

on Route
ICE
ES WILL BE AD-
out of Dawson as
WHITEHORSE
J. H. ROGERS,
GEN. AGENT
Ribs
ge Co
ers
pany
skagway
FRIEND,
agway Agent
what eastern
may be des-
ticket should
urlington.
ATTLE, WN
ern
ERY DAY
Modern
ress the
E. WASH.
Is
hort Line
to
go
All
rn Points
Coast con-
pot
mmunicate
le, Wn.
ccessors to
tic Steam
aling Co.
Inlet
Dawson on
Each Month
Horn Street

PAYS TO BE A JOCKEY

American Riders to Earn \$800,000

A Brief History of the Boys Who Have Been Hired by Foreign Race Horse Men.

Sixty American lads will earn \$800,000 this season. It pays to be a jockey these days. There was when the emoluments of a jockey were scarcely prevented his soul from saying good-bye to his body, but that was in the days of long ago, when the English Derby, over a century old, was in its struggle for existence. All of the former financial emoluments are now a thing of the past. The era of the turf means great wealth to the boy who can ride a horse well enough to earn the reputation of being called a first-class jockey.

Through the migration of our best jockeys to England and elsewhere in Europe has commenced there will be left in this country nearly two scores of first-class riders. In the exodus abroad there are nearly a dozen of "first-class" riders. While their absence has crippled the racing in this country, enough young timber has sprung up and developed during the past season to fill up the void made by the change of base of the old-favorite.

DRAW BIG MONEY.

The two highest salaried jockeys in the world are Arthur Redfern and Harry Maher. The former expects to earn \$100,000 and the latter \$35,000 this season. The former is entering his seventeenth year and the latter his twentieth. In order to secure Redfern's W. C. Whitney paid \$12,000 to his release to Col. James E. Pope, and gave him a contract calling for a salary of \$15,000, subject to renewal. Frank Hitchcock pays him \$10,000 for the second call.

Harry Maher will ride for two wealthy Englishmen—Sir James Milner and Sir Daniel Cooper—but will in order the immediate orders of Robert Marsh, the public trainer, who has charge of King Edward VII's thoroughbreds. His retaining fee will amount to \$25,000. Irrespective of these amounts both boys will receive "outside fees"—sums of money from owners to whom they are not regularly engaged—which will amount to nearly \$20,000, bringing their earnings up to \$35,000 or \$40,000 each.

Tommy Burns is another high-grown "knight of the pigskin." Like Redfern, he is under contract to W. C. Whitney. His salary will be \$10,000. As Tommy is a "hustler" and accepts engagements whenever offered, he rides in nearly every race during the season—his salary will be increased nearly \$10,000 more.

George Odum will ride for Capt. S. S. Brown this season at a salary of \$11,000. Many horsemen consider this price the equal if not the superior of Redfern. For several seasons he has been among the "top jockeys." He is quick, fearless, a good judge of pace and strong at the post. His riding weight is 107 pounds, whereas Redfern can tip the scales at 90 easily—a big advantage in the latter's favor, as it allows him unlimited opportunities to ride. Odum was recently married. His earnings will easily foot up \$20,000.

\$10,000 FOR J. REIFF.

Lucien Reiff, the hero of the American, English and French turf for three years, will undoubtedly ride for J. H. Shaw, his last season's employer, if he secures a license, which now appears to be probable. There are several "calls" on his services, and he will count it a poor year if he can not earn \$40,000.

"Rance" O'Connor has transferred his allegiance, likewise his clothes of many hues and startling shapes, to P. H. Shaw. He will ride for Baron de Hatzfeldt and M. Bloch, from whom he will receive \$15,000 and \$8,000 respectively. His contract calls for a season, with a clause that it can be extended another season if both parties to it are willing.

Lucien Lyle, the young Kentuckian, who reaped into popularity as a jockey last year, will ride for J. R. and P. H. Shaw in England, at a salary of \$20,000, the largest amount ever paid an American to go abroad.

John "Sleets" Martin will ride for J. C. Kilbrey's English thoroughbreds at a \$10,000 salary. Call on his previous at \$8,000. Next to Maher, he is the most popular Yankee in Great Britain.

W. Shaw, a consistent rider for several years, has resisted the temptation to go to England or France, and will ride again this year in this country for his old employer, Geo. W. Smith. His salary is \$12,000.

William W. ride for John W. Maher, the Memphis brewer, at a salary of \$12,000. He will ride in the West early in the year.

John W. Maher is still engaged to

J. H. Carr. J. B. Haggin had a call on his services last season, but he was not very successful in the "gold and blue."

Gamon, a lad of much promise, rides for L. V. Bell, and James R. Keene recently secured second call on his services for this year.

J. Martin rides for the Fleischman stable again. Cochran has been engaged by the Lotos stable. Shea is in Tom Healy's hands and will handle the horses of B. T. Wilson, Jr.

Jerry Ransch and Nash Turner will wear W. K. Vanderbilt's colors in France. Loh receive \$10,000 salaries. The former will ride the horses that are assigned light weights and the latter the stake thoroughbreds.

Fred Taral, called "The Dutchman," will again ride in Austria. He is under contract to H. von Rechy at a salary of \$15,000. Fred was the most popular rider on the Austrian turf last season and won a majority of the principal events.

His Heavy Heart.

Vienna, March 7.—Dr. Robert Kienbock, chief medical officer of the Vienna hospital, has just published a description of one of the most interesting cases in the course of his experience.

It appears that some time ago a cabman attempted to commit suicide and fired two revolver shots into his body. One of the bullets was extracted, but when the X-rays were used it was found that the second bullet lodged in the heart, and of course he was unable to remove it. Much to his surprise the man recovered and is now following his old vocation.

One strange thing is that the man has experienced absolutely no ill effects from the wound and says that he expects to live for many years.

I wander to the churchyard where a little grave has all my care. For I have left my baby there.

No stone or cross my love attest, The mound with simple flowers is dressed, It looks so small among the rest.

The robins round it hop and sing, And there the rain and sunshine bring. The earliest blossoms of the spring.

The little heart that sleeps below, There was so much it could not know, One hoped the coming years would show.

There was so much left all unsaid, The dreams on which my spirit fed, When I would clasp his golden head.

The little tongue that scarce could say, The simplest words of love and play, How much with it has passed away.

And though no eye my woe can trace, I carry round from place to place, The longing for a baby face.

And ever at the close of day, When work is done, I steal away, And by his grave I kneel and pray.

Sweet baby soul, now passed from sight, God fold us 'neath His wings tonight, And some day bring us both to light.

—Frederick George Scott.

Earthly Positions.

New York, Feb. 10.—Col. John Partridge, former police commissioner, addressing the Women's Republican Club at Delmonico's tonight, said that in 1902 he had made more than 800 appointments, and that they did not cost the men a cent. The former commissioner added that, according to the computation of a friend, based on the alleged previous custom of extracting payments out of the payments for appointments and promotions, he had "thus thrown away \$782,000."

Col. Partridge reviewed the history of the police department from the time of the constabulary in 1632 until now, when the force comprises about 8,000 men and is maintained at an expense of \$11,000,000 a year.

"We hear much about police corruption," he said, "but that is not a new condition, for in the seventeenth century the board had to issue an order that the watchmen should not accept presents, and only last week the present commissioner had to issue an order that the subordinate members of the force must not give presents to their superiors."

After expressing his belief that the captains and roundsmen should be better paid, Col. Partridge said: "Since January men have spoken more freely to me about the system that prevailed previous to my time, of the money paid for positions. For a captaincy from \$10,000 to \$15,000 was paid; a sergeant's cost \$2,000 to \$4,000; roundsmen, \$1,000 or more and patrolmen, doormen and matrons in like proportion.

"Do not think every policeman a blackmailer, for there are many among them who are as honest as any other man in the community. I am sorry, though, to say that some are so confirmed in their bad habits that they are past being reformed, but the rejuvenation is going on under an able commissioner in the prime of life, General Green."

Barrett will receive on Tuesday 250 cases of eggs from the outside. Before buying the old stock see him.

FOR SALE.—Good Dog Team—two first-class leaders. Apply 305 Duke street.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser

THE PATENT GAS REGULATOR.

"I was thinking today that it was about time!" observed Mrs. Bowser, as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening with a suspicious looking package under his arm.

"About time for what?"

"I suppose you've run across some more germ killer, or a new kind of 'medicine' chest, or a pocket fire escape. How on earth you let people take you in as they do is a wonder to me!"

"Who has ever taken me in?" he hotly demanded.

"Everybody who has anything in the shape of a swindle."

"I deny it! You can't point to one, single instance, where I have made a poor investment. On the contrary, I have saved us hundreds of dollars per year in cold cash, not to mention sickness, suffering and doctors' bills, by the outlay of a few shillings now and then."

"What new idea is it this time?" she asked, as she resigned herself to the inevitable.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, after walking back and forth across the room three or four times, "if I can save one-half our gas bill just as well as not, I'd be a chump not to do it, wouldn't I?"

"We can save it, all by burning kerosene!"

"Don't try to be funny, Mrs. Bowser. The gas bill is a serious thing. If I can save anywhere from thirty to forty dollars per month by the outlay of a couple of dollars at the start, common sense dictates my course. If I didn't save to offset your waste, we should soon be in the poorhouse. The gas bill for last month was something appalling!"

"It was four dollars and twenty cents, I believe."

"What you believe has nothing to do with the matter. If it wasn't seventy-five or eighty dollars, it will be this month. Mrs. Bowser, do you know the principle on which a gas meter works?"

"No."

"Of course not, and yet you assume to criticize my actions! There is a bellows inside the meter. The bellows is arranged to force the gas through the pipes faster than it can be burned, and thereby profit the gas company. We have paid out thousands of dollars for gas we never burned, and the time has come to call a halt."

"Well?"

"I have here a patent regulator. It is attached to the inlet pipe. With this on the pressure is decreased and no gas wasted. Any child can attach it. It is simple, compact, and nothing about it to get out of order. By the expenditure of four dollars I save hundreds."

"Well, don't blame me if it doesn't work, and I'm sure it won't."

"Because I wish to save \$1,000 instead of giving it to the gas company you are sure it won't work. Is it any wonder, Mrs. Bowser, that so many husbands throw their dollars away and pauperize their families. You object to my scheme. Of course you'd object. Nevertheless, the attachment will be attached, and before nine o'clock tonight the president of our gas company will hear something drop."

After dinner Mr. Bowser armed himself with a monkey wrench, a hammer, a pair of pliers, a hatchet and a saw and other things, and disappeared in the cellar, and half an hour later came up stairs to rub his hands and chuckle and announce:

"The president of the gas company is already beginning to grow white around the mouth, Mrs. Bowser. He won't put in four weeks at the Catskills next summer on our cash. Can't you see the difference already?"

"I see no difference whatever," she replied, as she looked up at the chandelier.

"Of course not. I didn't expect you would. When a wife is determined to bankrupt her husband, she can't see anything intended to save a dollar. The regulator is regulating, however, and I feel as if a great burden had rolled off my back."

A dozen times during the evening Mr. Bowser got up to walk about and chuckle and refer to that regulator, and he went to bed figuring that the gas company would be financially busted in six months. He hadn't got to sleep when Mrs. Bowser asked him if he didn't smell gas.

"Not a smell!" he replied, as he turned over. "The president of the gas company probably smells a rat, but there is no odor of gas around here."

It was daylight next morning when a policeman rang the doorbell and banged away till he got Mr. Bowser down stairs, and said:

"I've been smelling gas around here all night. You'd better look at your meter. This odor seems to come from that open cellar window."

He went down with Mr. Bowser to investigate. The regulator and the inlet pipe had parted company, and for eight or nine hours the gas had been steadily pouring out of the open window and sailing around the corner of the house. At the breakfast table, after the plumber, and the policeman, and the crowd had departed, and the house had been aired, and the cook's wages raised fifty cents a week to keep her on, Mrs. Bowser looked up and asked:

"Mr. Bowser, if you call it eight

hours, how much gas will have gone out of that window?"

He pretended not to hear and hadn't a word to say until he stood at the door ready to go to the office. Then he turned on her with:

"You can figure it with your lawyer. You can give him the exact hour you sneaked down there and uncoupled that regulator to spite me, and he can work it out. While you are not entitled to alimony I am willing for the sake of our child that you should have a reasonable sum until you can learn to make straw hats or hickory shirts! Farewell, Mrs. Bowser, the worm has turned!"

But "the worm" returned home at the usual hour, and two days later, when Mrs. Bowser saw the patent gas regulator in the back yard and asked what it was, he quietly replied:

"It's probably an old beer faucet that Green heaved at those howling cats last night!"

Refused \$100,000 for Title.

Paris, March 7.—A Polish prince, whose name is well known in the United States, has just declined an offer of \$100,000 for his title.

He is Prince Wisniewski, who has long resided in Paris.

The prince is 74 and has no family. He is the last of his line. He does not wish the name and the title to become extinct. To keep the name and title alive, the prince began negotiations with a youth from St. Paul.

The latter's mother offered the prince the sum mentioned for the title. The amount was deemed satisfactory. All Polish princes are rarely rich, but when the prince saw the youth he declined to let him bear the name or title at any price, declaring that the hustling St. Pauler was not satisfactory.

The prince declined to mention the youth's name.

Princess Wisniewski is president of the Women's Society for Universal Peace.

Brought to a Speedy End.

Chicago, March 7.—Through letters and papers that have just been placed in the hands of attorneys representing the Hagaman estate at New York the fact has been brought to light that Miss Mary E. Stanford, niece of the late millionaire, Leland Stanford, and one of the heiresses to his estate, lost \$25,000 through the questionable dealings of Dr. R. C. Flower, who has a Chicago record for shady transactions, and that the deluded girl later died penniless and broken-hearted.

The manner in which Miss Stanford's funds were handled by Dr. Flower is on par with the methods he employed in securing \$46,000 from N. C. Foster, a wealthy lumberman of Fairchild, Wis., a feat that led to his indictment on a charge of securing money under false pretenses and brought his career in Chicago and the west to a speedy end.

Russia's Salt Mines

In the Khirgiz steppes of Southern Russia is a strange settlement named Delsk; from which 24,389 tons of salt come every year. This salt, it has been shown by recent borings, extends to a depth of 630 feet below the surface of the earth.

At present the workers have dug down to a depth of 399 feet, where they are taking the salt out of an immense and beautiful chamber that is 784 feet long and 175 feet high. When seen in the radiance of the electric lights this underground cavern shines like a fairy palace, for walls and roof and pillars are snowy white and beset with myriads of crystals, each of which gives a reflection of its own.

The great pieces of salt are blasted out with powder just as if the mine were a stone quarry.

It is very hard to use metal in the mines, for the salt eats it away quickly. On the contrary, wood is hardened and preserved beautifully by it.

Wireless Love

Although, sweet maid, 'tis often proved
The ways of love are hard, and
stony,
At least one obstacle's removed.
Thanks to the triumph of Marconi
For him my heart, with joy elate,
Is wildly bubbling 'er with grate-
fulude.
For now I can communicate
With you in any clime or latitude!
No more, dear heart, shall distance
drawn
The lover's hopes or damp his
mettle.
But you shall flash your love from
town.
To me on Popocatepetl!
O'er, per the pinnons of the wind,
I feigned to send my protestations,
But ways of ether now I find
Are best for such communications.
I'll send you a message straight,
In honeyed phrases I'll enwrap it,
Nor shall a rival be in wait.
Basely to intercept or tap 't!
Though sojourning in alien tents,
I know there's naught our love can
smother.
—Punch.

Such a Simple way—The Pilgrun
tells the story of a woman property
holder in New York whose agent
brought her an insurance policy on
her house. "You'd better give me a
check for the premium now," he
said.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"A little more than \$100. Wait a
minute, and I will get the exact amount."

"Oh, how tiresome!" said the
woman. "And I am in such a hurry!
Tell the company to let it stand, and
deduct it from what they will owe
me when the house burns down."
—Youth's Companion.

For Relief Fund

The vice-consul for Sweden and Norway begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions to date for the relief of the famine stricken population of Sweden.

John H. Henderson & Co.	\$ 75.00
Alt. Bedker	10.00
S. P. Johnson	10.00
A. Warren	5.00
H. Foss	5.00
J. O. Hara	5.00
E. Barrett	5.00
G. Mathson	5.00
M. Fosness	5.00
Miss Elias	5.00
Total	\$130.00

All contributions should be sent to T. D. Pattullo, vice-consul for Sweden and Norway.
March 17, 1903.

Power of Attorney Blanks for the Tanana-Nugget Office.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the United States Commissioner's Court for the District of Alaska, Third Division.

In the Matter of the Estate of Morris Lassen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Andrew Lassen, Administrator, for the Forfeiture Precinct, of the estate of Morris Lassen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within six (6) months after the first publication of this notice, to said Administrator, at Wickersham, Fortynile Precinct, Alaska, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

ANDREW LASSEN,
Care U. S. Commissioner, Wickersham, Alaska.
Dated March 9th, 1903.
c9-16-23-30

FOUR CARLOADS OF JOB PRINTING MATERIAL

The finest and Largest Assortment Ever Brought to Dawson.

DO YOU NEED PRINTING?

IF SO THESE PRICES WILL GET YOUR WORK:

Letterheads	\$6. PER THOUSAND
Business Cards	3. "
Meal Ticket	4. "
Dodgers	4. "

Jobs Promised Tomorrow
Delivered Today.

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET

JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.