

MERCHANTS LAWYERS

Hot Game of Hockey Saturday Night

Lawyers Win by Two Goals But the Merchants Gave Them a Stiff Run.

It was those sweaters that did the business Saturday evening. About them there is an indefinable charm that is irresistible, a something that laughs at the idea of defeat for the team that is possessed of the magic garments and as they sustained the Civil Service throughout the league playing so have they done equally as well by the lawyers since the beginning of the games by the professional and business men. The red and black has not known defeat this winter and it remains for a new aggression to drag the colors in the dust. The doctors have tried it twice and the best either could do was to play a draw with the score a tie at the conclusion of the game. Hockey is either beginning to pall upon the Dawson people or they are pining for a newer diversion that will again tempt their jaded appetites. The attendance at the match Saturday night was small in comparison to what it should have been considering the excellence of the game. When the professional men first began playing hockey their efforts were so ludicrous that the games were execratingly funny, but with each match played they have improved so that now one looks for something more than funny falls and impromptu headstands. The lineup Saturday night was the same as it was upon the occasion of the first game with the exception of Mr. Pinsky on the merchants' team whose place was filled by W. G. Lillie. What was lacking in attendance was more than made up in noise that at times was simply deafening. In the gallery was a bunch of about a dozen youths whose exuberance was only equalled by their disgustingly coarse actions and the volume of billingsgate that poured in an endless torrent from their mouths, the freshest lot of "kids" that ever broke away from their mother's apron strings. If the management will but bar the fiends who can not attend a match without a fish horn in their fists or a club with which they can beat the side of the rink they will confer a lasting benefit upon mankind. It is a positive fact that many ladies will not attend the matches simply because they do not care to be deafened by such a conglomeration of intolerable noise.

Donaghy and Macfarlane faced off and the lawyers took the aggressive from the first blow of the whistle, setting a pace that was lively enough for anyone. A series of long lifts by Jones on one side and Tobin on the other kept the skaters sliding back and forth for a moment or two. Crisp quickly followed one of Tobin's efforts in that direction thinking to catch the puck before Jones had time to return it. He was a moment too late to be effective, but his collision with Jones knocked out the later's pins and his feet went up in the air. During the first four or five minutes of play the puck was practically all the time in the Merchants' territory. An off-side play occurring near the latter's goal placed it in an exceedingly dangerous position which was only saved by the alertness of Macfarlane in the face-off that followed. A moment later another red hot scrimmage occurred in front of the merchants' goal. Robertson made an excellent try, but Chisholm was there with the goods and the shot failed to score. The play about the merchants' goal had become so exciting that all the lawyers were crowding in close with the exception of two of the defense. Then it was that Jones made one of his sensational plays. Observing that the field was nearly clear he pulled the puck out from the crowd and started down the rink like greased lightning. He made a good shot, but Smith caromed the puck off to one side and before another try could be made the entire bunch was in the mix. For a moment or two there was a horrible jockey in sight from which Crisp finally emerged, duplicating the run of Jones but with no better success. After making one nice Chisholm left his goal for a moment to drive the puck back and while absent another shot was taken which fortunately missed and left the rubber back of the net. When Rod discovered that his goal had been unprotected and the puck was back of the net he became so flabbergasted he tried to climb over the net in order to reach it. The first blood was claimed by the merchants, Crisp receiving a nasty cut over his eye from a lift by Jones. The latter pulled his heel off which delayed the game a few moments. After twelve minutes of play Robertson scored the first goal for the lawyers. Combinations were played but they were not quick enough to be effective. Macfarlane passed to Reid and the latter would have scored had it not been for Smith's alertness. The merchants' goal again had a narrow escape, the entire push being crowded about the net. Tobin made a long shot but failed to connect. Jones made another hot foot down the ice, but again his good intentions were spoiled. Ledieu took a header over Reid, Tobin came within a hair's breadth of scoring on a long lift and just as the whistle blew

Crisp shot a goal which being on an off-side play was not allowed. In the second half more royal blood was drawn. Crisp already had a gash on one side of his head made with the puck, but not content with one distinguished mark he must needs have another. A stick sharply wielded brought the claret on the other side and two little rivulets of bright red corpuscles trickled their way down his phiz. Robertson was also branded, receiving a nasty cut on his jaw from a lift. Sparling shot a goal in seven minutes and two minutes later Jones bagged the first and only one made by the merchants. It was gotten at the conclusion of another of his sensational runs. He had taken the puck the full length of the rink, had lost it to the point, regained it and made a successful shot, the whole thing being done in less time than it takes to tell it. And how the crowd did yell. Eight minutes before the call of time Donaghy corralled another goal for the Lawyers and the game was fairly won without any chance for a dispute. Billy Gibson made an excellent try, one perfectly satisfactory to everyone. The following is the lineup of the two teams: Lawyers—Goal, A. G. Smith; point, H. S. Tobin; coverpoint, Pierre Ledieu; forwards, F. G. Crisp, H. E. A. Robertson, J. K. Sparling and D. Donaghy. Merchants—Goal, R. Chisholm; point, M. H. Jones; coverpoint, Albert Reid; forwards, R. P. McLennan, J. P. McLennan, W. G. Lillie and F. S. Macfarlane. Score—3 to 1 in favor of the Lawyers. Reference—W. H. B. Lyon. Timekeeper—W. H. B. Lyon. Goal umpires—George Kennedy and Jack Elbeck. Quick Lunches for Londoners. The "quick lunch" has long been one of the features of American city life, and it will be seen that his amenities are now to be placed within the reach of the Londoner, who has too often been hitherto compelled to wait an inordinate number of minutes for very inadequate accommodation in his cafes and restaurants. The new places of entertainment will be modeled upon the lines approved in the United States, where not so much the requirements of the digestion as the imperious demands of time are considered. There will be no waiters, and also, it may be added, no waiting, each man or woman will attend to his or her own needs. Rockefeller Party in Pasadena. Pasadena, Cal., March 7.—John D. Rockefeller and party arrived here today to remain for a week. The party consists of Mr. Rockefeller, Mrs. Rockefeller, Miss L. M. Speltman of New York, Miss Adelle Pentland of Cleveland, O., and Dr. H. F. Biggar, Mr. Rockefeller's physician. Swift's Bacon has no equal.

"TWO STEWS" Unusual Episode in a Railway Freight Office. A story is told by Col. R. S. Brown of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railway, who is well known to the railroad men of Dallas, who vouches for its truth, as he was personally interested. Col. Brown is located at Louisville, Ky., and his office stands on a corner and is combined with the office of the freight department. In this latter office there are many flat-topped desks. One night as the colonel was waiting alone in the brightly lighted office for his assistant to come and relieve him, he walked a couple from the backwoods. They took seat at one of the flat-top desks and called to him. Wondering much at this display of nerve, Col. Brown asked what was wanted. "What d'ye want?" inquired the countryman. "I'm going to order some oyster stew." Col. Brown was aghast. Then the humor of the mistake appealed to him. "You kin gibe me a stew, too," simpered the maiden. Col. Brown went to the rear door, which led to the basement. "Two half stews," he bellowed into the vacant cellar. He then returned to his desk and waited for his assistant once more. In about fifteen minutes the countryman called him. "See here," he said, "What's the matter with them stews?" "Again the colonel went to the door," he demanded, savagely. "What's the matter with them stews?" he demanded, savagely. "What's that you say?" "He returned to the table. The cook says the fires went down," he explained, "ready in a minute." The colonel returned to his seat once more and looked anxiously at the clock. At last the footsteps of his assistant was heard, and struggling into his coat, the colonel went out into the night, leaving the assistant absorbed in his labors. In about half an hour the countryman arose and approached the assistant. "See here," he said, savagely, "what sort of a joint is this anyway? Where's them stews I ordered an hour ago?" "Stews?" exclaimed the assistant, looking up. "What d'ye mean?" "Ya-a-a-g, stews," repeated the countryman. "Hurry up them stews or there'll be trouble. Hear that, don't you, sony?" "What d'ye take me for, you long-legged, lay-headed jackass?" exclaimed the out-raged assistant. "It ain't no restaurant." "It ain't, eh?" demanded the countryman, pulling off his coat. "I ordered them stews from a fat-headed sucker two hours ago, and now you say this ain't a restaurant." When Col. Brown came to his office the following day he says that his heart smote him. The assistant was a wreck. One eye was closed, his face was a mass of court plaster and he walked with a decided limp. It required the combined influence of half the officials of the road to prevent him from resigning, and to this day, the story says, that assistant is sitting up nights plotting to get even. Dallas News.

RECEIVES HIS GRANT O'Brien Gets Title to No. 3 Lovett Now in a Position to Attack the Claims of O'Keefe and Middlecoffer. Following the precedent that has been established by Mr. Justice Craig relative to the issuance of grants to mining claims, a grant this morning was issued to William J. O'Brien to the upper half of No. 3 below discovery on Lovett gulch, the same ground that is covered by the grant that Wm. O'Keefe has received. Elmer Middlecoffer, as was stated in the Nugget of Saturday, also has a grant to the same ground though the description is different, the latter describing it as the lower half of the claim instead of the upper half. So it is that there are three claimants to the same piece of property and a long and expensive lawsuit will alone settle which is rightly entitled to the claim unless those interested are inclined to compromise in some manner. The latter is not thought of at all probably as Middlecoffer is already and has been for over two years in possession of the ground and it is hardly likely that after undisputed possession for so long that he will consent to any sort of a compromise, particularly as he is the best judge of the value of the claim which is said to be no small amount. Those who have looked into the affair claim that the end can come in but one manner, one of the three will be named as the rightful owner and that will end it. Changing the survey or the position of the claims is out of the question. If it is as is claimed that there are but 250 feet between Nos. 2 and 1, then in order to make room for an upper half as well as a lower half, according to the grant of Middlecoffer, an extra 250 feet would have to be crowded in some manner or another. No. 4 is a short claim, being but 250 feet long and to move it further down stream would raise the ire of 54 owners interested in the claim, that being the claim which was so extensively staked at the time of the opening of the Philip concession last fall. Below No. 4 is a fraction which has long been occupied and then comes Bonanza, which dates back to the fall of '96. So it would seem that some one who now imagines himself to be the possessor of valuable ground will some morning awaken to find that he has nothing at all unless it will be a bill for lawyers' fees and court costs. Middlecoffer is at present out of the country though his return is anticipated now at almost any time. He being in the absolute possession of the claim it will be up to either O'Keefe or O'Brien to make the first move.

Broken Line Sale 100 Suits to Select From. Former Prices \$18, \$20, \$25. Your Choice \$10.00 Sargent & Pinsky WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SECOND AVE. Supt. Mitchell Ill. Washington, March 7.—Senator Mitchell, who has been enjoying fair health for a couple of weeks, was taken suddenly and seriously ill yesterday and today is confined to his bed, suffering from a high fever. His physicians fear that his strength is so far wasted that his recovery to complete health will be very slow at least. There is grave fear of a complete breakdown, which would be almost certain to result fatally. The Doctor—Yes, I understand what ails you. You can't sleep. Take this prescription to the druggist (Next day)—Good morning, you look better today—Have you slept well? Peterson—Like a top. I feel like a new man. Doctor—How many sleeping powders did you take? Peterson (surprised)—I didn't take any. I gave a couple of them to the baby—Dagbladen. Higley—Our friend Rank is in Europe now, isn't he? Higley—Yes, and he must be traveling under the name of "Stronboli." Higley—What makes you think so? Higley—A dispatch from Italy the other day said—"Stronboli began to smoke yesterday and the people of the neighborhood at once picked up and moved away"—Philadelphia Press. Mamma—Johnny, did you wipe your feet on the mat when you came in? Johnny—I couldn't get my shoestrings untied, they were in hard knots. Mamma—But what have shoestrings to do with it? Johnny—I couldn't wipe my feet without taking off my shoes, could I?—Boston Transcript. "Well, go on, an' gimme it," the fellows have made up a purse of a nickel ter watch me take it."—St. Louis Star. Power of Attorney Blanks for the Tanana-Nugget Office.

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H. H. Vreeland's Joke H. H. Vreeland of the Metropolitan Traction Company, who, it is said, will go to London to manage the Yukon underground lines, rose from the lowest rung of the street railway business, and will occasionally unbend enough to crack a joke with a subordinate. "There is an aged New York conductor whom Mr. Vreeland likes particularly well, a Boston man, with a great deal of learning stored in his gray head. About this learning Mr. Vreeland likes to banter the old fellow. "Why does hanging kill?" he said to this conductor one day. "Because the inspiration is checked and the circulation arrested, while there is a suffusion of blood to the brain and a consequent cephalic congestion," was the prompt answer. "I thought hanging killed because the rope was always too short to let the feet touch the ground," said Mr. Vreeland.—Boston Post. Power of Attorney Blanks for the Tanana-Nugget Office. Job Printing at Nugget office.

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