

OVER THE DIVIDE.

By Ed. A. Hering.

The Victoria day sporting events on Gold Run came off with a vim and were full of ginger from start to finish. Percy Reid, the genial mining inspector, surprised everyone by his rough riding and in the excitement of one race let his fiery steed carry him almost to 36, and it took a search warrant to find him in time for the grand ball.

At Chute surprised everyone by his agility in the kicking line and met all comers with a kick that would put Bartlett's "Wise Mike" out of business.

The fat man's race was a warm one and fourteen barrels of beer wouldn't spoil the thirst it occasioned. Talk about the charge of the Light Brigade they were not in it with the wild charge Gold Run's heavyweights made for the finishing point. Charley Jamison, Geo. Barr, Sid Perry, Joe Rumsey and J. Thomas were the contestants, but George won by a waistcoat.

The tug of war was fierce and trying and after an hour's hard work decided a draw. Joe Rumsey and Charley Allen as anchors were revelations and it took both of Chute's derricks to get them on their feet so firmly were they laid out. Doc Rystrom, the popular dentist, having done most of the hard pulling, was given a vote of thanks by his team the Upper Gold Runites, and a vote of censure was given Mr. Hartney for trying to run in his mule on the team.

The obstacle race was a dandy and Geo. Hoyt won easily, after tapping every slygic box between 20 and 27.

In the other races the Gold Run barber skinned them all, although Charley Ingram gave him a close second.

Ed Hering was no sucker at the swimming and took first prize in all contests.

The celebration ended with an oration by Mining Inspector Reid, whose oratory surprised the natives and proved that the government did not know his value or it would be parliament and not the inspector's office that he would ornament.

In the evening a grand ball was given at the Gold Run Central hotel by Messrs. Slippens and Hume. The event was one of the finest ever held on the creek and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Cooie, Mrs. Murdoch, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Mathews, the Misses Sloggy, Keeny, Sullivan and Simpson. The hotel was filled to overflowing with gentlemen, and a dainty lunch proved a fitting climax for a day and night of celebration.

Called Down.

He was sitting in a Granville street car the other evening, and any one could see that his had been a hard day's work. His prior old body was bent over with many a toilsome day's work, indeed, as the cicatrized and seamed hands attested. The very fact that the poor old fellow seemed on the verge of prostration seemed to appeal to the pity of his fellow passengers, and they easily made way for him so that he could rest his worn out limbs. As he sank down his gnarled hands wandered nervously over his forehead as if his 62 summers seemed to burden his very soul down. At the postoffice two ladies got on. They must have been ladies for they had fine clothes and, to judge from their talk, lived in the West End. The only vacant seat by this time was next to the old man, and as they gracefully deposited their luxuriant persons the one nearest the old laborer drew her dress in carefully in fear that it might be contaminated. This was not enough. The women started to make audible remarks and one of them said, while turning a back view to the old man:

"Dear me, why don't they have special cars for these working creatures? Weally, it is getting too horrible that a lady can't ride in a car without getting a dress spoiled. They ought to have special cars like I see sometimes—with the place for these working people in the rear. It is simply disgusting."

By this time everybody else in the car felt sorry and ashamed that two women, who should have been letter bred, but who showed their parvenu rearing, were insulting better people than themselves.

The old man suddenly woke up, and in a clear distinct tone of voice said to the one making the remark:

"Madam, 40 years ago I laid across my knee and spanked girls who have grown up, I trust, to be good women. But if they had grown up to be such parodies on womanhood as you have shown yourselves to be, I would rather that God had had them in his keeping since they were children. It is not, however, madam, your fault," went on the old man. "It is your misfortune." The old man's reproof seemed to satisfy the car, and the gorgeously dressed woman got off at the next crossing.

At Caribou.

Pleasant weather prevailed on both Dominion and Gold Run and the celebration waxed warm on both creeks, at Caribou all of the events were well contested, and the interest of the vast crowd of spectators was kept at an intense pitch, and rounds of applause greeted the exceptionally good work done at the different contests.

Judges—Foot races and tug-of-war, Corporal Hildyard; horse races, A. Stone, Tom Foucault; starting; vaulting and high jumping, Thos. White; tossing caber, Thos. Foucault; children's races, Phil Halliday; obstacle race, H. Cotwell.

List of events and winners: 50-yard dash, \$10 and \$5, eight entries, W. Stone first, Robt. Freidland second.

Sack race 100 yards, \$10 and \$5, four entries, W. Stone first, C. F. Stone second.

Horse race, three-eighths mile, \$40 and \$20, entries, White's bay Roger, jockey Kid Hobson; Dr. Dillabaugh's Beelzebub, jockey Billie Stone; Ole-son's Black Diamond, jockey Joe Kapner; McDonald's Tam-o'-Shanter, jockey O. F. Stone. Tam-o'-Shanter won first money, Roger a good second.

Fole vaulting, \$10 and \$5, six entries, F. Kennedy first, Sid Sheldon second. Standing high jump, \$10 and \$5, seven entries, Crosby first, Kennedy and E. Fjeldland tie for second.

Claim owners' standing broad jump, entries Louie Pond, Jas. Kelley, Andy Nelson, N. Coleman. N. Coleman lost the price of the drinks and cigars.

Tossing the caber, \$10 and \$5, nine entries, W. Middleton first, O. Benner second.

Tug of war, \$40 and \$20, four entries, Capt. Dan McNeill's team won the first tug over Capt. George Smith's team, Capt. Phil Halliday's team won the tug over Dr. Bell's team.

Then came the real tug of war between the winning teams, when excitement was rife and brute strength was at a premium. Capt. Halliday's team won first money over the old champion team of Dominion in one of the hardest contests in the Yukon territory.

Capt. McNeill's team was composed of Lalonde, C. Renaud, Paris O. Benner, Gus L'Heureux, F. Marcoux, A. Michaud and E. Letourneau.

Capt. Halliday's team was composed of J. Lindsay, Prescott, W. Chalmers, Williams, Middleton, B. Johnson, G. Make, Nelson.

Children's race, Geo. Crook first, \$5; Allen Stone second, \$4; Ray Crook third, \$3; Willie Randall fourth, \$2; Tommie King fifth, \$1.50; Mary Randall sixth, \$1.50.

Obstacle race, five entries, \$10 and \$5, O. F. Stone first, W. Stone second.

STEAMBOAT NEWS.

The river today is higher, according to steamboat men, than it has ever been since the flood of '98. Last night it rose but one inch as the weather has been comparatively cold all along the water courses emptying into the Yukon.

The Clifford Sifton sails tonight for Whitehorse at 9 o'clock.

The Canadian Yukon Lumber Co., lost 130,000 feet of logs out of a raft which was towed down from the Stewart river by the Sifton last night. The raft struck a bar and broke. About 30,000 feet was salvaged, however, and was brought down by the steamer. During the excitement of the break the mate of the Sifton severely crushed his arm among the logs, but fortunately no bones were broken.

Steamer Victorian will be the next boat dispatched by the W. P. R. up river. She will carry the outgoing mail and will probably leave next Saturday.

The Barr and Hamilton are now at their dock on the water front having been taken from the ways below West Dawson last night. A great deal of trouble is being encountered by the workmen at the shipyard in launching the different boats from the ways, as the banks are continually caving in from the action of the swift flowing water.

Lake Lebarge is still closed, the ice not having gone out. Steamer Leon sails next Wednesday for connections with the Koyukuk. The Rock Island is billed to meet her at the mouth of the river, also the Luella and City of Paris, both Koyukuk river boats.

Agent Rogers is now acting as port captain for his company, there being as yet no one appointed to that position this season.

Dick Dillon has accepted the position of wharfinger at the Aurora dock.

Labarge Was Solid.

Only last Friday—only five days ago, Tom Newland who arrived in Dawson this morning in a canoe, crossed Lake Lebarge with a horse at which time it was very solid and showed no indications of an early breakup. He says he believes the lake would not break for fully two weeks after he crossed it. Mr. Newland is a Klondike pioneer and it just back from Port Townsend, Wash., where he spent the winter.

BIG ROW IN CHURCH

Consecration of London Bishop Causes Trouble.

London, April 17.—The scene in Bow church today during the consecration of Right Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, as bishop of London, resembled a political meeting rather than a religious service. Mr. John Kensit, the anti-ritualist, entered an expected protest against the appointment. He spoke for some time in a loud voice. His remarks caused an extraordinary uproar, and he was greeted with cheers, hisses, and shouts of "order," "shame," "no popery."

Mr. Kensit accused Dr. Ingram of being unfaithful to all his promises when he was consecrated Bishop of Stepney, adding that he had helped law breakers and had encouraged clergymen who, in defiance of the rubrics, elevated the host, offered masses and preached the confession. He concluded with saying that he was prepared to appear in the courts and prove that Dr. Ingram was an unfit person to hold the position of a bishop of the Protestant church, owing to his encouragement of these illegal Roman practices.

The friends and opponents of Mr. Kensit became so uproarious that the vicar-general tried to clear the church. Dr. Ingram appealed to his friends to listen quietly.

Eventually the vicar-general overruled the objections, and the election of Dr. Ingram was confirmed.

Mr. Kensit was escorted home by a score of policemen and followed by a howling mob.

Canada's Vote.

Ottawa, April 17.—The return of the crown in chancery with respect to the last general election has been prepared. The vote by provinces was: Ontario, 426,083 Quebec, 237,259; Nova Scotia, 107,836; New Brunswick, 68,404; Prince Edward Island, 21,128; Manitoba, 41,780; British Columbia, 26,129; North-west territory, 23,618. This is a total of 952,496, compared with 835,600 votes cast in 1896.

The largest majority was that of the Premier in Quebec East, 2772, and the smallest that of McNeill in North Brnce.

The number of rejected ballots was 7718, compared with 13,971 in 1896.

Made its Own Funeral Toilet. There are certain insects that have such a respect for Mrs. Grundy and are endowed with such an innate love of neatness and order that not even death, or rather decapitation, can prevent them from making one grand final toilet, which is clearly designed to give them a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

Dr. Ballion, a skilled entomologist, discovered this remarkable fact. "During one of my recent horseback rides," he says, "I frequently caught one of those large flies which annoy cattle and horses so much, and I promptly got rid of it by crushing its head. One day, instead of throwing the mutilated insect away, I placed it on the back of my hand and indolently watched it. For some seconds the insect remained motionless, but then, to my unbounded surprise, it moved its front legs forward to the place where the head should have been, and, after it had rubbed them nervously together, apparently in anguish, it began to brush its body and to smooth its wings with its hind legs. Under the gentle pressure of these limbs the body gradually became extended and the extremity curved, while the wings gradually changed their natural position and left the upper part of the body exposed. Meanwhile the hind legs continued to brush each other from time to time.

"Naturally I watched this extraordinary sight with great interest, and, in order to see the finale, I took the insect into my study, where it lived an entire day, spending the time at the ungrateful task of making its own funeral toilet."

THE LIMIT PASSED.

One scheme Which the Girl's Stern Parent Would Not Sanctify. "Please, mamma, please!" "Papa, I beg of you do not refuse!" Cordella Pasetout clung wildly about her fond but obturate mother's neck and rained kisses upon her cheeks, while Anastasia, her sister, did like-wise to her father.

But their pleading seemed of no avail. The elder Pasetouts shook their gray heads firmly in negation, though it was evident that the necessity of refusing their daughters' request pained them beyond measure.

Gently, but with decision, as one shakes a hard shelled crab from out a scalp net, the parents disentangled their daughters' arms from their shoulders; then, mastering his emotions, the father said:

"No, Anastasia and Cordella, what you ask of us is too much! Never before have we refused a request of yours. We have moved from city to city, from state to state, to the injury of my business and the destruction of your mother's health, in order to deceive people as to your ages. For the last ten years it has been nothing but move on for us, for every time the people of one place would begin to suspect your true ages you have insisted on your packing up and going elsewhere, that you might start anew at 22 and 23, respectively. We have submitted to this nomadic life for our love of you, but your most recent demand is too much. We absolutely refuse!"

The daughters sobbed like anything. In fact, they sobbed like everything. But their firm parent remained firm. "No," continued Mr. Pasetout; "we will not, absolutely will not, celebrate our silver wedding again in order to prove to people that you two cannot be over 24 at the outside! The idea!"—Harper's Bazar.

The Trolley Eye.

A new affliction has come upon the long suffering trolley car conductors. Perhaps you have noticed how many of them are wearing smoked glasses. That's because they claim the incandescent lights hurt their eyes. Head-aches arising from strained optic nerves have become so common that several of the afflicted ones some time ago consulted eye specialists and were told that the ailment was due to the incandescent lights in the cars. Dark glasses were prescribed to insure temporary relief, and now there's a great demand for goggles among the conductors, while caps with long visors are generally worn down over the eyes. Conductors on the new cars, which are of greater length than the old ones, are said to be the greatest sufferers from the "trolley eye."—Philadelphia Record.

An Ingenious Scheme.

In boring a deep well in Germany the hardened end of a steel drill broke off at a depth of about 1,000 feet. As it was clearly impossible to drill out the hard steel, it was necessary either to remove it or abandon the boring. It was removed in a highly ingenious way. A soft iron bar 5 feet long and 2 1/2 inches in diameter was wrapped with a single layer of india rubber covered wire, thus making it an electro magnet. The bar, with wires leading to it, was lowered into the hole and a current from a small dynamo turned on. This magnetized the bar, which was then carefully drawn up to the surface, bringing the steel drill point with it.

Photograph on Horse's Eye.

J. P. Sullivan of Salina has a horse in whose right eye there is a photograph of his wife. He is offered \$500 for the animal, but refuses to sell it. The photo is a perfect likeness. Mrs. Sullivan stood in front of the horse during an electrical storm recently, and veterinary surgeons attribute to this fact the photo coming in the horse's eye. Its sight is not affected.—St. Louis Republic.

Majuba Hill.

Here's the story of Majuba Hill in a nutshell: Sir George Colley had between 600 and 700 men; the Boers numbered about 150 men, under General Smits. The British camped in a natural bowl at the top of the hill, and set out sentries; the Boers clambered up the hill by night and attacked in the early morning, taking the British completely by surprise.

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MRS. CRONJE GOES INSANE

Troubles in South Africa Continue Unabated.

Amsterdam, May 4.—Advices from St. Helena state that Mrs. Cronje, wife of the Boer general, has become mentally unbalanced, owing to "her experiences in the war and her life in her prison-home at Deadwood. She imagines that she is the ex-Empress Eugenie of France.

Five other Boer prisoners also have become insane. Mrs. Cronje, a typical Boer housewife, is devoted to her husband and followed him into exile with their child. The women of France, in admiration of her conduct, raised \$6800 and presented her with a magnificent heart-shaped locket, jeweled and surrounded with rays of glory, violets and roses.

Johannesburg, May 4.—Gen. Delarey, the Boer commander, now has 4000 or 5000 men in the hills around Hartbeestfontein. Gen. Babington, in command of the British forces in the district, is without a sufficient force to attack and is observing the Boers, while Gens. Methuen and Rawlinson are converging hither. A battle appears imminent.

Cape Town, May 4.—The treason court sitting at Dordrecht has disfranchised 370 colonial rebels who were defended. Of this number 262 were registered voters.

Twelve men belonging to the Diamond Fields Horse under Lieut. Mathews yesterday encountered a large number of Boers under Commandant Malan near Craddock. The British fought until all their horses had been shot. Lieutenant Mathews and seven men were captured, but Col. Scobell subsequently effected their release.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A Case in Which the Coincidences Were Remarkable.

On one occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along it a strong column of prisoners, with guards at intervals on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before and that there were 1,900 of them. I then asked some bystander what day of the month it was and was told it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream. The whole dream was extremely distinct, and it made a strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days and then thought of it no more.

Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day that had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket two miles distant from the point where I had seemed to be when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire talking to the officer of the picket when an aid to the commanding general came riding down the road. He had been a schoolfellow of our officer's at West Point, and he reined up when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news; that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before and that our people had captured 1,900 prisoners, who had just passed the headquarters that morning on their way to the rear.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stuck to His Post.

When it comes to a battle, a horse shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic, in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries in the Murfreesboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but when he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in, he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart that killed him.—Our Dumb Animals.

Literary Difficulties.

"She has been talking about writing a novel for years," said one woman. "Yes," answered the other, "but I don't think she'll ever get it completed. She has followed the plan of those authors who study their personal acquaintances for types of character." "Isn't that the method a good one?" "Not in her case. When her husband refuses her anything, she wants to put him in as the villain, and when he does as she wishes she wants to make him the hero. It keeps her continually re-writing the first chapter."—Washington Star.

No Clutch This Time.

Dick Case and Mike Donovan are to ditch each other next Friday night in a ten-round melee. This should be a big drawing card and fill the city to overflowing. Case in Dawson with a license to take away the laurels now worn by him. Donovan has a record of staying 25 rounds in a draw with Curly Carr at Nome last season and the latter when matched with Case at the same place fought a 14-round draw, consequently a lively and interesting bout can be looked for here. Admission is \$1, reserved seats \$2 and \$3.

PREMISES MUST BE CLEANED

Jim Post's Memory Slipped a Cog or Two

And He Was Given Time to Collect His Thoughts—Just in From Hunter? Worked Like a Charm.

From Wednesday and Thursday's Daily. All nature rejoices in the glad news of springtime. Business of all kinds, except dog sledging is on the boom and the police court is found to be in the front ranks of the procession. For the first time since his return to Dawson from Whitehorse Major Primrose occupied the magistrate's chair yesterday afternoon when a number of garbage-in-yards cases were up for hearing. The price of dirty back yards is about the only thing in Dawson, except rents, that has not been reduced by the arrival of scows from up the river. Just after May 10th dirty back yards were quoted in police court at \$5 per, but the price has gone up to \$20 and may yet reach \$50 as was the case last year. In fact, a few went last year as high as \$100, but a few at that price made them very scarce. Yesterday afternoon \$50 was the highest quotation and no decline was noted in the list this morning when a number of other owners of property on which there was an accumulation of filth paid the same price. One very noticeable feature in such cases is that every yard accused of being dirty is "the lowest lot on the block," hence it catches all seepage from adjoining blocks. In the past week fully a dozen "lowest lots in the block" have been discussed in police courts.

There is no denying the statement that "lowest lots" are most unfortunately located. Jim Post's memory is not so long as his appetite for the double distilled, triple extract of rye. Just before the little spring birds began to warble in contemplation of more substantial lays, James was interdicted for a period of one year. (Holy Moses!) Yesterday the interdiction slipped a cog and James got drunk. When asked in police court this morning where he had obtained the liquor his memory failed him further than that he had started his "skate" at home. He had procured other liquor around town but could not remember which particular "paint store" he had patronized. In order that rays laden with recollections might scintillate through his thick tank James was taken to the languish house until this afternoon.

John Fax, not John Halifax, Gentleman, but plain John Fax, had allowed his dog to run at large unmuzzled. John explained that the dog had escaped from a private pound in which he is kept. A fine of \$5 and costs was imposed and paid. J. Holsen was up on the charge of being drunk. He pleaded guilty, but said in extenuation that he was just in from Sulphur and had taken "a few too often." He was dismissed with a warning.

"Just in from Sulphur" was a good thing and Thos. Payne, not the old infidel, pushed it along and with great success. Thomas was also charged with having been drunk. He likewise pleaded guilty and said he was "just in from Sulphur." He also was dismissed with a warning.

E. M. Abbot, charged with violating a health ordinance did not play the "just in from Sulphur" racket as he had just arrived from up the river in a boat. He had been very sick. His case was dismissed.

A number of other garbage cases will be heard this afternoon.

A Southern Story.

A well known Southerner tells the following story of a member of the "po' white trash," who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man. "Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I ain't got no money." "Doan' you got no money 'tall," Uncle Mose queried. "No," said the wayfaring stranger. "I haven't a cent." "But it don't cost but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross the ferry." "I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got three cents." "Uncle Mose was in a quandary, but only for a moment or two." "Boss," he said, "I tole you what. Er man what's not got three cents am jes' ez well off on dis side er der river as on de other."

A Costly Error.

Young Doctor—Did you ever make a mistake in a diagnosis? Old Doctor—Yes. A shabby old fellow came into my office one day, and after I told him he had a stomachache and charged him \$2, I found out that he was rich enough to have appendicitis.—Judge.

Mr. Chas. Lamb and wife of the Forks are guests today at the Regina hotel.

Mr. Ed Lewin returned yesterday from an extended trip over the coast.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.