

MATTER OF PUBLIC MUSEUM

Given Much Encouragement at Last Night's Meeting.

Messrs. Ritchie, Purchase and Tyrrell Make Good Suggestions—Mr. Ogilvie and Dr. Brown's Report.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

A meeting was held last night of the provisional committee appointed at a previous meeting to provide for the constituting, management and maintenance of a public museum, in the city of Dawson for the benefit of the entire district.

Messrs. Ritchie and Purchase reported on the manner for establishing a museum and Mr. Tyrrell reported on as to what should go towards constituting such an institution. The tone of both reports were such as to cause them to be ordered consolidated and adopted. The joint report stipulates that specimens from bedrock on all the creeks will be placed on exhibition, also quartz and everything else of a geological and interesting nature found in the district.

Commissioner Ogilvie and Dr. J. X. B. Brown, who were appointed as a sort of general committee, reported as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—Your committee appointed to outline a scheme for the establishment of a public museum in Dawson, to be known as the Yukon Public Museum, beg to report to you the result of its conferences.

The committee met pursuant to the direction of the public meeting appointing it and agreed

First, that the museum be organized and placed under the control of a general committee or council of 30 or more members, to be as generally representative of the territory as practically possible, selected or elected as follows: From Dawson 10, Bonanza creek 3, Eldorado creek 2, Dominion creek 3, Gold Run creek 2, Sulphur creek 2, Hunter creek 3, Quartz creek 1, Selkirk 1, Fortymile 1, Whitehorse 1.

From these 30 representatives will constitute a general committee from which it is proposed to constitute a sub-executive committee consisting of five members which shall be styled: President, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and curator.

The duties of these several members shall be the same as those pertaining to the duties of similarly styled officers in any other association, the only one needing any special reference being the curator, who, it is intended, shall be practically in control of the museum, and officially receive and acknowledge the receipt of contributors to the museum, and extending invitations for such.

That this general committee shall meet from time to time and at convenient intervals and decide on the general policy and management of the museum, and supply for its maintenance, and generally controlling the whole management of the museum.

The duty of the special committee shall be to carry out the scheme laid down by the general committee, its duties properly being executive, while that of the main committee is legislative.

Nine members of the thirty shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business and of the executive committee three shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Your committee looks forward confidently toward the incorporation of the museum, and having it made a permanent institution in the Yukon territory, subsidized by the local government to an amount consistent with its importance.

For the present your committee begs to submit that the accommodation afforded by the Dawson public reading room shall be availed of until means permit more extensive provision for the exhibition and care of the museum generally. It is proposed as soon as circumstances will permit, a more commodious building will be procured, and the museum placed on a more permanent basis. For this purpose your committee begs to enlist the hearty and active sympathy of the whole territory, looking as it has to, at the outset to this sympathy, for the erection of the museum and the furnishing of a considerable proportion of the means for the carrying it on, as it is not expected that the government of the territory will indemnify it largely until such time as it has attained a confident standing in the territory and been founded in the minds of the people as a useful institution.

Your committee considered it desirable to divide the work entrusted to it in the following manner: This report to be prepared by Mr. Ogilvie and Dr. Brown; a report on the method to be observed in collecting geological specimens to be prepared by Mr. Tyrrell, giving detailed directions for that purpose; a report on the commercial aspect of mining and exhibitions necessary to illustrate it to be prepared by Messrs. Purchase and Ritchie. These reports will follow.

It is hardly necessary to mention to you, ladies and gentlemen, the importance of a museum, such as is contemplated by your committee, to the territory. It is a usefulness a matter which must be accepted by mere statement by right thinking people.

To refer to the pleasure it will give scientific men visiting the territory, at any length, is unnecessary

on the present occasion. We have only to speak of its commercial importance to have that aspect of it at once recognized and accepted as practical miners will see in Dawson in a few minutes what it would take them weeks of weary travel to learn otherwise. Moreover, speaking of these matters it is beyond the province of this report and falls more properly within the scope of the report of Mr. Tyrrell and Messrs. Purchase and Ritchie.

A Lucky Crap Player.

In Skagway there is a bakery which issues aluminum checks the size of a quarter, and in Dawson there are numerous crap games, and thereby hangs a tale which in all probability could not be truthfully related as happening in any other part of the world.

Last evening a young man was seen looking on at one of the crap games, with evident interest, and just when the player ahead of where he stood finished an eloquent appeal to the dice to show him a six and a four, by throwing seven, the onlooker produced from one of his pockets what was apparently a quarter, but what was really a bread check on the bakery in Skagway. He laid the aluminum disc on the line and, smiling confidently threw a seven. The dealer, eloquent in the good qualities of the field and the six-eight, as wealth producers, looked contemptuously at the quarter which was not a quarter and paid off the bets.

Then the player, who allowed the bet to ride, smiled again, and rolled out a six and an ace. Again the bets were paid, and one more seven was thrown. This was kept up, the player allowing his money to lie where it was counted out to him, while he made eight more successive passes, or made his point, which doubled his bet and his winnings eleven times, making his capital on the line, amounting to \$256, less the value of the bread check.

After the tenth pass had been made and the dealer had changed the dice a second time, and the perspiration was profuse on the brows of the hard working rubbers, the bet stood a hundred and twenty-eight and ordinarily would have been cut down to, at most, \$100, but the chances seemed so greatly in favor of the game that the bet was allowed to stand, and it doubled, eleven being thrown on the eleventh turn. The young man raked out a 50 cent piece and two quarters from the bottom of the pile, and got a tab for \$255. It is needless to say that one of the quarters was the bread check.

It is said that there are men who can throw a point at will, but if the man with the bread check is one of these, no one at the game detected anything unfair in his play, and only one saw the discrepancy between the bread check and a quarter.

Buried Treasure.

More than 40 years ago Jimmy Dolliver, a rich owner of timber and mills, buried \$42,000 in gold somewhere between the Forks and Murphy's, in Maine. He had come from Montreal along the old French voyagers' trail, and, reaching the Forks, had told the landlord of the hotel that he had been followed by a party of French and Indian outlaws all the way from the St. Lawrence river.

"I have nearly five score hundred yellow sovereigns in my batteau," he said, "and if I don't bury my money now the crazy devils will rob me before I get to Waterville."

He left the hotel at 10 o'clock that night and was away three days. On his return he remarked to the landlord: "Well, I've put that money where the Archangel Gabriel can't find it."

Then, he took a hearty supper, went to bed, slept two days and two nights, and awoke a raving maniac. For a week he fought Indians and buried untold treasures in his delirium and died in the act of shooting a Mohawk chief who had invaded his sick fancy for the purpose of robbing him.

For a dozen years after Dolliver's death his heirs advertised for the missing wealth, and increased the reward until the finder was entitled to 75 per cent of all he should discover. Having spent nearly \$3000 in advertising, the heirs gave it up as a bad job, after which the people who knew the story continued the work at their own expense. For 20 years the diggings went on at all seasons.

In October, 1880, Sanders Atwood came from Winterport and brought an electric battery with him, which he said could detect an English farthing under four "fathoms of solid earth." When he went away, two weeks later he showed a handful of sovereigns all stamped with dates thirty or more years ago, and said that he had unearthed the whole of the missing wealth. But while the people accepted his theory that the proper time to dig was on the dark of an October moon, they repudiated the story that he had found any of the missing coin.

This fall, when the muscles of the farmers had grown hard from digging potatoes, about 40 men packed up a few tools and made ready to start on another search for Dolliver's money as soon as the old moon should change. They were loafing about the hotel and stores one night, when word came from Montreal that Eugene Beaupre, an aged and rich Frenchman of that city, had lately died, confessing on his deathbed that he had seen Dolliver conceal the gold in a hollow pine stub and had gone and taken it away after the rightful owner had returned to the Forks. This information was verified later by an announcement that Eugene Beaupre, late of Montreal, had died and left an estate amounting to \$60,000 to different charities in Canada and Maine, saying in his will that the gift was made as a "partial atonement for a grievous sin committed in the State of Maine, in October, 1856."—Lewiston Journal.

THEY WANT TO BE GULLED

And a Divining Rod Factory Accommodates Them.

A New York Concern Manufactures Many Thousand Dollars Worth of Fake Rods Every Year.

In New York city, located on one of the narrow side streets down town, is a factory in which are made every year more than \$10,000 worth of divining rods for use in finding hidden treasures. From this factory alone are turned out and sold each year almost 5000 fake rods, which means that in the rural districts within 200 or 300 miles of the metropolis are found every 12 months that many gullible farmers and ignorant hayseeds.

The details of this remarkable business are almost beyond conception. Can you believe there is one man at this end of the civilized 19th century blockheaded enough to imagine even for a moment that he can discover gold mines and hidden treasures with the aid of a metal rod simply touched with leadstone?

Can you believe men live today—white men, men educated in the common schools of the country, men residing in towns equipped with newspapers and churches and circulating libraries—can you believe there are men dense enough to pay from \$15 to \$35 of their toil earned money for such things as divining rods, treasure spears and treasure perfumes?

It is worse even than the gold brick swindle. A farmer visiting New York for the purpose of exchanging his good money for what he believes to be the product of a legitimate mine is simply conducting a business transaction. There is no thought of magic or of the black art, but merely a commercial exchange.

The hayseed who strikes up a dicker with a green goods man also is working on an everyday commercial basis, but the farmer or villager who invests in a divining rod, a treasure spear or treasure perfume marks the gauge of his intellect below that of a Digger Indian.

Alas for our species, there are many of them!

The business of manufacturing and selling divining rods is the direct outcome of the ancient belief in the value of the hazel or peach rod. It is generally believed that wooden rods of the material mentioned will aid in the discovery of hidden springs of water, and in some parts of the United States, especially in the South, the rural classes concede the power of finding minerals to the hazel and peach rods. The present day dealers in mineral rods and their adjuncts have enlarged upon the old superstition, and, as proved by the statistics of this peculiar trade, they have found the business remunerative.

Many classes of rods are manufactured, ranging in price from \$10 to \$25. The difference is in the length and finish. The cheaper rod is 2 feet 3 inches over all and consists of two sections of steel, one section of glass tubing and a pair of flexible whalebone handles. The glass tubing contains what is supposed to be gold dust. It is really iron pyrites. The tip of the instrument is strongly magnetized, and one of the proofs of its efficacy is its power to pick up a needle or a small nail.

The instrument costing \$25 is an elaborate affair, highly polished and decorated. It also has a glass tubing, but the tubing is in the shape of a ring graduated like a compass. In the center is a needle, supposed to indicate the depth of the hidden treasure or mine.

There is also another instrument called in the catalogue the new goldometer. It is described as "a new invention for the convenience of prospectors, miners and treasure seekers." The goldometer is heavily charged and sealed with the strongest ingredients for discovering gold, silver, hidden treasures and other minerals in the earth.—Ex.

Kruger on Literature.

A. G. Hales, of the London News, profiling by his enforced stay among the Boers, relates some hitherto untold anecdotes of Kruger. He writes:

"Once, when out on a shooting expedition, the party had gathered around a camp fire, and the conversation turned upon literature. There were Englishmen, Hollanders, Germans and Boers present, and each of them had much to say concerning celebrated writers of prose and poetry, except Oom Paul. He smoked his eternal 'long stem' and held his peace. Germans and Englishmen nearly came to the stripping off of coats concerning the relative merits of

Goethe and Shakespear. At last, the Englishman turned to the one silent figure at the camp fire, saying: 'Look here, now, Oom Paul, which do you think the greater writer of the two Goethe or Shakespear?'

"Never read either of 'em," growled the even then celebrated man, with brutal frankness.

"Mein Gott!" ejaculated the German; 'here is a man whom the Boers call great, and he has not read Goethe!'

"Only this," said Oom Paul, pulling a frayed and battered Bible from his pocket, 'and I have not half mastered its glories, yet I have read it day and night for well-nigh 40 years. When I have exhausted the Bible I'll perhaps find time for Shakespear and Goethe. Tell me, had either of those men more wisdom to teach than I can learn from the book of proverbs? Could either of them write such glorious lines as King David, the ancient poet of the Jews, has left us in his wondrous book of psalms? Could either Shakespear or Goethe have written the 'Song of Solomon'? If I want to read of hunting, I find it in the Bible. If I want to read of love, where in all the books in all the world is love described so simply and yet so beautifully as in the Bible? If I want to read of war or ambition, need I go further than the Bible? If I want an example of patience, can I do better than study the book of Job? If I feel tempted by a woman, can I learn the folly of such things better than by picturing the mighty Samson shorn of his strength and his eyesight through the treachery of Delilah, Samson—alone in the midst of his foes? Do I think of the friendship of man for man? Tell me, you bookworms, where in all the libraries of Europe can I read of anything so well told as the love of David for his friend Jonathan? Can any book teach us a son's duty to his father better than the Bible? What book or books can better guide a man in his duty to his country? Burn nine-tenths of the books in the world today and give each girl and boy a Bible, and the next generation of men and women would be braver, and better, more hopeful and courageous, more charitable and thoughtful, more lovable and more content than the men and women of today seem to be."

"The German pulled his head well into his hat and said no more concerning Goethe. The Britisher drew a flask from a side pocket and washed the taste of Shakespear's name down his throat, and took an early opportunity to change the topic of conversation into a channel bearing on the next day's shooting, while Oom Paul, sitting just where the firelight and the flickering shadows fell, read once more the tale he almost knew by heart concerning Boaz and the maiden Ruth."

May Reach Here Saturday.

Louie Cardinal, the Indian mail carrier who, with a companion, left here for Thistle creek Monday morning, reached Ogilvie Tuesday evening after two full days of very hard travel. They would go on to Thistle yesterday and it is likely that they would leave there this morning for Dawson with the 500 pounds of mail which left Whitehorse on the 19th of last month and will in the event of a few more delays, be yellow with age before it arrives. But barring further accidents, such as dropping through the ice into the chilly waters of the Yukon, the mail should reach here some time on Saturday. This trip and that of another consignment which left Whitehorse a few days ago will doubtless be the hardest to make of any of the entire season, as after the trails are thoroughly broken the C. B. Co. is certain its carriers will cover the distance between Whitehorse and Dawson in 72 hours, which will be better time on the up trip than has ever yet been made by steamers. After the next few days it is not apprehended that there will be any more delay in the matter of receiving and dispatching mail before the breaking up of the ice next spring.

The first outgoing mail over the ice from Dawson will leave early tomorrow morning and will comprise between 600 and 700 pounds of straight letter mail, exclusive of registered letters. On Monday another mail will be dispatched at which time registered letters and packages and general mail will be included. On next Thursday another general mail will be dispatched and on every five days thereafter during the winter.

Afternoon Fire.

At 2:45 this afternoon an alarm of fire called the department out, and a line of hose was laid out First to Seventh avenue, where the cabin of Mrs. Nellie Cummings was enveloped in flames.

The fire had made great headway when the alarm was rung in, and although the hose was laid from a coil in a wagon driven at a gallop, the cabin was practically a total loss before either the water or chemical engine could be brought to bear. The cabin which was a three-roomed one in which Mrs. Cummings and her two sons lived, will be a total loss, together with the entire contents as nothing whatever was saved.

THEY ARE MASTERS OF CRAFT

J. L. Sale & Co. the Manufacturing Jewelers.

Many Gems of the Goldsmith's Art Produced by Them—Nugget Jewelry Makes Them Famous.

In all probabilities there is no mining camp in the world today in which is gathered the same high character of skilled artisans in all branches of the trades as here in Dawson. Surely in no other locality so far removed from the large centers of commercial life can be seen the product of the goldsmith's art more cleverly executed than here, and that without the aid of mechanical appliances.

This is evidenced in the recent production by J. L. Sale & Co., of the golden souvenir destined for William Jennings Bryan. Not only is this production a perfect specimen of mechanical genius, but it is a work of art in its conception and the highest form of art in its execution—a golden monument to skill.

This production could never have been executed without years of experience in the profession. Mr. Sale, who is still but a young man, spent 15 years as a manufacturing jeweler in San Francisco before he came to this country in the rush of '98. He landed in Dawson with but the tools of his trade and the practical knowledge of his profession and formed a partnership with Jeweler Pond, who in former years was an employe of Mr. Sale. The firm flourished, and in the summer of '99 Mr. Pond sold his interest to his partner, the business continuing under the name of J. L. Sale & Co.

In the same year a branch store was started at the Forks and a factory on Second avenue. The store at the Forks is still maintained, but upon the removal of the Dawson store to its present location near Second street, the factory was embraced in the premises. Last summer the firm imported a large and costly stock of watches, diamonds and silverware, the finest in this country, which are constantly admired by the many customers who throng the store.

Mr. Sale has made many nugget souvenirs, among which are the famous golden belts of early days, Cad Wilson's, May Lamore's and Rose Blumkin's. Other splendid designs were executed for Commissioner Fawcett and Lady Minto. There are six practical jewelers employed by Mr. Sale who work assiduously in their various departments to keep up with the demands of the flourishing business.

Thousands of Caribou.

"I would have given a hundred dollars to have had a camera with me when I came down the Fortymile river just before it froze this fall," said a gentleman who had just arrived from that section yesterday.

"The American people would not believe on any other evidence the almost countless thousands of caribou and moose which are to be seen in that part of Alaska. On some of the divides we had almost to drive them out of our way."

"The government scout at Eagle has killed upwards of 300, and the miners on Jack Wade creek have bagged upwards of 300."

The same gentleman killed this fall a moose which had, so far as known the largest pair of antlers on record, with a single exception. They measure 69 2-3 inches between the tips. The largest pair known to have been preserved previous to this were procured farther down the river a year or two since, and measure 72 inches. They were sold for several thousand dollars.

On Politics.

Ay ben not gode enny silver mine and ay tank ay not vote for Bill Brain.

Bill Brain ha say fort Yuly ha bane goin oot stile. Ay bate ha bane talk by his hat.

McKinley, ha bane purt goot faller. Ha make me work all tem but ay get money all tem too.

Ay not laik to broke oop China. Ma wife she kack laik hal und maik ma put pieces togadder gain.

Ay not laik free soop purt goot. Fuse faller ha give free beer in kampau und free soop after Brain ha bane lected.

Da Fuse faller ha bane have purt hard time to stick togadder. Ha got one leg on sidewalk and one in middle road und ha bane purt near schplit oop.

"Why do you leave your windows open at night? Aren't you afraid of burglars?"

"Yes; that's the reason. If I kept the windows shut, they'd probably break the glass."—Philadelphia Press.

Rubber Neck—Now, what's the difference between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans?

Sage of the Sea—The United States.