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(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.
TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1903.

AMUSEMENTS.
Auditorium - What Happened to Jones.

A PROPER STAND.
The city council made an excellent beginning last night in the direction of cutting down unnecessary expenses. Several superfluous positions were declared vacant and a considerable saving thus effected. The new council have begun their term of office under circumstances undeniably embarrassing. There is but little available money on hand and the assets in the shape of uncollected taxes are a decidedly questionable quantity. The mayor and aldermen, therefore, have before them a somewhat difficult problem in finance to solve. There are certain important public interests which must be cared for and which cannot under any circumstances be neglected.

The streets must be lighted, the public health cared for, the fire department maintained at the highest possible degree of efficiency, and other matters looked after, all of which necessarily involve expense. Such legitimate drains upon the public treasury are sufficient to tax the resources of the council, without the burden of supernumerary officials whose services may easily be dispensed with. Under these circumstances the council has taken a stand which will meet with the approbation of the taxpayers, who must stand the brunt of all disbursements of the municipal funds.

PROTECT THE TIMBER.
Before the present winter is over, substantial evidence will be furnished of the fact that the fuel supply within reasonable distance of Dawson is rapidly being exhausted. The consumption of the past five years has steadily decreased the timber growth in the neighborhood of the city, and added to this, every summer has witnessed the destruction of thousands of cords of wood through the agency of forest fires. Carelessness in this last particular has cost the community dearly already and its evil effects will be found more manifest in the future.

This same matter has often been given attention in this paper and its importance is emphasized again at this time when the community is confronted by the possibility of a fuel famine. The timber resources of the territory are equally important as its gold. Without the timber the stores of precious metal never could be recovered. The cost of his wood en-

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ters into the calculations of the claim operator exactly as does his outlay for provisions and machinery. He must have fuel or he cannot work his ground. Dawson also must have a plentiful supply each winter, and between the city and the mining districts the annual consumption is something enormous.

It is manifest, therefore, that every possible precaution should be taken in order that the supply may not be unnecessarily wasted or destroyed by forest fires. In other portions of the Dominion constant patrols are maintained through the dry season, and in the opinion of this paper the time has arrived when consideration should be given to the adoption of a similar policy in the Yukon. A few thousand dollars expended every summer in preventing and extinguishing forest fires, will be returned an hundred fold in the long run.

A comparison of the News at the present time with the utterances of some months ago, discloses a vast difference. Formerly our contemporary spent most of its time telling the public what it had done and what it proposed to do. Latterly a great light has seemed to dawn, and the spirit of meekness has descended upon our wayward neighbor, which suits it in a marvelous degree. The memory of those 61 votes has not died away.

Those gentlemen who lost their deposits in the recent election are entitled to a vote of thanks. The public treasury has been considerably enriched at their expense and the taxpayers are relieved to that extent. Our compliments, messieurs, and may you always enjoy the satisfaction of remembering that you also ran.

When the Nugget mentions the fact that wood is absolute monarch of the Yukon, we do not impute despotism to the education of our children, or upon any other subject. We can at least discuss it, and we need something to discuss these long winter nights. Therefore, let the Forks debating association take as a subject for its next meeting: "Shall the pupil be brought to the school or the school be brought to the pupil?"

FROM DEAD KING'S HAND

Because in September, 241 years ago, the Penderells of Boscombe, in Staffordshire, England, saved the life of Charles Stuart, afterward Charles II., Thomas Walker, M.D., of St. John, gets £10 per annum, says The New York Sun. He is a descendant of the Penderells. The story of the king's stay at Boscombe is thus told by the historian Hume: "To this man (Penderell) Charles entrusted himself. The man had dignity of sentiment much above his condition, and, though death was denounced against all who concealed the king, and a great reward promised to all who should betray him, he professed and maintained unshaken fidelity. He took the assistance of his four brothers, equally honorable with himself, and, having clothed the king in a garb like their own, set a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in putting faggots. Some nights he lay upon straw in the house and fed on such honest fare as it afforded. For a better concealment he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself for 24 hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent upon the search for the king and some expressed in his hearing their earnest wishes of seizing him. This tree was afterward denominated the Royal Oak, and for many years was regarded by the neighborhood with great veneration. Charles was in the middle of his kingdom, and could neither stay in his retreat nor stir from it without the most imminent danger. Fears, hopes and partly real interested-motives to discover him, and even the smallest indiscretion of his friends might prove fatal. Having found Lord Wilmot, who was skulking in the neighborhood, they agreed to put themselves into the hands of Sol Bentley, a zealous Royalist, who lived at Bentley, not many miles distant. The king's feet were so hurt by walking about in heavy boots or countrymen's shoes, which did not fit him, that he was obliged to mount on horseback, and be travelled in this situation to Bentley, attended by the Penderells, who had been faithful to him. After Charles became king, Farmer Penderell was suitably remembered. One of the estates which Charles granted afterward was made chargeable with a perpetual payment of £100 to each of the other four brothers, and £50 to a sister, Elizabeth Penderell, who shared the family secret."

Dr. Walker of St. John is a descendant of Elizabeth Penderell. There were five families descended from her, and the £50 was divided, so that the representative of each branch gets £10 a year. A check for this amount, less a small commis-

sion, comes every spring to Dr. Walker from a solicitor at Lichfield, England. His father got it before him, and it will descend to his son. Once, when in England, the doctor sought to learn whose estate was still paying so old an account, but the solicitor was abroad.

Will the lady who found a nugget hat pin in the ladies' dressing room at the A. B. hall last evening kindly return same to the Regina hotel c27

What Happened Jones—Auditorium.

The Stroller is pleased to see that the boys on the creeks are going in for schools at every point which even gives hopes of a school population. Education comes high when a school has to be maintained for less than a dozen pupils, but the territorial government, for the amount of appropriation it has, is behaving very liberally in the matter. There is nothing like asking, anyhow, whether you get what you want or not, and we are asking very little compared to what the people are asking in the rural districts of Ontario. Why they are actually taking into consideration the establishment of a stage service for taking the children to school. This seems at first blush to be "non-sensical to be worthy of consideration," but when you come to look into it it is just what we need here. The idea they have in Ontario seems to be that they would be able to have larger schools, taking in a wide area of school population in the rural districts, by bringing the scholars in stages to a central point, and that large schools are a particular advantage. Why not, therefore, run stages to bring all the children from the creeks to Dawson, or to one large school at some central point.

The Stroller does not see very much in this suggestion at the present time, except that there is no reason why we should be behind in the discussion of any thing that appertains to the education of our children, or upon any other subject. We can at least discuss it, and we need something to discuss these long winter nights. Therefore, let the Forks debating association take as a subject for its next meeting: "Shall the pupil be brought to the school or the school be brought to the pupil?"

In the discussion which is going through the eastern newspapers upon this subject the term "Old Red Schoolhouse" is often recurring, and the Stroller would like to ask some of his readers, why "Red" schoolhouse. Because this same term perplexed a very distinguished American once, who was being honored by a conversation with royalty. This was General Berdan, who invented a rifle used during the war of rebellion, and had a body of men on active service armed with it and known as "Berdan Sharpshooters." The general also invented a torpedo, and in the early eighties was in St. Petersburg trying to make a deal for it with the Russian government. With other foreign army officers of distinction he was invited to witness the autumn manoeuvres of the Russian army. One day the young Emperor sent for the general to come to his private stand. At that time there were about 50,000 Russian soldiers set out in battle array.

"What do you think of that, General?" asked the Emperor. "Your royal highness it is magnificent, magnificent," was the reply. "Have you a sight like that to show in your country?" "Not for some years, your majesty, and we are not hankering for one." "But what can better show the greatness and the grandeur of a nation, and its progressive power?" "Nothing, sir, nothing. Unless, your majesty, it should be thousands of little red schoolhouses." The Emperor thought over this a moment and meditatively remarked: "Schoolhouses, yes." It was an hour after this when the Emperor walked up to General Berdan and suddenly said to him: "You said red schoolhouses, General." "Yes, your majesty." "But why red?" "And General Berdan when he told the Stroller this story in Paris, laughed till the tears rolled down. He tipped out that "if I know, but he put a word before it for which he had to apologize, and this is what made him laugh so over the incident. "Well, why are they red?" asked a French colonel who had travelled extensively in the United States, and who was struck with the expression, having often heard it. "Blowed if I know," responded the general, "all I desired to point out to the czar was that we thought more of the power and influence of education than of great armies, that was all. I don't know why we ever called them red, unless red happens to be the cheapest kind of paint."

"After he had lit a fresh cigar a smile came over the general's face, and in a quizzing way he remarked: "But all red paint is not cheap. I bought a little myself in my early days. You see, in our country, the little red schoolhouse is revered. Some times it meant all the education a man who had risen to distinction had ever received. It was never forgotten. Why I have known men

John Morgan and J. J. Bothwell, of Dawson, are at the Queen's hotel. The former is here recuperating after having undergone an operation at Whitehorse. Mr. Morgan was employed on one of the Yukon river steamboats, and while at work the lower part of his left leg was severely injured in an accident. Unfortunately medical assistance could not be obtained for four or five days after the accident, and by that time blood poisoning had set in, which necessitated amputation. — Victoria Times.

Who have been soldiering in the wilds for years, and men who have been out in the wilds exploring or prospecting for gold for years, and the first time they came within the range of civilization they would want to paint the whole town red. Fact, I assure you," said the general with a twinkle that was almost a wink. "That shows you the influence of the little red schoolhouse in our country."

"Very interesting," observed the Frenchman, who was studying American customs. "We are going to be strictly in fashion in Dawson and have a fuel famine for a day or two. We are up against it now. But our friend John Pringle, who since his election likes to be addressed in that simple way without the solemn prefix of reverend will tell you that there are no unmixed evils. We may be saving money while we cannot get wood. They are having a fuel famine in Chicago, and the amateur of one of the papers there, the Record-Herald, reaches out for the silver lining of the dark cloud in this shape: "What's the use grumbling because coal is scarce? Look on the bright side of things. Many a man's house has in the past caught fire from an overheated furnace. And what's more disagreeable than taking up ashes in the morning? If we can get through all right till spring without coal we may have more money to spend for strawberries."

"It will be some time, probably, before the Masonic lodge of Dawson is able to raise such a Masonic temple as the magnificent five story brown stone front the brothers in Butte dedicated last Thanksgiving, or have the ingenuity and good taste which marked their printing for the dedicatory banquet. It is one of the most original style that has ever reached the Stroller, and he will take pleasure in handing it to Bro. F. M. Shepard that the local Masons may have a glimpse of it and "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest," in advance of their next grand blow-out. The document is in the shape of a folder, or rather two separate folders in one cover, which is covered with gorgeous eastern scenes and arabesques. To explain the division there is a little note on the preface of the second part. "The missing pages, 7 to 54, have been confiscated to allow space for photos." Above is an excellent likeness of the Stroller's old friend George Booker, the illustrious recorder, and this description of him: "Height, about 8 feet at Shrine session; shrinks to 4 feet 3 inches at home. "Rather corpulent, especially on Thanksgiving days. "Much younger than he looks, and something of a dude. Drinks hard (cider)." The booklet is cleverly illustrated all through and closes with the following beautiful and solemn dirge by the poet of the grand olden of Montana: "WHO'S THE BEST? Ten little lodgesmen started bravely out to dine. A cocktail killed a Macabee, then there were nine. Nine little lodgesmen stood round drinking to their fate. Rye paralyzed an Odd Fellow, then there were eight. Eight little lodgesmen moost thought themselves in heaven; Gin fizz got a Forester, then there were seven. Seven little lodgesmen were playing funny tricks, Another cork, a Red Man dose, then there were six. Six little lodgesmen freely tried to "booze" and thrive. The next round put a Workman out, then there were five. Five little lodgesmen left the others on the floor. A Malta Knight gave up the ghost, then there were four. Four little lodgesmen went upon a lovely tea. A Mason got his habits on, then there were three. Three little lodgesmen sat up close around the brew. Away rolled a Pythian hold, then there were two. Two little lodgesmen were just hitting up the bun. An old Elk couldn't stand the pace, then there was one. One little lodgesman then was left to dine alone. He was a Shriner and he took the whole bunch home."

Jimmy had a Proud Nature, even if his Old Man did work at the Gas House. The Taunts and Insults heaped upon him by the Young Aristocrat caused him many Bitter Reflections, but likewise it awoke in him a Stern Resolve that some day or other he would make F. Lawrence look like a Yellow Clarionet. "I have neither Wealth nor Social Station," Jimmy would say to himself, "but I have Youth and Strength and a cast-iron Nerve, and if they expect to keep me down they will have to tie me."

While F. Lawrence was away at the Varsity, learning Sanscrit, and how to Inhale without choking himself, humble Jimmy was circulating in the Ward, learning the Duties of Citizenship. He developed a Right Swing that was calculated to put somebody out of the Business. It was a common saying among his Admirers that you could not dent Jimmy with an Ax. And yet, only a few Years before he had been a barefooted Cub, stealing Rides on the Freight Trains. He was in Demand at all Primary Elections. Whenever he wanted to be a Delegate to something, his Name went on the Ticket or else there was an Ambulance Call. One Spring, while F. Lawrence was down on the Riviere trying to conceal the Fact that he had been born in America, Jimmy stacked the Cards on the Pious Element and was elected Alderman.

His real Career now opened up. He alighted about him all the Local Statesmen who were not on Earth for their Health. Whenever an Ordinance came up they held it over a few Weeks until they could investigate and make sure that the Tax-Payers were being Protected. Jimmy acquired a Reputation as a Philanthropist and Friend of the Poor. Every time a down-trodden Porch-Climber was taken in by the Ladies of Society, who wear fine Blue Clothes, Jimmy would go around and fix up the Ball Bond and explain to the Judge that his Friend was a Working Boy with a Mother dependent on him. By such unselfish Acts as these he perfected a Private Machine, and had on his Staff a great many useful Workers, who said they were willing to come to the Front at any time and do anything for him, up to and including Murder. Jimmy had started out with No Pull or Prestige. He had nothing to carry him through except his Charisma. And now, at the age of forty-two, he was the Uncrowned King of the Slave-Makers, the Main Blazette and the acknowledged Boss.

As a Boy, his entire Wardrobe Good him about 80 cents. Now his Jewels alone figured up \$1,400 and his Clothes had Silk Lining. He owned a Buffet in which he had to use four Men behind the Bar, and sometimes the Slot-Machines alone gave him a Take-off of \$50 a Day. And how about F. Lawrence, the pampered Patriarch who had been wont to jeer at the Poor Boy and treat him with Contempt? He had been leading a life of Idleness and Luxury instead of getting out and hustling for the Tax-Payer and Work-ingman. But his Pride was due, to get a hard fall. Humble Jimmy, the Gas-House Boy, had a lovely dose of Poetic Justice all fired up for F. Lawrence.

It appears that F. Lawrence, after

FABLE OF THE TIGHTENED CINCH

By Geo. A. Ide

Once there were two Boys growing up in a large City. One had been born with a Silver Spoon in his Mouth. At that time Silver was regarded as a valuable Metal. The other Boy had no Assets to speak of, but he had very wisely chosen to be born under the Stars and Stripes, where the Poor Boy with a gnawing Ambition gets every Show for his White Alley. This Urchin was named Jimmy and even at the Age of 6 he was looking forward to the Time when he would be big enough to kill a Policeman. Jimmy resided with his Parents in a bunmy little one-story Shack. He went barefoot every Year as soon as the Frost got out of the Ground and his favorite Stamping-Ground was the Railway Yards. One of the Joys of his Childhood was to get together a Gang of Hicks and throw Stones at the Brakeman. He was a member of a tough Ball Team and knew how to play Seven-Up. Across the Street from where Jimmy lived there was a magnificent Brick House with a Mansard Roof. Within this Palace, dwelt a Boy who had been handicapped with the name of F. Lawrence. However, it was hoped that his Money would carry him through. F. Lawrence had been warned against Jimmy. His Mamma often took him on her Knee and told him how one of his Ancestors turned the Water into Long Island Sound and that it was his Duty to guard the Family Name and not speak to People who worked by the Day. "So F. Lawrence would stand at the Window and make Faces at Jimmy outside. Whereupon Jimmy would double-dare him to come into the Street, but F. Lawrence remembered about the Family Name and refused to associate with any low-born Characters. But when he went out to take his Dancing Lesson Jimmy would chase him a few Blocks and call him Names that were almost as bad as F. Lawrence. Jimmy had a Proud Nature, even if his Old Man did work at the Gas House. The Taunts and Insults heaped upon him by the Young Aristocrat caused him many Bitter Reflections, but likewise it awoke in him a Stern Resolve that some day or other he would make F. Lawrence look like a Yellow Clarionet. "I have neither Wealth nor Social Station," Jimmy would say to himself, "but I have Youth and Strength and a cast-iron Nerve, and if they expect to keep me down they will have to tie me."

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to the presidency of a Corporation organized to trim the Public Franchise. It had to get the Franchise at or put up the Green Hills and that is why F. Lawrence got so mad. Every one told him that he was nothing doing until Jimmy had been seen and seen Proper. And that's how it came about that the handsome Magnate, who once reviled the ragged Urchin, came with his Hat in Hand and began to Crawl as soon as he struck the Front Door. Here was a Grand Opening for Jimmy. He had the chance of a Life to hand out a Hunk of Tobacco, saying: "When I was a poor fellow I had you mocked by Poverty. Now I am Well Off and Powerful, you come to Square yourself. Go Jimmy did nothing of the sort. Large Natures, such as his, are capable of a Petty Revenge. He was Magnanimous. He set F. Lawrence by the Undressed Kid and sent him to the Back Room. As soon as he became assured that the Tax-Payers were not going to get the Nub End of the Deal, he agreed to deliver the Goods. Then he made some Inquiries about the Corporation and it seemed to be such a fair and above-board Proposition that he took many shares of Stock. Today he is one of the Directors and sits at the same Mahogany Table with F. Lawrence. Showing who Poor Boy may accomplish in this Country if he leaves Liquor alone does not waste his Time. MORAL—If shy on the Tax Name, pay some Attention to Pull.

FOUND CANNIBALS

Prospector Who Discovered Race of White People.

San Francisco, Jan. 11.—John Hendrickson, a gold prospector, returned from Dutch and Italian Guiana. A year ago, with two companions, he left Los Angeles to prosecute ideas of a fortune to be made by placer mining. His companions died. He lost the gold and was broken in health and penniless. In his wanderings he had mingled with the strange people of the Northern Brazil and of the very little is known. Twice it compelled to flee for his life and on one occasion was forced to consume dried monkey flesh for time to Hendrickson graphically related story of his experience. "It all began in Los Angeles," said "W. J. Dwyer, a Italian William Fisher, a German, and I set out with a few dollars and a few ideas of prospecting for gold in Guiana. My capital amounted to \$1,000. I went to Panama, crossed the isthmus and then made our way to Georgetown, Dutch Guiana. We were the course of the Maroni river and we met the Bushmen, a stalwart inhabiting the bush land in Guiana. With business as good as penetrated the wilds of Brazil, being toward the Amazon. The Bushmen finally left us and we went on. For 450 miles we went until we reached the Amazon at a point 3,000 miles from the mouth. A strange race of people we found inhabiting the country. They got almost as fair as Caucasians. They wear only breechcloth. The eyes are exceedingly beautiful. The lips are evidently cannibal, for we ever we went we found evidence of cannibalistic habits. Human remains of the bones of their dead were found in clusters in the places. The skulls were filled with earth, in which some kind of seed had been placed. The natives use blow guns short poisoned arrows with deadly accuracy. We found them usually friendly, but on several occasions were compelled to use our pistols to keep them from attacking us. During our wanderings we stayed on game which we shot in vast forests. The birds we had abundance. It has proved a layer of clay in large quantities, secured large amount of gold intended to secure native to the land when Dwyer was suddenly stricken with fever. On October 10th he died. We left his body in the wilds. "We finally reached the mouth of the Maroni river. Taking a boat we started down the river. The day out, the canoe capsized and lost all our gold. We constructed raft and managed to reach Parika. Fisher died there of fever. "I managed to secure passage on an English steamer and came away to Colon and thence to Panama where I embarked on the Pacific steamer San Jose."

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin that he doesn't want any more of that he has. Being one of almost corporation lawyers in the Northwest, he could easily get fortune simply by working a profession, but he says that if he piled up a fortune his sons, who steady, industrious, ambitious men, might be spoiled by a large spend it, and so he prefers that they are.

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