

WRESTLERS FIGHTERS

Match at the Standard Last Night

Marsh Takes Three of the Falls. Nick Burley Will Fight Hector.

Quite a large crowd was on hand at the Standard last night to witness the five-style wrestling match between Tom Hector and Ole Marsh...

After the last bout Hector came to the footlights and offered to bet \$100 that he could throw Marsh the next fall at catch-as-catch-can...

BOLD DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

One of the boldest daylight robberies that ever occurred in the Klondike happened in Dawson today. It is true some money was paid for the articles...

Get Others Prices

They come to me and get your outfit. Prices Always the Lowest.

T. W. Grennan GROCER King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

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Ladies Storm and Trimmed Dress Skirts JUST IN. SPECIAL VALUES. SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

Signs and Wall Paper ANDERSON BROS. SECOND AVE.

To Visit America

London, Sept. 6.—Having been in London now for over three years, having made a considerable English reputation and scored one big success Gertrude Elliott is planning to revisit her own country to show her old friends how much she has improved, and convince them that she has weightier claims to esteem than that of being Maxine Elliott's younger sister.

Together they have scored the big London success of the year for their acting of the two chief parts in Mrs. Ryley's comedy, "Mice and Men." Miss Elliott joined Robertson's company shortly after her first success in England, and their marriage soon followed.

Rumor, however, says that the new piece is another by the author of "An American Citizen," written in a similar vein, and it is to be wished that the last is true, for Mrs. Ryley's recent French farce, "The Grass Widow," was a bad business.

Tempest in a Teacup

London, Sept. 6.—A tempest in a teacup has been raised at Hastings by a report that M. P. Grace, brother of former Mayor Grace of New York, who recently leased Battle Abbey, near the site of the battle of historic edifice. It was said that admission would be granted only one day each week, and upon the payment of 12 cents, the money to be devoted to the aid of local charities, instead of allowing people to visit the Abbey every day as formerly.

Referring to other rumors that he was desecrating the interior of the building, Mr. Grace said: "It is all rot. Everything remains as it is. All the ancient features of the building, inside and out, will be preserved. We are only putting in electric lights and baths. There was not a bath in the whole place."

Resignation Asked for.

New York, Sept. 6.—There has been much talk concerning the retirement of the Marquis de Montebello from the position of ambassador to Russia, cables the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Herald.

At a gala performance at the Petrol of the Tsar expressed his sincere regret, but the Marquis de Montebello asked the emperor not to use his influence to prevent the change.

"I was asked to resign by the French government, and I refused, stating that the ties formed here and the promises I had made to remain to certain people precluded my resignation. I have not meddled at any time in my long diplomatic life with international politics.

"It is stated that I am not in accord with my government. That may be, but I am not showing it to the world by my resigning."

The Queen's Indian Dress

Simla, Sept. 1.—Queen Alexandra, in an autograph letter to Lady Curzon, wife of the viceroy of India, says: "The Indian coronation robes which you so kindly designed are perfect, and made the most brilliant effect. I am so proud of wearing the Indian dress on this great occasion. I hope you will make this known in India."

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PROBABLE CANDIDATES

Being Groomed for the Election

To Seats on the Yukon Council Names of Those With Political Aspirations.

Not alone in the Dominion election is the interest of the local politicians being engrossed to the total exclusion of all else. There is to be another election besides that of a member of parliament within the next ninety days and while the honor of securing a seat among the five elective members to the Yukon council is not quite as great as that of a berth in the house of commons, still the salary is about the same and one does not have to leave home and travel several thousand miles over a bleak and desolate trail for at least part of the way, in order to serve his dear constituents.

At the present time there are no less than nine gentlemen mentioned who have as much as admitted their willingness to lay aside the pick and shovel for a portion of the time in a year in order to assist in legislating for the benefit of the territory at large. They represent five of the principal creeks in the district and all are well known among the miners and the business men of town.

John McDougall, associated with the Johanssen claims on Hunker, is said to have a political pull in his pocket and Alcee Lecroite, of Last Chance, is presumed to be afflicted in the same manner. Dominion has a representative in the person of Wm. Cassidy and Sulphur one in Charles Garbutt. All of the foregoing are with the opposition, anything to beat the government. Probable candidates of the latter have not yet come to the front.

Since Indian river and the Klondike have been made into one district with two representatives, it is probably each party will nominate one Englishman and one Frenchman, there being such a large number of the latter that it is considered they are entitled to have one of their own number on the ticket.

In the Dawson district the only candidate who has been given any prominence at all, and he has not stated definitely that he will accept the nomination even though it is tendered to him, is Dr. A. B. Thompson. A. J. Prudhomme has been mentioned as likely to succeed himself and J. R. Grey has also been spoken of as a probable winner.

King Visits Carnegie

London, Sept. 6.—King Edward visited Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Carnegie this afternoon. King Edward rode in a motor car to Dornock, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, the Marquis of Severs, the Portuguese minister to Great Britain, and Austen Chamberlain, the postmaster general. His majesty proceeded from Golspie by way of Skibo castle, where he visited the Carnegies, and thence rode to Dornock station. The king looked particularly well. Yesterday the Carnegie house party was invited to tea at Dornock castle, to meet King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The party consisted of United States Ambassador Choate and Mrs. Choate, and Mr. and Mrs. James Brice, Sir Walter and Lady Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitfield and others.

At today's visit to Skibo castle King Edward's suite took tea with the Carnegies and drove through the grounds, admiring gardens and grounds. "God Save the King" was played on the organ, and the pipes repeated it as his majesty drove off. King Edward expressed surprise and delight at the attractions of Skibo castle.

Before buying your Winter Underwear call at Mrs. Anderson's, 33 and 34 Avenue. Outside prices—\$2, \$3 and \$4 per suit. The Plunger at Auditorium. Job Printing at Nugget office.

A STRANGE CASE OF ART AND CRAFT.

By GEO. SMYVILLE FENN.

(Concluded from Wednesday's issue.)

The maids said that Mrs. Dunby was in one of her tantrums next morning, and, in truth, that lady was not in an amiable state of mind. It was quite natural that Mr. Berry, the butler, had not returned from Brighton overnight, for it had been settled that he should pass four-and-twenty hours at the seaside, but that Rimmer and Small, upon whom she looked with favor, should have taken advantage of her kindness and, in the absence of master and fellow-servant, stopped out all night too, was unpardonable, and she said so in the hearing of the maids, and, in addition, uttered threats about reporting their conduct to Mr. Ehrenberg on his return.

"Which she just won't," said one of the housemaids, "but beats in their ears when they do come back is nothing to it."

"My word, yes!" said another. "There will be a shindy!"

"The said 'shindy' occurred much sooner than the maids anticipated, for they had hardly spoken before there was a violent ringing of a bell. "What bell's that?" said one. "Picture gallery," said the cook, who never answered bells, but had a very good ear for music. "You gells are leaving your brushes and brooms there after sweeping up yesterday when the men went away."

"I didn't," said one housemaid. "And I'll swear I didn't," said the other. "Jangle went the bell again, more violently than before."

"Why don't you answer the bell, Mary?" said the first speaker. "Well, I'm sure, Sarah!" replied the other, tartly. "It's not my place to answer the picture gallery bells. Where are the footmen?"

"Jangle went the tinninabulation again, and cook spoke wistful. "She's in a regular fustian, my dears, and I'd go up together and share it, if I was you. There, don't stand haggling."

"Cook had great influence with her fellow-servants, and her advice prevailed, the two housemaids entering by the open picture gallery door just as Mrs. Dunby had placed her hand upon the bell handle with the intention of keeping it there till the summons was answered.

"Oh, there you are at last!" cried the irate housekeeper. "Now, then, if you please, have the goodness to explain that."

She stood in a tragedy-queen attitude, pointing at a holland covered chiffonier, upon which stood a port wine bottle and a tumbler, the first empty and displaying its patch of whitewash, and beside it, impaled upon a pocket corkscrew, a disappaired looking, sodden cork, the glass holding still about a tea-spoonful of port-wine crust, showing that the bottle had been drained.

shriek of laughter and rushed out of the room, while the housekeeper's face became of the color of fresh putty.

"Anything the matter, Mrs. Dunby?" said the cook. "The matter? Oh!" cried the housekeeper. "Few words, but intense of the intensest, and she stalked into the hall, to find the foreman from Hoffmann Freres waiting, hat in hand, just inside the door.

"Good morning, mattam," he said, with a respectful bow. "I am sorry to trouble you, but there is a great mistake."

"I subpose, mattam, it was de Herr Ehrenberg?" "My master?" "Yes, mattam. If you would read dot telegram."

"He placed the message in her hands, and she read— "Hoffmann Freres—Despatch London. A mistake. The three cases not to be taken to my London house, but sent by S.W.R. to The Willows, Dalemond-on-Thames."

"Ha!" said the housekeeper, coldly. "But the cases are here." "Yes, mattam." "Then what do you propose to do?" "What dis telegram say, mattam?" "Take them to Mr. Ehrenberg's country seat."

"No, mattam. I haf brought de van and de case, and we shall dake af de things to Nine Elms." Mrs. Dunby looked very cold and stern, but her heart seemed to be on fire and burning with the unjust injuries she had received, as she read the telegram over again.

"Very well," she said coldly, "I suppose it is all right. Make haste, please, for I am busy."

"I dank you, mattam," said the foreman, and he went slowly to the door, which was opened for him, to sign to the waiting men with the van, who immediately began to open the back of the great, lumbering vehicle and draw out the empty case.

"I am very sorry to trouble you all over again, mattam," said the foreman, politely. "Never mind," replied the housekeeper coldly, and then she stood guard as in duty bound, while the business of the previous day was reversed. She saw the heavy packages removed and the piano restored to its outer case, and neither of the statues could have been so stony as the aspect of Mrs. Dunby and her distance of manner towards the foreman, while when the two housemaids passed through the long gallery twice over—casually, of course—there was a flash from the housekeeper's usual.

ly dull eyes that was absolutely withering. The moving took some time, for the men were very deliberate in their motions, and their foreman punctilious in the extreme over the relaying of the rolled-back carpet, and the filling up and signing of a printed form of receipt.

But at last all was done, the cases were in the van, locked up, the men in their seats upon the lowered tail-board, and the foreman by the driver, ready to raise his hat to the housekeeper as the party were driven away.

"Yes, sir, but it's very serious, sir, and I feel it my duty to speak."

"Go on, then, and get it over. You know I don't like to be bothered about these petty domestic troubles."

"Yes, sir, but this is very serious. I came down one morning, sir, to find that two of the women had been having visitors in the night, and there were traces of their carousing in the picture gallery."

"What traces?" said Ehrenberg, glaring. "An empty port wine bottle, sir, and glass."

"In my gallery?" "Yes, sir." "Confound their insolence! That port wine? In the night? Where were the men? Were they in it?"

"No, sir, I am grieved to say that they had taken advantage of your absence and were out all night."

"Discharge the lot, a fresh set of domestics, Mrs. Dunby. With such a collection of art treasures as mine I must have servants that I can trust."

"Yes, sir, I am sorry to complain, but the maids were most insolent to me."

"Then speak out when you are applied to for their characters." "Yes, sir." "That's all, then?"

"Yes, sir, I don't think that I have anything else to say."

"Then be off and let me finish my wine in peace, for I've had precious little since I've been away."

"I'm very sorry, sir. My mistress then, has been so ill?" "Rubbish! There, that will do."

"Oh, there is one thing, sir. The three great cases arrived from Vienna."

"Yes, sir, by Hoffmann Freres, and I had them placed in the picture gallery."

"Three great cases!" mused Ehrenberg. "And you had them placed in the gallery?"

"Yes, sir, but the men came with your telegram saying that it was a mistake."

"Ah, of course!" cried Ehrenberg. "I left that there was nothing to come here."

"Exactly, sir, and they took them away next day."

"Took them away next day?" said the collector, changing color. "My telegram? Good heavens, woman! I sent no telegram. Where is it?"

"Here, sir," said the housekeeper, trembling, and she produced the delivery note, the receipt for the packages, and the telegram, all neatly pinned together.

Ehrenberg glanced at them and thumped his fist on the table. "A conspiracy!" he roared. "Woman, do you mean to tell me you received these great cases and had them placed in the picture gallery?"

"Yes, sir." "And they were fetched next day?" "Yes, sir." "What were they?" "Statues, sir, in two cases, and a piano in the other."

"How do you know?" "They opened the case and took the piano out."

"A planner, Sammy!" groaned Ehrenberg, involuntarily quoting old Weller's words to his son. "Oh, Oh, woman, woman, you've ruined me!"

"He upset his wine and ran out into the hall, bounded up the short flight of stairs, threw open the gallery door, and switched on the electric lights, to reveal a state of peace within, for the holland draperies met his eyes from end to end, and as the trembling housekeeper tottered in he dropped down upon a covered settee and began to mop his streaming forehead."

"A false alarm, Dunby," he said, huskily. "I was afraid that I thought—I don't understand—yes, I do!" he roared, springing up and rushing to the nearest portion of the wall, to seize and whisk aside the hanging holland covering of a picture.

"I look at it. I know it!" he cried, peering, as an empty massive gilt frame met his eyes. "My Valasquez—worth thousands!"

"He went to the next drapery and dragged it aside. "That heavenly Rubens!" he cried, and rushed on. "My Guido!" he groaned.

"Before another—" "That glorious Vandvye!"

"Then there was a roll of rage before the empty frame of a Botticelli, another where a Murillo should have been seen, and to top, and so on—everywhere a sharp knife had been in use, and the choice repeated works of the great artist had been neatly cut out and were gone."

"Get out of my sight before I murder you!" cried the collector, at last—"No, stop!"

"Yes, sir. Oh, Mr. Ehrenberg, sir—" "Don't talk to me! I'm a ruined man. Here, quick! send for the police!"

"Yes, sir," cried the woman, making for the door, glad to escape. "Not the regular force. Here, what am I saying? Send Betty in a cab, and tell him to bring back the sharpest sergeant from Scotland Yard."

The message was sent, and Ehrenberg calmed down over his wine, which he had finished and was well through a choice cigar before the lynx-eyed detective from the Metropolitan centre arrived, had a short conference with the collector, and then went over the place, saw the empty frames, and heard all that Mrs. Dunby had to say before being closed in the study once more.

"Well, sergeant," said Ehrenberg, "what do you think of it all?" "The same as you do, sir," was the reply.

"What do you mean, sir," cried Ehrenberg, stiffly. "Why, it's all plain enough, sir. Whoever planned the job must have known of you and your doings quite well."

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