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 THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE  
 RELAY STAGES  
 No Night Travelling. Time 44 Days to Whitehorse  
 Stages Leave Tuesday, Dec. 16 and Thursday Dec. 18, 1 p.m.  
 Secure Seats Now  
 G. E. PULHAM, SUPERINTENDENT  
 J. H. ROGERS, GEN. AGENT

**The Klondike Nugget**  
 (Dawson's Pioneer Paper)  
 Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly  
 GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher  
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
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 Single copies 25  
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 Yearly, in advance \$24.00  
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 Three months 6.00  
 Per month, by carrier in city, in advance 2.00  
 Single copies 25

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 To Delay Buying What You Really Need.  
 NOW is the time to buy your Overcoats, Caps, Mitts and Winter Goods. Our Line is Complete.  
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**M. RYAN, Front St.**  
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 THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

**LETTERS**  
 And Small Packages can be sent to the Greys by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Banker, Dominion, Gold Run.  
**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1902.**  
**\$50 Reward.**  
 We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

If You Are Going to Spend Christmas in the States  
 Leave Dawson in Time to Catch the  
**"DOLPHIN"**  
 Leaves Skagway  
**December 19**

**KLONDIKE NUGGET**  
 UNION LABEL  
**AMUSEMENTS.**  
 Standard-Vaudeville.  
 R. P. McLENNAN FOR MAYOR.

**Burlington Route**  
 No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read  
**Via the Burlington.**  
 PUGET SOUND AGENT  
 M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

As was set forth in the Nugget yesterday, the new officials will find themselves confronted with a depleted exchequer.  
 The city is hard up and will need the very best of management during the ensuing year. To this end it is highly desirable that the utmost discretion be exercised in the selection of candidates.

**FOR SALE** Cheap for Cash  
 Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine  
 Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

The alleged "sale" of the News' interests in the Sun has not deceived anyone. The two fakirs are still at the old game and have accomplished nothing by dividing up the News plant. Their protestations of good faith since the late "divorce" occurred fall upon unheeding ears. They cannot expect that their assurances will be accepted now, for the simple reason that they have by their own admissions attempted to deceive the public in the past. The News sought by every subterfuge to deny all ownership in the Sun, and when finally forced to admit the facts, made an announcement of a "sale." The scheme is so transparent that anyone with the slightest knowledge of the facts can easily see through it.

**The Great Northern "FLYER"**  
 LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.  
 A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.  
 For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

**PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES.**  
 General conditions in Dawson would be much better if more attention were given to the encouragement of local industries. There are very few of the ordinary requirements of life which cannot be obtained in Dawson at a fairly reasonable price, and still many people in order to save a very small sum will send orders to the outside in preference to patronizing local concerns.  
 For instance there are firms in Dawson who from one year's end to another spend scarcely a dollar with any printing establishment in the city. They order their stationery supplies from some cheap eastern concern but yet are the very first to complain if they discover that in respect to their own line of business other people follow their example.  
 The printing offices in Dawson distribute in the course of a year upwards of \$100,000 in wages alone and of this amount a large portion finds its way into the hands of local mercantile concerns.  
 It is only fair that the latter when in need of printing should give preference to Dawson houses rather than send their orders to the outside. There are only a few concerns to whom these remarks apply but there are enough to afford a fair illustration of the point under discussion.  
 The same thing is true to a greater or less extent of every other industry in the city, and a hardship is thereby worked upon enterprises which otherwise would contribute materially to the general prosperity of the community.  
 The spirit of co-operation which has been the making of many large cities might be practiced in Dawson with results beneficial to all concerned.  
 It is a little thing to ask of men who make their living in a given place, to patronize its industries in preference to going elsewhere, and yet such is the selfishness of human nature that it is done every day in the city of Dawson.  
 A little more loyalty to local in-

**QUITE A MUSER.**  
**Captain Cosby Returns From a Trip of Inspection.**  
 Captain Cosby returned Sunday evening from a tour of inspection over a portion of his district extending as far south as Ogilvie. The latter point was left at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and the trip to Dawson was made by 9:30 in the evening, including a stop at Indian river and the inspection of the post at that point. It was the captain's first experience at mushing on foot over the ice and he made quite a record for himself in covering the 48 miles in less than twelve hours. The river trail as far as Indian river is as smooth as a polished mirror.

**For Chicken Creek**  
 Mr. A. Gustafson, accompanied by his wife and little son, arrived Saturday evening from Whitehorse, driving the entire distance in a conveyance of their own. The government road is sadly in need of more snow before traveling can be spoken of as being a pleasure. After remaining here a few days Mr. Gustafson and his family will proceed to Chicken creek where he has some property he will operate this season.

Present your wife or husband with some calling-cards for Christmas. Our styles of type and cards are the very latest. Cannot be distinguished from engraved work. The Nugget Printery.  
 Try Blue Grass Butter, 24 lb. rolls, \$1.00-N. A. T. & T. Co.

**FUR SALE**  
 As I do not intend to carry Men's Furs after this season, I am offering the balance of my stock of  
**Men's Coats, Men's Caps, Men's Mitts,**  
**AT SPECIAL PRICES.**  
**J. P. McLENNAN**  
 233 FRONT ST Phone 101-B  
 Agent for Standard Patterns.

interests on the part of everyone would aid materially in advancing the welfare of the whole community.  
 When the News endorsed the candidature of the late "unworthy instrument" and began its notorious attacks upon the Hon. James Hamilton Ross, the present manager of the Sun was acting in the capacity of manager of the News. The course of the News had his indorsement and sanction otherwise he would have resigned his position. Facts are certainly stubborn things.

**DISCRETION MUST BE USED.**  
 The task which lies before the incoming city council is a difficult one and will demand the application of all the business ability and good common sense that can be secured. The new officials will need to exercise very close watch on the exchequer and will find that their ability as financiers will be taxed to the utmost to keep the city above water. In view of the existing conditions, it is requisite that the voters exercise the most careful scrutiny upon all candidates who offer their services and see that men are secured who will conduct the affairs of the municipality with due regard for necessary economies. The existing situation will not admit of any looseness in the handling of the city's affairs, and it is therefore essential that men of tried and proven business experience be chosen.

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**There she lies silent**  
 In her watery grave.  
 She fought like a knight  
 And was just as brave.  
 The owner Mr. Hobbs was along  
 And the sweating he done  
 Would surely kill the weak  
 And disable the strong.  
 Ed Orr was walking down the street yesterday when a whilom friend hailed him with  
 "Hello, Ed, what are you out for?"  
 "Oh, I'm feeling all right now," said Ed, who has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid.  
 "Yes, but what are you running for?" insisted the friend, who had not heard of the sickness.  
 "Ain't running at all. Very glad to be able to walk."  
 "Gwan. Nobody's going to have a walkover in these elections. You've got to get out and hustle, or you'll be left."

**When you meet a prominent citizen on the street, and neglect or forget to ask him "What are you running for?" he feels insulted and cuts you off his visiting list.**  
 Mayor Macaulay is looking much better, thank you. No, he is not a candidate for anything, and indignantly says he will not permit the comforts of his home to be again broken up either by politics or high art in the shape of grand opera. He declares that for three weeks he has been living on sandwiches of swiss-cake and German sausage, mit beer, and that he got sick and tired of it. But last night he managed to get a square meal, for the opera is over, and all was forgiven.

A certain politician came to town recently who was loaded down with the political preferences of a certain mining district for the Yukon council. The night he arrived he traded these off two or three times with two or three other politicians, and received in return a dark brown taste and a frightful headache. With a buzzing in his brain equal to that of a boiler factory he started down town before it was light to get something. When he arrived before a juice dispensary he put his hand in his pocket and remembered that he had no money. At the same moment there flashed across his recollection that he had nearly a full bottle of Rannymade in his office desk.  
 He started for his office. He went to the office he habituated some six

**Stroller's Column.**  
 Poetry has not flourished to any perfection in the Yukon, yet there are indications that it is likely to do so at any time. One of the Stroller's correspondents sends the following harrowing account of a shipwreck on the Yukon, which was written by a deck hand who had only seen fifteen summers, and who, furthermore, labored under the unpoetic name of Smyth. For these two reasons, the fact that this poet of the Yukon was handicapped by his youth and also by his name, and in order that he may not be entirely overlooked in the classical history of the Yukon which some other Stroller may write a hundred years hence, the verses are here given. The great shipwreck was witnessed by hundreds of people in Dawson, and therefore the vividness of the description will appeal to them. In fact it only needed a little more education on the part of the poet, and a lively imagination on the part of the reader to class this with Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," where the boy stood on the bridge, and all that sort of thing. Here it is:  
 It was the famed Captain Smit  
 Of whom you all must know,  
 Who took us to the brickyard  
 To bring back a tow.  
 It was a tow of brick,  
 Which I am sorry to say  
 Never reached Dawson  
 On that fatal day.  
 One bell! We started out,  
 Our hopes not very high.  
 Says Cap, "Put an axe on deck,"  
 "Aye, aye," was the reply.  
 One jingle rang the bell,  
 "Slow up, there, I say,"  
 For the scow is leaking  
 In a very bad way.  
 "To the pumps!" shouted Cap,  
 "Sir, she is going fast."  
 "That's all right, Pump."  
 And we pumped to the last.  
 He was running her ashore,  
 And we nearly fell on the fluke.  
 Water was flowing in everywhere  
 Like an overflowing brook.  
 "Cut the lines," shouted Cap,  
 We did so very fast.  
 "All clear, sir," we shouted,  
 "And that was the very last."  
 She sank, as though living,  
 Went down with a groan,  
 And the hole she made in the water  
 To us is only known.  
 She went down with a mighty roar  
 Within three hundred feet of shore,  
 She seemed to leap to the bottom  
 Where she is to be seen no more.  
 There she lies silent  
 In her watery grave.  
 She fought like a knight  
 And was just as brave.  
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 Would surely kill the weak  
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months ago, took out his latch key and tried to get in. The key refused to work. He looked around and found the whole place changed. It was familiar and yet unfamiliar. He tried to get into the doctor's office, for by this time he was scared to death. He dimly remembered saying to the doctor, "Give me something. I think I've got 'em." When he awoke he was lying in the passage way and could dimly make out the presence of two policemen.  
 "What is it?" asked one.  
 "I think it's burglary," was the response.  
 But just then a candidate happened along and all was explained.  
 Everybody knows, and it may be added that nearly everybody has a friendly feeling for John O'Connor. John possesses all the ready wit that is characteristic of the emerald isle and is ready with it upon all emergencies. On a recent occasion he was discussing informally with one of the judges, the late unpleasantness between himself and Corporal Egan. "Yer honor," said John, "do you know who that man Egan is? Why, sor, he's the man that shot Brophy—a dangerous man to be at large, yer honor."  
 Many and varied were the reasons assigned by adherents of the late "unworthy instrument" why votes should be cast in his favor. One speaker lauded his candidate because he was lauded on the Irish question. Another delivered glowing words of eulogy because he (the aforesaid candidate) had never saved a dollar during five years of Yukon life. But perhaps the best of all was an argument delivered by one of the most faithful of the faithful "Gentlemen," said the orator, in concluding his speech, "if none of the reasons I have already set forth are sufficient to induce you to vote for the opposition candidate, let me urge you to do so, in order that we may rise above the tyranny of capital and secure a centralization of the national policy." How many votes were made or unmade by that terrific declaration-deponent knoweth not.

**The Hired Burglar.**  
 By D. F. Maguire.  
 "It's preposterous!"  
 "Idiotic!"  
 "Assinine!"  
 "But it's a fact, nevertheless," added the first speaker.  
 So it was. There had been an epidemic of petty burglaries in the town of Dawson during the late fall. The articles stolen were of trifling value never money, usually food taken from barns and hen sheds; but the constant fear of midnight awakenings put the good people of the town into a state bordering upon panic. The unknown thief might grow more ambitious and more daring. He might invade their very houses. Whose house would he first select as the object of his unwelcome attentions?  
 The burglar, or burglars—whatever they were—evidently were not professionals; at least up to the present they had not ventured after bigger game. Nevertheless, the uncertainty of the thing made the nervous more nervous and introduced the hitherto uninitiated into the knowledge that they possessed nerves after all.  
 The board of selectmen, three worthy citizens, feeling the popular pulse and realizing that election day would come in a few months, determined to take active steps to ferret out the despoiler of the town's barns and hen-roosts. The step which, after mature deliberation, the selectmen decided to take was not as a result of a unanimous vote of the triumvirate. Selectman Dorcas had raised a quoining voice, accompanying it by a sarcastic allusion as to the sanity of his colleagues. Mr. Dorcas kept a general store. Among a host of other things he sold revolvers and ammunition, the sale of which during the past two months had wonderfully increased; so that it is barely possible that he was giving a thought or two to his own interests as well as to those of the town of Dawson.  
 The motion of Selectman North was  
 "Mr. Chairman, as the burglar we are all so interested in catching seems, from evidence, that has laid before our eyes—mine, at any rate—to be well acquainted with the barns and hen-roosts of the town, and appears, therefore, to be a resident, I propose that we order all residents of the town—men, women and children—to prove where they were between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock last Tuesday night, at which time, as we all know, occurred the latest of these pestiferous burglaries."  
 "Almost out of breath Mr. North had sat down, to give place to Mr. Dorcas, who had jumped to his feet and cast a glance of withering scorn upon his colleague. But Mr. Swain, the chairman, cast the deciding vote, and the resolution was carried.  
 As might be expected, the result of the special meeting of the board of selectmen was not received with un-

animous favor by the people of Dawson. The town was not very large, but it was large enough (what town isn't?) to contain more than one estimable citizen who, for good and sufficient reasons did not care to have his fellow townsmen—to say nothing of his wife—know where he had spent a certain hour of a certain night and what he had been engaged in. Of course, those fortunate citizens who chanced to have nothing to conceal did not see anything very preposterous, idiotic or assinine in the latest exhibition of acumen on the part of their chosen law makers. Deacon Thomas Snow, however, was not one of these; neither was his brother-in-law, Zenas White, nor Amos Bristow. When Snow declared that the selectmen had acted in a preposterous manner his opinion was echoed, through the medium of varying epithets, by White and Bristow.  
 "Can we," demanded Snow, emphasizing the pronoun, "afford—"  
 "Dare," interpolated White.  
 "Dare, to admit where we were and what we did last Tuesday night?"  
 The others groaned and White said: "What would folks say?"  
 "What, indeed?"  
 "Let me think this thing out," said Snow.  
 Nobody objected, so Snow thought: "I don't believe such a monstrous order can be carried out," the people will rebel."  
 "We shall, at any rate," said White.  
 "If we do," put in Bristow, "our wives and others for that very reason will be more eager to find out what the authorities—confound 'em!"  
 "I want to know more than those idiots themselves."  
 "Right," agreed his companions, soberly and laconically.  
 "I have a plan by which we may be able to get out of this scrape," said Snow.  
 "What is it?"  
 "We must find the burglar. Once found, it will not be necessary to force us or anybody else to tell what would get us into no end of trouble."  
 "It's a brilliant idea," commented Bristow, sarcastically. "How shall we catch that evasive gentleman?"  
 "Hanged if I know! If we can't find him—here's an amendment to the plan—we must get a substitute for him. Money will enable us to do so."  
 "There's more sense in that," said Bristow.  
 "So I think. There must be at least one man in town—perhaps two—who, for a couple of hundred dollars, would be willing to acknowledge himself a thief and serve a few months in prison if convicted."  
 "Burglary, especially in the night time, is a pretty serious offense," reminded White. "Still the fellow never actually broke in anywhere."  
 "We can hire a good, smart lawyer to defend him and perhaps get him off," suggested Snow. "All we want is to prevent inquiry as to our whereabouts last Tuesday night."  
 "A lawyer," grumbled White, "more money."  
 "Here comes a tramp," cried Snow suddenly, "the very chap we want. A warm cell ought to be a welcome change from the cold barns and eider-haystacks that he has probably had to put up with these cold nights. Let's sound him."  
 The trio were standing in the public square. The stranger drew near, a ragged, hungry-looking fellow.  
 "Hello, my man!" hailed Snow.  
 "Don't go that way—it leads to the lock-up. How would you like to earn a couple of hundred dollars without working?"  
 The tramp opened his eyes in amazement. Snow was forced to repeat his question.  
 "What do I?" asked the stranger.  
 "There's been a burglar doing no end of mischief in this town of late, and one of our friends is wrongfully suspected. Now, we want you to act as a substitute—a sort of voluntary scapegoat—to save the good name of our friend. If you will consent to go to the police station, give yourself up and admit you are the thief, we will make you a present of \$200. Good pay, what do you say?"  
 The gentleman of the road smiled, pondered a minute or two and then replied.  
 "Make it five hundred, gent, den I'm yer man. I might hav'er got to prison for a year or two, yer sen?"  
 "No such thing. We don't want to see you punished too severely. We'll keep you from getting a severe sentence, that's what we'll pay him for. You may get off scot-free."  
 "Lawyer be blessed! Say five hundred or shut up!"  
 "While, the precious, sodded assent."  
 "All right," said Snow, "three hundred it is. Remember you are the burglar who has been operating in town for the past two months. You needn't admit that, of course. You are simply the fellow that walked into old Brown's woodshed last Tuesday night—remember the date—and took a couple of his hens."  
 "I won't forget it. Now what about de bribe?"  
 "We'll pay you the money just as soon as you confess and are locked up."  
 "An' have de jail broken, take de hoodie-away from me? Nit!"  
 "Well, what? Will a check, post-dated do?"  
 "Naw, I want cash in advance. I'll send de money by mail to a feller I kin trust. Den I'll go an' give myself up an' take my medicine. You gent's can keep yer eyes on me all de

time an' if I try to fool yer, you can tell der police. I confessed, in help the thief der want. Yer word will be taken all right."  
 So it came to pass that Luke Varden, after receiving and disposing of the \$300 contributed by Snow & Co., went to the police station and confessed that he was the much-wanted thief. He had entered Mr. Brown's hen-house on the previous Tuesday night and stolen some of the selectmen's hens.  
 Varden's case was said by a higher court; in due time he was put on trial, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for eight months. More than one person in Dawson breathed more freely.  
 One day, early in the following summer, Deacon Snow, who had quite forgotten all about the burglar's substitute, received a letter which caused him first to frown, and then to laugh. He gave the letter to his brother-in-law, White read.  
 "Mr. Thomas Snow and Friends: Gents: I desire to thank you for the \$300 you kindly gave me eight months ago for acting as a substitute for the Boston burglar. It may surprise you to hear that I was really the burglar you gent's wanted to catch. When I met you I was on the way to the police station to give myself up, as I had got tired of my line of business and wanted to be sent away for the winter. The penitentiary will work in handy for my summer vacation. Yours, with thanks, Luke Varden."  
 "So the \$100 I won at poker in Feller's road house that Tuesday night went to that scoundrel of a tramp," ejaculated White.  
 "My net loss," murmured Snow, reminiscently, "was one hundred and fifty—one hundred to the substitute and fifty lost at poker. What will Bristow say? His net loss was one hundred and twenty-five."  
 Such being the case, it is not very difficult to guess what Bristow said.

**BALLOT BOXES HERE**  
 Official Returns Arrive From  
**Duncan Creek.**  
 R. G. Kruger and Dan Steens returned yesterday from Duncan creek with the ballot boxes and returns to the late election cast in that section of the territory. The boxes brought in number nine and include those in use at upper discovery, Dominion, 28 below upper, 7 below lower and 33 below lower, all on Dominion. Clear Creek, Gordon's Landing, McQueen and Duncan (7), Mount Kruger and Steens were a little over seven days en route, having left Dawson Monday morning a week ago, travelling via Clear Creek and Arkansas to Dominion. Their trip in was made in excellent weather and without incident, but that returned bound was very severe. It was very cold and the lack of sufficient snow on the trail made traveling slow and exceedingly laborious, two sleds being broken on the night before before Duncan was reached. They state the prospects on Duncan are proving better every day. About 100 men are at work on the creek and there has been a cabin erected on practically every claim. Quite a number of dumps are already up and the spring cleanup will do not a little toward swelling the total output of the art river and its tributaries.

**Job Printing at Nugget office**  
**CHRISTMAS**  
 A fine stock of both household and useful goods specially selected for the Christmas trade.  
**SUMMERS & ORRELL**  
**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**  
 LAWYERS  
 PATTULLO & RIDLEY - Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers  
 Rooms 7 and 8, A. C. Union Bldg.

**Monogram Hotel AND STORE**  
 No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Idaho.  
 Good meals, good beds, good fire. Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-off at the mouth of Lost Channel which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**  
 Affords a Complete Coastwise service Covering  
**Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.**  
 Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.  
 Exceptional Service the Best.  
 All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

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 Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points  
 All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.  
 Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with  
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