OPENING ARRANGED

The D. A. A. A. to Entertain Its Friends

Skating, Dancing and Refreshments on Thursday Evening November 13.

As Secretary Burns has expressed it, the big thing is about to come off. Thursday evening next at 8 o'clock has been fixed as the date upon which the Dawson Amateur Athletic Association will throw open its doors to the public and that it will be a memorable occasion there can be no question. To Mr. Burns almost wholly does the credit belong for having successfully financed and erected an athletic club that would be an honor to any of the cities outside. He came to Dawson a few months ago a total stranger to everyone except a few of the officials, and no sooner had he became aware of the great need of such an institution than he immediately set about to accomplish the end which is now practically completed. At the beginning Mr. Burns received no encouragement whatever, money was tight and the scheme was pronounced chimerical, but he hammered away at his hobby. Soon a number began to think that perhaps something in that line might be done, others took hold and the result is the magnificent building that has seemed to spring up in the night.

The contractor who is putting in the steam heating and lighting plant expects to have both arrangements finished and the heat and light ready to turn on by Wednesday evening, but to allow for any emergency that may arise the opening date has been made a day later. The rink will be brilliantly lighted by six arc lights and there will be 150 incandescents scattered around the building, making every nook and cranny as light as day. This is especially true of the gym, the buffet and also the card rooms, the last two named being fitted up in the most cheerful, homelike manner. In the main reception room down stairs quite a number of tete-a-tetes and circular divans have been upholstered in russet leather, made so inviting that one can not resist the temptation to throw themselves down and partake of the perfect repose and rest that is so close at hand.

Until the date of the opening the rink will positively not be open to any one, as it is desired that on the opening evening the ice should be in the most perfect condition possible.

The program as arranged consists of general skating from 8 to 10, music being furnished by the full police band of twelve pieces. From 10 to 12 there will be dancing, informal, in the gym. During the evening the club will entertain their friends with dainty refershments consisting of bouillon, sandwiches and coffee. After the opening the club will be open to the public every afternoon and evening.

Things about the court house were very quiet, there being nothing doing except by Mr. Justice Craig who was sitting in chambers. Court Stenographer Craig is still engaged in transcribing the evidence of the cases of La Belle and Fournier, working night and day on it. Sheriff Eilbeck is still confined to his house with the slight attack of pneumonia from which he has been suffering, though he expects to be out in a few days. Clerk of the Court Macdonald is counting the days until he can hit the trail for the outside. A number of cases are set for a hearing this week but it is doubtful if they all come on.

Sues His Sister

Anderson, Ind., Oct. 4.—Because she had been giving him, without his knowledge, an alleged cure for the liquor habit, George W. Overshimer, a Boone township farmer, this evening sued his sister, Mrs. Laura J. Hosler, for $5,000 damages. In his complaint Overshimer sets forth that he lives with his sister and that she cooked for him. For several weeks, he alleges, his coffee tasted peculiar, but he claims he did not complain until his stomach pained him and he began to lose flesh at an alarming rate. Then he discovered, he said, that Mrs. Hosler had doctored his coffee with the alleged liquor habit cure and that she admitted it. Overshimer has lost his taste for coffee and avers that his health has been permanently impaired. Mrs. Hosler owns a fine farm.

Lost With 300 Lives

Victoria, B.C., Oct. 4.—Advices by mail from China tell of the loss of the steamer Sand Leong off the China coast. The vessel, which was bound from Rangoon to America and embarked 300 Chinese at Singapore, is believed to have been lost in a typhoon with all on board.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

Auditorium—"Under Two Flags."

Job printing at Nugget office.

IS RIVER CLOSED

Many Bets Awaiting Decision on Subject.

Editor Nugget,—

On behalf of ten betters of various amounts in this one firm, and a large number in another large firm of this city, I beg to ask you to decide whether the river is closed or not, and, if so, when it closed. An answer this afternoon will much oblige a large number of your readers.

MARMION.

(Being desirous of obtaining the best information possible on the subject one of our reporters interviewed the best possible authority on the subject this afternoon and his decision must be taken for what it is worth. R. W. Calderhead, of the Merchants Transportation Company, says: "The river closed at the mouth of the Klondike I think it was on the 5th. Had I been betting and had lost I would not have felt called upon to pay over the next day because there was a possibility that the river might open again, and it is understood, I suppose, that the bet was contingent on the closing of the Yukon for the season. But on Saturday I should have given up with a good grace, for there were teams crossing the Yukon then, and there is no chance of the Yukon opening again this winter. The water in front here may remain open until this time next month. I think it will. But that has nothing to do with it. The Yukon is absolutely closed for the winter."—Ed.)

Duncan Base Line

C. S. W. Barwell, the surveyor and mining engineer, starts tomorrow for Duncan creek, and the town will in all probability see him no more for a couple of months. He has been engaged by the territorial government to run the base lines of Duncan creek and all its tributaries.

VERY NEAR BIG FIRE

Saved by the Coolness of the Housekeeper

Not a Chicago Cow and Can of Kerosene, But a Mouse and a Match Box.

There was a narrow escape from a big fire last night. An incipient one started in the Bank saloon, at the corner of King street and First avenue and the wind was blowing briskly from the north. But for the watchfulness and coolness of the housekeeper, Mrs. Clarke, there might have been a conflagration extending down the block, but with the present staff of firemen and the better apparatus and conveniences they now have for fighting fires, it is not believed that it could have been disastrously extensive.

There was no one on watch at the Bank saloon, it being Sunday. At about half past nine Mrs. Clarke discovered smoke ascending to the second floor. She could not find out where it came from exactly, but located it finally in the bar as its volume became denser. She promptly turned in an alarm. The bar room was broken into by the firemen and the fire located in a closet under the stairs. There was a large case of matches still blazing. From this blaze the wall paper had taken fire, and when the closet door was opened there was a great burst of flame. The boys turned on their chemical engine and soon had the fire out without doing any damage by water or tearing any of the premises to pieces.

But Mrs. Clarke did not sleep well, and at nearly twelve o'clock she turned in a second alarm. This time it was more serious. Some smouldering fire had been unnoticed on the first occasion, which had crept between the walls of the closet. This had gained headway and burned its way through to the stairway where, encountering an encouraging draft it had quickly eaten its way through to the next building. This time the firemen had to use their axes and they tore out most of the wainscotting of the staircase.

Again the chemical was employed, and by its aid, and the chopping out of every portion that was burning or charred, the fire was this time totally extinguished and no damage at all done by water. That so little damage was done is largely due to the watchfulness and coolness of the housekeeper, who on both of these occasions acted with much coolness.

Pete McDonald, the proprietor, says he is going to raise a family of cats as soon as possible, as the conflagration was undoubtedly started by the large number of mice who visit him daily because of his free lunch counter, and finding that closed started to nibble at the matches.

NOT NECESSARY.

Dr. McLaughlin has written a book which tells how the physical body can be filled with vitality. It is not necessary to read his book. Just trade with Dunham, who carries the finest line of family groceries in Dawson.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG

Jennie Mack is in Court Once More

Alleges the Real Robber of Blonde is Not Herself But Another.

There was an echo in the police court this morning of the Jennie Mack case which was tried before Mr. Justice Craig several weeks ago resulting in the conviction of Jennie of having rolled Charles Blondo of the sum of $600, she being sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, a sentence which she is now serving. Mixed in with the Mack-Blondo case at its trial was a man named Woods who at the time was a member of the police force. It appeared from the evidence that was adduced then that Woods was a particular friend of Jennie's, they had had several drinking bouts together and on the day following the Blondo robbery they came to Dawson together, both considerably the worse for wear, and put up at the Empire hotel. From that point the stories conflict. Jennie, who it is said has a bad eye, declares that Woods took her money away from her for the purpose of taking care of it, using the extraordinary means of cutting a hole in her stocking in order to get at it. She also says that in addition to securing the $107 from her Woods got $500 of the money which Blondo was relieved of and for which Jennie is now doing time. Woods denies the whole story as being fishy, though he admits to having been out on a bender with the prosecuting witness.

Miss Mack took the stand and her testimony was practically the same as she gave when her own case was on hearing up until the time Woods cut it. That was after the Blondo trick had been turned and Woods and his paramour had come to Dawson. As stated, they went to the Empire and after several rounds of drinks Woods lay down, putting his roll of money on the dresser and his gun and cartridge belt on top of it. Later, it was missing, a police officer was called, the room and all its occupants were searched, including the witness, the police matron being sent for for that purpose. Jennie was arrested, charged with the Blondo robbery, tried and convicted. The news of Woods being mixed up in an affair that was likely to prove rather savory caused his arrest under the regimental charge of being drunk while on duty and consorting with lewd women. He was also convicted and given two months at hard labor and was afterward dishonorably discharged from the service. While he was under sentence it was impossible to lay an information against him, but as his time expired a day or two ago Jennie lost no time in putting the screws on, claiming that he is the real thief and not herself.

George Blondo, Wm. Barenson and others gave evidence, though it was strictly confined to the old Mack case and had little or no bearing on the guilt or innocence of Woods. The case was enlarged at noon until two o'clock and is being completed this afternoon.

Carries Young in Pouch

While looking over bananas in one of the rooms of his commission house at 1624 Market street, Denver, the other day, G. G. Liebhardt was startled to see a small animal about the size of a squirrel climbing rapidly up one of the walls. He watched it until it secluded itself in a corner of the ceiling, and then called a conference of the help of the house. The employes were all under the impression that it might be a dangerous tropical visitor, so were shy about approaching it. Mr. Liebhardt, thinking he would give it a "run for its money," secured a ladder and took the animal in tow by the tail. This member measured about a foot. The animal itself is scarcely more than five inches long, it has a snout like a bear and bright, shiny brown fur. In a small pouch over its stomach were tucked about half a dozen of its young, which were hardly bigger than tiny lizards. In some attitudes it has a striking resemblance to a miniature kangaroo. When it is approached by anyone it hisses like a snake.

A great many odd animals and reptiles are found in various banana bunches that come to the commission house. The consignment which brought the latest animal freak is from Costa Rica. Several parties who saw the "prankish" little object say it is a member of the family of kangaroo rats.

She—What became of your cousin who met a man one day and married him the next?

He—She's in St. Louis, I believe.

She—She certainly married in haste—I wonder if she is repenting at leisure?

He—No, I understand it keeps her so busy trying to support her husband that she has no time for repentance.—Chicago Daily News.

"Under Two Flags"—Auditorium.

SMALL DEBTS.

The Court Will Convene on Friday November 14.

The small debts court will again convene on Friday next for its monthly grind of cases in which the amount involved is $100 or less. Mr. Justice Macaulay will preside. The following are the cases on the docket:

Ness vs Smith.
Anderson vs Allman.
Nelson vs Backe.
Oliver & Co. vs Thompson.
United Typewriter and Supply Co. vs Brien.
Willett vs Faulkner.
Myers & Co. vs Daniels.
Guilds & Brown vs Hill.
Standard Commercial Co. vs Link.
Imeson vs Hall.
Strom vs Strasser et al.
Murphy vs Barrington.
Stone vs Coleman et al.
Brown vs Holmes.
Murray vs Hang.
Kaiser vs Cohen.
Whitehead vs Kammueller et al.
Adams vs Allman.
Stone vs Friedman.
Gold Run Hotel vs Kestrin.
Labbe vs Margeau.
Macaulay vs Pritchard.
Murphy vs McPeake.
Hamberger et al vs Hagel.
Hamburger et al vs Smith.
Wilson vs Robertson et al.
Mainville vs Bunn.
Helzke vs Ripstein.
Fraser vs Cole.
Goetzman vs Copeland.
Nevin vs McLellan.
Dawson Sawmill and Building Co. vs Geisman.
Dawson Sawmill and Building Co. vs. Allman.
Westerlund vs Allman.
Clarke vs Ryan.
Heron vs Lewin Bros.
Wells vs Weissberg.
McLean vs Lochner.

LA FRANCE SAFE

Berthed in a Slough One Hundred Miles up.

Mr. Calderhead received a telegram this morning from Captain Smythe, of the La France, stating: "Steamer safe steamboat slough. Wire instruction to Stewart."

The steamboat slough referred to is the place generally known as Kirkman's, and is exactly one hundred miles from the Calderhead dock. Captain Smythe makes no reference to the two ladies who are passengers, and they may have been sent in overland or may be waiting until the Yukon river is entirely frozen up and good for traveling.

An Epidemic of Homicides

Repeatedly the theory has been advanced that crimes of violence, particularly suicides occur in groups; that, diseased or criminal minds being peculiarly susceptible to the power of suggestion, one such crime is liable to provoke another having no direct relation to the first. As tending to confirm this theory, it is a remarkable fact that within a very short space of time four notable murders have occurred in New York City. The first was that of the banker Nicholas Fish. The story of how he was murderously assaulted in a saloon by one Thomas Sharkey has been told in the press dispatches. In connection with this case, a number of surprising features have come to the surface, not the least of which is the fact that a man of Mr. Fish's wealth and social standing should have been in a saloon late at night drinking with three women.

A few days later the nude and mutilated body of Mrs. Annie Pelitzer of New York was found in a New Jersey canal. It was immediately surmised and soon definitely ascertained that the murderer was one William Young. The scene of the crime was found. The blood-stained room told the story of the tragedy. All the details of the crime have not yet been published, but from what is known it seems that Young lured the woman to his rooms and there butchered her. What is known of the dead woman's character lends color to this theory. The prisoner's story, that the woman was killed by another man while he was absent from the apartment, receives small credence.

A week ago yesterday saw two more murders in New York City, one of them being of a peculiarly ghastly character. James B. Craft, a well-to-do man, was done to death in a Tenderloin dive. It appears that he was either drugged or stunned by a blow, dragged down two flights of stairs to the basement, and there decapitated with a butcher's cleaver. The head was thrown into a furnace with the intention of burning it. The smell of burning flesh led to the detection of the crime. On the same day, a few hours later, Harry Rose, a stage manager for one of Frohman's companies, shot and instantly killed his wife. He had accused her of being unfaithful to him, and it is his contention that she admitted her guilt. The discovery, he alleges, drove him mad and in a fit of jealousy he shot her. There are, however, other stories which put Rose in a much less favorable light. These four tragedies in the same city, all within less than two weeks of one another, forcibly suggest the epidemic theory of crime.—Anaconda Standard.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

SPLENDID PROGRESS

Work of Widening the Bluff Road

Princess Street Fill is Finished to Second Avenue—Sewers Are All in Position.

The work of widening the road leading around the bluff to the Ogilvie bridge is progressing with every degree of satisfaction, as is also the filling of Princess street. In the tearing down of the bluff some 40 or 50 men are employed, they working night and day in two shifts. In order to better facilitate the work after it becomes dark a string of electric lights have been hung along the entire road which makes it at midnight as light as day. Traffic is interrupted but very little as the moment a round of blasts is set off all hands assist in the removing of the debris. The larger rocks which are too big to haul away are rolled off the grade into the Klondike, the dozen or more teams employed in hauling the broken rock and gravel to Princess street taking the remnants away as fast as they can be loaded. When completed the new road will be so far superior to the old that people traversing the route often will wonder how it was possible to get glong so well with the single track system formerly in vogue. The new grade is to be twenty feet wide thus affording ample room for teams to pass at any point on the road. The drilling is all done by hand and giant powder is the explosive in most general use.

In the filling of Princess street, which is being attended to before Second avenue, excellent work is being done and by this evening it will be completed as far as the intersection of Second avenue. A double wall of carefully laid riprapping is being placed on each side of the street which will prevent any spreading of the grade caused by heavy traffic, and the care that is being bestowed on the ballasting makes it of sufficiently solidity that it might be used as a railroad grade. On both sides of Second avenue sewer boxes are being laid to connect with the main line running down Princess street, and as soon as the fill on the latter is completed through to Third avenue work will be begun on Second avenue. In the grade of the big sewer on Princess there is quite a rise just after the crossing of Second avenue whivh has been overcome by City Engineer Rendell in a novel manner. From the manhole on the east side of Second avenue to the river the grade is very slight, but east of the manhole there is an abrupt rise of several feet which is taken care of by having the sewage from above empty into a large trunk from which it drains on to the main sewer, the grade being practically the same all through and the drop occurring altogether at one point. It is expected another month will be required to fully complete the work.

Fred Hardy

Nome, Oct. 4.—Mrs. Mary E. Hart correspondent of the Los Angeles Herald, interviewed Fred Hardy, the condemned murderer, at the federal jail today. She found him apparently unperturbed at the nearness of the day set for his execution. He told her that if he had to die, he would meet death bravely. He showed her the scar of a bullet wound in his hand and spoke of another in his shoulder as evidence that he had been in the presence of death before. He claims to have been wounded while serving his country in Cuba and the Philippines, "and this," he says, "is the way my country pays me."

He still maintains that he is innocent, convicted on the testimony of Ashton, who has since retracted the evidence he gave and now has been sent to the insane asylum. He has hoped for a reprieve from President Roosevelt, as he claims that he saved the president's life in Cuba. A sharpshooter, mistaking Col. Roosevelt for the enemy, drew a bead on him, when Hardy, recognizing the colonel, struck the gun, and the bullet went into the earth.

When asked if he had any hope of escaping death next Friday, he smilingly said, "As long as there's life there's hope. The court may grant a stay of execution."

He sent for the priest this afternoon, when told by the sisters that his case seemed hopeless.

Mrs. Hart will attend the execution on the 19, and report the hanging for her paper.

"No," said Willie Wishington, "I never expect to marry."

"Why not?"

"Well, I shouldn't care to marry a woman who was not clever. And if I proposed to one and she regarded me as sufficiently intelligent and forbearing to make a suitable husband—why, then I shouldn't regard her as clever."—Washington Star.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office.

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To Pay Some Attention to Your Feet, Ears, Hands and Nose.

Do not delay to the last minute and then rush to your dealer and expect to find just the thing you are looking for. We have had an exceptional run this season on our lines of

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Fur Trimmed Coats	$50 to $75	Finest Grades Vici Covered Felt Shoes	$6.00
Overcoats and Ulsters	$15 to $35	Finest Grades Fur Caps	$4 to $10
Finest Grades Dolge Felt Shoes	$6.00	Finest Grades Gloves and Mitts	50c to $5

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Jerry Egan, Deserter

In his eighty-mile excursion to the edge of Matanzas, Captain Flint, who had 217 men and a Gatling gun, had but one fight. That was at Loma, which sits upon a plain at the foothills, surrounded by thickets and the tow-brush that lines the headwaters of the Jelican. There on the down march his advance guard had been fired upon, but he had combed the brush with the Gatling, buried four Tagals, destroyed the poor defenses and arms found in the town and marched on without leaving a garrison. He had no men to spare, he did not know what awaited him further on, so he determined, if Loma resisted him as he returned, he would burn the place and bring in the prisoners.

That was where Jerry Eagan of F company became a butt for the ridicule of his mates on account of the little Filipino woman, Emilia, who followed him for half a day, worshipped him with her wide black eyes and would take no money from him for the cakes and milk which she sold to his comrades. And Jerry, who was a mighty, red-headed, freckled fellow, with a blazing hide and a scar across his jaw, was almost as much surprised as he was delighted, since no woman had ever looked lovingly upon him except his mother.

"How's your squaw, Jerry?" became a daily taunt in the mess, and if it hadn't been for his brother Jerry wouldn't have minded it at all.

In the hot, wet days that followed the capture of Loma, while the expedition floundered through morasses and heeled over the jagged trail to the southward, Jerry's heart went low, and he and his bunky, who was from Kansas, too, began to talk about home till their faces were long and their tempers sullen.

"He's homesick for that Loma 'nigger,'" jeered the top sergeant, who hated big Jerry, but when the latter's bunky disappeared from his post one night and Captain Flint gave orders that the next deserter should be shot the sergeant grinned at Jerry and said, "That means you. We'll get a pot shot at you one of these nights if you don't forget that 'nigger.'"

Whereupon the red-headed giant's fist clenched and the scar in his jaw turned purple, but Peter, his brother, interfered and the furious soldier sulked away. In the return march they swung wide across a new trail in order to take in the straggling settlements to the south, but, remembering Loma and the "battle" of a fortnight past, included that village in their route. It was already dark when the column halted two miles from the Jelican bottoms, and Captain Flint sent Jerry and his brother Peter to make an outpost west of the ford by the edge of the thicket at the near side of the river.

"Stay there till we come up. That'll be near daybreak," said the captain, "unless something happens. If you hear a shot or any sign of force in the place, come in—one of you." And they hiked out, the two brothers, in the road to Loma.

For two short hours they sat together, silent, motionless, in the hollow of a rice dike near the stream. Sometimes they could hear voices, and for a while the music of a guitar sifting through the jungle on the unsteady breeze. Then the world seemed to sleep, except the insects chirring and the lulling murmur of the water.

"You can sleep, Pete," whispered Jerry; "I'll stand watch."

And his brother slept. It was raining when he woke with a start. The crack of a rifle was yet singing in his ears. He groped for Jerry, crawled up on the embankment and said, half aloud, "Jerry! Jerry!" There was no answer. He crept nearer to the river, skulking in the thin timber, but saw no one. Then he forded knee-deep into the water and ran forward, hearing the subdued chatter of women, the cries of a few children and a woman's voice sobbing aloud. The village seemed astir, and therefore he ran back, gained the road and hastened with all speed to the camp.

"They're up; I heard a shot," he said to the guard.

"Where's Jerry?" asked the sergeant, crawling out of his shelter. "Did he hear the shot?"

"No—I don't know, sir. I didn't see him, he—"

"Weren't you together?"

"I thought so, but he—that is, I couldn't find him," stammered Peter.

The sergeant waked the captain, but it was decided to wait till morning to close in on Loma. Meanwhile the command was divided into three battalions and sent out in the dark to encircle the place.

"When you hear the Gatling, rush 'em," said Captain Flint.

The Gatling spoke at daybreak. Standing on the margin of the river near the ford, it raked the jungle on the further shore and then Captain Flint's division, with Peter in the front, with weapons ready, swarmed across the shallow ford into the squalid village. No shot answered their first volleys and there was no sign or sound of life in the place except only that same sobbing of a woman which Peter had heard in the night. With the sergeant at his heels he rushed into the nearest hut and there, upon the earthen floor, which was sodden with his blood, lay Jerry and Emilia, squat beside him, holding his hairy, red hand, wept and would not look at them.

"We got the deserter with the Gatling gun," said the captain to the sergeant, "see him?"

But when they picked him up he was so rigid and cold that Peter knew he had been dead for many hours. His rifle, loaded and in order, was standing in a corner, and the clean hole through the back of his neck showed where the steel Mauser ball struck him.

"Who shot him?" asked Flint of the woman, speaking Spanish.

"My brother," she moaned, but the sergeant, who could not understand, muttered:

"Well, he just saved us the trouble."—John H. Raftery.

MAIL TOMORROW.

One to Go Out and One Expected to Arrive.

The next outside mail leaves at seven o'clock tomorrow morning and no mail will be received for the after eight o'clock this evening. There will probably be a full 76 lbs. for the stage tomorrow morning.

The first through mail from White horse is expected to reach here sometime tomorrow, and to be a large one.

The down river mail will leave as soon as the river is safe for travel and not before. This latter is the edict of Postmaster Hartman. Dr. Downing is ready and is even anxious, to set out with what there is here at once, but the postmaster says he has no desire to risk life as well as the loss of the mail.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price $2.50.

N. C. Co. | TEMPERATURE | 7 a.m., November 10, 1902, . . . 8 Below | 7 a.m., November 10, 1901, . . . 12 Above | 7 a.m., November 10, 1900, . . . 30 Below

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