

NOT A CASE OF ALCOHOLISM

A Friend Protects the Memory of the Dawson Dead.

And Produces a Certificate to Prove the Dead Has Been Slandered—Simple Typhoid Fever.

Editor Klondike Nugget.—Dear Sir: In the Dawson Daily News of the 11th inst, there appears under glaring headlines, what purports to be the story connected with the death of one Rudolph Durian. According to the statements of some of his most intimate friends, the account given by your contemporary is, in the main, so gratuitously false that at their urgent request I give the facts as they really are.

Through the ill-advice of the shippers at Portland, Oregon, he did, in the name of the British-American Brewing Co., ship malt as rolled barley. Being an inveterate smoker he brought in a few cigars for his own personal use and in his own name. These facts were divulged and information laid against him by one Fred Herdling, who came all the way from New York city at the expense of the deceased and with whom Durian had a disagreement when he refused to accede to some extortionate demands made upon him by Herdling. His arrest on the charge of smuggling and the fines imposed upon him are matters of ancient history.

In his habits he was singularly abstemious, not having been known to have touched a drop of any alcoholic beverage during his residence in the Yukon territory, nor indulged in any other form of dissipation, your contemporary's sensational slanders to the contrary notwithstanding. In his private as well as business life, with those who knew him, his integrity and sense of honor were unquestioned.

This arrest on the charge of smuggling was most mortifying, and inclined, as he was, to being somewhat pessimistic, the loss of a large portion of his shipment owing to the wreck of the steamship Dirigo, together with his unfortunate selection of the men he employed, all tended to have a depressing effect upon him, but was surely not the cause of his death.

Typhoid fever, as we know it, is no respecter of moods or men. Durian, who was also a very self-reliant man, fought against the disease long after the premonitory symptoms had disclosed themselves to him and his friends. It was this dangerous delay and his refusal to be taken to the hospital earlier which brought about the conditions which finally resulted in his death.

The death certificate by Dr. Barrett speaks for itself:

I, W. T. Barrett, desire to state for the benefit of his friends, that I attended Rudolph Durian during his last illness, while at St. Mary's hospital; that the cause of his death was perforation of the bowel, as a complication of typhoid fever; that the deceased was not, in my opinion, a drinking man and that his death was in no manner superinduced by any visible form of dissipation.

W. T. BARRETT, M. D.
That any man professing to have been a friend should so insidiously calumniate the character of the late Rudolph Durian, and that a newspaper should have so far forgotten that which is due to those who have gone before a higher tribunal, is beyond human understanding, being so pitifully objectless in its denunciation of one who is no longer able to refute the stigma cast upon his name.

In conclusion, I cannot help saying, that if even all that the Daily News has written was true, which it is not, human generosity should have prompted the one to stop his inane babbling, and the other its vapid twaddle, and I would remind your contemporary and its informant of the kindly sentiment expressed in the words of Horace, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum."

M. DE FOREST YATES,
No. 6 First street,
Dawson, Oct. 12.

His Close Call.

"Ah," he cried when she had accused him of not loving her as she wished to be loved, "put me to the test. Ask me to travel to the ends of the earth, and I will do so for your sake. Ask me to

labor night and day, and I will do so gladly. The only recompense I would ask would be the knowledge that it made you happy. Ask me to climb the highest Alp, and I'll—Nay," she interrupted, "I would not have you attempt the impossible. All I ask is that you take out a policy with our company. You see, I have gone into the life insurance business. A \$2000 policy will cost you"—

But while she was drawing her books out of a secret pocket he escaped and is supposed to be running yet.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mistaking the Operation.

A very shortsighted old gentleman going into one of our large towns for the first time and coming from the heart of the country, seeing a man digging, went to him and said:

"My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

But the man took no notice. Going closer, he remarked again:

"My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

The man looked up and said:

"Go on, you silly old fossil! I'm laying gas pipes!"—Answers.

Not to Be Tolerated.

"Dey dasn't do it," said Meandering Mike fiercely.

"Dasn't do what?" said Plodding Pete.

"Sentence folks to go to work on the public road. Imagine me bein reminded at every step when I goes from place to place, of de hours I spent workin. It's cruel and unusual."

His Proper Place.

Farmer Black—Do you think your boy will get along all right in the Philippines?

Farmer White—Oh, don't you worry about Sam. He's champion greased pig catcher of our township and kin make 100 yards in 10½.

Averse to Details.

"I shall expect you to tell the whole truth," said the justice to the colored culprit.

"De whole truth, suh?"

"Jedge, des gime six months!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Avoiding Exertion.

"Oom Paul is a man of few words," remarked the man who talks wise.

"Well," answered the flippant friend, "you take a good look at some of the words in a Dutch dictionary and you won't blame him."

Contrariety of Human Nature.

She had gone away for rest and quiet, which the doctor said she needed, and the following is an extract from her first letter home:

"This place won't do at all. Why, there's nothing to do."

The Corn-Fed Philosopher.

"This is the time of year," said the corn-fed philosopher, "when a man can send his wife out in the country to save expenses and can then loaf around down town and get lots of sympathy and have a good time."

Solid Comfort.

"Truth," said the aphorist, "is at the bottom of a well."

"Probably," replied the man with a wilted collar. "And I don't know that I blame her for staying there this kind of weather."

Not a Success.

"The electric lights went out on our car."

"That made it pleasanter."

"Yes, but our acquaintances couldn't see that we were having a trolley party."—Chicago Record.

The Some More Girl.

"What man dare, I dare," he quoted. "Well, you haven't as yet," she replied regretfully, for it was not her first season at the seashore, and she had known others who were more forward.—Chicago Post.

The Infant Again.

Willie—I say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?

Aunt—Why, for love, of course.

Willie—Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, auntie?—Boston Traveler.

A Reminder.

Tommy—Mamma, why have you got papa's hair in a locket?

His Mother—To remind me that he once had some. Tommy.—Boston Traveler.

Climax of Culture.

"What is a cosmopolitan?"

"He's a man who can go all around the world without buying a souvenir spoon."—Chicago Record.

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HAD TO BE CAREFUL.
Meandering Mike Displays Commendable Self-Restraint.
"Madam," said Meandering Mike, with a low bow, "don't ask me."
"Don't ask you what?" asked the woman, who was sweeping off the front porch.
"To cut no grass nor beat no carpets. Just gimme a piece of pie or anything that happens to be handy an lemme go on my way."
"So you are afraid of work, are you?"
"Yes, lady, that's what I am. I'm honestly and truly afraid of it. I'm tryin to be good."
"Well, so far as I can judge, you're not making a success of it."
"Yer eyes deceive you, lady. I'm doin fus' rate. But temptation besets me. Its all I kin do to keep from grabbin that broom out o' your hands and raisin sech a dust wit' it dat folks ud come from de house down de road to ask about de tornado. You don't know de effort it takes to restrain meself."
"Well, I'll lay the broom right down on the step and watch you grab."
"I wouldn't dast."
"There isn't anybody hypnotizing you, is there?"
"No lady. It's de danger of physical culture. You know what exercise'll do. It'll swell a man's biceps up till his arm looks like a roast o' spring lamb."
"Well, what of it?"
"Lady, I've got sech a bad temper dat I have to look out fur it constantly. I wouldn't dare trust meself among me fellow creatures wit' so much muscle."—Washington Star.

A Theory.
Editor Klondike Nugget:
The yellow papers they are read,
The which explains their hue;
Some other papers are not read,
And therefore they are blue.
—Detroit Journal.
Query: Does this explain the "dark spots" in the Sun?
A CHROMATIC.
Dawson, Y. T., Oct. 5.
Retiring.
Jollydog—The old Egyptians must have been very modest people.
Pollywog—Why so?
Jollydog—Just think how even those mummies have shrunk away from public gaze.—Kansas City Independent.

Two Views.
She—Just look at this magnificent sunset! It makes the most beautiful picture that one can possibly imagine.
He (an amateur photographer)—Oh, I don't know. All you get on the plate is a white spot.

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