

# A GREAT CROWD

Was Assembled at the Savoy Yesterday to Honor the Queen's Memory.

LARGEST CHOIR HEARD IN DAWSON

Filled the House With the Music of Its Many Voices.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. NAYLOR

Who Was Assisted by the Rev. Hetherington—Floral Offering to Be Sent by the Ladies.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. The Queen Victoria memorial service in the Savoy theater yesterday was attended by all that could get into the building and a great many went away through failure to get in.

Before the hour set for the opening of the service there was not standing room to be had, and a great crowd was on the sidewalk in front.

The house was most tastefully draped with flags and crepe, and on the curtain above the stage were pictures of Queen Victoria and President McKinley, and above and between them was that of King Edward VII. All were appropriately decorated with British and American flags and draped with crepe. The service was opened by organ music by Mr. Boyle, after which the Rev. Hetherington read as follows:

I am the resurrection and the life, said the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—St. John xi 25, 26.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—Job xix 25, 26, 27.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—1 Tim. vi 7. Jobi 21.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge; from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again Thou sayest, come again ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

For we consume away in Thy displeasure: and are afraid at Thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before Thee: and our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

For when Thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten: and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

But who regardeth the power of Thy wrath; for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is Thy displeasure.

So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last: and be gracious unto Thy servants.

O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us: and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

Show Thy servants Thy work: and their children Thy glory.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper Thou the

work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy-work.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The Rev. Naylor followed the first named gentleman, and read practically the same address as that delivered Tuesday afternoon in St. Paul's church and which has been already alluded to.

A number of songs were sung by the choir which completely filled the stage, being the most numerous musical body ever assembled in Dawson.

Near the close of the service the Rev. Dr. Grant announced that all judges who were British subjects were requested to remain after the close of the service.

Many were very curious to know what this meant, with the result that a great many boxes were lingered in after the audience had gone.

When the ladies were assembled on the main floor Mrs. Dr. J. N. E. Brown

Tom Chisholm said that the accused was "no good," and that it was his desire that he be induced in some way to keep away from the Aurora No. 1, and Mr. Winslow a dealer in ivory, solemnly averred that he had never had his eyes gladdened by seeing the Chesley person engaged in any kind of work whatever.

Robert Anderson, who catches dogs and kindly keeps them till called for, for a consideration, had seen the party whose presence was thus formally objected to in the Aurora No. 1, and a porter from another saloon had never even heard it whispered in society that there was any grounds for supposing that Mr. Chesley had ever worked.

At the request of the prisoner, who wanted to produce some evidence that would show that he had at least asked for a job, the case was postponed for an hour, at the end of which time the prisoner was discharged on the showing that he had looked for work. He was told that the police would organize itself into an employment bureau in

# Capturing a Mastodon

(By Al. Smith.)

## PART II.

While a mastodon is a large, clumsy brute not probably intended by an all-wise nature to draw any great volume of smoke from a cinder path, or smash world's records for speed, it must be remembered that the one this story has to do with may be supposed to have been in a hurry, and not improbably frightened. He had just come out second best in an affair with the police cannon and was still smarting and bleeding from his wounds, which would naturally lend speed to his great, clumsy bulk as he raced down the trail along Bonanza creek.

On the other hand the reporter was not in training and the unusual exercise of wheeling during the morning had imparted a tendency to his legs to draw up at each stride as if they didn't intend coming down again, and he galloped along after the fashion of a horse with stringhalt.

Occasionally he looked anxiously over his shoulder, and always the next hundred yards after one of these Lot-like glances, would be covered in faster time. That mountain of flesh, with its two enormous tusks sticking out in front like spits awaiting something; the snake like trunk, waving about the battered and bleeding head, and the noise and clatter incidental, were not things calculated to induce one situated as the reporter was to rest by the wayside.

He might have turned aside from the trail in many places, but there were reasons which impelled him to keep on which he did well to consider. To begin with it occurred to him that while it was not at all likely that the mastodon had considered him of sufficient importance to be chased towards Dawson in the first instance, it was quite possible that seeing him running ahead, he might by this time have set his heart upon stepping on him or spitting him on one of his ugly looking tusks, and if such were the intentions of the brute it would be folly to attempt turning off the trail because there was considerable depth of snow through which the pursuer, by reason of his great strength and length of stride, could make much better time than the pursued. There were many people along the way, some on the trail and many who looked out of cabins, but there were none who tarried to ask questions or talk politics. One look at the thing coming along the road was enough in every case to secure the right of way, the people giving it up gladly and without formality, betaking themselves to the friendly shelter of wood piles, dumps, and even diving head foremost into snow banks.

Coming around a bend in the road the reporter almost ran into the horses of one of the stage teams, coming from Dawson with a load of passengers. The horses shied at the sudden encounter, and the driver and passengers caught sight of the thing coming down the road at the same moment.

"Hully gee, what's that," yelled the driver, but he lost no time waiting for an explanation, and as the passengers seemed to think that they could wait till later for the details, there was a frantic breaking away from robes and blankets and driver and passengers decamped, leaving the ill-fated team to its cruel fate.

"It's tough on those horses," said the reporter to himself, as he took in the situation, "but the first law of nature is imperative in its demands. If he'll only devote enough time to that team, I think I may yet reach Dawson intact."

Then he ran a little way farther, looking anxiously from side to side, till he finally paused near where the road had been cut into the side of the hill, leaving a steep embankment on the left, up which he clambered without respect to his best trousers or the fact that the stones and gravel drew blood from his fingers. Upon the top of this bank, which was about twelve or fifteen feet in height, grew a small spruce tree, with tolerably thick foliage near the top, and this he clambered with arms and legs after the fashion of school-boys, finally sitting himself on a limb among the thickest of the small branches. Once there he looked anxiously up the road, where the sight that met his gaze filled him with pity and alarm.

The mastodon was bearing down upon

the frightened stage team, which was making the most frantic efforts to break from the heavy sleigh which had been overturned and lay across the road in such a manner as to hold them securely.

The huge brute had his head somewhat lowered, and the murderous gleam in his small eyes boded ill for aught that barred his path. The blood was still flowing from the great furrow cut in his head by the cannon shot, and his trunk was curled back between the enormous white tusks.

On he came, his fury, at finding a foe he could in some manner comprehend, seeming to increase with each thunderous stride, and the poor horses became, upon his near approach, too terrified to struggle for liberty and stood sweating and trembling with hanging heads and starting eyes.

One lunge forward and downward of the mighty head, and the reporter closed his eyes and grasped his sheltering tree the closer, half sickened at what he saw and what he instinctively felt must follow. Then there followed a wild, piercing scream, such as only a horse in deadly pain or furious anger can give vent to; there was a whipping, snapping noise as the harness gave way, accompanied by the scraping and crash of the sleigh as it was dragged out of the road and tossed to one side; and the reporter opened his eyes on one of the most horrible sights it had ever been his ill fortune to see.

The mastodon had, with one furious stroke, driven his enormous tusks completely through the cringing horses, spitting them one upon the other, shaking his head savagely, the blood from the dying horses, spurting in great crimson jets and splashes far and wide over the white surface of the snow.

The weight of the team, though it must have been in the neighborhood of a ton and a half, did not seem to trouble him in the least, as he shook them furiously for a few seconds as a terrier shakes a rat, emitting a peculiar sound the while, which was neither a scream nor a roar, but terrifying in the extreme, causing the reporter to dig his nails into the frozen bark of the tree till they broke and the blood came. Then, with a motion which might have indicated contempt, from a mastodon sense of things, he whirled the team aloft, throwing them high in the air, and fair behind him, where they fell with a dead, sickening noise upon the frozen ground, and lay still.

The mastodon turned the sleigh over once more as if suspicious that it harbored some living thing, but left it immediately, starting once more down the road towards town. The reporter drew himself closer to the body of the tree, realizing that should his presence be suspected, one sweep aloft of that huge trunk would be sufficient to render all his past troubles of little moment.

"Now, if he sees me," thought the reporter in the tree top, as the mastodon drew near, "I'm done for and some one else will have to write this story."

Could he have foreseen what was to follow so soon when he climbed that tree he would have much preferred trying to outrun the mastodon all the way to town to climbing that tree.

Merciful is the veil which Providence wisely hangs between mortals and the future.

When the mastodon reached a point in the road just opposite where the reporter sat holding his breath and drawn into as small a space as his avoirdupois would admit of, there came a sudden quivering of the tree, then a quick sliding motion of the earth, and the ground and tree seemed to dart forward together.

The back of the mastodon was only a few feet lower than the perch of the reporter, and, before he had time to realize the full extent of what had happened, he was plumped fair upon the middle of that broad back, and found himself devoting all his attention to remaining there.

As soon as he found that he was in no immediate danger of falling from his unsuspected riding place, it occurred to him that each breath would probably be his last, as he expected the mastodon to remove him with his trunk after which he did not care to contemplate what was likely to occur.

(To be Continued.)

A full outfit of photographic supplies and cameras for sale. Vogee, First street, bet. Second and Third ave.

## Hon. William Jennings Bryan

Acknowledges Receipt

...of the...

### Nugget's Presidential Souvenir.

The following graceful letter of acknowledgment of receipt of the Klondike Nugget Souvenir was received by yesterday's mail from William Jennings Bryan, and is herewith presented to the readers of the Nugget who voted in the souvenir election.

The letter is a straightforward, manly epistle, honest, plain, yet dignified, and in every way characteristic of its distinguished writer, and will no doubt be read with much interest and gratification by those who voted for Mr. Bryan, and cannot fail to receive the applause of those who were the adherents of his opponent.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 10, 1901.

Mr. Geo. M. Allen, Daily Klondike Nugget, Dawson, Y. T.:

Dear Sir—I have just received from Mr. R. S. Harris the beautiful souvenir voted to me by Klondike friends at the Nugget election. Mr. Harris was fortunate in arriving in Chicago at the time of the Jackson day banquet, and his felicitous speech in presenting the gift added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

I beg to assure you that I appreciate your enterprise in offering the prize to be voted for, and I can not over-praise the workmanship displayed by Mr. Sale in its manufacture.

Please present my compliments to the miners of the Yukon territory and assure them of my gratitude for their confidence and support.

The souvenir, representing as it does the industry of a great gold mining camp and coming to me as an evidence that they favored my election to the high office of president, is a priceless treasure and will be preserved as a constant reminder of their good will.

The pioneer, whether on the prairies or in the mountains, deserves all the reward that he secures and I sincerely hope that the hardy prospectors who are enduring sacrifices and risking their lives in search of the yellow metal in the Yukon valley will all be able to return to home and loved ones with enough gold to make them comfortable for life—but not with enough to make them plutocrats.

It gives me much gratification to know that I received the support of those who produce gold even if I had the active opposition of those who corner gold. Thanking you again for your part in the election, and through you the voters, I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

P. S.—Please acknowledge receipt of this that I may be sure that it reaches you.

laid a proposition before them which was gladly accepted.

She proposed that they unite their efforts in securing a sufficient number of immortelles with which to make a floral offering in the form of a cross, to be forwarded to London. The plan was heartily endorsed.

#### Board of Trade Telegraphs.

The Board of Trade yesterday adopted a resolution of which the telegram given here was the result. It was presented to Commissioner Ogilvie for transmission which he willingly undertook to see to.

Dawson, Y. T., Jan. 31, 1901.

Lord Minto, Governor General of Canada, Ottawa:

The Board of Trade of Dawson, Yukon Territory, tender through you their most heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement, and deplore the loss to the nation and humanity of their most potent guide and protector, and extend to Edward VII a continuance of that great esteem so unreservedly given by all to the lamented G. ad.

BOARD OF TRADE OF DAWSON, Per L. R. FULDA, President.

#### Police Court News.

Business was quite lively in the police court this morning, when Magistrate Rutledge took his seat, and began inquiring into the facts surrounding the charges made against Charles Chesley concerning his system of living without the usual preliminary of some sort of labor.

his behalf, and that when he got a job he would be wise to keep it.

Mike Bartlett got gay, likewise hilarious at the Juneau house last night after having imbibed copiously of the invigorating waters of hooch, and when asked about it by the magistrate he said that he would be compelled by the dictates of truth to acknowledge the allegation.

"Five dollars and costs," said his honor, and Bert Pinkerton took the place vacated by Bartlett and was asked to explain his conduct of the previous night at the Savoy, referred to in the charge as drunk and disorderly.

The wheels of the Pinkerton memory could be heard laboring, but it was no use, they would produce nothing and for a long time he was unable to formulate a plea, but at last regretfully said that guilty would do as well as anything else, and the magistrate good-naturedly mentioned the sum of \$5 and costs as about the proper memory tonic to fit the case.

#### Missing Persons.

Inquiries have been received by the N. W. M. P. for the following persons. Any information regarding any of them if left at the town station will be conveyed to the inquiring friends: John McMullen Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. Catherine Muir, Pittsburg, Pa.; John Nicholson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Joe Kane, inquired for by his mother, of Fort Bragg, Colo, and supposed to have come here last spring.