

BACK AGAIN FROM NEW YORK.

A Bunch of Interesting Outside and Trail News Items.

Joseph Ladue Still Very Ill—Klondike Boom Very Dead—Atlin Boom on the Decline—Skaguay Don't Want to Enter the Dominion.

Mr. W. H. E. Lyons, general manager of the Ladue townsite company, arrived in Dawson Saturday after a twenty-six days trip from the coast. About twenty days were consumed in actual traveling, the balance of the time being put in resting the dogs. He left Dawson Thanksgiving day and was accompanied on the return trip by Arthur Wheeler of the N. A. T. & C. Co., who left again for Forty-mile on Monday.

Mr. Lyons has been to New York on company business and saw Joseph Ladue several times at his home in Plattsburg. Mr. Ladue is still very ill with the nervous prostration which took him out so suddenly last year. However, his physicians think he is now on the road to recovery and he already expresses an intention of returning, a determination to which Mrs. Ladue is much opposed.

Mr. Lyons met Messrs. Allen and Semple on Mud Lake on the 14th of February. Both were well and making good time, expecting to reach the coast on the 18th. No serious misfortunes are reported to our Ottawa representatives so far excepting that repeated freezing has marked up "Little Willie's" nose to the point where some nursing will be required before that member will be presentable in society.

Ames & Wilkins were met on February 17th and would be able to make the coast in three days.

Mr. Gage was waiting at the Hotel Northern, Seattle, for Mr. Aeklin and expected to start for the interior right behind Mr. Lyons.

Nothing authoritative had been heard to the time of leaving the coast of the success or failure of Alex. McDonald's attempt to float a company.

An epidemic of lagrippe has taken the United States by storm and something like a thousand deaths from it were reported in New York alone.

Mr. E. F. Botsford expected to follow Mr. Lyons right in.

Joseph Biddle was seen going out and again on the outside. All the November travelers had more or less trouble at the upper end of the trip. Biddle went into Thirty-mile river some 27 times. The Lyons party were overhauled by a Chinook accompanied by a drizzling rain and for two days waded through water knee deep.

Frank, the attempted murderer of Sanlison, the mail carrier, was seen at Tagish and is cheerful and contented, having evolved some sort of a defense which he thinks will prove a winner.

The recent arrivals corroborate the story of the death of the Klondike boom, the very word Klondike being used now as a contemptuous epithet. The recent Atlin boom received a severe setback in the passage of the anti-alien law, the steamboats to Skaguay being loaded with people before the law was passed and now scarcely carrying anyone. Mr. Lyons thinks from recent developments that the law will be repealed as it is severely injuring the revenues of British Columbia.

Skaguay is very much worked up over the newspaper reports of the proposed settlements to be made by the international commission now in session. Skaguay is very much afraid that she is to be handed over to the tender mercies of the Canadians, with all their aptitude for misgoverning distant colonies and a violent demonstration is imminent if such should be done.

The United States is still continuing to dictate rates of exchange to the world. Mining stocks and railroad securities are leaping to the fore and '99 is destined to prove even a more phenomenal year of prosperity than '98. The excess of exports over imports is increasing each week and various cities have gone so far as to decorate and assume gala attire to show their appreciation of the returning good times. An era of prosperity has been entered which bids fair to continue until the next panic.

"The Last of the Mohicans." Dr. McWm. Bourke, the only volunteer prosecutor to stay for any length of time before the royal commission, terminated his connection therewith on Saturday in a manner rather dramatic.

Addressing Commissioner Ogilvie, the doctor said he had been apprised on good authority that ex-gold commissioner Fawcett, who departed for the outside on Saturday, had apprised the commissioner of his intention to take with him certain documents of importance to the investigation of the charges then being investigated and the doctor desired to know if it were true. Mr. Ogilvie replied that he did not know that it was. "Do you know," persisted the doctor, "that he did take out any valuable papers?" "He took the book containing the layovers, because it is his own property," replied Mr. Ogilvie.

Thereupon the doctor evidenced considerable indignation: "I must contend, sir," he said, in effect, "that I cannot continue in the case longer, while being impeded in this way, and I feel the necessity of withdrawing. I am sorry you can't see this thing in the light I do. I have the best of reasons for believing that Mr. Fawcett was allowed to take out of the country papers of importance in the hearing of the charges against him. With your permission I will withdraw."

Thereat, he bundled up his papers and walked from the place. This turn of affairs was unexpected and the commissioner brought the session to a close at once, only remarking that the investigation would not be continued until the 15th and that he would receive charges until that time. He didn't want any more rambling statements—they must be specific—and if anybody needs assistance in preparing them he was willing to give it to them. He also said it had been reported that other ex-officials are now en-route to Dawson to force the charges which had been made against them.

Previous to announcing his retirement from the investigation, Dr. Bourke asked the commissioner if he had not once said in a letter to him that he would not consider any charges of wrong-doing subsequent to October 7th, before any reference had been made to such action being taken relative to August 25th, so that that there would have been a time limit to the investigation after all. The commissioner replied to the effect that he felt so bound by the terms of his commission.

Seen outside, at the conclusion of the setting, Dr. Bourke said there was no doubt that Fawcett had taken out of the country all the documents he needed in the investigation of his charges, which get, he held, was very reprehensible.

Oleson's Adventures. Charles Oleson is telling a tale of woe as long as your arm about his dog. He dropped into the Nugget office Monday night accompanied by a dog. "I come to tell you something funny," he said, as he took a seat. "You know der police man on Domeenion?" he inquired. Being answered in the negative he continued, "Vell, aye tank may I tell der story from der first. Aye lost may dog about tray week ago. Vell, last week aye go Domeenion yun by der receiver. Aye see some does and sleigh. Aye tank aye see my dog. Aye say 'Whoa! Der man he say, 'Vot you want?' Aye say 'Aye tank you got my dog.' He say 'Mush!' and start away. Aye say 'Whoa!' and den aye take hold of der dog—er vot you call—er der vwell dog. Der man he say 'Mush!' and vip der team. Der vip he come near hit me in der face. Aye say 'Aye want may dog.' He say, 'you go to hal an let der dogs go loose. He yump out der sleigh, an aye tank aye have to fight. He very big man, and lift his parky up kvick. Yudas Priest! Aye tank he get his gun. Den aye see he wear brass buttons on his clothes, Aye say, 'You a policeman?' He say 'Yes, an by-hai you better let der dog alone. Den he say 'Mush!' an leave me standing on der trail. Aye go back to town pretty kvick. Aye'n mad all over. Bout ten o'clock aye reach der barracks. Aye talk fast into the skervare. Den a soldier yump out der dark kervick, an hit his gun on der ground. Yummy yumped up Christmas! Aye tank he go to shewt. He say, 'Vot you go dere?' Aye say, 'Aye want my dog, mister soldier, an aye no tank you better shewt.'"

To make a long matter short, Oleson knocked at every cabin door in the rectangle, woke up every captain, interviewed every sergeant, and consulted each corporal in turn. No one knew of any such dog, nor of any newly arrived policeman. Several days of a persistent inquiry, which would put a Pinkertonian to shame, and Oleson discovered that Constable McAlpine had been in that day from the creeks, and Oleson and his dog were once more reunited in an affectionate embrace.

Poor Prospects on Thistle. Ed. McConnell, of the Melbourne, is just in receipt of a letter from a friend located on Thistle creek from which it appears that the miners there are not only getting little in return for their labor but that the prospects are none too bright. As the gentleman's statements are vouched for as to reliability by Mr. McConnell, we reproduce a portion of the letter as follows:

"The laymen on discovery claim have seventeen holes across the creek to bedrock with nothing in them. These holes are just below where the discovery people have been getting their gold. They are still getting gold irregularly and think they have from \$3,000 to \$7,000 in their dump, which is not a large one. They have a yeast can full of it, very coarse. The laymen think of quitting. One hole in the 80's shows two feet of five cent dirt, four feet down. On 182 above they have taken out about one ounce in all, but have no paystreak. On 24 Blueberry, wages could be made, but it is not being worked. There are several holes down on Blueberry and coarse gold is found in all but not in paying quantities. Many shafts are also down on Thistle. On 25A they found an \$8 nugget and two smaller pieces valued at \$1.25 and \$1.90 respectively."

Mr. McConnell was also in receipt from the states of a newspaper clipping in which appears the lying statement that a gold nugget valued at \$90,000 was recently found in Klondike and is now en route to London.

Word From Munook. James M. Flynn has just come in afoot from Munook carrying nothing but a blanket over his shoulder. He brings in a poor report of that section which he left some 30 days ago. So far nothing has been found on Little Munook, above No. 12 above discovery and only colors as far down as discovery itself. So far, Mr. Flynn says, no real pay has been found of any consequence excepting upon ex-Gov. McGraw's claim, No. 8 above discovery. McGraw is working 12 men at \$5 per day and board and has out considerable of a dump of very good dirt, the popular belief being that a pocket has been struck. Not another man in the district can secure work for wages. The recorder of Bear creek, some few miles above Rampart, is under arrest charged with having salted the claims which created the stampede and which took in some rich men.

Further, Mr. Flynn says, that the truth about the Koyukuk ought to be known. A man

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Named Folger started a stampede from Circle by reporting a find of 50 cents to the pan; but before reaching Circle the same Folger only claimed 15 cents to the pan to our informant and even that is disputed by people who have come from the same stream. There will be a big exodus in the spring.

Injunction Refused. The application of occupants of the water front for an injunction restraining the agents, McDonald & Morrison, from enforcing writs of distress upon them was denied by Judge Dugas on Friday evening, and on Saturday First avenue was thick with bailiffs serving fresh writs and removing goods on old ones, some of the latter being sold at public auction.

This state of affairs set the water fronters to thinking and after consultation with his lawyers, Mr. Spring had a communication sent to all the other water fronters, in which they were told of Judge Dugas' decision and advised of the course they might pursue. He explained that they might effect a settlement of arrangements of the best terms possible or pay under protest and look to future proceedings for relief.

It appears that Mr. Grotzschler, the agent of the lessees, was in a very conciliatory mood during the day, for instance, are known where he allowed tenants to compromise on very reasonable terms, in one case at fifty cents on the dollar. It was also noticeable that advance payments were only accepted up to May 1, that date having been fixed by a public proclamation of Mr. Ogilvie as the farthest date at which the occupation of the water front will be tolerated.

Sold Rotten Oysters. Isiah Noons, a Dawson merchant, played a mean joke on E. W. Riner the other day, and as a consequence of the indignation it inspired in the breast of his victim, he has been ordered to stand trial before the territorial court. It seems that Riner became possessed of an over-mastering desire to have his festal board graced with a bowl of steaming succulent oysters; so he tied himself to the establishment of Mr. Noons and soon effected an exchange of glittering dust for a can of his favorite bivalve. But, alas! when he opened the can preparatory to pouring the contents into the stew-pot he found it to be rotten. In the excess of his disappointment he reported the affair to Dr. Good, the health officer, who purchased a can from the same stock and found it to be unfit for eating, whereupon Mr. Noons was arrested. The defendant, of course, would resent the suggestion of a joke, as he claims he had no knowledge that the oysters were bad; but he was committed for trial, just the same—the presumption being that he should know the quality of the goods he is selling.

Official Weather Bureau. The following are the official temperatures for the week ending Wednesday, March 10th:

Table with 3 columns: Lowest, Highest, Wind. Miles per hour. Rows for Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

It will be seen that there is a constantly increasing variation in temperature as the days lengthen. On the 3rd there was a variation of nearly 42 degrees, which is the most remarkable this winter. The 2nd shows the highest continuous wind in the same period of time.

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