

THE RECEPTION LAST NIGHT

Tendered to Rev. Dr. Grant and His Wife

Fine Program Was Rendered and a Splendid Time Enjoyed by All Who Attended.

From Saturday's Daily. St. Andrew's Presbyterian church was filled to overflowing last evening by the members and friends of the church, who had assembled to extend a welcome to the returning pastor, Dr. Grant, and his family. The building was tastefully decorated and the effect was heightened by the soft light cast by numerous Japanese lanterns which had been placed over the incandescent lamps. The still arrangement of the church had been broken by removing the chairs to the sides and numerous small tables suggestive of good things in store occupied a corner of the building.

Mr. Milne had been selected as chairman of the evening, and at 9:15 he called the assembly to order and announced that a short program would be rendered. The chairman himself then addressed the pastor and in words, well adapted to the circumstances, expressed his own and the feelings of the congregation toward Dr. Grant. He referred to the marked individuality of the pastor as his most admirable characteristic.

Dr. Grant is a broad minded man who has his own opinion of matters, but who is willing to give allowance to the views of others, and this trait in the doctor's character the speaker thought especially commendable.

Mr. Milne welcomed Dr. Grant back to the scene of his labors and also extended the cordial greetings of the congregation to the pastor's wife. His remarks were frequently interrupted by hearty applause.

Dr. Grant replied briefly to the speech of welcome. He thanked the chairman for his words and assured the audience of his own and his wife's deep appreciation of the reception they have been given. He believes that Dawson offers opportunity for hard work in the various lines of church activity, and he has returned prepared to "jump immediately into the harness."

Rev. Hayington of the Methodist church was called upon and spoke of the pleasant relations existing between the two organizations, and expressed the hope that they would continue to work together for the good of the entire community.

Other features of the program were as follows:
Organ Solo—Mr. Scarella.
Vocal Solo—Mrs. Devig.
Recitation—Little Mary McDonald.
Solo—Mrs. Boyes.
Recitation—Mrs. Moore.
Solo—Mr. McPherson.
Solo—Mr. Miller.

The two little Schramm children were present and delighted the audience with an exhibition of their marvelous talent on the piano. Miss Paloma in response to repeated encores improvised most beautifully from a theme presented by Mr. Scarella. The talent possessed by both children is considered something remarkable by all who have heard them.

After the program dainty refreshments were served by the ladies of the church, who exerted themselves throughout the evening to make the occasion a pleasant one for all who attended.

The affair was unanimously voted a complete success.

TRIED THE DOPE ROUTE

Rae Eldridge Swallows Overdose of Morphine.

Rae Eldridge, a serio comic recently employed at one of the variety theatres, came near "cashing in" last night for the last time. She is stopping at the Seattle hotel, and coming in shortly after midnight somewhat the worse for wear made a mistake in the amount of morphine which is usually considered a respectable shot, with the result that her life was in danger for a short time. As soon as discovered by some of her companions a physician was hastily summoned who, by means of a stomach pump, succeeded in straightening matters out. It was first reported to have been an attempted suicide, but it later developed that it was simply a case of jag accompanied by a too free use of the white powder.

Going Outside. Tim McElroy, the merchant, barber, bath-house proprietor and mayor of Magnet City, has decided to rent his establishment and go outside for the winter, returning with the opening of navigation next season.

More Capases. A capias order was sued out yesterday by Palmer Bros. against Wm. Stephens, formerly a road house keeper on Hunker, who is alleged to be in their debt in the sum of \$387. Stephens was a passenger for the outside on the last trip of the White Horse.

MCKINLEY'S HISTORY

Late President Descended From Sturdy Ancestry.

Hon. William McKinley, 26th president of the United States, who was shot twice on September 6th by an assassin on the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, was born in Niles, Trumbull county, Ohio, on January 29th, 1843, and was therefore in his 59th year of his age.

President McKinley's father was descended from Scotch-Irish and his forefathers came to America about 1750.

The grandmother of President McKinley—Mary Rose—came from a Puritan family who fled from England to Holland and emigrated to Pennsylvania with William Penn.

The father of President McKinley, William, sr.—was born in Pine Township, Mercer county, Pa., in 1807, and married Nancy Campbell Allison, whose father was of English extraction.

President McKinley was the seventh of a family of nine. Both the grandfather and father of the president were manufacturers of iron, or what were called in their day "furnace men."

William McKinley, sr., was a devout Methodist, staunch Whig and Republican, and an ardent advocate of a "protective tariff." He died during the first gubernatorial term of his son in November, 1892, but the mother lived to see her son inaugurated president of the United States—dying in December, 1897, at the age of 89.

President McKinley was educated in the common schools of Ohio until he was 17 years of age. Then he entered the junior class of Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., from which he would have graduated in 1861 had it not been for a severe illness.

In 1861 young McKinley volunteered as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry, one of the most famous of Ohio's organizations including many noted men, among them General Rosecrans and President Hayes, and remained throughout the civil war, participating in all the principal battles in which his regiment was engaged, having been promoted to be major for gallant and meritorious services.

On returning from the war Major McKinley began the study of law at Youngstown, Ohio, and was admitted to practice in 1867 at Warren, Ohio. Major McKinley, however, decided to settle in Canton, where his sister Anna resided and was a teacher in the public schools.

In 1869, Major McKinley was elected prosecuting attorney of his town and served out term.

In 1876, the major was nominated for congress and was elected in the following October by a majority of 3300.

During the celebrated canvass between Hayes and Tilden in 1876, Major McKinley visited the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, and was introduced to an immense audience by the late James G. Blaine, to whom Mr. Blaine had been talking for an hour—and made such an effective speech that the major became in great demand throughout the country during that campaign.

It is a coincidence that Major McKinley entered congress on the 4th of March, 1877, the same day that the colonel of his regiment, Rutherford B. Hayes, was inaugurated president of the United States.

Major McKinley was re-elected to congress in 1883, where he continued until 1890, when he was defeated by only 300 votes.

His defeat, however, only laid the foundation for nomination for governor in 1891, to which he was re-elected in 1893.

After Governor McKinley had retired from the gubernatorial chair, he went to his home at Canton, where he remained until his nomination for president in 1896, to which office he was elected in the following November, over William J. Bryan, by a popular vote of 601,854, out of a total vote of 13,000,000.

The public life services of William McKinley since his inauguration as president, on March 4, 1897, are so well known to the readers of American newspapers that it would seem to be a work of supererogation to repeat them here.—Ex.

Kodaks \$2.50; fresh films 50c. Goetzman.

THE CHESTO-CHINA DISTRICT

Is Reported Rich by Late Arrival in Dawson.

J. P. Anderson Returns After Spending the Season in That Country—A Bear Story.

Mr. J. P. Anderson, a well known mining man of this district, returned last Saturday from an extensive and extended prospecting trip to the Copper River aigings. Since his return to Dawson Mr. Anderson has been stampeding, and it was not until today that a Nugget representative could obtain an interview with him. Mr. Anderson left Dawson on February 20th, taking a dog team and supplies for a six months' trip with him. He went up the Fortymile river and out across country from the head of that river. When he had reached the head of the Fortymile his dogs deserted him and he was compelled to return to Dawson for another team, which delayed his trip several weeks. He arrived on the Chesto-China river, which is the name given to the left fork of the Copper river, in the early part of April and spent about four months in prospecting and examining the country.

There are three creeks in the district in which placer gold has been found in sufficient quantity to pay working, but it is distributed in a very small area and on none of the creeks are there more than six or seven claims upon which work is being carried on to any extent.

On Slate creek, a tributary of the Chesto-China river, there are three claims from which good pay is being taken out. Miller and Sandberg own one of them and are working 20 men on a double shift, and in places are shovelling in as high as 300 per day to the shovel. On "Four Black Dogs," a name given to only claim, and "Ocean," another, both of which are also located on Slate creek, good pay is being taken out.

Miller creek, a tributary of Slate creek, is also showing up well, five or six claims being worked profitably. On Chena creek, a tributary of the Chesto-China one claim, called the "Jack Pot," where a pocket was found, is being worked. There are in the district about 250 men prospecting, but up to the present time nothing of a startling nature has been discovered.

Mr. Anderson came on by way of Valdez and made a trip to Seattle before returning to Dawson. The government trail to Valdez was in very bad condition, full of mud holes and bad places which were almost impassable.

Mr. Anderson tells a good story on the trail. He and a party of men were on the trail to Valdez, and when they started out Mr. Woods, a Dawson mining man with whom he made the trip to Valdez, had seen a number of bears in the vicinity, and when they started out Mr. Woods loaded himself with 30-40 Winchester, with about 100 rounds of ammunition, stating that he intended getting several bear skins to take in his time as he was on his way to the coast.

He had seen an opening of the woods and Mr. Wood went out on a hunting trip. On his return just as he entered the opening to the camp from one side what should he see approaching him? A big black bear from the other. Here was his opportunity to distinguish himself, but alas his courage forsook him at the crucial moment, and after contemplating for just a moment the wicked gleam in the bear's eye he gave up his gun, and made a bee line for a tree which was standing near by and ascending it with alacrity he watched from his point of vantage his intended victim sniff the air a few times and then proceed on his way, the very sight of a 30-40 rifle almost gives him a stroke of apoplexy.

The story could not be kept a secret, and Mr. Wood's life was made miserable during the rest of the trip. He has not mentioned a bear hunt since that time, and the very sight of a 30-40 rifle almost gives him a stroke of apoplexy.

A Forgotten Countersign.

"War with recruits in the beginning is apt to lead to many amusing experiences," said the old army officer who saw service in Cuba. "Now, you couldn't ask for better soldiers than we had in Cuba, but a large number of them were new to the business and had much to learn, and much to their credit, it can be said that they soon learned it."

"I had occasion to leave our lines one night soon after we arrived in Cuba, and upon my return it suddenly struck me that I had forgotten the countersign. I puzzled over it for some time, but for the life of me I couldn't recall the word that had been given out. While I was thinking it over I heard the command 'Halt!'"

"Halt! Who comes there?" "Friend," I answered, thinking that the countersign would come to me in a moment.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," said the sentry.

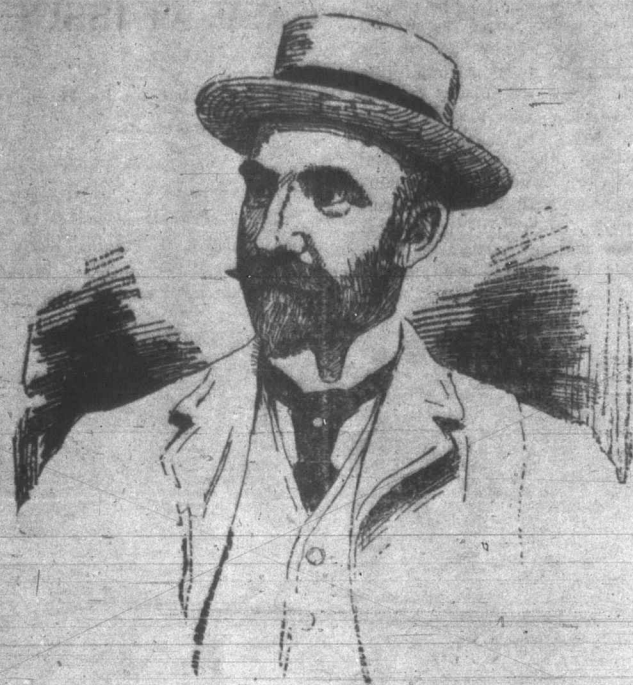
"As the countersign had slipped from me completely I walked up to him and said sharply: 'Call the corporal of the guard!'"

"Gosh," answered the sentry, "I knew it was something like that, but I'm durned if I hadn't forgotten it! Money on!"

"I'm mosed," but I took the trouble to look up the corporal of the guard and have him give the sentry further instructions regarding the duties of a sentry.—Detroit Free Press.

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PEOPLE WE MEET.



COMPTROLLER J. T. LITHGOW.

GREAT PROGRESS BEING MADE

Along the U. S. Telegraph Line on Lower Yukon.

Private McGowan and Private Spies are two members of the U. S. signal corps stationed at Fort Egbert. They arrived in the city on the Rock Island yesterday and are en route to Vancouver, Wash., where they have been ordered to report for duty. The former in conversation with a Nugget man gave considerable interesting information concerning the progress being made in the construction of the telegraph line through Alaska.

From Valdez on the Pacific slope the line is completed and in operation for 200 miles and being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Following the signal corps, which is engaged in the actual work of putting up the wire, is a corps of engineers. The latter is building a wagon road which will ultimately connect with Valdez. All the crests and rivers encountered are being bridged in a most solid and substantial manner. The supplies for the construction department are all being forwarded by wagon, the pack trains having been abandoned.

The line from Fort Egbert eastward is now up and finished for 90 miles, the last station to be established being on Bullock creek, a tributary of the Fortymile. There are 32 men employed on the Egbert end of the line and it is the intention to remain at the work all winter, or until it is completed. The line when finished will be 425 miles long between terminals and those in charge are anticipating the connection will be made the latter part of March or the first of April. There remain but 125 miles yet to be constructed, but it is through a rough mountainous country and progress will necessarily be very slow, particularly during the extreme cold weather.

The lower river line is completed from St. Michael to Fort Gibbon (N. are station), at the mouth of the Tanana, a distance of 800 miles. A gang of men has recently been put to work at Rampart, 85 miles above Fort Gibbon. From a short distance below Fort Yukon the line has not been definitely located. Several preliminary surveys have been made but it is said none have been absolutely decided upon. It is positive however, that the Yukon flats will be avoided and Circle City will be side tracked, though connected with the main line by a spur. The route which will likely be adopted lies via Mosquito Fork from Fort Yukon to Eagle. Work on this division will also be kept up continuously during the winter, if possible, and it is hoped to have it completed at about the same time as that running from Eagle to Valdez.

Owing to the difficulty of keeping the cable from St. Michael to Nome in working order, due to the constant grinding of the ice for weeks at a time in spring and fall, the submarine route will doubtless soon be abandoned. A party of surveyors is now in the field seeking the best route for an overland line and as soon as it has been decided upon it will be possible for Dawson to talk with Valdez and Nome with as much ease as Vancouver or Skagway. The line to Nome will be 2000 miles long, approximately the same distance as Vancouver. From the latter point to New York is 3500 miles and by making the proper connections Nome can talk with the eastern metropolis 7500 miles away, nearly a third of the distance around the globe.

House entirely renovated, rooms all comfortably heated. Hot air connections. Terms reasonable. The Fairview, Julian Blaker, prop.

ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT

Must Follow Along the Lines Suggested by McKinley.

Mr. Roosevelt's responsibility is great. And it is not to be believed that he will prove unworthy of it. Since the nation's great misfortune results in his assuming the duties of President, Mr. Roosevelt's task becomes clear and distinct.

To follow strictly, loyally, the route marked out by Mr. McKinley. Mr. Roosevelt, as president, becomes responsible to the people for the fulfillment of Mr. McKinley's last outline of American duty.

That last speech, admirable in its simplicity, humanity and patriotism, gives to Mr. Roosevelt his surest chart and guide.

Hatred of conflict. Hatred of retaliation.

Our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. Thus Mr. McKinley expressed at Buffalo, just before he was shot, his views of justice, duty and of public policy.

He asked the nation for more ships, "men-of-war," for peace and amity wherever they go.

He asked for the construction of the Isthmian canal, "the construction of a Pacific Ocean."

All his thoughts were thoughts of peace, of the 2 billions of human decency and of comfort and prosperity.

In the very words of his latest official utterance he gives to Mr. Roosevelt the keynote of American progress and full directions as to what American will expect of their President.

"Happiness and ease to all our neighbors and like blessing to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

Since Mr. McKinley's wounds, in spite of the hopes and prayers of the nation, resulted fatally, Theodore Roosevelt will serve for three years as President of the United States.

He will remember that the choice of the American people for President was not Roosevelt, but McKinley.

He will realize that Mr. McKinley, elected by the people's votes, had the right to express the public will, and his effort will be to follow in his official position the lines of national policy outlined by Mr. McKinley in his last speech.

Many men and many newspapers—including this newspaper—have differed with Mr. Roosevelt on public matters and on personal matters.

But no one doubts Mr. Roosevelt's desire to do his duty as he sees it.

No one will question his willingness to subordinate his own personality, his own ambition, to his own manifest duty, now that he is called to the presidential chair.

That duty is to realize Mr. McKinley's hopes and plans as expressed in his last speech to the American people.

It need not be said of all those who mourn Mr. McKinley's death there is no mourner more sincere than Theodore Roosevelt.

It need not be said that none more earnestly than Mr. Roosevelt prayed for the President's recovery.

It need not be feared that Mr. Roosevelt will prove unworthy of the trust, since fate confides to him the explicit duty of carrying out President McKinley's plans.—N. Y. Journal.

Preparing for Winter.

Mr. P. J. Kalles returned to Dawson Thursday from a several weeks' trip over Dominion, Hunker, Last Chance and other creeks in the district. Mr. Kalles and associates are opening some hillside claims on right limit of Last Chance opposite 6 and 7 creek claims. They are finding very favorable prospects and are in hopes of striking good pay as they go farther in. Several days ago the shaft in which they were working caved in and it required some time before the repairs could be made and the work continued.

Mr. Kalles expects to return to the claim in the early part of next week and get the winter's supply of wood ready before cold weather sets in.

CELEBRATED JACK HORNER

Who Set in a Corner Eating a Christmas Pie

He Was a Noted Character and the Plum He Pulled Out Was a Title to Valuable Property.

Herbert Gladstone, the best known son of the famous statesman, has become engaged to the daughter of Sir Richard Horner Paget.

Few Americans are aware that the little Jack Horner of nursery fame, "who sat in a corner," was once a living historical personage. Still less will they guess that the "Horner" in Sir R. Paget's name indicates that he is a descendant of the original "little Jack."

The famous rhyme really celebrates the achievement of Mr. Horner in helping himself to a fine estate, while negotiating a "deal," without asking the consent of either of the other parties concerned. The "plum" referred to would probably be described as a "rake off" in modern American language. Indeed, there is much in the career of Mr. Horner that must appeal forcibly to many officials of the present day. We can always hear the great Devereux remarking that Mr. Horner was "a smooth and capable officer, who got away with the goods and kept his nerve right with him all the time."

The Horners are today people of position in their country, Somerset, and are so proud of their connection that every scion of the house is named Jack just as every member of Lord Nelson's family is named Horatio. The founder of the house was steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury, and the pie he negotiated was a playful present to King Henry VIII under whose crust were the title deeds of twelve manors, and the plum he pulled out for himself was the title deed of the manor of Wells. Here is the story:

Of mitted Abbots who sat in the house of lords before the reformation, two were heads of houses north of Trent, Selby and York, and two south of Trent, Reading and Glastonbury. Of the last-named Richard Whiting was about at the time of the dissolution, and as Henry VIII always seized the bull by the tail and "went for" the great people it is no wonder that he singled out Whiting for an example of what would follow refusal to take oath of supremacy.

By the king's orders the abbot was hanged, ripped up and quartered November 14, 1539; his body was managled by the executioner, and his head and limbs were hung up on what is called the Jew, which overlooks the abbey. This everybody knows; how the abbot made unavailing attempts to save himself is not so well known.

Since 1535 the danger about the oath had been threatening, and Abbot Whiting seems to have taught his penitents that they might take the oath without injury to their consciences. Even an apostle was not above getting into a basket and being let down from the town wall in order to escape temporal persecution, so why should one be surprised that abbots and others of the sixteenth century did their best to save their lives and properties?

The history of Glastonbury is a good illustration of what two historians said on the subject of his Scotch youth, said: "No divine can speak the truth." Kingsley threw up the Cambridge prize, saying: "History is a pack of lies." As the earlier history of Glastonbury was written by the cleric William of Malmesbury, it is not wonderful that legend overlays truth, and Freeman says that "the chronicler compiled the history of the abbey from materials he did not believe himself."

Hence we may dismiss the story of its foundation by Joseph of Arimathea, of the burial of King Arthur, and come to a real piece of history which nobody has ever denied, that about the year 1535 the Abbot built a new kitchen, so large that its size reached the royal ears, for rumor said it was larger than the king's own.

No doubt the king already had his eye upon ecclesiastical property, and Henry may have resented an abbot, whom he looked upon as a mere tenant—holding the abbey during the royal pleasure—launching out into such expense. He seems to have said some sharp words upon the subject, which were reported to the abbot, who said it would be worth his while to make his peace with the king if possible, and so hit upon one of those playful methods, common enough at the time of sending to the king a present of a dozen manors, the title deeds of which were concealed under the crust of a pie. It being Christmas time lent point to the joke. Such presents were common in those days, and it may be remembered that the Eng-

gers, the great German bankers, wishing to do the emperor Charles V. a benefit, invited him to dinner, and burnt on the table in a fire of crimson wood his bonds to the value of many thousand guildens.

The abbot's pie was intrusted to Mr. John Horner, the steward of Glastonbury, and he traveled to London in a wagon, for coaches had only been recently introduced, and even Wolsey did not possess one. Perhaps the steward was more of a man of the world than his master and knew that church property would soon be at the mercy of those who chose to take it. At all events, he is said to have abstracted from the pie the title deeds of the manor of Wells and presented the king with the rest.

How far it availed to appease the royal greed or the royal displeasure has already been intimated. A darker deed does not occur in the annals of the English reformation than the murder of the able and high-minded Abbot Whiting, whose worst offense was that he defended as best he could from the hand of the spoiler the property of his charge.

Mr. John Horner returned to the abbey and told the abbot that the king had given him the title deeds of the manor in question. Either the abbot made no inquiries or else the bestowal of a valuable manor on a messenger who had brought so large a present seemed only a natural gift. We read in the past of rich benefactors dropped into the laps of sleeping friars from a mere royal freak; we read how in those times the largest amount went to those who solicited the oftentimes, and that a certain marquis, being asked how he had contrived to feather his nest so well, replied: "It rained places; others held out their hands, but I held out my hat." So there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the gift having been made to the original Jack Horner, as his descendants assert to be the case. What the country people thought is shown in the popular rhyme:

Little Jack Horner
sat in a corner (of the wagon).
Eating (not eating) his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum (the title deed).
Saying, "What a brave boy am I!"

Sir Richard Horner Paget is a descendant (in the female line) of the original Jack, whose male descendants are settled close by him in Somersetshire.—Es.

\$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.

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5 B. Sulphur.

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