards of the Auditorium this evening, is well aware of this fact, and he knows it.

Everybody knows just as well as you and I the smuggling that went on here during the early days, and knows also the grand work Chief McKinnon did in suppressing the manufacture of hooch after the smugglers had been wiped out. We have at length simmered down to a law abiding community, and to a large extent drink our hooch in secrecy.

This pastoral state of affairs is broken into by an anarchist from the Antipodes under the assumed name of Searelle who tonight publicly flaunts before our growing up men and women the glories of the ancient days of piracy. He begins his performance with a grand chorus, to sing which he has inveigled all the good singers in town without disclosing to them the sinister influence that they are expected to serve. In the very first opening chorus they will be called upon to sing are found these lines:

"Pour, oh pour the pirate whisky, Fill, oh fill the pirate glass. There are a number of verses of this, every one filled with o's, each one of which means a drink, and then comes this verse:

"For today our pirate 'prentice Rises from indentured freed." Those two last lines are intended to show the general anarchistic tendencies of the play. The idea of apprenticing boys to be pirates is a shock to the community. The only pirate now living here is Mark, who has ordered many a good man to walk the plank but is now walking the plank himself to gain a living.

But the general public may attend the meeting of the "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium tonight in perfect safety, as the pirates will be more than outnumbered by the strong body of police Major Wood has assembled from all parts of the territory to see that the pirates get away with nothing except the entrance money.

As to the leader of the pirates, he possesses a wonderful hypnotic influence over his lawless band which will be fully established when he takes his baton in hand at 8:30 this evening.

Hear the magnificent chorus of fifty voices in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

See Mr. C. W. MacPherson as "Major General Stanley" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

\$2 Per Month!

The Nugget

Will Be Delivered After February 1st For

\$2.00 PER MONTH

The Antiquary
Lichen, Moss, Stones. All that is left of the Home of a Prince. The Moon silvers the Heap. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?
Must, Moth, Mould. All that is left of an Emperor's Tomb. The Owl hoots and the Raven croaks. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?
Slime, Rushes, Swamp. All that is left of a Kingdom proud. The Will-o'-the-Wisp comes and goes. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?
Cities, Villas, Homes. Throughout the World is a new Order of Things. The Fool and his Bells are silent as Prince, Emperor and King. But the old Man in his dusty Coat still lives in the Lessons taught the Present by the Past. — From the Leader.

HANK'S MOURNERT.

From the Indianapolis News.
It wasn't quite Christianlike, but when

Hank went the way of mortal men. No one in all our neighborhood could say a word that sounded good.

No one could give a hint that he would find a mild eternity. All rather loved that, like as not. He'd get his just deserts served hot.

And, quite as well, there was no call. For Hank of his lone tribe was all. A kindly Heaven was pleased to send. To tally relative of friend.

The parson, not to go amiss. Just read from Job and Genesis. And, not to stray off in the dark. Made no extemporaneous remark.

Without a friend! It struck us hard. As we returned past Old Hank's yard. Leaving him in his lonely bed. Where not a single tear was shed.

Without a friend! And then a cry. That gave our thought at once the lie. A wall of grief that passed all bounds. From Hank's three father, wretched bounds.

—Charles Dennis.
"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony." He looked thoughtful. "It will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said, "but I think I can ring you in somehow."

And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

See Mr. H. D. Hulme as "The Pirate King" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Attorney—Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
Client—Except, of course, a lawyer.
—Town and Country.

See the beautiful dances in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Barnes—ton, is becoming quite a linguist, isn't he?
Shed—I don't know. Is he?
Barnes—Why, haven't you heard? He took French leave from town last year, and now he has been made to walk Spanish from the place he went to. —Boston Transcript.

See the opera "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Clara—What an easy-going person that Mr. Littlebrayne is.
Agnes—Easy-going? I never found him so. It's always the hardest kind of work for me to get him to go before midnight. —Chicago Record-Herald.

LOOK OUT FOR PIRATES TONIGHT

Late, very, Noisy, too; All merry, Gowns new, Rustle, bustle, Giggles, talk, Hustle, bustle, Walk, walk, Single ranks, Swish, whack, Usher yanks, Portiere back, File in, Shove chairs, Much din, More airs, High bred? Well, no. 'Nuff said—Got dough.

ALL ABOUT HADLEY.

What He Told the Mormons About the Klondike.

Having renewed the ties and cemented the relations that bound him to a home in one of the most picturesque portions of Colorado, Ben T. Hadley, owner of a business and the head of one of the stage routes in the Klondike country, came in from the neighboring state on Saturday on his way to Dawson city. It is a betrayal of no confidence to divulge that Mr. Hadley is traveling in this city to consummate the most important event in his career. He is going to be joined here by the girl he left behind him, and with the consent of the parson they will continue the journey to his Alaskan home as Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin T. Hadley. Yes, between the diggings and commercial pursuits he has made his stake, a flask of nuggets that languish in vaults down at the Knutsford hotel revealing the kind of stuff from which his fortune was derived.

Dawson and the district surrounding it, said the traveler, is still quite productive, although the mining out of the lower strata has converted it into a "summer camp." Its miners now relying on gravel around the grass roofs, and consequently holding back for the spring thaw. Not a blank, said he, has been drawn on either Eldorado or Bonanza creeks, and while the dirt has been washed in a crude way, much fine gold awaits those who have the means with which to install more modern methods. Nor has all the coarse gold or nuggets been washed from the sands, that have been turned over, said Mr. Hadley, for he recalls where a friend of his found a nugget of the value of \$120 in the gangue, another a nugget which brought him \$120 at the mint. It is the find gold, however, that has gone off in the tailings that promises a new generation much money. In the prospecting for lode deposits not much has been accomplished, although the country is well assured. However, this is left to the future, and with more economic means for lode mining Mr. Hadley expects to see the most sensational achievements throughout the territory.

Half a dollar a mile is what it costs to occupy a seat in one of the stage coaches operated by Hadley Bros. in Alaska, said the visitor yesterday, and while the traveler may shudder at this, it must be remembered that hay has never been sold any lower than \$200 per ton, and the owners have 160 animals for which to provide. Mr. Hadley estimates the population of Dawson city at this time at 8000, with 35,000 souls in the district. —Salt Lake Tribune.

Short and Not Very Sweet

When Frederic Remington, the artist, appeared one day in the Grand Central station a Bostonian caught sight of him, and said to a friend from Chicago, who was with him: "Why, there is Frederic Remington." "Where?" asked the pork packer. "That man coming this way. Shall I introduce you?"

"Bet your life. No man I'd like better to see."

"I had no idea you cared so much for his work."

"Care for it? Nothing like it; knocks the spots off everything else in the line."

The man of culture presented the Chicagoan. "Proud to meet you. Remington is a great name with me."

"Indeed," said Mr. Remington. "That's right. My wife will be glad I've run across you. She used to be my stenographer, liked your machine mightily. I never would use any other, and if you want a recommendation from—"

Mr. Remington turned away. When the Bostonian recovered, he explained things. "Artist? Oh, Lord! One of them chromo men. I thought he invented the typewriter. Now, wouldn't that kill you?"

See Mrs. P. R. Ritchie as "Mabel" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Delta—What did you fall out about? Celia—Why, we hadn't been engaged a week before he quit buying boxes, and brought me candy in a paper bag. —Detroit Free Press.

RAILROAD PROMOTER

Coming to Investigate the Situation.

Mr. E. C. Hawkins Will Arrive Within the Next Few Days

The notification that Mr. Hawkins is coming in on the next stage to arrive here has started any amount of rumors as to the work that will be done, in all probability, on the Klondike Mines Railroad. It is well known that Mr. Hawkins brings in with him a capitalist from New York city, and that this capitalist is ready and willing to invest in anything which will bring a fair amount of interest.

The Klondike railroad, this gentleman will find, the concession for which is now held by Mr. Hawkins, would in all probability under the tendency of the present government of Canada to own all its new lines of transportation, have been a work of the government.

When Mr. Hawkins was last here he had difficulty in securing subscriptions to the stock of the new railroad—just sufficient to go outside and show how much the local merchants were interested in it. He has no such trouble now, from the last accounts of his financial doings in New York.

Case for Trial
The following cases have been set down for trial during the present week:

Macmillan vs Stewart.
Webb vs Ballard.
Stiles vs Golpin.
McKenzie vs Hartney.
Davis vs Harris.
Lynch vs Jeha.
Wayling vs Sprague.
Grottschier vs Warberton.
Dawson Transfer Co. vs Frissell.
Martel vs Messier.
Sprague vs Matheson.
Collier vs Matheson.
Vallery vs Cameron.
For the week following, beginning February 23, the cases so far down for trial are as follows:

Huntington vs Martiney.
Leeland vs Leinweder.
Fochiat vs Ging.
Macaulay vs White.
Brown vs Martin.
Boundy vs Norwood.

WOUNDED.
Let me get up then! To hell with your lie that I'm riddled and done!

Blood in my lap? No, it's fire—it bubbled there down from the sun. Let me get up! I must find him, that bound with the snivelling eyes. God! hold this spinning-top steady; lay hands on those flickering skies. Only a tribute to face him! the strength with the glory will come.

I shall back with the butt o'er my shoulder, and thrust with the bayonet home. Ha! I shall strike all the cunning, the hate and the scorn from his life. Let me get up! I was wounded and he jabbed me, the brute, with a knife.

Ah! he was grinning and mocking, but, God! 'twas the breath of the swine. It spote me, it burned me, it shamed me—when his bullet had tangled my spine.

It smites me, it burns me, it shames me—it is choking me, killing me, now.

Wipe it away from my eyes, chum; rub it, Christ's sake, from my brow!

Lord! the ground heaves like an ocean! Water! I've something to say!

Quick, the sun's his, look! it's tumbling! Water! I'm working away! Hark! the wind's beating up thunder! The column is charging! Who cries?

What! I am going! God curse him! his breath's eating into my eyes.

A lovely Night—A moon—So bright—A swain—In love—Fair Maid—Above—A chord—A song—A bark—So long!

Battleship Disaster
Washington, Jan. 19.—A cable was received this morning at the navy department from Rear Admiral Higginson regarding the explosion of the battleship Massachusetts, dated San Juan, Jan. 18, and saying that the number of dead is seven.

"I call my dog Tonic," said the logician, "because he is mostly white with a slight infusion of bark." —Baltimore American.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

ARE DISPOSED OF

Court Docket for This Week is All But Clear.

The thirteen cases that were arranged for this week in the territorial court have been disposed of, with one exception, in one way or another and there is little likelihood of there being anything further to occupy the attention of their lordships, saving the small debts court on Friday, until next week. The cases of Macmillan vs Stewart, McKenzie vs Hartney, Martel vs Messier, Wayling vs Sprague and Collier vs Matheson have been dismissed. Webb vs Ballard, Davis vs Harris, Lynch vs Jeha, Dawson Transfer Company vs Frissell and Sprague vs Matheson have been placed at the foot of the list. Vallery vs Cameron has been fixed for the third week in April and Grottschier vs Warberton has been struck out with the right to be reinstated.

HOCKEY MEETING.

League Defines Position of Two of Their Players.

A meeting of the members of the hockey league was held last night at which the precise position of two of the players was determined. Hope was formerly with the Police but after the latter had amalgamated with the D.A.A. he played one game, under protest of the Athletics, with the Civil Service. Edwards was at the beginning of the season with the Civil Service but upon him being supplanted by Senkler he transferred his affections to the City Eagles and played one game with them. Their standing was one of the things decided by the league. Hope will hereafter be allowed to play with no team except the Civil Service and Edwards will be confined to the City Eagles. The protest of the game of Saturday evening last will not come up for disposition until tomorrow evening.

PLAY HAS BEGUN

Two Games Are Settled on the Hand Ball Courts.

The hand ball tournament at the rink was begun Monday evening the first game being played between H. M. Martin, receive 10, and E. C. Senkler, receive 8, the former winning by a score of 21-20, 16-21 and 21-20. Last night J. N. Storry played M. Alcock winning two straight sets 21-20 and 21-14. Both the latter are in the receive 8 class. It is the general belief among the players that the handicapping committee has done very efficient work in the placing of the handicaps. Games are scheduled for this evening and they will be played from now on without interruption until the remainder of the first round is finished.

100 Suits

Former Price \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00

NOW \$10.00.

SARGENT & PINSKA. SECOND AVE. Phone: Store 82, Warehouse 78-B.

MIT Makes Seizure

Sheriff Ellbeck day before yesterday seized a three-quarter interest in a fractional bench, right limit, opposite 242 below lower on Dominion, a quarter interest in another bench adjoining, a 20 horse-power boiler, hoisting engine, pipe fittings, tools, etc., and will sell the same at public auction on the 27th. The seizure arose through the case of Henry Cartier vs. Daniel Webster, in which the amount of \$1242 is involved.

Best hot drinks in town—The Sideboard.

If you are going to have a

SUIT OR PAIR OF PANTS

This Spring see BREWITT, The Tailor. Don't send outside. We can give you the Best, no Waiting. No Fitting Over and no more expense. See our New Goods.

GEO. BREWITT, THE TAILOR.

Second Avenue.

N. G. Co. TEMPERATURE

SPECIAL CUT IN WOOL DRESS GOODS REDUCED TO \$10.00 YARD

25 PATTERNS, 45 to 54 Inch to Select From. All good, desirable colors, suitable for spring and summer wear.

Northern Commercial Company

Fresh Morgan Oysters

Are now selling cheaper than ever before in the history of Dawson. Ask your dealer for them. Every can sold by our retailers guaranteed.

Pacific Cold Storage Co. Telephone 63

Read the Daily Klondike Nugget

Dawson's Leading and Most Influential Newspaper. The Nugget has the BEST Local News Facilities, Telegraphic Service and Mining Reviews, and is ALWAYS RELIABLE.

The Family Paper of the Yukon

Delivered to Any House in the City for

\$2.00 Per Month.

On and After February 1, 1903:

The Nugget From Skagway

Vol. 4—No. 43

CHILDREN

Street Car Wreck

Fast Train

Was Loaded With School

Nine of Whom Dead.

Special to the Daily Nugget

Newark, N. J., Feb. 17.—A Lackawanna train on the Jersey City track yesterday afternoon, was killed by a street car moving at full speed.

JIM HILL

BEHIND

Plans of Valdez

Promoter

Tanana Strike Will

Boost Up Extension

Road to Weena

A letter was received

mail by a business friend

Underwood, who is to

fill as the manager

Northern Railroad, and

take the whole of his

time in this country

from this it seems

that the Valdez

road is now in the

hands of the

company with the

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