

## THE KLONDIKE CORPORATION

Ora, Flora and Nora Make a Remarkable Showing.

McDonald Potts Ably Manages the Company—Well Assisted by His Officers.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The remarkable success attending the Klondike Corporation, Ltd., in operating the steamers Ora, Flora and Nora this season is attracting the attention of all interested in river transportation. These boats were formerly operated by the Bennett Lake & Klondike Navigation Company, and were the pioneers on the upper river. Unfortunately the management in '99 was not what it should have been and the season closed with the affairs of the company in somewhat tangled condition.

Last winter a complete reorganization was effected and McDonald Potts was made general manager of the company. Since then new life and energy has been infused into the concern, as the present manager is not only an efficient business man but he has displayed the faculty of gathering a corps of officers around him who take the keenest interest in the welfare of the company and possess the necessary ability to properly handle the affairs entrusted to them.

Mr. Potts is a young man, possessed of all the energy of youth, pleasing in manner and quick in action. He has during the past few months entirely managed the affairs of the company even to the innumerable details incident to a business of such magnitude, and will without doubt be heard of in the future in even greater enterprises.

Mr. Potts came in on the Flora on her last trip and went back to Whitehorse on the same boat. During his brief stay in Dawson, scarcely more than 24 hours, he found time to investigate closely the business outlook and expressed himself as being quite satisfied therewith.

Owing to the promptness and reliability of the company's steamers and, by the way, the Ora and Flora are the only boats which have made regular trips this season, the Canadian Bank of Commerce sent out on the Ora \$600,000 in dust. It has been the custom in the past to ship gold dust down the river in the big steamers which made the time of arrival at the point of destination a matter of uncertainty.

Mr. Potts' company has evidenced the fact that the small boats can reach their destination even when the water is running low and hence the fact that the big gold shipment was sent on the Ora. It is understood that other large consignments of gold dust will follow shortly.

Locally the company is represented by R. W. Calderhead, who is a hustler for business and with whom it is a pleasure to do business. Mr. Calderhead can tell better than any other man in Dawson how many passengers a steambreak ought to carry and he usually makes his passenger lists tally with his estimates.

Altogether the Klondike Corporation is to be congratulated upon the successful operation of their boats this season, as well as upon their good fortune in securing efficient and accommodating men to conduct their business.

### Wooden Leg.

There is a Philadelphia man, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who feels that his wife is somewhat deficient in delicacy. Her first husband had a wooden leg—a wooden leg of which the neighbors speak well. It was a neat and compact leg, and after his decease the sorrowing relict kept the saddening relic in the parlor. Some people might consider a wooden leg a rather peculiar ornament, but of course there is a wide divergence of taste in these respects. Some people like chromos, others prefer waxworks and worsted dogs. The widow was proud of the wooden leg.

When she married again, however, she put the leg carefully away in a moth-proof bag, perhaps, and for a time it remained there. But when the honeymoon was well into the last quarter the bride brought it forth again and put it back in its old parlor corner, close to the rubber plant. The new husband didn't approve of this, but the leg staid. He has ventured to call the attention of the lady to the incongruity of the situation in forcible and vehement terms. The leg still staid. Now he is anxious for somebody with a little ready cash and one leg to stomp along and make the lady an offer for the wooden limb; otherwise he can't see any hope of relief from the well turned incubus.

It's a painful situation, and in any

other city than Philadelphia the victim would do something besides sit still and scowl at his predecessor's trotter. He'd hire a burglar to steal it, or set the house on fire, or shove it up the chimney, or something. Anyway, no man that is a man would let a wooden leg walk over him in that easy gaited way. Not much he wouldn't.

### FACTS IN A FEW LINES.

There are six schools in Ireland where Irish is taught.

There are 1000 electric lamps in the White House at Washington.

Great Britain and Ireland have an orchard area of 226,059 acres.

The death rate in Michigan in 1898 was 12.5 in each 1000 of population.

During the first six months of last year 1099 suicides were chronicled in Italy.

Street railway companies in Philadelphia pay the city yearly about \$70,000 for car licenses.

The health department in Minneapolis periodically fumigates the public school buildings.

Bears have been more plentiful in Hungary lately than at any time within the last 15 years.

The average monthly wage of male teachers in 1898 was \$60.87 and of female teachers \$51.84.

In the past 70 years over 400,000 miles of railway have been completed in the British empire.

The average life of a note of the Bank of England is a little less than 70 days. Notes are never reissued.

It is calculated that the skins of more than 100,000 animals are used annually in binding Oxford Bibles.

St. Paul has the low-water consumption of 47 gallons per capita yearly, according to a report of the city engineer.

There are 87,000 members of the Epworth league in Canada, and they have undertaken the support of 21 missionaries.

It is proposed to establish two universities in Ireland, a Protestant institution at Belfast and a Catholic one at Dublin.

### The Dangerous Stage.

The gentleman had rung the bell several times before the servant let him in. He was looking surprised and a trifle apprehensive when Mrs. Slykins came into the room.

"I called," he explained, "to inquire about your husband's health. He and I belong to the same organization, and several of the members desired me to call to see how he is getting along. We were very sorry to hear of his illness."

"It's very kind of you," she answered.

There was a crash which shook the chandelier.

She paid no attention to it. "I think it will be only a day or two before he is able to get out and go down town," she added.

The slamming of the door echoed heavily through the house.

"Has he been dangerously sick?"

"Not until today."

"But I understood you to say that he was convalescent."

"I think I may say that he is so. He wasn't well enough to be dangerous till this morning. But before noon he had discharged the trained nurse, quarreled with the cook, smashed a rocking chair against which he had stubbed his toe and thrown the canary bird out of the window. Those are always hopeful symptoms with him, and I feel fairly justified in saying that he is convalescent."—Washington Star.

### The Aerial Hotel.

"I have here," said the seedy stranger, "a neat little device that I think will appeal to all reasonable minds."

"Rattle on," said the editor, who happened to feel good natured.

"It is an aerial hotel," said the stranger.

"Say that again, please," cried the editor.

"Aerial hotel," repeated the stranger.

"Or perhaps you prefer atmospheric hotelery? No? Well, the aerial hotel is a combination of balloon and bunk. The balloon soars upward, raising the bunks in a series of layers above the earth. The balloon can be anchored, of course, and the bunks are to be slung below it by steel chains. I calculate that my new lifting balloon will hold up a dead weight of 4200 pounds. Allowing that each bunk, with its occupant, weighs 200 pounds, this gives a slumber total of 21 aerial lodgers. It only requires two men to manage the hotel—one to guard the anchor and let the balloon up, the other to issue bed checks—so you see there's a handsome margin for profits at \$3 a bunk."

"Isn't that rather high?" inquired the thoughtless editor.

"About 300 feet, I should say," replied the inventor. "You see, it's for use in Kansas City when the national Democratic convention meets, where accommodations are going to be so scarce that the hotel men are renting out window sills and mantels for sleeping purposes. So, you see, my rates are not at all exorbitant. You get better air and less noise as well as an uninterrupted astronomical outlook, and

the man who snores has his tromboning so diffused that it offends nobody."

"How about the man who falls out of bed?" inquired the editor.

"It will depend a good deal on what he falls on," replied the inventor, "and how he strikes. There is so much art in this matter of striking. If it is done neatly, expeditiously and gently, the results are usually all that can be desired, which reminds me that—"

"Reminds you what?"

"That I am about to strike you for a dime. Do I get it?"

"You get it," replied the editor.

"Get, got, git!" said the stranger as if repeating a well coined formula.

And he got.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### His First Patient.

The portly physician was in a reminiscent mood, says the Detroit Free Press, and this is the story he told after the cigars had been passed around and lighted:

"After I was turned out of the medical college a full fledged physician I looked around for a likely looking town to locate in. After a search of over a month I found a small town where I thought they needed another doctor, so I determined to locate there."

"As I was entering the shop of the local sign painter to have a shingle painted, an old man drove up before the place and excitedly asked where Doc Smith was."

"Doc's gone fishing," said the painter.

"What's the matter?"

"Betsy's sick," turned the old man.

"I wish that feller would stay home and attend to business!"

"Here was my opportunity I thought; so I stepped forward and said:

"Perhaps I can help you out. I am a doctor."

"The old man looked me over rather doubtfully and then shouted for me to jump in. I did so, and he put the gad to his horse, and we dashed away at a rate that threatened to wreck us before we had gone a mile."

"What is the matter?" I shouted to make myself heard over the noise that the old rattletrap of a wagon made.

"What do you suppose I'm taking you out there for if it isn't to find out?" he snapped.

"Well, I held my peace after that and awaited developments. We had a drive of 12 miles before we reached his home, and when we reached there he drove straight for the barn."

"Now, git to work," he shouted, indicating, with a wave of his hand, a mare that was lying on the barn floor."

"Then it burst upon me that he wanted a horse doctor, and with the best command of dignity that I could muster I told him that my practice was solely confined to human beings. The way that old man went for me was awful, and while the fireworks was playing about my head the mare died, and there was nothing for me to do but to walk home, as the old man said that he would see me elsewhere before he would drive me back and that I ought to be thankful if I didn't get a suit for damages on my hands."

### Plenty of Grazing.

Within the past two or three weeks a most luxuriant crop of green grass has sprung up in this section of the country while horses, mules and cattle running at large are becoming as fat and sleek as those reared and pastured in the bluegrass regions of old Kentucky. There is now no excuse for there being poor, half-starved horses in Dawson as there is plenty of grazing in and near the city for all the stock in the country.

Chloride of lime. Pioneer drug store.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn

### For Sale at a Bargain.

The Popular lodging house and Popular restaurant, situated on Second street, opposite Aurora, doing a fine business; proprietor unable to attend to the business, owing to sickness; will sell cheap. Apply on the premises.

R. J. HILTS, Proprietor.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Potatoes, only the best. Mohr & Wilkens.

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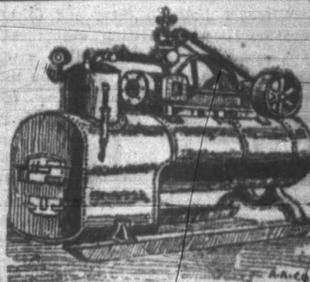
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