

THE FIRE SATURDAY NIGHT

Almost Cremates Mrs. McNaughton In Justice Craig's House

The Lady Put an Electric Light In Her Bed to Warm It and the Blankets Took Fire.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

The residence of Justice Craig narrowly escaped destruction by fire last Saturday night, or early Sunday morning, and Mrs. McNaughton, the housekeeper came near being cremated in her bed.

The cause of the fire was rather a curious one, and is perhaps unprecedented in the history of such things. It was very late, and the fire having died down in the fire place below stairs, and awakening and finding the house becoming cold, Mrs. McNaughton went down, as she frequently has done since the weather became cold and rekindled the fire. Being chilled when she got back to her bedroom, she placed the candle power electric light in the bed at her feet and went to sleep.

She awakened after a time to find the bedding on fire, which, with little difficulty she extinguished, and leaving the offending light out, again retired, going to sleep almost immediately.

A second time she was awakened by the fire in the bed, and this time it had passed more headway than on the first occasion. Evidently she had but imperfectly extinguished the fire in the first instance, and when she threw the bedding back the whole bed was instantly enveloped in flames. This time the lady became thoroughly frightened and alarmed the household, by whose united efforts the fire was smothered out.

Luckily Mr. McNaughton escaped from her double experience of fire without injury.

The Auction Sale.

A large crowd was in attendance today at the auction sale of crown ground and bidding was quite lively. All classes of men are represented in the buyers and any property that is considered good usually brings a fair price. Men who are working ground adjoining property put up for sale frequently bid on such claims and will pay more money than other men can pay, on account of the fact that they have all the necessary machinery, etc., at hand for working.

Several brokers are buying considerable property, while a number of men representing pools formed by Dawson business men, have bought quite freely. Sheriff Bilbeck makes fun for the crowd when bidding is dull and any new joke which he happens to spring is always good for an advance of \$15 or \$20 on the last bid.

Occasionally, however, the jokes bear the unmistakable evidence of age in which event a depressing effect on the bidding is noticeable.

There is no lack of the man who goes around assuring everyone in a staccato whisper that the whole thing is a fraud and that the officials are taking everything in sight that "looks good."

However that may be, there is no escaping the fact that the government's coffers will be considerably enriched when the sale is over. If all the claims sold are recorded the revenue from that source alone will total a very heavy sum outside of the original purchase price.

A Beautiful Display.

At the big department store of the Alaska Exploration Company is now to be seen the most beautifully decorated window and, in fact, the first show window in Dawson ever decorated exclusively with fancy articles. The trimming of the window is the handiwork of Mr. R. Gillis and will, in appearance, delicacy of touch and harmony of colors, compare favorably with those seen on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington City when the American capital puts on her Sunday clothes in honor of a presidential inauguration which is tete time in the city of parks and monuments, the prettiest city on the American continent.

Among the hundred and one fancy articles so tastily displayed in the A. R. Co.'s window are fancy waist silks, allover spangled nets, jet and colored spangled trimmings, French kid gloves in long and short lengths, and in all colors including evening shades, jet and steel colors in all varieties of trimmings, jet side pockets with and without girdles, steel cut buckles, hand embroidered handkerchiefs, every color, shade and width of ribbon and everything else that goes towards making the

big window a thing of beauty, a delight to the artistic eye and a credit to the Alaska Exploration Company.

Notify the Administrator.

Notices are out calling attention to the ordinance bearing upon the matter, which calls upon everyone having charge or care of any one at the time of death, to notify the public administrator of such death at once, and to turn over to his office any effects or estate of which the deceased may have been possessed. Anyone failing in this, says the notice, will be prosecuted.

Short of Legal Advice.

The Yukon council finds itself short in the matter of legal help in the framing and scrutinizing of ordinances before their passage. The member whose duty it is to attend to matters of this nature is Public Administrator Clement, who is now absent on an extended vacation, and can not be expected to return for some time.

Must Be Sacred.

But one of the theaters, the Savoy, entertained last night, the others deciding to not take chances with the law for the reason that while their respective performances were eminently respectable, they would not pass muster as to "sacredness" in other words, the productions which were prepared for presentation at the Standard and Orpheum, were not strictly orthodox according to a strictly evangelical view, and after a hint from the authorities that nothing but strictly straightout sacred entertainments would be permitted, the managers of the two houses of amusement above mentioned decided to refrain from presenting the program prepared.

There was a good audience at the Savoy where there was a most enjoyable and excellently rendered program, all the numbers being of such nature as to entitle them to a place on the list of sacred renditions.

The authorities state that in the future all Sunday night entertainments must be of an orthodox order, otherwise their promulgators will be called to a strict accounting.

New Church at the Forks.

Editor Daily Nugget:

Those of your readers at Grand Forks who belong to the Church of England or the Protestant Episcopal church of America, will be glad to learn that arrangements have been completed for the purchase and erection of a church building at that place, and that regular services will be commenced in all probability on Sunday, 18th inst.

CHRIS REED, Lay Reader.

Anxious for News.

"Ting-a-ling-ling." The Nugget office telephone had to be carried out to cool off several times today, and the electricians will be required to re-insulate the wires which have been burned bare through its almost continuous use since 8 o'clock this morning. The usual order of questions has been: "Is this the Nugget office?"

"Any news yet from the outside?"

"When do you expect to hear?"

"Can't you give a poor fellow that has all his money bet on the result a little encouragement?"

"Is it true that the news has come that Texas went Republican?"

Ting-a-ling-ling—and the same questions must all be answered again.

Needed in Dawson.

"Another thing," said the street railway advocate in a tone of protest, "a slight thing, perhaps, but it all goes to show how we are discriminated against and how little our philanthropy is appreciated."

"Your philanthropy!" echoed the critical citizen, as he gasped and clutched a railing.

"Yes, sir. You hire dog catchers and secure high salaried people to control their movements and see that stray canines are properly slain. It costs a lot of money. Now, our cars have hit and slaughtered countless stray dogs, for which service we have never collected a single penny. And yet we have never had so much as a vote of thanks from a citizens' association."—Washington Star.

Long-Credit System.

A discharged soldier, lately returned from the Philippines, tells a tale of a shirt in the San Francisco Argonaut which is too good to be lost. His company was returning from a long and tiresome scouting trip, in which most of the men had parted with the greater part of their wearing apparel, when he saw on a clothes line in the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone church two very good shirts, hung out to dry. As he had at the time only half a shirt to his back, he proceeded to help himself to a whole one. Whereupon a woman came out of the house and said to him, in passable English: "You will pay for that on the judgment day." "Madam," he replied, "if you give such long credit, I will take both shirts," which he proceeded to do.—Ex.

W. H. B. REPLIES TO NUGGET

And Admits That McKinley is a Good President

But Deplores His Vacillating Nature and the Matter of His Being the Tool of Hanna and Trusts.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—I concur in your editorial taking issue with my view of the political question. This will seem strange to you, yet, true. You have been fair in publishing the pros and cons on political topics, and like a keen editor took a meaning between my lines, which I did not think of until I read your comment. Please give me space for my views on the theme your editorial has exacted.

Yes, I know too well how the war was forced onto the president. Few could be more agitated over that crisis than I was. I am aware the war was inevitable and forced upon the president. I was overjoyed at his noble and triumphant victory over proud Spain, and his unparalleled annihilation of the Spanish army and navy. Spain, the mother of countless inquisitions by fagots and butchery of millions of innocent human beings. Spain's downfall was a just return. It was a knockout blow by the boys who "remembered the Maine."

I have had many a red-hot and white-hot arguments sustaining the president's course. "The iron hoof of trusts and imperialism, ruling a conquered people without representation," is a different topic, and an endless argument. True, I was one of the agitators in Chicago and took part in the indignation meeting denouncing the Cuban outrages, calling on congress for intervention. Nothing could goad up Cleveland; his only reply was, "International neutrality," or non-interference. McKinley followed the same course, until Spanish treachery, in a time of peace, blew up the Maine and murdered 264 American soldiers. Nothing then could stay the people. I saw the great colossal buildings quake and almost explode by the united pulse of thousands of outraged and indignant American people calling, as one, for retribution! War! Oh, for a chance to strike back! Revenge, remember the Maine!! etc. I saw in bedimmed eyes two fond mothers on the rostrum weeping in tears, in lamentations over the loss of two sons, who perished on the Maine. I was there and then resolved—I was one of twenty millions of men for war—over-eager for a chance to "remember the Maine." From a thousand cities and 10,000 villages 75,000,000 of people rolled in a unanimous tidal wave of messages to congress admonishing them that, "No money can pay for our 264 martyred heroes." Still a noble president said, "Peace, be still." Only an able statesman could have done so. Major McKinley had sniffed the battle smoke for four years, and after 30 years of tranquil reflection he knew well the awful consequences of war. He went to the utmost extreme to avoid the awful results that war would entail. The committee reported "that the Maine was blown in from the outside by a Spanish torpedo." From that report congress declared, "That a state of war now exists between the United States and Spain." The war was on and soon ended by Dewey and Sampson blowing Spain of the American soil—and almost off the earth. And to take part in that war my name, in good faith, stands enrolled in three companies which was no called on—neither was the regiment, which elected me its colonel. That was not material. We can overlook a personal case and rejoice over the triumphs of the American army and navy just the same.

McKinley's diplomacy with Spain and China commands admiration everywhere. Cuba is treated fair. It is the tariff on Hayti without representation; the refusal to recognize the Philippine envoys at Washington and the grinding influences of the trusts. It is what is classed by millions of people as, "the iron hoof of trusts and imperialism, grinding people and ruling without representation." Such ideas are in the minds of millions, notwithstanding all editorials otherwise. The 4 to 1 vote for Bryan in Dawson proves this logic, yet, not a paper had an editorial for Bryan. How many was proselyted for McKinley? The president was the ablest man in congress—a silver appetite. I heard him several times. I admired him—do now to a great extent. Ambition controlled him when the gold bugs nominated him for president. That deed was not a logical conclusion

on finance was it? His brother and I used to be dear friends, never differed. Consequently, I could have no motive to speak an unfair word of the president of a great people. Still, I do not deviate from my late view on the election, etc.

I strike at the influences of Hanna and the trusts and imperialism. This environment has injured McKinley's popularity. Such contamination would blacken the halo of the lowly Nazarene. I dare to denounce a wrong wherever I see it, let it be on my side, or the other, and try to right the wrong and trust to God for the consequences.

H. W. B.

South American Giants.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, writes in the Century of "The Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego."

The Fuegians have been reported, from time to time, since the country was first sighted and named by Magellan in 1520, but today they still remain almost unknown. In connection with the voyage of the Belgica we had unusual opportunities for studying their wild life and their weather beaten land. They are not, as is generally supposed, one homogeneous tribe, but three distinct races, with different languages, different appearances, different habits and homes. * * *

The Onas have thus far evaded all efforts at civilization, have refused missionaries, and have, to the present time, with good reason, mistrusted white men. They have, in consequence, remained absolutely unknown.

The Onas, as a tribe, have never been united in a common interest, nor have they ever been led by any one great chief. They have always been divided into small clans under a leader with limited powers, and these chiefs have waged constant warfare among themselves. To the present they have had their worst enemies among their own people, but now that sheep farmers and gold diggers want their country, they are uniting to fight their common enemy.

Physically the Onas are giants. They are not, however, seven or eight feet in height, as the early explorers reported their neighbors and nearest relatives, the Patagonians, to be. Their average height is close to six feet, a few attain six feet and six inches, and a few are under six feet. The women are not so tall, but they are more corpulent. There is perhaps no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona men. This unique development is partly due to the topography of their country and to the distribution of game, which makes long marches constantly necessary. The Ona men are certainly the greatest cross-country runners on the American continent.

The mental equipment of the Ona is by no means equal to his splendid physical development. He understands very well the few arts of the chase which he finds necessary to maintain a food supply. His game in the past has been easily gotten; his needs have been few, which fact accounts for the lack of inventive skill portrayed in the instruments of the chase. The home life, the house, the clothing—everything portrays this lack of progressive skill. Instead of the children being well dressed and well cared for, as is the rule among savage races, they are mostly naked, poorly fed, badly trained, and altogether neglected, not because of a lack of paternal love, but because of the mental lethargy of the people. It is the same as to shelter and garments. They have abundant material to make good tents and warm, storm-proof houses; but they simply bunch up a few branches, and throw to the windward a few skins, and then shiver, complaining of their miserable existence.

A Public Warning.

There is a big notice posted on the front of the postoffice building this morning warning people against using water from the Yukon opposite or below town, or out of the slough back of the barracks for household purposes, and prescribing a fine of an amount not to exceed \$500 as a penalty for so doing.

Would Be a Warm Time.

A well-known Dawson business man was heard to say in a barber shop Saturday evening: "If Bryan is elected in the States and the Conservatives win in Canada there will not be sufficient whisky in Dawson to properly celebrate the joint victories."

The Weather.

For the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning the minimum temperature was 16 below zero, the maximum temperature for the same time being two degrees below.

At all points between Dawson and Bennett last night and this morning the temperature varied but little, the rise being general and in the same proportion all along.

The river is still open at Selkirk and all points above today. Nothing had been heard of the progress of any of the consignments of incoming mail at 11 o'clock this morning.

Three Months More.

This morning Charles Daniels, who broke jail last June, and who finished serving an 18-months' sentence for theft yesterday was sentenced by Justice Dugas to three months at hard labor for trying to escape.

IT WAS A GREAT SCOOP

While the News Rung Bells and Shot Off Sky Rockets

The Daily Nugget Was Serving the Citizens of Dawson With Hot Stuff from the Wires.

The cleanest cut, neatest scoop in the annals of Dawson journalism was accomplished last night by the Daily Nugget in the matter of giving to the public a full account of the presidential election by having its papers on the streets where they were going like hot cakes while its contemporary was ringing bells and indulging in a pyrotechnic display to warn the people that by waiting a couple of hours or so they would get the result of the News' "exclusive telegraphic franchise."

While the News was indulging in its silly Fourth of July actions, a large crowd having been called out by the ringing of the fire bell, the Nugget salesmen swooped down on the gazers of the News' fireworks with a full account of the election with the result that every man purchased a copy and in less than 15 minutes the first edition of the special was exhausted, 480 copies having been sold.

Thirty minutes later the Nugget's second edition of its special was on the streets and was being read from the theater stages and posted in Bonfield's and other club rooms.

A full hour after the appearance of the Nugget's first issue, and about the time its second issue of 500 copies which contained the result of nearly all the states in the Union, and when the majority of the people, having each purchased a copy of the Nugget, had gone to their homes, the News, the paper that has the "dead, mortal cinch" on telegraphic service, came out and was offered for sale on the streets, in the saloons and theaters. Instead of finding sale, however, its vendors were greeted with the cry of "scoop" on every hand.

The Nugget "scooped" its contemporary by more than one full hour for the reasons, first: The Nugget's Skagway correspondent is an old timer in the business instead of a novice, and second, the Nugget staff has handled news before and knows how to do it.

All of which is a striking example of the triumph of mind over matter.

A Clever Dog.

There is more in a dog than man's philosophy accounts for. No theory of instinct—sometimes defined as a faculty prior to experience and independent reason—will explain some actions of a clever dog whose case is reported by a correspondent of the London Spectator: "I knew a dog in Ireland—a retriever—who had been taught always to bring his own tin dish in his mouth, to be filled at the late dinner. For some reason his master wished to make a change and to feed him twice a day instead of once.

The dog resented this, and when told to bring the dish, refused, and it could nowhere be found, on which his master spoke angrily to him and ordered him to bring the dish at once.

With drooping tail and sheepish expression he went down the length of the garden and began scratching up the soil, where he had buried the bowl deep down to avoid having to bring it at an hour of which he did not approve.

Stopped to Order Dinner.

A New York actress, anxious to know if she were going to secure a good engagement next season, consulted a clairvoyant, says the New York Telegraph. In relating her experience with the woman of mystery to a group of interested friends the other evening, she said:

"I always had an idea that clairvoyants were nervous people, but this woman whom I met was so phlegmatic that I don't believe anything short of a mine disaster could faze her. I had given up my dollar and she had just gone into a trance, apparently without any great effort. She is rather stout, and she was breathing heavily, so I knew the spirits were working good and hard. She had just begun to tell me some interesting things, when there was a knock at the door. Then a market man stuck in his head and bawled out:

"What do you want for dinner?"

"The seers never opened her eyes, but gave a sigh that came from away down deep somewhere and gurgled 'Schickens!' and went right ahead with the trance act without losing a single note."