

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

Which Embraces Greater Part of Lower River Fleet

Is Preparing for Heavy Season's Business With Its Steamers Beginning Next Week.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily. The Northern Navigation Company which succeeds to the ownership of the transportation interests of the Alaska Commercial Company, the Alaska Exploration Company and the Seattle-Yukon Transportation Company is now perfecting a schedule of sailing dates for the boats which were laid up at this point for the winter.

The steamer Leon will sail on the 5th inst. for the mouth of the Koyukuk and passengers and freight dispatched on her will be transferred to smaller light draft boats which are capable of reaching the head of navigation on that stream.

The steamer Louise will be the first boat to leave direct for St. Michael and although her sailing date has not as yet been definitely fixed, it is stated by the officers of the company that she will leave between the 10th and 15th. The Louise is the most powerful of all the company's steamers and it is the intention to have her reach St. Michael at the very earliest date possible.

The company is sailing through tickets to Golovin Bay, Nome, Teller City, Port Clarence, Cape York and way points and guarantees to land their passengers at the destination to which they are ticketed. Ample accommodations will be provided for all passengers who are booked. The barge New York will accompany the Louise and will be fitted up in first-class shape.

The Susie will be dispatched on or about the 25th inst. for St. Michael at which date it is expected she will be able to reach her destination without any delay. She will make direct connection with the first steamer leaving St. Michael for Pacific coast points.

Capt. Hansen is carefully considering the advisability of an excursion trip to Circle City to witness the full beauties of the midnight sun. Parties who have been at Circle in June state that it is one of the best points on the river from which to witness the simultaneous setting and rising of the sun, and the fact that the excursion is under contemplation has brought numerous inquiries from people who are desirous of making the trip. A definite decision in the matter will probably be reached in a short time.

Mrs. McKinley's Attack.

San Francisco, May 16.—Mrs. McKinley's severe attack of illness began shortly after she left El Paso. She had stood the trip remarkably well up to that time, with the exception of a slight period of depression during the stay at New Orleans. That, however, soon passed away and she left unusually well throughout her trip across the state of Texas until El Paso was reached. At that place the bone felon made its first appearance and proved very trying upon her nerves as well as giving her much pain. The heat and dust of the long desert stretch through New Mexico and Arizona was a severe strain upon her strength. Before Los Angeles was reached the felon had been once lanced by Dr. Rixey. At the latter place her illness was still further complicated by a severe attack of bowel trouble, and she had a very bad night at the residence of Gen. Harrison Gray Otis. But she bore up bravely and insisted, rather against the advice of the president and other members of the party, upon trying to fulfill the social obligations which fell upon her. The tax upon her strength was too great and, after leaving Los Angeles, it became apparent to both Dr. Rixey and the president that Mrs. McKinley was a very sick woman.

At Surf, a small station near Santa Cruz, the train was stopped for almost half an hour to permit Dr. Rixey to gain lance the felon in order to relieve her from the keen pain from which she was suffering. By the time Del Monte was reached she was in almost a complete state of collapse. The dysentery did not yield to treatment, and Dr. Rixey and the president became genuinely alarmed. It was at first proposed that a physician should be summoned from San Francisco for consultation, and that Mrs. McKinley should remain quietly at the hotel at Del Monte, where a few days of absolute rest and quiet would restore her to her normal condition, but after a conference on the subject with Mr. Scott it was decided that it would be wiser to bring her to his house here, where every comfort could be provided, where trained nurses could be procured and where the best physicians in San Francisco could be called in consultation if necessary.

Since her arrival here Mrs. McKinley has taken no solid food whatever, and the doctors have not been able to completely check the dysentery. Except by reputation, the president knew nothing of Dr. Hirschfelder, whom Mr. Scott advised should be

called in as consulting physician, and this worried him considerably. After Mrs. McKinley had been here 24 hours without noticeable improvement, the president asked Mr. Scott what his opinion of Dr. Hirschfelder was. "He is brutally frank," replied Mr. Scott.

"I shall have a talk with him," said the president. He took Dr. Hirschfelder into an adjoining room, and they were together for some time. Afterwards the president remarked to Mr. Scott that the opinion he had expressed of Dr. Hirschfelder's frankness agreed with his own. From that conversation with Dr. Hirschfelder dated the president's first genuine alarm over the termination of his wife's illness.

About the Lewin Claim.

Dawson, June 1st, 1901. Editor Klondike Nugget: Dear Sir—I wish to correct your report of the proceedings in the case of Lewin vs. Andy et al., which came up in the territorial court yesterday.

Your report is headed "Was by error that description of hillside claims on Hunker now in litigation was changed in the record books." This is absolutely contrary to the facts. You say in your report: "When asked concerning the addition to the record, Mr. Pattullo said in every instance when a claim became forfeited, the description of the claim was left blank until the claim was relocated, when the description was made complete in the records which was the case when the grant was issued to Lewin." This statement is ridiculous. What I did say was that when the record books were written up, hundreds of entries had been made where the full description of the claim had not been entered, and the renewal clerk had instructions, when the claim was renewed (not relocated), to fill in the proper description as taken from the original application. As I have already stated, these descriptions were entered, not by error in any sense, but only to complete the record.

I note the fact, also, that you do not make any reference to my having asked the court to make a statement that there was nothing to justify the statement "Fraud charged," etc., which appeared in a former issue of your paper, and that his lordship, Mr. Justice Dugas, stated that the explanation concerning the records was very satisfactory. Your obedient servant, DUFFERIN PATTULLO, Chief Clerk Gold Commissioner's Office.

Old Stamps Used.

Editor Nugget: Why this difference? Letters sent to Dawson are addressed "Dawson, Y. T.," while those leaving the Dawson, postoffice are postmarked "Dawson, N. W. T.?" An Ignoramus from Hunker, Y. T., or N. W. T., or Both or None.

(The only reasonable answer to the above is that the old stamp bearing the letters N. W. T. is still used, although Y. T. has been the proper thing ever since this became the Yukon territory. There is a glaring possibility that the present parliament will make an appropriation for a new cancelling stamp for the Dawson postoffice at the present session.)

Money in a Stove.

Chicago, May 16.—In addition to the ill-will of the man, who is still wearing his winter overcoat and suffering from a cold in the head, the weather man has gained the enmity of Fred Werobke, a clerk employed in Peter Bohlander's store at Railroad avenue and Nineteenth avenue, and who lives in Melrose park. Werobke does not believe in banks and never read about people who used stoves for safe deposit vaults. These characteristics and the weather cost him \$300 yesterday, when his wife built a fire in the heating stove, which had not been in use since the warm days that gave promise of spring some weeks ago. Just as the fire began to crackle cheerfully Werobke came home. He happened to think that his savings of years were in a leather pocketbook in the particular stove in which his wife had just started a fire.

Later in the day Werobke appeared at the office of the United States postmaster with a handful of burned leather and currency, which, he said, represented his savings for several years. The stuff was sent to Washington, and if the experts can figure out the denomination of the bills Werobke may recover a part of his fortune.

For Local Sawmills.

When the steamer Clifford Sifton left recently for up the river she carried from 30 to 40 men bound for the lumber camps near the mouth of the Stewart river where they will be employed in getting out logs for the Dawson sawmills and making them into rafts which will be floated down the river. It is said that logs sufficient to make from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 feet of lumber will be received by the local mills within the coming few weeks. Owing to the scarcity of logs which has prevailed here this spring but comparatively little lumber has yet been sawed.

Mr. F. A. Cleveland returned yesterday from a trip over the various creeks. The recent rains have done inestimable damage to the trails and roads which he says are in a worse condition now than they have been for a long time.

MR. DOOLEY ON REFORM.

Today of all days, being the first in Dawson of the period of prohibited gambling, the following from Mr. Dooley on the "Purity Crusade" is eminently appropriate:

"As a people, Hinnyssy, we're th' greatest crusaders that iver was—fr a short distance. On a quarter-mile track we can crusade at a rate that wud make Hogan's frind, Godfrey th' Bullion, look like a crab. But th' trouble is th' crusade don't last after th' frst spring. Th' crusaders drop out iv th' procession to take a drink or put a little money on th' ace, an' be th' time th' end iv th' ling iv march is reached th' boss crusader is alone in th' job, an' his former followers is hurlin' bricks at him from the windows iv policy shops. The boss crusader always gets th' double cross."

The police would not protect vice if it were to get th' money where it's comin' to them, an' 'tis on'y comin' to them where th' law an' vile human nature has a strange hold on each other. A policeman goes after vice as an officer of th' law, an' comes a way a philosopher.

When the crusade gets into full swing th' polis becomes active, an' whin th' polis is active 'tis a good time fr dacin' men to wear marred certificates outside iv their coats. Hanyous monsters is nailed in th' act iv histin in a shell iv beer in a German garden; husbands waits in th' polis station to be r-ready to bail out their wives whin they're arrested fr shoppin' after four o'clock; an' there's more joy over a sinner raynturned to th' station th' fr ninety an' nine that've rayformed.

"The boss crusader is havin' th' time iv his life all th' while. His picther is in th' papers iver mornin, an' his sermons is a directry iv places iv amusement. He says to himself, 'I am improvin' th' wuruld, an' me name will go down to th' generations as th' greatest vice buster iv th' cinchry. Whin iv get through, they'll be enough crime left in th' city to amuse a stranger fr m Hannybal, Missouri, fr twenty minyits,' he says. That's where he's wrong. After a while they want tired iv th' pastime. They want somewhere to go nights. Most people ain't vicious, Hinnyssy, an' it takes vice to hunt vice. That accounts fr policemen. Besi'es th' horse show or th' football games or something else excitin', diverts their attention, an' wan day th' boss crusader finds that he's alone in Sodom."

"Vice ain't so bad, after all. I notice business was better whin 'twas rampant, says wan la-ad. Sure, ye're right, says another. 'I haven't sold a single pink shirt since that man Parkers closed th' faro games,' says he. 'Th' theater business ain't what it was whin they were more vice,' says another. 'This ain't no Connecticut vil lage,' he says. 'So 'tis no use thryin to intrudge somechury legislation in this impeccryal American city,' he says, 'where people come prosued by th' sheriff fr m ivry corner iv th' wuruld,' he says. 'Ye can't make laws fr this community that wud suit a New England village, where,' he says, 'th' people ar-re too civilized to be immoral,' he says. 'Vice,' he says, 'gives a long way tow'r'd makin' life bearable,' he says. 'A little vice now an' then is relished by th' best iv men,' he says. 'Who's this Parkers, anyhow, iuther-ferin' with th' liberty iv th' individual, an', he says, 'makin' it hard to rent houses on th' side streets,' he says. 'I bet ye if ye investigate ye'll find that he's no better than he shud be himself,' he says.

"An' th' best Parkers gets out iv it is to be able to escape fr m town in a wig an' false whiskets."

To Protect Post Office.

Nome papers state that Postmaster Wright early in February made public announcement that he would cause the arrest and prosecution of all individuals attempting to carry letters or other mail matter to the States. It is charged that he did so in order to save to the local office the credit of stamp cancellations. His ukase sets forth that he would arrest all such carriers at Eaton and confiscate the mail.

In an issue of the Nome Gold Digger of February 6, Postmaster Wright is quoted as follows: "The government tolerates no competition and forbids everyone but the regular carriers to carry out letters. I am acting within the limits of the constitution. It is my intention not to have the men arrested here. They can go as far as Eaton and be stopped there. I have notified Inspector Kimball, and everyone passing through Eaton with suspicious looking packages on his sled will have his belongings searched. If he is proved to have letters he will be arrested and his mail will be confiscated."

Labarge Still Solid.

H. W. Abbott and Gus Gerow arrived yesterday in the mail boat. They crossed Lebarge on the ice only five days ago at which time it was solid and would, they think, remain so for fully to or 12 days and longer if the weather continued as it was then, cloudy and cold.

Mr. N. E. Picotta of Eldorado, is in Dawson on business today.

DEVOTION OF SISTER MADGE

To Her Lazy Brother Who Thought Himself an Artist

Old Lintell Told the Plain Blunt Truth Which Hurt But Was Very Effective.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phil, dear!" she called out. "It's a lovely morning. Goodby!" She ran down the stairs lightly. In the hall she was met by an elderly looking man in a velvet coat. She nodded brightly to him, and he opened the door for her.

"Your brother's birthday?" he asked, with a smile. "Yes. We must do something tonight in honor of it, and you must help us, Mr. Lintell. Goodby. I shall be late for my bus!" About an hour later Phil Halstan emerged from his room. He was tall, well built young fellow, with a somewhat heavy, indolent looking face. He ate a leisurely breakfast, then, lighting a cigarette, dropped into an armchair by the fire and let his eyes travel slowly round the dull room. A look of disgust crept to his face.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "How horribly mean and sordid it all looks! Shall I ever get out of it!" Presently he rises and, going to a corner by the window, drew forward an easel. He sat himself before it and gazed at the blank canvas. Then he felt for his box of brushes and fingered them meditatively. Finally he laid them down and looked out of the window.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment old Mr. Lintell entered. He lived on the upper floor and had got to be very friendly with Madge and her brother. "I won't interrupt you," he began with a glance at the easel. "I only came to offer you my best wishes."

"Thanks! Please don't go," cried Phil as the old man moved toward the door. "Fact is, I don't think I shall do much more work now. Rather thought of giving myself a holiday. My birthday, you know!" he added, half jocularly. Old Lintell came toward slowly. He looked at the blank canvas.

"It's going to be a great thing," explained Phil. "I'm working out the idea now—it takes time, you know." The old man looked and looked out of the window. He had been thinking a good deal of Phil lately—this boy who got up late, sat dreaming half the day and loafed the other, who had never earned a penny in his life, kept in idleness by a devoted sister who as typist in a solicitor's office worked hard from morn to night, believing in him heart and soul.

He glanced up sharply at Phil. "Might I see your portfolio?" he said. "I used to know something about art." Phil pulled it out with alacrity and opened it for the old man's inspection. Mr. Lintell turned them over one by one. They were crude and badly done with no sign of distinctive ability whatever.

"Well?" asked Phil eagerly. He shared his sister's belief in himself. "Give me your candid opinion." Mr. Lintell wiped his glasses and proceeded to oblige him. He told him the truth—the unpleasant, naked truth—and a wave of cold sweat over young Phil's cheek. Then he laughed.

"It's too ridiculous!" he cried. Old Mr. Lintell rose from his chair and made his way to the door. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I thought you ought to know."

Phil laughed again as the door closed on the old man, but it was an uncomfortable sort of laugh—the laugh of a man whose mind has been suddenly confronted with a new aspect of the case. He strode up and down the room. "Of course I shall be famous some day—shall pay little Madge back a thousandfold—and she doesn't mind working at present," he reflected. "And he said I hadn't a particle of ability, that I was wasting my time, that I ought to be earning my living, keeping Madge, instead of letting her!"

He glanced toward the window. The sun was shining temptingly. He walked to the mantelpiece and found two half crowns which Madge had left there. Unthinkingly he slipped these into his pocket, then, taking his hat and stick, made his way out of the house.

loafs while a woman works for him is a hound and deserves to be kicked! Why, I'd sooner sweep the roadway!" Phil, with a red face, rose and hurriedly left the place.

It was halfpast 2 the same afternoon when Madge ran lightly up the staircase of the house in Bloomsbury and burst into the sitting room. Her face was flushed, and her eyes sparkled. She saw a young man standing by the window. His back was turned to her. "Phil," she cried joyously, "I have a half holiday!"

The figure in the window turned, and she gave a little cry of surprise. "Dick!" she gasped in astonishment. Dick Evington came toward her, holding out his hand. "Just Dick," he answered, with a smile. He caught her hand and stood looking into her face. "Something has happened, Madge, and I've come up at once from Avington to tell you about it."

There was a dainty flush on her cheeks. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. "I hope it is something good for you, Dick," she said. "Is it?" "I don't know—yet," he said slowly—"that is, until I've heard what you have to say."

"Now, it happened at this moment Phil Halstan was wending his way homeward. He let himself in with his latchkey and went up to their room. The door was not quite shut, and he heard voices—Madge's and another's. He recognized it after a moment. Then he caught a few words—He glanced around. The landing was dark. Hardly knowing what he did, he sank down on the first stair and listened.

"I knew things would come right at last, Madge, dear," Evington's voice was saying. "But I didn't think it would be as splendid as this. A good post abroad—only open to a married man too!"

There was a pause. Outside Phil grasped the banister. There was a slight movement by him, and turning his head he found Lintell had crept to his side. Then they heard Madge's voice. It was low and tremulous. "I'm so sorry, Dick, but—"

"Why, Madge, you love me?" "Yes, love you, Dick—always have loved you—always shall! But—There was a pause, then a whisper, "There's Phil!" Old Lintell laid a hand on the young man's shoulder. "But surely Phil won't mind," cried Evington. "He is a man and can earn his own living. He would not wish you to give up this."

"You don't understand, Dick." There were tears in Madge's eyes at this time. "Some day Phil will be a great artist, be famous, but just now—he wants my help. Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry, but I can't love him—can't go with you—though I love you so!" Phil Halstan shook old Lintell's hand from his shoulder and rose suddenly to his feet. He stood for a moment undecided, then crept away on tiptoe down the stairs. Old Lintell followed.

"What are you going to do?" he said. Phil made no reply. He crumpled his hat on his head, opened the door and stepped into the street. Old Lintell went with him and they walked away together.

"Are you going to let her lose her one big chance of happiness?" said old Lintell in a low voice, "or going to continue to idle your life away—she keeping you?" Phil hardly seemed to hear him. He was striding along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his eyes staring straight ahead of him. Suddenly he threw his head back.

"You heard—she doesn't want to go herself," he cried, almost fiercely. "She'd soon forget all about it." "A girl with a heart like Madge's never forgets," replied old Lintell. "What are you going to do?" he repeated relentlessly. "A little more time—and I might do something big," broke out Phil.

"You've loafed for three years and done nothing," said the old man. "You know you will never do anything in art. You've wilfully shut your eyes and used it as an excuse to yourself and her for idling." The young man's mouth was twitching convulsively. "You're right!" he cried in a hoarse voice. "But what's there left for me to do? I know nothing, have done nothing," he finished helplessly. "Be a man. There's always something for a man to do. Remember what she has done for you."

They had reached St. Martin's church, at Charing Cross. Phil stopped and passed a hand over his brow. The old man watched him anxiously. He saw Phil's eye travel across the road to where the recruiting sergeants were pacing slowly up and down, alert for new blood. Then Phil Halstan suddenly gave his shoulders a jerk backward.

to her eyes as she read the last few sentences: "For three years I have played it low down as a fellow can. But I'm going to be a man at last, Madge. If you want to make me happy, dear, make me feel I haven't quite spoiled your life. Go with Dick."

The letter dropped from her hand. "Go with Dick," she repeated in a low tone. There was a tap at the door; then a man was shown in—a young man with a pale and anxious face. "Madge, I couldn't leave without asking you once again. Is it quite hopeless?" he began.

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw her lips tremble. "Not quite hopeless, Dick, dear," she whispered. "Mainly About People."

"Judging Customers." "I don't make any more mistakes in judging customers," said the china salesman, "because I've given up judging them. I've had my lesson." An old gentleman came into the store one day and asked to look at dinner sets. He was one of the plain, old fashioned, frock coat, white shirt, black bow tie kind, and I sized him as about a \$30 man. I wasn't sure that he'd stand even—that much, but I thought I'd risk it, and so I showed him one of the \$30 sets.

"He looked it over politely for a minute or two and then said, 'Yes, that is pleasing, but it isn't—er—just what I had in mind.' "I took him over to the \$40 table then, and he examined the things in the same quiet, polite way, but I could see that they were not what he wanted. 'This is an attractive design,' he said, 'and I rather like the color of that, but—er—my thought was something a little different from either.' "Well, that brought us to the \$50 and \$60 goods, and it was the same with them. They were all very pretty and very nice, and he was so sorry to make me so much trouble, but would I mind showing him something a little better?"

"I had made up my mind by this time that he was bluffing, that he wasn't going to buy anything anyway, so I thought I'd bluff too. I took him down the store to a set marked \$75. He looked it over more carefully and didn't turn a hair when I told him the price, but said in a hesitating way, as if he was afraid of hurting my feeling: 'Perhaps you have some special sets. Something—er—a little better even than this?' "There is one better one," I said, "but it is something quite out of the ordinary and rather expensive. If you care to look at it—"

"Yes, he thought, he would look at it, if I would be so kind, and I took him up stairs and showed it to him. He took up one or two of the pieces and examined them. Then he said: 'Yes, that is good. That pleases me. What is the price?' "Four hundred and fifty dollars," I told him.

"You may send it to my house," he said quietly and gave me his card. I knew the name at once. He was a millionaire several times over. He took out his pocketbook and counted out \$450 in cash, thanked me for showing him the goods and went out. "I think he knew how I sized him up, but he didn't get mad when I showed him the cheap goods. He just led me along in his own way till he got what he wanted, and then let me down as easy as he could. No, sir, I don't judge customers by their looks or their clothes any more."—N. Y. Herald.

"He Certainly Was a Fiend." The stage was rolling along the canyon trail when suddenly the horses reared back on their haunches as a lone highwayman with a Winchester appeared on the scene. "Step out of the hearse, gentlemen, and hands up!" he ordered. One by one they climbed out, with elevated hands.

The highwayman relieved the party and several times was forced to remind one nervous little man to keep his hand from his pocket. "What's the matter with you?" he roared finally. "You make another move like that, and I'll pump the slugs in you!" "Please let me," pleaded the little man as his hand again slid toward his pocket.

"Please let you!" roared the desperado. "Please let you perforate me! You're imposing on my generosity, sonny. Look out! Look out! Keep your mitt away from that pocket, or by the Eternal—"

"But it won't hurt you!" protested the little man. "It won't hurt you at all! Stand just as you are now and keep your rifle leveled. There! That's it!" And while the highwayman was recovering from his astonishment the little man had flashed his kodak and snapped the button.—Ex.

"Cheap Fuel." Within the past few days a number of wood rafts have been brought down the Yukon and now a first-class raft of wood for fuel is being delivered around town at \$10 per cord, cheaper than it has ever before sold in Dawson, and so cheap that the profit to the seller can not be more than nominal if anything.