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SOME RURAL PLEASURE

Many People Visit West Dawson

Ferry Kept Busy With a Steady Stream of Seekers After Sylvan Delights.

Captain Hubrick, of the good ship that plies the Yukon from the foot of Queen street to the west bank opposite, did a rushing business yesterday, making trips without end in order to accommodate the crowds desiring an outing amidst the classic solitude of West Dawson and its attractive environments. The adjacent hills were dotted here and there all afternoon by groups of children and many of their elders fathoming the wild flowers which grow in such profusion. Scattered along on the government road running up the hill and puncturing the quietness of the stillness that now characterizes sleepy West Dawson were little knots of people, staid old married people lost to all sentiment, young couples still in the first paroxysm of love's delights and sweethearts who could find no flowers unless hidden in a quiet nook some distance removed from the beaten paths.

The day was one of Nature's best, an ideal Yukon summer day which causes one to lose sight of the bitter, blinding, wintry days of the past and those of the future, so keen is the enjoyment of the present. The ranches back from West Dawson on the hill and also those on the river bank below the village were visited by many of the pilgrims of whom not one in a dozen upon their return to the city did not carry a huge bouquet of wild flowers gathered from the woods and side hills. Midway between the ferry landing and the village was a refreshment booth where milk fresh from the cow could be procured and drunk seated upon a rustic bench 'mid the peaceful sylvan solitude.

The view from the highest point on the bluff road is sublime, Dawson lying before one's vision in a regular panorama, every particle of the city from the slide to the Klondike river being so plainly visible. But one incident occurred to mar the pleasures of the afternoon and that happily turned out to be but a fright. Two little children whose parents are apparently deficient in good sense allowed their offspring to go across the river for the purpose of gathering flowers unaccompanied, neither one being over eight or nine years old, one a little boy and the other a little girl. Arriving on the west bank they at once started to climb the hill in search of bluebells and other posies. At this point the hill is very steep and in order to make the ascent one is compelled to cling with fingers and toes to places. No attention was paid to the children until a shrill scream was heard from one of them and those at the landing happened to look up, were horrified to see the little girl half way up the bluff, probably a hundred and fifty feet up the steep incline, lying flat on the cliff clinging for dear life to some small bushes and screaming at the top of her voice. Had she loosened her hold and started to fall she would not have stopped until the river was reached. Her brother was some fifty feet or more below his sister and manfully started to her rescue though it is doubtful if he could have rendered her any service even had he reached her in time.

Seated on the rocks below waiting for the ferry was a man with a pack on his back dressed in the garb of a miner or a prospector. No sooner did he hear the cry of distress than off came the pack and up the hill he scrambled with the agility of one long accustomed to tramping the hills over. As he neared the little one he spoke to her reassuringly, urging her to hold on that he would soon be there. He arrived not a moment too soon as between fright and exhaustion she was almost ready to relinquish her hold. Grasping her in his arms he paused but a moment to comfort and reassure her and then the perilous descent was begun. It

was quickly accomplished and when the ferry was reached she had forgotten all about the peril of a moment before, her childish glee in being the possessor of a huge bunch of flowers, being so apparent and giving her so much joy that she had no time for rejoicings.

The Bridge Craze

London, May 23.—The bridge craze again is agitating society and club circles and a quiet revolt is rising among certain sections against bridge. The craving for bridge has gained such a hold on many of the leaders of society, chiefly women, who formerly were great entertainers, that it has put an end to many of the big balls and other large social gatherings which the people were accustomed to look forward to during the season.

From the correspondence which has been appearing in the papers many people view with real alarm the gambling spirit, which, in the form of bridge, has seized not only on men and married women, but young girls. Archdeacon Sinclair of London, a leading member of the church and of society, and one of the originators of the now successful Pilgrims' Club, waxes fierce in his indictment of the game.

"Playing bridge for high stakes," he says, "has become a grievous evil, and from what I hear is seriously on the increase. The present period reminds one of the days of the regency, when women of high position remained indoors throughout the day with the blinds down playing faro."

"I have recently heard cases in which young girls started playing bridge on Sundays immediately after breakfast and continued playing all day. No man who is a man should allow his womankind to gamble and become in debt to other men. The consequences of such a state of affairs won't even bear discussion."

"The only way to check the growing evil is for women of really high position and high principle to form a league against the playing of bridge by women. There are many ladies who dislike this gambling intensely, who could, if combined, exert an immense influence throughout the country."

A member of the Portland and other clubs, who, although a devotee to bridge, regards with aversion the reckless gambling of fashionable women and would-be smart men, said: "I feel today as many other men do that something must be done to check the gambling, at any rate among the women. Many men, myself among them, absolutely refuse to play bridge with women. Women have been known to stand up when they have lost three rubbers and hysterically accuse some unfortunate male player with cheating before a room full of people. These are facts and call for no further comment in clubs which never were card playing clubs. By playing bridge for higher stakes than ever in the country houses life is becoming impossible."

Thomas Jones Killed

Stratford, April 30.—Thos. Jones, a G.T.R. brakeman running out of London, was killed in the yards here at midnight last night, being caught between the draw heads of two cars. The unfortunate man was terribly lacerated. The cars were provided with automatic couplers, so it is thought he must have tried to cross the track ahead of the train and was caught. Jones was twenty-nine years of age and unmarried. An inquest will be held.

The funeral of the late Bugler Cooke of the 28th regiment who was killed on Tuesday, took place today with military honors. It was largely attended. The workmen of the McLagan factory, where the deceased had been employed, attended in a body.

Messrs. James and Donald Campbell, who, with J. Calder, were alleged in Nelson's affidavit at Buffalo to have been bought by him at Stratford to vote for the Liberal candidate in the North Perth by-election, for \$5 each, deny ever receiving money or other consideration from him for their votes. Both the gentlemen state they never polled a vote for any other than a Liberal candidate. The name of R. J. Calder cannot be located here. Mr. F. Calder denied the accusation flatly.

Willie (at his lessons)—I say, pa, what's a fortification?
Pa—A fortification, my son, is a large fort.
Willie—Then a ratification is a large rat.—The Lyric.

NEWS OF CARIBOU

Amos Slavin Boils One of His Legs

Enterprising Little Village Has Three Cripples and a New Waterworks System.

Amos Slavin is slowly recovering from the tortures of the burned. He goes around with his foot upholstered peddling hot air and trying to tell how it happened. Of course we feel sorry for him, but still we think he had no business to leave his engine room to go down a half sunk shaft and stick his foot in boiling muck. All his acquaintances liked him as he was—just an ordinary lobster—but to have him partly boiled was carrying the lobster business a little too far. He and Bob Smith make a good pair of cripples and are often seen going around together. Bob had his right elbow dislocated and fractured some time since. Hank Bell is a close third with a dislocated elbow and general shaking up. He was thrown from a bolting horse in a race on Victoria Day. The prize money from the tug of war was given to him by the contesting teams, and a good substantial sum besides was collected and handed to him by Kelley the speeler at the termination of the sports on that day.

Dr. Alfred Thompson of Dawson was in consultation at Caribou with Dr. Bell on Monday. The worthy doctor was not looking any the worse

of the Yukon council meetings, in fact 'tis thought that making him the junior member has really rejuvenated him in ways other than in title. He returned to Dawson Tuesday.

The citizens of Caribou have just completed a small system of waterworks consisting of a tank reservoir on a hill back of the village on the left limit and the water is carried to the street in the pipe. The water is for a supply for the village and for fighting fire.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Trump of 34 below lower are on a visit to Dawson.

CARNEGIE'S GIFT

To Booker T. Washington's Industrial Institute.

Andrew Carnegie has donated \$600,000 to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama under the provision that the trustees will take care of Booker T. Washington and his family as long as he or his wife lives. Such a grand act is

worthy of the consideration of every Negro in the United States, as it is a well known fact that Booker T. Washington has spent every dollar that he could earn or obtain for the benefit of the Institute at Tuskegee, and his life's work has been in the interest of building up the race that he is recognized as one of the grandest men of the century and he has accomplished more for the race than any man in the history of our people. The following is an extract of the letter written by Mr. Carnegie to the trustees at Tuskegee:

My Dear Friend,—I have instructed Mr. Franks, my cashier, to deliver to you as trustee for Tuskegee Institute, \$600,000.00 5 per cent. U. S. Steel Co. first mortgage bonds toward the endowment fund. I give this without reservation except that I require that suitable provision be made from the gift for the wants of Booker T. Washington and his family during his or his wife's life. I wish that great and good man to be entirely free from pecuniary cares, that he shall be free to devote himself to his great mission.

To me he seems one of the greatest of living men because his work is unique, the modern Moses who leads his race and lifts it through education to even higher and better things than a land overflowing with milk and honey. History is to tell of two Washingtons, one white the other black, both fathers of their people. I am satisfied that the serious race problem of the South is to be solved wisely only through Mr. Washington's policy of education for which he slave among slaves, to establish and in his own day greatly to advance. Glad am I to be able to assist this good work in which you and others so zealously labor. Truly yours,
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Thomas McNeil, speaking at the banquet of the Kansas State Bar Association, told of a lawyer who collected \$50 for a client and took out \$35 for his fee. He said, as he handed over the \$15:

"I am your friend, and I can't charge you a full fee. I knew your father for a great many years."

And the client, in the fulness of his heart, could only say, "Thank heaven you didn't know my grandfather."

DRUNK OVERBOARD

Old Man Man Falls From Aurora Dock Into the Yukon

Fred Knance, an aged man, fell from the Aurora dock into the Yukon river this morning and but for the lively work of members of the crews of the Tyrrell and Thistle would have been drowned. The old fellow was very much the worse for liquor. In falling he first fell probably 8 feet, landing on some timbers and from the timbers he rolled into the water. Boys from the steamers above named managed to get a rope around him by which means he was pulled up on the dock. Shortly after the rescue a couple of policemen appeared on the scene and the old man was taken to the barracks and given a change of clothing. He was still too drunk to appear in court this morning but will be given a hearing tomorrow. He was much offended at being taken to the guard room.

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