

TESTS OF STRONG MEN.

Remarkable Record Made By a Divinity Student.

Who Sets a New Mark for Those Ambitious as to Their Strength and Powers.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Appropos of the exhibitions of strength of yesterday, the following from a Chicago exchange is reproduced:

During the past few years tests in physical strength have been regularly made at some of the larger universities. Various methods were at first employed to determine the muscular power of the candidates, but recently the system invented by Prof. Sargent of Harvard university has been universally used.

Tests of strength have recently been made on this principle at the University of Chicago. Walter S. Kennedy, of football fame, became champion strong man of the university after a remarkable series of tests in the college gymnasium. But he held the title only two days.

A young divinity student named Alfred W. Place, hearing that the tests had been conducted, expressed a desire to compete. He broke the record created by Kennedy. Kennedy tried again and bettered the figures put up by the young theologian. Place was not disheartened, but went to work and, putting his shoulders to the effort, threw one of the machines out of gear and then earned a total of 4238 pounds, smashing all previous efforts.

Place is a new man in athletics among the larger colleges. He graduated from Butler university in Indiana and entered the University of Chicago last October as a divinity student, where he is at present taking work in the graduate school. During his college life he has been engaged in athletics more or less and is equally proficient in football and baseball. He is also a sprinter of more than usual ability and is credited with having made the record for the 100 yard dash in even time.

His strength was practically unknown until last fall, when at the close of the football season he tried the strength tests, as given by Dr. Raycroft, and succeeded in making a new mark of 3886 pounds, much to the astonishment of the athletic officials of the university.

When it was announced that Kennedy had broken the record, Place asked for another chance, saying that he took the test last year under difficulties and was unfamiliar with the appliances. His request was granted.

In weight Place is 160 pounds, 40 pounds lighter than Kennedy, and in stature he lacks over four inches of Kennedy's height, standing 5 feet 7 inches. His first test, after the regular measurements to ascertain any development since the last test, was that of his grip. Grasping the machine in his right hand, he exerted a pressure of 158 pounds and with his left 130 pounds, which is five pounds less than Kennedy's, while his right is seven pounds better. On the test for his chest muscles he brought a powerful set of muscles into play and exerted a pressure of 270 pounds. Kennedy's mark was 215.

With his chest braced against a support he exerted a pull on the dynamometer to the extent of 585 pounds, 25 better than Kennedy, while on the push his triceps realized only 530 pounds, which lacked 130 pounds of equalling Kennedy, who made a record for that test of 660 pounds.

Up to this point the test had been an interesting one, but when "Sketters" Place stepped on the platform, bent his knees and suddenly began to exert his strength to show what he was capable of with his leg muscles the crowd watched carefully. Slowly but surely the dial on the dynamometer registered higher and higher. The cords stood out on the man's neck like ropes, and he pushed until he grew red in the face.

He stepped down as briskly as ever and watched Dr. Raycroft as he unlocked the dynamometer. The machine had been pulled out of gear and registered beyond the 1,500 pound mark. In order to ascertain the exact pull Dr. Raycroft procured a pair of dividers and figured out that the total pull had been 1555 pounds in all.

This mark is 90 pounds better than Kennedy's and 110 better than the record he made last fall in his first attempt. In the back lift he also made a new mark and raised the machine until it registered a total of 1,010 pounds in all, which exceeds Kennedy's record by 90 pounds. His total, when figured up by the system used at the university, aggregated 4238 pounds, while Kennedy's equaled 4101.

Not Done by Boers.

Toronto, Ont., April 24.—John Murray, chief of the Ontario government

detective force, has returned from a three days' investigation into the dynamite outrage on the Welland canal, and gives as his opinion that neither Boers nor Fenians had anything to do with the clumsy attempt, but that it will turn out to be a case of an attempt by capitalists or union labor men to frighten shippers into using another route for grain traffic.

This opinion was formed after an interview with United States officers who have "shadowed" the men accused, and also with the three prisoners, as well as with hotel men and others who are to be important witnesses.

Murray also has in his possession letters, etc., found on the men arrested. The fact that the canal was not dynamited at the aqueduct part, where a year would have been required to repair the damage indicates that no Boers or Fenians had a hand in the job. That it was almost in the daylight when the attempt was made shows that the guilty parties were not well trained in the work, and the almost unanimous opinion is there was a good deal of "fake" about it.

Only Heart Wounds Fatal.

A well known surgeon, discussing the character of the wounds received on the battlefields in South Africa, has pointed out that experience of the present campaign would seem to show that the only absolutely fatal region is the heart. Bullet wounds of the brain are now not necessary fatal, judging from the records of the last few weeks, and this is presumably due to the small size of the projectile, the velocity with which it travels and the modern practice of scientific surgery, by which dangerous symptoms likely to arise from injuries may be warded off. It has therefore been suggested that, the heart being the only really vital part in the body, a steel covering should be provided, to be worn so as to protect that part from bullets. A steel plate might be attached to the soldiers' tunics, and doubtless the small shield could be so fixed as neither to impede movement nor cause inconvenience.—London Globe.

Misunderstood Patriotism.

Prof. Alfred B. Adams, of New York, was a soldier in the civil war and took part in the Red river campaign under Major General Nathaniel T. Banks.

"At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the southern government. Gen. Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla. Each bale was stenciled 'C. S. A.' and over this the northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters 'U. S. A.' I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright-eyed young southern officer, said, 'Yank, what's that writing there?'

"I looked proudly at him as I replied. 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read—U. S. A. over C. S. A.?' "He looked at me quizzically.

"Thank you," he said. 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of American Cotton Stealing Association.'

"The next question he put to me I didn't answer."—Saturday Evening Post.

Wyoming's Ice Cave.

Catacombs of marvelous extent and beauty exist in the living ice of Cloud mountain, in Northern Wyoming. They were found by Jacques Moulin, a French trapper. Nothing like them is known elsewhere in the Rocky mountains, and the circumstances of their discovery form a strange story.

Cloud mountain is a lofty peak in a little explored region of the Big Horn range, and near its summit, judging from Moulin's description, is a true glacier. His story in substance is as follows.

"In the snow near the top of the mountain I made a dugout to live in while I was trapping there last December. This hut was in the midst of a great snow and ice drift that clings to the side of the mountain. I was far above timber line, and to make the wood that I brought there go as far as possible I used to build my campfire on the floor of my little cave. One morning I awoke to find that where the fire had been was a yawning well, the bottom of which I could not see. I had been living on the roof of a huge cavern, and the fire had melted its way into the depths.

"Taking a long and stout rope, I fastened one end of it secure near the edge of the hole and lowered myself into the depths. I took with me a pitch pine torch and a ball of twine. The opening rapidly became larger as I went down, and at a depth of about 40 feet I stood upon the floor of a large room. All around me were walls of

ice, blue in color and clear as crystal. Through the ice the light filtered dimly, giving the place a shadowy unreality. It was intensely cold, and I returned to the surface for my fur clothing.

"After lowering myself into the cavern again I tied the twine to the end of the rope, lighted my torch and followed the course of the opening, which seemed to lead like a long hallway directly toward the heart of the mountain. The cavern became higher the farther I went, and about 150 yards from my starting place the roof seemed to be at least 75 feet above me. Here I found myself in a room from which galleries like the one I had entered stretched away in every direction. In width the galleries varied from 10 to 15 feet, and at their intersections great transparent columns extended to the roof. The mixture of the dim, white light of the cave and the reflections of the torch's flame from a thousand glittering surfaces was at once bewildering and fascinating. Again and again I returned to feast my eyes on the beauties of this natural ice palace. But the cold was so great that I always had to cut short my visits. I never explored the other galleries, and how far they extend I cannot guess. The ice seems to be honeycombed by the caverns, and yet the walls and floors are as hard and firm apparently as the mountain itself."—Cheyenne Letter in Chicago Record.

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