

STEAMER FOR KOYUKUK.

Captain Syd Barrington Has Leased Florence S.

Will Run Between Dawson and Peavy and Possibly on to the Gold Diggings.

Capt. Syd Barrington, the young but experienced river navigator, arrived over the ice a few days ago and has already arranged for his summer's avocation by taking a lease on the staunch little steamer Florence S., which he will operate on the Dawson Koyukuk run. As many larger and deeper draught steamers than the Florence S. have been up the Koyukuk to Peavy, a distance from the Yukon of 550 miles, Capt. Barrington is of the opinion that he will be able to operate his steamer clear on up the river to where the gold is being taken out.

The Florence S. is of 20 tons burden and will carry at the same time 75 passengers. When laden she draws but 13 inches of water and can, therefore, be run where there is even a trace of moisture.

It is Capt. Barrington's intention to have everything in readiness to follow the ice down the Yukon, or be as nearly in its wake as will be possible. Already there is a great deal of talk about the Koyukuk and it is likely that by the time navigation is open on the Yukon, it will also be open on the Koyukuk river, and the travel into that country will be large, and in case good reports continue to come out, the rush to that country during the summer will be greater than it has ever been from Dawson to Nome.

Persons who contemplate the trip to Koyukuk should bear in mind the fact that unless they take their own provisions with them they will be in line for starvation, no matter how plentiful the gold may be. As yet there are no stores or trading posts established in that portion of the country and provisions and supplies are not to be purchased at any price. However, if the camp proves as rich as it is reported, the question of purchasing supplies there will probably be obviated before the expiration of the season by the opening of stores and the establishing of trading posts and eating houses.

Religion in the Philippines.

The latest acquisition to the territory of the United States, the Philippines, has been discussed from the standpoints of trade, commerce, politics and war, and now comes Bishop Potter who discusses it from the standpoint of religion. The following is a New York Associated Press telegram:

A partial report of the condition of affairs as found in the Philippines by Bishop Potter, addressed to the joint commission on the increased responsibilities of the Protestant Episcopal church, has been made public. The report is in part as follows:

"The religious situation in the Philippines is such as was to be expected in a colony of Spain. She has stamped her ecclesiastical traditions—narrow, intolerant and often corrupting—wherever she has gone, and she has gone almost everywhere among the various islands of the archipelago, great and small. Worst of all, her religious orders, except perhaps the Jesuits, have robbed the people, wrong from them their lands and taxed the administration of the sacraments and ordinances of religion with a scale of exactions and impositions at once scandalous and outrageous.

"If we are to retain these islands and the undersigned are constrained to own, however, they may differ from any of their associates as to the wisdom of originally entering upon them, that no other course seems for the present open to the United States, these wrongs and the righting of them lie at the foundation of the whole Philippine problem. We must do justly in the Philippines, or God will have no use for us, and our presence there will inevitably redound to our national dishonor."

Spirits on a Man-of-War.

Wines and spirits on an English man-of-war are laid in by the officers at their own cost. The quantity, however, is limited by the wants of each mess. The orders to the wine merchant must be viced by the captain, and he is supposed to keep a careful eye on the amount consumed. The officers no longer receive rations of rum, but a small allowance in money instead. Nor is it issued to seamen under 20 years of age.

Before being served out to the crew it is again diluted in the proportion of one part of rum to three parts of water. This is grog, which derives its name

from Admiral Vernon. He it was who first diluted rum. He habitually wore a program coat and went by the name of Old Grog. The barrel is broached on deck at the dinner hour, and each comes forward with his pannikin in turn.

All government stores are marked in some way so that they can be readily identified. The rum has a small quantity of finely chopped hair introduced into it, which can be detected by holding it up to the light.—Chambers' Journal.

An Ecclesiastic Delay.

A week ago many friends of Rev. J. A. Sinclair, who was known to have left Bennett 15 or 20 days previous for this place, were daily expecting him to put in an appearance; but he came not, nor has he since come. However, Rev. Wright received a wire yesterday to the effect that the party in question had taken a several days' layover at Selkirk and had started for this place yesterday morning. Owing to the condition of the trail he will probably not reach here before the middle of next week.

IF MOTHER WAS A MAN.

If mother was a man,
I want to say to you,
There'd be different goin's on,
An' what I say is true,
'Cuz mother never tells a lie;
She always does what's right;
She's good as she can be all day,
An' just the same at night,
How do I know?
She told me so.

If mother was a man,
She could make the law;
She'd make it so there'd never be
Such a cruel thing as war;
An' she would make another law
To gov'rn' married men,
Requirin' them to be at home
Promp' every night at ten,
How do I know?
She told me so.

If mother was a man,
All private clubs would be
Wiped out of existence,
Just 'twixt you an' me,
An' in her sleep couldn't say,
As pa does: "What'd you draw?
Give me two cards, what!
Straight flush! That's against the law."
How do I know?
She told me so.

If mother was a man,
She'd stop the sale of rum;
She'd fill the world with sunshine,
An' give everybody some,
There'd be no need of goin' to heaven
To get away from woe,
'Cuz if mother was a man,
'Twould be heaven here below,
How do I know?
She told me so.
—Thomas Holmes in Trenton State Gazette.

In North Carolina.

"I spent my vacation last summer in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina," said a New Orleans rice broker, "and was deeply interested in the quaint, primitive people in the neighborhood where I staid. It was a little settlement southwest of Asheville, away off the line of the railroad and full of characters that would have made a fine study for Miss Murfree or John Fox."

"One of the most picturesque of the lot was an old fellow who kept a country store at a crossroads up in the mountains and who had acquired a sort of patriarchal authority over all the surrounding district. Captain Lake, as everybody called him, was barely able to write his name, and his knowledge of the outside world was extremely vague, but he had a great store of homely wisdom and was regarded by the country folks as a sort of oracle. His sayings were quoted far and wide, he was general arbiter of disputes, and his decisions were as much respected as those of a court.

"One day I was sitting in the store, talking with the old man, when the conversation turned on modern inventions, and I began to describe a few things I thought would interest him. He listened in silence while I detailed the workings of the automobile, and even the Holland torpedo boat failed to elicit more than a grunt; but when I started on the biograph he shifted uneasily in his chair and finally mumbled some excuse and went indoors.

"If I was you, stranger, I'd draw it mild on them yarns," said a native who had strolled up while I was talking. "Captain Jake licked a city chap for foolin' him only last month."

"But I wasn't foolin' him," I protested. "Everything I told him is gospel truth."

"That's what the other feller said," replied the native, "but Captain Jake swatted him all the same."

"What did the city man tell him?" I asked, with some curiosity. The native chuckled.

"The biggest whopper you ever heard. He said there was an Eyclalian named Macaroni could send off telegraphs without no wire or nuthin—just shoot 'em through the air."

"He was a prize liar," I said with great presence of mind, "and Captain Jake ought to have murdered him."

"As I walked down the road I thanked my lucky stars I had stopped where I did. The next thing I had intended describing was the X ray, which would certainly have called for gore."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

INTREPID ENGLISH WOMAN.

Who Was Born With a Love of Adventure.

She Has Explored Former Unknown Regions in Botanical Research—Now a Nurse.

Miss Mary H. Kingsley, who has just sailed for South Africa, where she will join the hospital service of the British as nurse, is one of the most distinguished women in England and an explorer and scientist of note. While she is not precisely the kind of woman Beloit describes in his "Black Venus," her travels in Africa are in many respects comparable with those attributed to the fictional heroine of the French author's romances.

Miss Kingsley is the daughter of Dr. G. H. Kingsley and the niece of the late famous Canon Kingsley. She was born with the love of travel and adventure in her soul, and as a child she took naturally to the study of botany and zoology, finding her laboratory in the fields and in the woods. For one or another reason, she did not indulge her passion for penetrating unknown lands and visiting strange peoples until 1893, and in that year she made her first journey to Africa.

Going to St. Paul de Loanda for the primary purpose of studying the flora of Africa, she was soon tempted out of the civilized zone and pushed her way into regions which had never before been traversed by Europeans. In cutting her way through thick brush, conquering primeval forests, camping in swamps and setting up her tents now and then in delightful meadows near sweet streams, this tenderly reared woman found great delight, which was intensified by her discoveries of valuable botanical specimens. With these she returned to England, and they are now the prized possessions of the museums.

It is said that one journey through unknown Africa forever binds the traveler to the desire of return. The rule operated perfectly in the case of Miss Kingsley, for after three years of life in tame and civilized Europe she began to long for the jungle once more. In 1896 she returned to the dark continent, this time to visit Old Calabar and the river of the Niger Coast Protectorate. Thence she made a journey into the country of the elephant and the gorilla, making her way into parts of Africa in which no other explorer had set foot. After several hairbreadth escapes from raging floods and from wild beasts the intrepid traveler managed to reach her friends of the French Protestant mission at Talaguga. Here she spent some weeks in rest with these hospitable Europeans, and then Miss Kingsley undertook a courageous journey across the country to Ogonou on the Remwe river. There, too, she explored regions into which she was the first white person to penetrate.

The result of these journeys and investigations Miss Kingsley has incorporated in her two books, "Travels in West Africa" and "West African Studies." These may be counted among the most interesting contributions to the literature of African exploration. It is now only three years since Miss Kingsley left Africa, and, while she returns thither in the capacity of a nurse, it is by no means certain that her innate love of the wilds and of adventurous action has not much to do with her present determination.

Miss Kingsley, it is understood, will improve her opportunities in South Africa by a study of the remarkable botany of that interesting region, especially in transplanted specimens.

Should Be Investigated.

A Nugget representative has been informed by responsible authority that some time ago when the general demand for moose and cariboo meat began to move, that nearly all that class of meat in the city was bought by the second-class restaurant and lunch counter people at small cost, and that it is now being served at reduced rates, but at great profit to hungry customers who think they are getting a whole lot, compared with former prices, for their money.

The gentleman who is authority for the above yesterday made it his business to visit several kitchens from which this meat is being served, and he says that in several places he found large pieces of both moose and cariboo which were almost putrid; and yet, he asserts, this meat, after being sprinkled with copperas, is cooked, served and eaten. When told by the reporter that it is his duty to report such conditions to the authorities, the party replied that

it was his intention to do so today; in which case the local health officer will certainly be requested to do some investigating. Restaurant keepers who are not engaged in the cheap meat business will welcome a scrutiny of their premises at any time, as the fact that nothing wrong will be found will be to them a "clear bill;" but those found to be serving spoiled meat to their customers will be commensurately dealt with.

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