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Story of a Chance Shot

I was alone at the Lake... I was just thinking... "Gee whiz! but this would be a poor place to be snagg'd in," when—bang! says a rifle right in front of us, and m-e-arr! goes the bullet over our heads.

We were off them horses and behind a couple of chunks of rock sooner than we hoped for, and that's saying a good deal.

"Cussed poor shot, whoever he is," says my friend. "Some Injun holding us here till the rest come up, I presume."

"That's about the size of it—and I'd like to make you a bet that he does it, too, if I thought I'd have a chance to collect."

"Oh, you can't always tell—you might lose your money," says he, kind of thoughtful.

"I wouldn't mind that half as much as winning," says I. "But, on the square, do you think we can get out, or I'll jump with you if you say so, but I ain't got what you might call a passion for suicide."

"Now, you hold on a bit," says he. "I don't know but what we'd done better to stick to the horses, and run for it, but it's too late to think of that. Jumping him is all foolshness; he'd sit behind the little rock and pump lead into us till we wouldn't float in brine—and we can't back out now."

"Well," says I, "in that case, let's play 'Simons says thumbs up' till the rest of the crowd comes."

"There you go!" says he. "Just like all young fellers—gettin' hostile right away if you don't fall in with their plans. Now, sonny, you keep your temper, and watch me play cushion carroms with our friend there."

"Meaning how?"

"You see that block of stone just this side of him with the square face toward us? Well, he's only covered in front—and I'm a-going to shoot against that face and ketch him on the glance."

"Great, if you could work it!" says I. "But Lord!"

"Well, watch!" says he. Then he squinched down behind his cover, so as not to give the Injun an opening, trained the cannon and pulled the trigger. The old gun opened her mouth and roared like an earthquake, but I didn't see any dead Injun. Then twice more she spit fire, and still there weren't any desirable corpses to be had.

"Say pardner," says I, "you wouldn't make many cigars at this game."

"Now don't you get uneasy," says he. "Just watch!"

"Bit!" says the old gun, and this time, sure enough, the Injun was knocked clear of the rock. I felt all comfort that he wouldn't be much of a comfort to his friends afterward if that gun landed on him.

Still, he wasn't so awful dead, for as we jumped for the horses he kind of hitched himself to the rock, and, laying the rifle across it and working

the lever with his left hand, he sent a hole plumb through my hat.

"Bully boy!" says I. I snipped at him and smashed the lock of his rifle to finders. Then, of course, he was our meat. As we rode up to him my pard held dead on him. The Injun stood up straight and tall and looked us square in the eye—say, he was a man, I tell you, redskin or no redskin. The courage just stuck out on him as he stood there waiting to pass in his checks.

My partner threw the muzzle of his gun up. "D—n it!" says he. "I can't do it. He's game from the heart out. But the Lord have mercy on his sin-foul soul if he and I run foul of each other on the prairie again."

Then we shacked along down to Johnson's and had breakfast.

What became of Frosthead and his gang? Oh, they sent out a regiment or two and gathered him in—'bout twenty-five soldiers to an Injun. No, no harm was done. Me and my pard were the only ones that bucked up against them. Chuck out a cigarette, kid. My lungs ache for want of a smoke.

Happenings Abroad

A hint to St. Louis, in the way of an attraction for the exposition, reaches us from Italy, says Collier's Weekly. A fortune and a beautiful wife for \$2. At Milan a beauty lottery was inaugurated on the occasion of the exhibition to celebrate the opening of the Great Simplon tunnel. Eighty-three pretty girls, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-six, selected by a committee, form the human contingent prizes in this unique lottery scheme. The sum of 10,000,000 lire (a lire is valued at about twenty cents) being required to pay all the prizes, one million tickets are offered to raise the amount. The girls are required to pay "entrance money" also. The winners are entitled to a choice of the lottery girls. The first prize carries 1,000,000 lire and the prize beauty. There are four second prizes of 500,000 lire each, eight third prizes of 250,000 lire, and twenty-four prizes of 100,000 lire. The other prizes are of 50,000 lire, and carry with them the remaining fifty girls. Each ticket-holder will receive, according to his holdings, photographs of the eighty-three Venuses, accompanied by biographies of each girl, so that he may make his selection at leisure. Should the winner decline to marry his prize, or the girl to espouse the winner, they may divide the money, and no harm done.

Over a hundred whales were driven ashore and killed at Weisdale, Voe, on the west side of Shetland, on a recent Sunday. Early in the morning a large school or shoal of whales was descried at the entrance to the bay, and about a dozen boats were at once manned and put out in pursuit. The boats succeeded in getting to the seaward side of the whales, which were gradually driven on to the shore, where they straggled. A scene of slaughter then ensued, the whales being despatched with harpoons, lances, knives and other weapons, their dead bodies afterwards being hauled up on the beach preparatory to being flensed. The animals killed ranged from 12 feet to 24 feet in length, and it is expected that a yield of between twenty and thirty tons of oil will be obtained. Formerly, under a local custom, the proprietors of the shore on which whales were driven claimed all the proceeds, but a few years ago the exaction was tested in the courts, and was declared to be illegal.

A note from Rouen states that the Rouvel, the celebrated bell which rings the curfew every evening from 9 o'clock to a quarter past, is cracked, and it is feared that further use may cause it to fall to pieces. The curfew has been temporarily discontinued in consequence. The Rouvel dates from the thirteenth century, and is generally called the "silver bell." In 1382 Charles VI ordered the confiscation of the bell because it had been used

ARE SEEKING NEW FIELDS

Undesirable Class Now Leaving Dawson

Big Surprise is Said to be in Store for Certain Class Not Previously Molested.

With Sala's and Paulson starting in on six months' labor contracts, at the barracks and every down river steamer carrying away men who are known to live from the scraps of vice that class of cattle is becoming scarce in Dawson, although a number are here yet. They are known, however, and any night they are liable to come to the surface in the police drag net.

In addition to Robert and the inimitable count, eight others of the same stamp are said to have quietly departed for the green fields of America, no less than three having waved Corporal Piper goodbye from the deck of the steamer Tyrrel as she pulled out for Eagle Wednesday evening. It is thought they are heading for the coast cities by way of the lower river but should they find themselves in the meshes of the laws of the coast states they will find that the word "years" takes the place of "months" in comparing their criminal codes with those in force here.

There are others in Dawson, neither French or Scandinavians, who brazenly walk the streets in open daylight with females of as low or even worse repute than the women of Klondike City and the police have good reason to believe that these fellows are being supported by the women with whom they associate. There is a great surprise in store for somebody and when it comes it will be too late to look for jobs.

She was a portly dame, with florid complexion and voluminous skirts. She was walking majestically down Twenty-third street, looking the picture of content. In the hand that held up her skirt was clasped a thin chain, much like a dog chain, but instead of the regulation poodle, pug or St. Charles spaniel trotting along at the other end was a small boy of perhaps five years, and whenever fascinated by the alluring attractions along his route the maternal hand gave the chain a gentle tug, and the small boy obediently answered the muse injunction.—New York Times.

WANTED—Clean unstarched cotton rags for cleaning machinery. Nugget office.

Left for Atlin

Caribou, May 4.—Twelve teams left here, for Atlin yesterday morning with an average of four tons of freight each. They also had several passengers and a good deal of baggage.

Many teams are now hurrying back from Atlin in order to get another load before freighting by teams will cease. It is believed the middle of the present week will put an end to the use of the winter route, as the ice is getting rotten in places.

It is expected that the Gleaner will make her first trip at about the same time she did last year, June 8.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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And see if you need any Office Stationery.
If you do come and see us, and

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At our line of Job Printing Stock. We can supply you with anything in the printing line from a Shipping Tag to a Blank Book

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Harris Building, Queen St., next to
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Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.

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