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CANADIAN PACIFIC HOLD-UP

Which Train Crew and Passengers Could Not Avert

Millions of Green Worms Held Right of Way Over Trestle in Maine Forest.

A short time ago the trains on the Canadian Pacific railroad were late, and the story went out that a terrible accident had happened near Megantic, near the western border of Maine. As the line of the Canadian Pacific runs for miles through the wilderness of northern Maine, the report could not be verified at first. A press telegram was sent out stating that the Colonist Limited had gone through the bridge, and that large numbers had been killed, but at last the overdue train arrived at Jackson Station, and the story was told. Before any person on the train would say a word. They first made a rush to the general store near the Jackson Station and bought a bottle of some emollient. As the passengers rubbed the soothing compound on the bulging blotches of mosquito bites and on the red rash that marked the punishment dealt by black flies and minges they related their experiences.

It seems that when the train, composed of heavily loaded Colonist cars struck the foot of a steep grade, the engineer noticed that the drivers began to slip and grind in a somewhat uncomfortable fashion. The engineer leaned out of the cab and saw that numerous green worms were crawling on the sleepers and the rails. He yanked the sand lever and set the throttle up a notch or so. The great wheels came fogging down on the rails and the engine rocked and trembled, but as the grade grew steeper the locomotive labored more ineffectually.

At the top of the grade and continuing for a quarter of a mile is a trestle over Moxie brook. As the engine pulled and snorted toward the end of this trestle, slipping, grinding, jerking ahead and then almost slowing to a standstill, the engineer noticed that the green worms were growing more numerous. Behind, they had been patches and thin processions like the strangers behind an army, at the end of the trestle and along the viaduct as far as the eye could distinguish them they were packing rails and sleepers like a carpet of moving, undulating green. It was evident that the worm army wanted to go somewhere, and was using the trestle of the great Canadian Pacific over which to make an exodus. For every one squashed by the engine wheels two more took his place on the rails, and before the trestle was reached the wheels of the locomotive gave a last despairing buzz on the slippery rails, and then the train jerked to a standstill. The weight of the cars even pulled the locomotive back a bit ere the brakes would take hold.

The conductor came forward alongside of the train, scuffling through the mud of the roadbed, and stepping gingerly through the patches of crawling worms. He found the engine out by the side of the engine smoking with intense disgust at the stinking mess that was smeared over the running gear, and even dripped in thick, yellow streams from the rims of the wheels. The conductor and engineer stood there a moment passing florid comments on the condition, and as they talked they took out first one foot and then the other to shake off the determined creatures who insisted on a tour of investigation.

When passengers seeing these queer things, started to come forward, but there were too many worms in sight. The engineer thought that he could go back a mile or so and get enough momentum to run over and through the mess. He told the conductor that he hadn't been looking for any worm army on the rails, and therefore had not taken the grade at determined speed. So the train was hauled two miles. Then the engineer told the engine broom and, with the assistance of the fireman, cleaned off as much as he could.

Then with the throttle wide open, using every pound of steam, and with sand valve pulled to the limit, he slammed to the foot of the grade. But half way up he saw that his charge was going to be without avail. His first onslaught on the hosts had left the rails smeared and slimy. Since the new batches of worms had started recklessly over the bodies of the slain. These later arrivals were crushed into the mess left by the first advance. Even the sand couldn't cut the coating, so that the drivers could not see the rails. The locomotive came

to a halt with its pilot just poked over the first sleepers of the trestle. There was a second council of war. The engineer suggested that he take the coil of hose in the cab, hitch it to one of the cocks, sweep the rails with water. This recourse was tried. But as soon as the water began to run each worm halted and clung to rail or sleeper. He was able to flatten himself in such a fashion that the water sluiced over him ineffectually. As soon as the stream stopped the worm placidly resumed his course. The water in the tender couldn't be wasted in this fashion, for steam must be kept up.

It was then suggested that the train wait patiently until the worm army had crossed over, but after watching the progress of a sample worm for a few moments the conductor decided that this wouldn't do. The worm didn't hike right along, nor did any of his fellows. Each hitched and undulated for an inch or so and then used up valuable time in reconnoitering. The worm lifted his head, jabbed his stubby snout first to right and then to left, and took a long and contemplative survey. Then he hitched along a few more inches and repeated the leisurely survey. The situation was worse than that of a trolley car behind a watering cart in a narrow street.

One of the passengers on the train, a Western farmer, going back to his old home in Germany for a summer visit, said that he believed the only way was to make brooms out of birch whittes and sweep the tracks. He declared that he was willing to assist, and on this many of the passengers volunteered. Getting the train out of its predicament was a matter in which all were interested. So the train crew and the others set to work cutting withes down in the ravine, and several in the party tied the whittes into brooms for the use of the others. In ten minutes 50 men were out on the trestle, sweeping away for dear life. The air below the framework was filled with flying worms. They pattered like green rain on the leaves of the trees below.

To be sure, there was a quarter of a mile of trestle to clean, but it seemed like a fairly easy proposition. Here, however, ensued a complication. The complication first tackled the men who went into the bushes after the whittes. Up from their retreats came the black flies, the minges, and the mosquitoes. They chased the choppers out of the woods and then fell upon the men who were sweeping the tracks.

A person who has not been in the Maine forests cannot understand the tortures that these little terrors inflict. They are at their worst in July. Persons who do not understand those things may think it sounds puerile and cowardly for a man to admit that black flies have "driven him." But even hardened woodsmen and guides will not venture into the woods in June and July until they have smeared their leather hides with grease and tar and other compounds.

The passengers and the train crew were wholly unused to the pests of the Maine forests. Many of them were from cities, and if black flies ever laugh, these terrors of the Moxie must have choked when they spied the fair white skins of the strangers who had suddenly dropped among them like manna from heaven. By the wireless telegraphy in use in insect land the news was sent abroad, and clouds of pests came winging in over valley and hill. Mosquitoes arrived and went away in content. Black flies splashed the faces of the toilers. These flies do not fear any movement of man, and settle on the face and hands in patches. Their bite is acute agony. They must use saws where mosquitoes use drills, to judge from the sensation.

Each worm sweeper was followed by clouds of these flies, streaming out behind in the air like banners. The minges, such tiny specs as to be hardly visible, came too, and burrowed in the skin in all the claims that had not been staked out by their bigger brothers. The sting of a minge is not a whit less agonizing than the bite of the black fly.

As the workers perspired the plague grew worse. At last fully half the men threw down their brooms and ran for the shelter of the cars, fairly screaming with the torture the insects were inflicting upon them. Only a sportsman who has been in the Maine woods during the summer can understand how infernal this insect persecution is. Other passengers worked on, yielding the broom with one hand and swatting flies with the other. It was necessary to keep one or both hands whirling constantly to escape being eaten alive. But fighting the pests was about like kicking out against a breeze. The natural relief from such ineffectual warfare is to swear. So the passengers swore and swatted and swept, and swept and swatted and swore, their perspiring faces pulling redly with the poison that the insects were pumping into them. At last even the bravest gave

PEOPLE WE MEET.



THE HON. JUSTICE CRAIG.

up the job and retired to the cars, and left the worms and the insects masters of the trestle. The ill-fated night came on and the insects went away the fight on the worms was resumed, and at last the train got over the grade and away. But when the passengers got off at Jackson their faces were so swollen that they could barely open their eyes sufficiently to see the way to the store where an enterprising Yankee keeps face lotions.—Chicago Tribune.

CORONER'S INQUEST

Held Over Body of Jacques Levoie—Foreman Blamed.

A coroner's inquest was held on Sept. 22nd on the body of Jacques Levoie, who was killed on the 20th Sept., on No. 17, Gold Run, owned by Messrs. Chute & Wills. The deceased was working in a tunnel connecting the drift with the hoist when a piece of muck about two feet square fell down on his head and partially buried him. He was at once taken out and efforts were made to restore him to consciousness, but without success. Dr. Lambert was called in but the injured man never regained consciousness, and died about five hours after the accident, death being due to concussion of the brain. At the place where the accident happened the roof of the tunnel was very high and there was only two feet of dirt between the roof and the surface. At this point a crack on the surface ran right across the tunnel and the warning. The jury were shown the body and the place where the accident happened, and after examining a number of witnesses gave the following verdict:—"We find that Jacques Levoie was killed by a fall of roof in a tunnel on No. 17, Gold Run, Rider.—We find that the superintendent, J. F. Martin, and the drift foreman, J. A. Fleming (Fleming) showed lack of judgment in not taking steps to ascertain the thickness of the roof. Had they done this precautions might have been taken and the accident prevented."

\$25 Reward.

Strayed or stolen from No. 5 below, Sulphur creek, one red and white milch cow with a V-shaped notch on each ear. It is believed that the cow is in the vicinity of Magnet Gulch, where she has lately been seen. This is an opportunity for the police at Eldorado Forks or elsewhere.

TIM P. CROWLEY, 5 B. Sulphur.

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Now is the time to purchase your winter apparel. Be ready for the Ice King. We are in receipt of a special invoice of choice.

FUR ROBES AND FUR GARMENTS

Finely woven Wool Blankets also in all weights. Heavy Wool Clothing. Will Keep Out Cold.

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A Story of Labouchere.

Labouchere was once sent by the British minister "to look after some Irish patriots" at Boston. Taking up his quarters at a small hotel, he entered his name as Smith. If you have an idle hour in almost any American city, you can get into a game of "draw" or anything else in the way of gamble. In the evening of his arrival the attaché inconspicuously entered a gaming establishment and lost all the money he had except half a dollar. Then he went to bed, satisfied, no doubt, with his prowess. The next day the bailiff seized on the hotel for debt, and all guests were requested to pay their bills and take away their luggage. Labouchere could not pay and could not, therefore, take away his luggage. All he could do was to write to Washington for a remittance and wait two days for its arrival. The first day he walked about and spent his half dollar on food. It was summer, and he slept on a bench on the Common. In the morning he went to the bay to have a wash, independent of all the cares and troubles of civilization. But he had nothing with which to buy himself a breakfast. Toward evening he grew very hungry and entered a restaurant and ordered dinner without any clear idea of how he was to pay the bill, except to leave his coat in pledge.

And here comes in an example of young Labouchere's luck, tempered by a ready wit. As the hungry and for the time being penniless attaché ate his dinner he observed that all the waiters were Irishmen and that they not only continually stared at him, but were evidently discussing him with one another. A guilty conscience induced him to think that this was because of his impecunious appearance, and that they were making calculations as to the value of his clothes. At last one of them approached their anxious customer and in a low voice said: "I beg your pardon, sir. Are you the patriot Meagher?" Now, this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising and had been sent to Australia and had escaped thence to the United States. "It was my business to look after patriots," said Labouchere, telling me the story, "so I put my finger before my lips and said 'Hush!' at the same time casting my eyes up to the ceiling, as though I saw a vision of Erin beckoning me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things, I went to the bar and boldly asked for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said: 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money. Allow a brother patriot to shake hands with you. I allowed him. He further allowed the waiters to shake hands with him and then stalked forth, with the stern, resolved but somewhat condescending air which he had been assumed by patriots in exile. Again he slept on the Common; again he washed in the bay. Then he went to the postoffice, got his money and breakfasted.—EX.

Pistols for Two.

If reports from Dawson are true there is trouble brewing between a local steamship agent and Chief Telegraph Operator Clegg, of the Dominion line at Dawson.

Last Friday he telegraphed Suppl. Cream at Bennett to save him a pair of boxing gloves, as he was preparing to train for a boxing contest with Pete Copeland. He said he wanted them, and he wanted them quick, as he might come out over the ice and wanted to be in condition when he arrived.

When asked what had engendered this terrible hatred for Pete, all he would say was: "I introduced him as a friend and, well, no matter, we will settle that later." Copeland left on the train yesterday for White Horse, and at the depot refused to say anything for publication.—Alaskan.

When shown the above extract today Manager Clegg refused to talk but a choking sensation in his throat could not be concealed, indistinct imprecations were muttered. However, the above explains why Clegg is living very abstemiously and sprinting up the mountain to Captain Jack's flag every morning before breakfast.

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