

PEACE OFFERINGS EXTENDED

English Conservatives Make Unlooked for Overtures to Ireland and Her Chambers—Liberals Withdraw From the Home Rule Alliance.

London, Jan. 17.—The Quarterly Review has a remarkable article on Ireland, which illustrates the transformation of Tory opinion silently wrought under the Unionist administration. It does not contain threats of coercion nor an exposition of the justice of the redistribution bill by which Ireland will be deprived of a considerable share of political influence at Westminster. It foretells a speedy settlement of the land question, which will exercise a beneficial effect on the Nationalist party, and the working of local government in Ireland and to equip the Irish people for taking a proper place in the federated empire. It takes up the land problem, formulated with lucidity in Matthew Arnold's "Irish Essays," and anticipated the softening of anti-English animosities which follow the cessation of the land war. It credits George Wyndham, Sir Anthony MacDonnell and the lord lieutenant with trying to be something different from what British rulers have been hitherto, and to convince the Irish people that, whatever else happens, Ireland will remain Irish. The present tendencies in the direction of the settlement of the land question are commended, and Irishmen are asked to believe that connection with the empire does not mean the stamping out of the national individuality, but, on the contrary, a full development of what is worthy and admirable in it.

Homilies like these in the moss-grown Tory Quarterly are proofs that the predominant partner is prepared to take up the Irish question in a tolerant spirit and supplement the establishment of local administrative bodies with some form of extended provincial government in conjunction, a comprehensive scheme of imperial federation. Generations will be required for these visionary projects, and meanwhile the Liberals are aided by the Tories themselves in withdrawing from the home rule alliance. The Conservative state is covered with figures respecting the cost of the new scheme of Irish settlement, whereas Lord Rosebery's state is clean, so far as Ireland is concerned. This means that the Unionist rule party, which carry the new series of Irish questions into the next general election, whereas the Liberals will exclude them under Lord Rosebery's direction. His vigorous speech at Plymouth did not contain a single reference to Ireland, although it was otherwise an effective indictment of the government, with many counts, as he is unmistakably the only Liberal leader who can rally the opposition at the next election, and is working arduously to that end. This omission is highly significant. The Irish vote in England, unless all signs fail, will be thrown for the Conservatives, but Lord Rosebery will have large accessions from Unionist ranks in appealing to the country on the main issue of the inefficiency of the government, which has increased enormously the burdens of taxpayers.

Mr. Chamberlain, who is Lord Rosebery's natural antagonist, who ever may be prime minister or who ever is leader of the opposition in the house of commons, has been working assiduously in South Africa in the interests of the British taxpayers. His success in procuring the withdrawal of Natal's war claims is followed by an arrangement for a large contribution to the expenses of the South African campaign from the Transvaal by a loan based on an imperial guarantee. The Rand financiers would have agreed to even a greater levy upon the mining industry if unrestricted license for the employment of Chinese labor could have been obtained, but Mr. Chamberlain has recognized the temporary obligations of the imperial government as a trustee for the new colony, which will ultimately decide the labor question on its own account when fully armed with the power of self-government. Mr. Chamberlain has shown himself equal to every emergency in South Africa, but his most difficult task awaits him in Cape Colony. So successful has he been that his admirers advocate his employment as an imperial missionary on a large scale, with circuits in Australia and Canada, but the exigencies of the Unionist government will require a speedy return of the ablest politician and campaigner to active work in the home field.

Lord Rosebery made a minor point in the Plymouth speech when he ridiculed the dispatch of an expensive mission to Persia to bestow the Garter upon the shah, who might more easily have received it here a few months ago. Obviously there were state reasons for the deferred compliment which the foreign office has not disclosed.

Lord Rosebery was on safer ground when he contrasted the process of debt collection in Nicaragua and Venezuela, and illustrated the danger of a German alliance by a reference to the intervention of England, France and Spain in Mexico in 1861. England was compelled to withdraw from that affair when the ulterior aims of England and France in what was originally a debt-collecting errand created bad feeling between them, and Lord Rosebery assumed that the same result would follow the Anglo-German alliance, which was unpopular in both countries.

John Redmond, M. P., the Irish leader, responding to a national address presented to him at Edinburgh this evening, said he believed that the friends of Ireland would soon see a measure become law which would heal the wounds of centuries and give the Irish people a chance of living in peace and prosperity on their own soil. If this chance of settling the Irish land question was lost by the rejection of the measure, continued Mr. Redmond, there would be no abiding justification for such a strong, menacing and dangerous public movement in Ireland as he would be sorry to see.

MAKE FUN OF JOE

Washington, Jan. 17.—Four citizens of Oklahoma, who have united in a petition addressed to the United States, are inclined to be facetious with Senators Bailey of Texas for the ground taken in his advocacy of the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as states, that such action would more evenly balance the power in the senate between the east and the west. The petition bears the signatures of F. M. Gault, J. S. Laughmiller, D. G. Launse and W. C. Brissay, and reads:

"Whereas Hon. Joe Bailey, United States senator from the great Lone Star State of Texas, has placed himself on record as being in favor of an increased number of senators in the west and south, in order that the senate of the United States may be more evenly balanced as between the east and the west and the south; and

"Whereas, as a method of balancing the United States senate with the west and the east, Hon. Joe Bailey favors the creation of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory into two states or commonwealths, in order that there may be four United States senators, where but two ought to exist; and

"Whereas, at the time the great Lone Star State was admitted as one of the commonwealths of the United States, there was provided in the act of admission, among other things, that whenever it so saw fit, the great state of Texas might be divided into four states, which would result in the election of eight United States senators, where but two now exist, which increase from two to eight, consequent upon the division of Texas into four states, would to a large extent balance the west and the south with the east, in senatorial strength.

"Now, therefore, we, the undersigned citizens of the territory of Oklahoma, hereby most respectfully petition your honorable body that you will at once take such action as may be commensurate with the subject looking to an early division of the Lone Star State into four commonwealths, in order that there may be that proper balance created between the east and the west as desired by Hon. Joe Bailey, United States senator from said great commonwealth; but, while looking toward a division of the great state of

Texas into four commonwealths, we must humbly petition your honorable body to look with care to the interests of Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory, and out of said domain create but one commonwealth and two United States senators. And thus we ever pray."

IRISH IN BOER WAR.

Pawtucket, R. I., Jan. 17.—Before the members of several Irish societies, at a reception given in his honor to-night, Col. John Y. F. Blake, leader of the Irish brigade in the Boer war, made what he said was his first statement as to the financial assistance given to Irishmen in the field by societies in this country. The statement came as a surprise. He said that the Clan Na Gael claimed to have appropriated \$10,000 with which to bring home the Irish brigade from South Africa, and that the people now are inquiring about the expenditure of that money. He disclaimed having received any money from the organization, and had knowledge of only two sums of money sent to the Transvaal. He said he understood that \$4000 was first sent to bring from a detachment of the Chicago ambulance corps, but this was of a fact. The Boer government said the passage of the detachment from Delagoa bay to New York and supplied each man with an additional \$20. Shortly after the detachment left Delagoa bay the \$4000 was received by United States Consul Hollis at Delagoa bay, but as the detachment sailed before the money arrived, Mr. Hollis returned the money to the parties who sent it and got it back.

Col. Blake further said that after hostilities ceased he wrote a letter to Hon. John P. Finnerty of Chicago requesting him to forward \$4000 to pay the passage back of a detachment of men from South Africa, promising repayment and interest. Just before leaving for Cape Town Col. Blake took twenty-two men to United States Consul Gordon at Johannesburg and gave him power of attorney, so that if the money came from Mr. Finnerty the United States consul could use it in sending the men back to America. He got word from United States Consul Gordon that the money was received, and later he learned that his men received second-class passage, and each took \$25 for expenses, and that United States Consul Gordon returned \$131 to the Clan Na Gael.

In the statement issue is taken with officers of the Clan Na Gael over their failure to help the Irishmen in the field. In conclusion, Blake said: "I would like to know why the Irish in America did not do something for the Boer cause. The Clan Na Gael is claiming the credit of sending out the Chicago ambulance corps, when, in fact, the corps was sent out by money raised by private subscription, independent of all organizations."

Castro's Power Waning. Port of Spain, Trinidad, Jan. 17.—President Castro, is losing favor every day with the Venezuelans. The results of his ignorance and arrogance are plainly visible in the unremitting blockade of the ports by the foreign fleets. Reports from Caracas and La Guayra say that many stories of the president's mad humor at La Victoria during Christmas, when his excesses were not confined to intemperance language, are now in circulation among the people, with many exaggerated additions. The respectable part of the nation resents being ruled over by a president of questionable morals, the poor, who are feeling the bitter pinch of starvation more keenly as the blockade continues, are loud in their denunciation of the president for his feasting and riotous living.

It is the general belief in Trinidad that Castro will be overthrown within three months, should the blockade continue. At the close of the last fight around La Victoria his troops ran short of ammunition, and, although he captured several thousand rounds from the revolutionists, that will not last forever. He is in other ways poorly supplied with means for carrying on the conflict. The revolutionists, on the other hand, are smuggling all the arms and ammunition they want. Castro's forced resignation is talked of on every hand, and it is certain that nothing but force of arms will compel him to relinquish power. In the Parish Littoral the forces of the government and those of Gen. Matos have agreed on an armistice. Should Matos succeed that region will be declared as in his favor. If Castro should prevail the revolutionists will submit to the president's rule.

Millions Moved

New York, Jan. 17.—Nine million dollars in gold and silver coin and \$8,000,000 in paper money was carried two blocks in Wall street yesterday openly by bank clerks. A wondering crowd of penniless men, some of them street beggars, looked on while a score of uniformed policemen marched as guards on moving day for the Hanover national bank. It transferred all its cash and securities from its temporary quarters at No. 7 Wall street to its splendid new twenty-four-story home at Pine and Nassau streets. Besides the \$7,000,000 of spot cash, the bank's burden-bearers toiled under bundles of securities, stocks and bonds valued at \$30,000,000, and representing loans of over \$46,000,000.

GRAND PROMOTER

Major Crofoot Turns Sahara Desert Into a Rabbit Warren

It was a woman with a book under her arm—a book entitled "Mother, Home and Heaven." She was selling it by subscription, and as Major Crofoot opened his office door in response to her knock she began her stereotyped speech in praise of the volume and wound up by asking that he put his name down for a copy.

"Certainly, ma'am—certainly," he promptly replied. "If you had come here with a thousand books this would have been my choice over all I once had a mother, but she has long been dead. I once had a home, but it was long ago broken up. The only thing left me now is to live in such a way that I may reach heaven. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for bringing my attention to this book."

"Then you will put your name down for it?" she asked. "Twice over, if you wish, and I will take great pleasure in calling the attention of my friends to it. Poor old mother! Poor old broken up home!"

The major turned away as if to conceal the tears in his eyes, and the canvasser decided that she had stumbled upon a soft thing. The emotion of the Grand Promoter was so deep that it was sixty seconds before he turned to her and said: "My dear woman, perhaps you do not know what good fortune awaited you when you knocked at my door. Let me say to you that I am a promoter of enterprises and an organizer of trusts, corners and squeezes. In the last year I have promoted no less than sixteen different enterprises, each with a capital of millions, and the seventeenth is now in hand and almost ready for launching."

"You—you are not J. Pierpont Morgan?" she hesitatingly asked. "Not exactly, ma'am. I am only the man who gives him hints and backs him up with cash. I tell you this in confidence, and ask that it go no further."

"I won't say anything, of course. Will you put your name down for the book?" "With the greater cheerfulness, but before doing so let me ask you a question. Do you know anything about rabbits?"

"I have one once for a pet." "Capital! Capital!" exclaimed the major. "I had an idea you knew all about rabbits; but wasn't sure. You are, indeed, the woman I want and must have. Have you any objections to earning \$10,000 a year?"

"Mercy on me, no!" gasped the woman, as she turned pale. "Then consider yourself engaged at that salary. Let me explain. You have heard of the Great Sahara Desert?"

"I think so." "It is a great waste covering 248,000,000 acres of land. At the present time it does not produce one cent's worth, to the acre. The land is too sterile to grow anything. Thousands of deep-thinking men have wrestled with the problem and given up in despair, and it has been left to me to find a way out. I have found it. The Great Sahara shall be made a gold mine."

"Dear me, how wonderful! And you will take the book?" "I shall to-day file articles of incorporation of The Great Sahara Desert Improvement Company. I shall be president, of course, while you will be secretary. Your salary, as stated, shall be \$10,000 a year, and if you want money to buy a sealskin sash or a pair of diamond earrings I'll draw a check, this minute. I was looking for a woman who knew all about rabbits, and lo! I have found her."

"But—but I can't realize it," replied the canvasser, as she looked around in a helpless way. "You can't mean that I am to get \$10,000 a year?"

"Ten thousand, my dear woman—\$10,000 a year. My idea is to stock the Great Sahara with American rabbits. I shall send over 5600 this year. Next year the 9900 will have become 75,000. In two years there will be half a million. In five years I shall be able to sell 4,000,000 skins a year at 20 cents apiece. The cost of keeping the rabbits will be nothing. The cost of killing and skinning will be a cent each. Nineteen cents clear profit on every skin. No gold mine will produce such an income. Madam, let us congratulate each other and shake hands on it."

"It is wonderful—wonderful!" whispered the canvasser as they shook hands. "It doesn't seem possible that such good fortune has come to me."

"No? Well, it is here, and you may enter upon your duties Monday next. Only one thing remains. As a token of the earnestness of your intentions, and as a proof of your honesty, I shall require a deposit of \$2 in cash. This money will be used to print letterheads bearing your name as secretary."

"But I—I don't know about it. This is so sudden, you see." "Good luck always comes suddenly, and it should be grasped before it can get away. You have \$2 about you, I presume?"

"Yes, but—but—" "Then I will take it and order the letter heads this very day. Salary

\$10,000 a year, and all you'll have to do will be to answer the business letters received. Rabbits will be offered us by thousands of persons, but you must insist that all be bottled. The \$2, please."

"Here's the money," said the woman, as she handed it over, "but—I—I don't understand. I ought to have time to think it over. I feel all mixed up over it."

"It is a surprise, of course," replied the major, as he pocketed the greenback, "but you will soon figure it out to your satisfaction. Can you call again tomorrow—next day—the day after? I shall expect to see you within a week anyhow, as we must get the rabbit business started soon. Remember, only bottled rabbits, and their hind legs must have the right crook to them. That is all to-day, and now good-bye—good-bye—so long."

"I want to talk more about it," called the woman, as she fayed herself on the outside of the door.

"No answer."

"You didn't subscribe for the book?"

No answer.

"And you've got my \$2?"

No answer.

She tried the door, but it was locked. She rattled it, but the major had lighted the stub of a cigar and sat down with his feet on his desk, and he was undisturbed.

Department Store Burns

New York, Jan. 17.—In the confusion that followed an alarm of fire tonight in the department store of Aaron Weisheimer, 2184 to 2192 Third avenue, five persons at least were killed. The police believe that more bodies may be in the ruins as a number of the employees had not been accounted for at a late hour to-night.

The fire started at 5:50 o'clock and in less than an hour the five two-story frame buildings, which the store occupied, had been destroyed. The dead whose bodies have been recovered are Miss Herman Jesse, 29 years old, of 332 West 112th street, the cashier, and Joseph C. Cohn, 51 years old, of 724 Park avenue, the engineer.

Miss Joseph owed her death to her devotion to her employers. She was in the office on the second floor, and had time to get out in safety, but wanted to save her books. When she did start for the ground floor she was cut off by the flames.

Cohn, the engineer, was in the basement, and is believed to have lost his way in the smoke. His death was due to suffocation.

While the fire was blazing all traffic on Third avenue in the vicinity of 118th and 120th streets had to be suspended. The woodwork on the west side of the elevated structure caught fire, but the firemen succeeded in putting the blaze out. The heat was so great, though, that the train



"THAT LOOKS LIKE MARIE." WHERE IS SHE?

In yesterday's puzzle Ethel may of the picture as a base. She is the one found by using the right-hand side in the lower right-hand part.

service on the elevated was stopped for half an hour.

Early in the fire, when waves of flame were rolling across the down town tracks of the elevated, an electric train came along at full speed and in the surprise of everybody went right through the flames. The firemen in the street were certain that some one would be burned, but the train came out without harm.

Aged Man Dead

Toronto, Jan. 17.—Albert Williams, a colored man who had reached the remarkable age of 191 years, died on Wednesday afternoon at 118 Adelaide street west, where he had roomed for three years. The old man slept peacefully away. His friends who were at his bedside summoned Dr. Leslie, but before the physician arrived Williams was dead.

The old man was a familiar figure on the streets of Toronto, and many have been entertained by his stories of slavery days. Inmates of the house in which Williams died have given the following particulars: Williams was born at Montgomery, Ala., March 2, 1807. He ceased to be a resident of Canada for 46 years. On July 18th last he was admitted to St. Michael's hospital suffering from an injury which he sustained in a street car accident six months prior to his removal to the hospital. He remained in the institution for a few months, and was discharged as cured. His only daughter died about a year ago. The funeral will take place today to the Necropolis cemetery.

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