

MANY ANXIOUS TRAVELERS.

Steamers From Whitehorse Are All Crowded.

Bonanza King Stayed Three Days on a Bar—Pulled Off by Eldorado—River News.

[From Monday's Daily.]
There are more people at Whitehorse awaiting the departure of steamers for Dawson than it is possible to accommodate; at least this condition prevailed when the Bailey left that port on its last trip down, there being 150 people at that time clamoring for passage. Passengers are arriving there on every train in large numbers, all anxious to get into Dawson at the earliest moment as the impression prevails on the outside that the river will close earlier this year than last season. There is nothing to warrant the presumption at present as there is a better stage of water now than at the same time a year ago.

The washout on the W. P. & Y. R. which delayed travel and freight for several days has been temporarily repaired, a track being built around the break which, while made for permanent travel, has obviated the delay and cleared the road of the congestion at that point.

It will be noticed in the river news by wire reported below that the Bonanza King and Eldorado are both reported to be on a bar. Agent George of the Flyer line says both boats are now on their way down river, he having a subsequent wire from Selkirk to that effect. The Bonanza King has been on a bar for the past three days and the Eldorado was stopped going down to pull her off.

The Bailey arrived Saturday afternoon from Whitehorse. She brought 60 tons of freight, five sacks of mail and the following passengers: M. Gearslan, Elgear Gear, J. Blum, N. Soleberte, E. Soleberte, T. Genest, G. Harmond, M. Patterson, J. Heckling, Mrs. J. S. Harding, E. Reynolds, F. C. Blucker, J. E. Higgins, Ike Rosenthal, T. Tontin, H. Canier, M. Lania, W. Crotson, I. Martel, Miss Montinere, R. Boular, Jas. Martell, D. Dubois, D. Donais, J. LaFrance, F. Martel, S. Tourisener, Irene Thomas, Mrs. J. E. Binet, Mrs. A. Clark, Mrs. J. O. Chute, David Burr, T. Ames, Mrs. T. H. Craig, Mrs. G. Ames, Mrs. Sammerville, L. M. Loy, Mrs. S. Hickey, C. S. Syville, M. Handel, Mrs. H. I. Hull, Miss Howell, Dan Jones, W. Bower, Mrs. L. H. Ekal, R. Moorie, Mrs. A. Bird, A. E. Moorn, D. Porent, V. Bertrand, A. Soune, Wm. Riester, Flora Riester, F. Dunn, Capt. J. Irvin.

The Canadian arrived Sunday. She brought 160 tons of freight, 22 sacks of mail and the following arrivals: Mrs. V. Young, Mrs. Halm, E. C. Baker, J. B. Baker, Mrs. Baker, W. W. Chandler, P. B. Hulston, W. C. Thomas, Mrs. F. Actuant, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. J. A. Fair, C. Becker, G. W. Kleinfelder, D. G. Kleinfelder, J. Rander, J. Spear, R. Swan, T. Scouse, Jno. Bell, C. J. Adams, Mrs. C. L. Schmidt, Mrs. W. S. Taylor, Master Taylor, Della White, P. Gosseline, Mrs. Gosseline, J. B. Gosseline, Alex. McDonald, A. P. Lapiene, Eimle Perrault, G. Roger, R. Bleck, A. W. Skinner, C. Adams, T. H. McMartin, S. Jayne, E. B. Merman, L. D. Kinney, Mrs. Carpenter.

The steamer Tyrrell from Fortymile with a barge in tow, coal laden, docked at the lower end of town last night. She will sail again as soon as unloaded and continue as a collier until the close of navigation. She brought twelve passengers from Fortymile.

The following came by wire this morning: Steamers Bonanza King and Eldorado are both on a bar near Five Fingers.

Steamer Flora passed Selkirk coming down at 9 a. m. today.

The Zealandian and Ora arrived at Whitehorse last night. The steamer Light left that terminal yesterday evening.

Police Assistance Required.

Some idea can be formed of the anxiety of Dawson-bound travelers to reach here from the experience of the steamer Bailey on her previous trip to Whitehorse. When she arrived there, being the first of the C. D. Co.'s steamers to arrive for two or three days, the waiting passengers crowded ahead to the number of more than double her capacity and, as all had tickets via that line, they were all equal in their rights to passage. But as not over one-half of them could be carried on the voyage down the river, it became necessary to call on the police to clear the people off. After which they were

assigned passage in the order in which they reached the purser's window until all accommodations were filled. When the Bailey left Whitehorse there were more ticket holders left on the wharf than were aboard the steamer. But the C. D. Co. is rushing its boats as well as are all the other river operators, and another week or ten days will probably clear up the passenger business or the greater part of it. In the meantime, the demand for freight space is even more urgent than that for passenger accommodations.

Congestion Feared.

The Bar Association met Saturday afternoon to discuss the plans for the new courthouse, recently submitted by Superintendent of Public Works Fuller, and passed some resolutions concerning the matter which seemed appropriate.

At the time the plans were drawn there was but one judge for the territorial court, and provision was made for but one courtroom. But with the increase in business has naturally come a demand for more work than could be performed by one judge, and when Judge Dugas returns there will be two judges with but a single courtroom, and unless another room is provided at once a great congestion of legal business is predicted.

The Bar's action Saturday was taken with a view to avoiding this if possible, and at the same time, changing the plans of the proposed building so as to devote it exclusively to business purposes. The board of public works was asked to hasten the construction of at least one wing of the new building, so as to provide another courtroom before the final settling down of winter. The sense of this resolution was wired to Commissioner Ogilvie at Whitehorse.

The bar also believes that a more central location for the new building should be sought instead of the present site, and also reminded the board of public works that accommodations should be provided for the judges, the clerk of the court and the sheriff.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Crepe de chine is a popular material for wedding gowns.

Trim your dimity gowns with hemmed frillings of white point d'esprit accordion plaited.

Some very swell bathing suits are made of black satin, with a colored linen collar and yest.

Mohair is the favorite material for bathing suits in black, blue and gray, trimmed with a band of white mohair striped with braid.

A pretty skirt for cycling is made with a rather deep yoke pointing down in front and at the back, the lower part being box plaited on to this.

Jeweled neckband brooches, pins for the hair, which confine the short locks at the back; neck chains and jeweled or enameled belts are all very popular.

Serpentine insertions cut out of all over lace and finished on the edge with either black or white silk cord are used to trim crepe de chine and veiling gowns.

Two piece linen suits in white or colors are all the rage, but their especial chic quality is in the fact that they are tailor made, with exclusive smartness in the finish.

Very pretty fancy belts are made of narrow bands of colored suede leather joined at intervals with gold slides over a satin lining. Velvet ribbon is also used in this way.

One variety of sporting hat made of coarse but tight white straw has a slightly drooping brim, and a scarf of cream canvas with large moons of some light color in silk scattered over it is twisted around the cone shaped crown.—New York Sun.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Grapes are nearly always benefited by thinning.

Fruit for jelly is better if picked before it is dead ripe.

Uncrowded trees are more productive than crowded ones.

Rotation of crops is as necessary in gardening as on the farm.

Care must be taken not to cut the asparagus plants too late.

A good tree or plant takes up no more room than a poor one.

With apples a moderate thinning will cause the rest to hold on better.

With fruit maturity is one stage and ripeness or mellowness another.

Deep stirring of the soil gives moisture, and moisture makes thrifty growth.

Oil straw, bagasse and swale hay are good materials to use for mulching in the orchard.

If the grapes are to be thinned, the work should be done as soon as the growth is advanced enough to show the fruit.

Raspberry and blackberry plants set out this spring should be allowed to grow through the season without check.

In transplanting small plants secure all the roots possible and keep the plants out of the ground as short a time as possible.—St. Louis Republic.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

THE STAGE ROBBER WILTED

When Touched by Little Jim's Innocent Prattle.

An Actual Occurrence in the Stage Coach Days of Dakota as Told in the Butte Miner.

There were five men of us and a boy in the far western stagecoach as it rolled over the rough roads of Dakota. We had been together for four days. We called the boy Jim because his father did. We knew his father to be Colonel Weston, banker, cattleman and mine owner. The colonel wasn't a man to whom a stranger would take at first glance, and even after four days of his company none of us could say we liked him. When you came to study him closely, you saw that he was revengeful and relentless. The boy was frank, chipper and good natured, and you took a liking to him as soon as you looked into his big blue eyes. His age was about 10, and he had wit and knowledge beyond his years. We had yet 20 miles to go to reach the terminus, and the hour was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the coach came to a sudden halt as it tolled up hill. Next moment the driver called to us:

"All you folks what don't want your heads blown off had better get down and line up. We've been stopped by a road agent."

We had arms in plenty, but no one moved to resist. Every bullet fired by the robber would bore its way through the coach and find a target, while the robber had the cover of the horses and was safe from our fire. It seems cowardly when you read it, but to get down and submit to be robbed was the wisest thing to do under the circumstances.

Little Jim was not a bit frightened. On the contrary, he rather enjoyed the situation. It was not so with the colonel. I saw him turn pale and heard him cursing under his breath, and he was the last man to get down.

The robber had a double barreled shotgun in his hands. He cautioned the driver to hold the coach where it was and then advanced upon us. He glanced carelessly into each face until his eyes rested on the colonel. Then he gave a sudden start, drew in his breath with a gasp, and we realized that there was a recognition. The colonel grew white under his look and began to tremble. The boy had no sooner looked into the road agent's face than he cried out:

"Why, it's Mr. Pelton—Mr. Pelton! Say, Mr. Pelton, I'm awfully glad to see you. Where've you been this long time?"

"So it's you, Jimmy," laughed the robber as he held out his hand for a shake. "Well, you have been growing since I saw you last. It's a wonder you knew me at first sight."

"Oh, I used to like you so well I couldn't forget your face," replied the boy. "Are there robbers around, Mr. Pelton?"

With gentle hand the man pushed the boy back in line and then stepped back a pace or two. As he did so his face grew very sober, and I saw a flash in his black eyes I did not like. His voice was low and steady as he finally said:

"I'm much obliged for your promptness in climbing down and lining up, and I think I'll let you off this time. The four of you may go back into the coach and go on. I'm leaving your guns with you, but don't attempt to play me any trick."

The colonel took his son by the hand and attempted to enter the stage with us, but the robber motioned him back.

"W-what do you want of me?" asked the colonel in a voice which quavered.

"I'll tell you later," was the reply. As the coach started on we looked out to see the three standing in the road. Little Jim still had hold of his father's hand, but had reached out the other and caught the robber's sleeve.

When we had gone 200 feet, the road turned and shut them from our view.

At the disappearance of the stage the man turned on Colonel Weston and pointed to the hillside on the right and said:

"Move on that way. Jimmy, give me your hand, and I'll help you along."

The white faced colonel entered the pines and held a straight course up the hill. Behind him came the robber and his son. The boy had been full of curiosity at first, but presently he was awed and frightened by the looks cast upon his father.

Two or three years before he and Mr. Pelton had been great friends. Mr. Pelton had been manager for his father. One day there had been a bitter quarrel, pistols had been drawn, the sheriff had rushed in, and Mr. Pelton had fled to escape arrest. He remembered his father calling the fugitive a thief and of men being sent out to hunt him down. All this came back to him as they followed the father up the rough way, and though he knew nothing of man's vengeance there was a feeling of dread in his soul. Now and then the robber ordered the colonel to the right or left, but these were the only words spoken until they finally

reached a rude camp high up among the boulders. By and by the robber half turned to look the colonel in the face and said:

"I've waited for this for two years. I could neither die nor go away until I had killed you."

"It will be murder—cold blooded murder," replied the colonel as he folded his arms.

"If it was murder a hundred times over, I'd do it. Do you suppose I can forget Rose Harper? Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's grave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from justice on a false charge? I'd kill you if 1,000 men surrounded me."

The colonel was silent for a time. He did not look at his boy, but past him. The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over him as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He turned from his father after awhile to look at the robber.

There was another look strange to him. It was a set determination to kill—the look of a man who had hated and thirsted and waited.

"Take the boy away first," said the colonel with a touch of entreaty in his voice.

"Yes; that will be proper," answered Pelton. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What—what you going to do with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the would be murderer.

"Never mind. Do you see that big rock up there? Well, go up there and see what is hidden behind it. Shake hands with your father before you go."

The boy crossed over to his father in a puzzled way, and the father lifted him up and kissed him. When he put him down, he said to him:

"Run along, Jimmy. If you don't find me when you come back, Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the lad. "I'm awfully glad to see him. Wasn't it queer to meet him 'way off here? I was saying only a week ago that I wish'd he was back with us so that he could mend my wagon and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long, and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?"

Little Jim started off for the rock, but he hadn't taken ten steps before he was back again to say to the robber:

"And I want you to make me a new water wheel, and the handle has come out of the hammer, and nobody will sharpen my knife for me. If you don't come back, I don't know what I shall do."

"Perhaps I'll come back," whispered Pelton as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man and shouldn't have gone away. Mother told me if I ever met you I might speak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are coming back."

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footsteps and his voice as he made his way toward the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees and then turned to the robber and quietly said:

"Before he comes back. And you'll help him to get home?"

"Yes; before he comes back," replied Pelton as he drew his revolver. "It won't be murder, Colonel Weston. It'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive you?"

The colonel sat erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his heart and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from little Jim. Half way to the rock he had turned about to shout:

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think up some new Indian and bear stories to tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The colonel's eyes opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them, there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for death:

"I can't do it. Little Jim would know it some day. When he comes back, take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedarville."

With that he walked off into the brush and was out of sight in a moment. When little Jim returned, he found his father sitting as he had left him and gazing into the woods.

"What is it, father?" he asked. "What's the matter with you and where is Mr. Pelton?"

The man rose up slowly, took his ooty's hand in his, and without a word in answer he led the way down to the stage trail and safety.—Butte Miner.

A Decision Yesterday

Judge Craig handed down a decision in the Banks-Woodworth case yesterday afternoon by which ruling the appointment of a new trustee is in order. If the interested parties cannot agree on a trustee the court will appoint one.

TRANSMISSION OF POWER

By Insulated Cables to Take the Place of Steam

In Pumping and Hoisting on the Various Creeks—Some Magnificent Machinery.

The shops and light and power station of the Dawson Light & Power Co. present a very busy, and to the uninitiated in things mechanical and electrical, a somewhat confusing scene just now, as much work is in progress, such as installing new engines, boilers, generators, switchboards and all the rest of the machinery and contrivances used in the working of a plant extensive enough to supply light and power to a city twice Dawson's present size. This is largely due to the company's new departure in the matter of furnishing power for mining purposes to the creeks, and for the increase in the demands of the city for lights.

To meet the new demands, a new compound Ideal engine of 350 horse power has been placed in the power house, and a 500 horse power, water tube boiler has been placed in position just behind the engine room. This is the largest and most expensive machinery thus far imported. The engine is accompanied by a Wheeler condenser, which, according to Machinist James Lisle makes the running much more economical and raises the power of the engine considerably, by reason of exhausting into vacuum, thereby avoiding the atmospheric pressure. The engine took the gold medal at the world's Columbian exposition, having made a record run there of 171 days without a stop. Of course it is needless to say that there is little danger of a stop being made which would interfere with lights or power when such machinery furnishes the motive power. Given such an advantage to start with, all the running being in the hands of competent men, such as Mr. Lisle and Electrician Walter Emerson, and the whole under the able management and supervision of J. A. Williams, and people may rest assured that the power will be continuous and the lights steady during the long nights.

The new Polyphase transmission of power system now in course of construction between here and the Forks is nearly complete, and in about ten days the entire plant and system will be in readiness to begin its work. It was little thought by the pioneers who first unearthed the yellow metal of the Klondike that within such a brief time the power to hoist the buckets from shafts, and keep them pumped dry would be sent from Dawson over insulated cables, yet such is the fact of today.

One of the machines which is to be a prominent part in all this work is the wonderful compensating Field three-phase alternating current generator, with its vast power of 200,000, equivalent to about 400 horse power, capable of furnishing some 7,000 lamps of 16 candle power. Besides this machine, which is the newest and best that money would buy there are two other generators which make the station's voltage about ten thousand strong.

This big generator with its bewildering power runs without jar and with such a lack of noise that one almost wishes it would rumble and roar, just as an indication of its power.

At present there are seven motors on hand, but 24 more are enroute. Altogether the plant is one which would do great credit to a city twice Dawson's size, and in a country where the transportation of heavy machinery has ceased to be a problem, and where the season for the shipment of freight is the whole year.

Stewart Work Progressing.

A prospector in the new Stewart river diggings at Clear creek reports that district to be all right and very promising for permanent work. "There are now, he says, 'five hundred men in the country and plenty of grub has been sent in to last all winter. Where I am working I have found gold wherever it could be expected to lay, the pans running from three to twenty-five cents."

The creek is not reported to be particularly rich, but gold is taken out in paying quantities. A great deal of the work being done in that country is said to be shrouded in mystery as the men interested do not wish to start a stampede, and wish to keep as far away as possible from the entanglements anticipated by the advent among them of the representatives of the government.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.