

BY WIRE.

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NO SUB-PORT AT NOME.

Uncle Sam Will Not Make the Beach Town a Port of Entry.

Bunco Game in Seattle—How Two Swedes Were Victimized for the Sum of \$250.

From Wednesday's Daily.
In a letter to Secretary Prosch, of the Chamber of Commerce, which was read at yesterday's meeting, John F. Evans, special agent of the treasury department writes from Sitka expressing decided prejudice against the proposed creating of a subport of entry at Nome.
"For your information," says Mr. Evans, "I am permitted to say that the reasons pro and con gathered by me in course of my inquiry touching this matter have been reported to the honorable secretary of the treasury for his consideration and action. The lack of natural harbor or landing facilities at Cape Nome, the want of warehousing accommodations, the convenience of the ports of Unalaska and St. Michael, the ample capacity of vessels of the United States listed for the Alaska trade, the uncertain character of the placer mining discoveries as to permanency and the storm of opposition manifested at Pacific coast ports to the opening of Nome to general trade, will doubtless have great weight with the secretary of the treasury in reaching his decision in the matter."—P. I.

He Was Easy.

Peter Larson, of Minneapolis, is the latest victim of the festive bunco men, whom Chief of Police Reed has instructed his detectives to round up on sight. Larson was just as easy as J. H. Erickson, and the peculiar part of it all is that he was swindled out his \$250 by the same method adopted in the Erickson case.

"Four days ago," said Larson, "I met a fellow countryman named Johnson on the water front. I was going to Nome, and he said he was going there also. We became good friends, and finally went into partnership, intending to take up some cattle. Johnson introduced me to J. P. Hudson, who was staying at the York hotel.

"Hudson had several claims at Nome, and made a proposition to have us work a lay on shares. He said that last year he had been given the worst of it by men who worked for him, and that on this account he would require each of us to put up \$250 as an indication of good faith. A regular contract was drawn up. We were to do the work and get 50 per cent of the proceeds. I paid Hudson \$250 in cash and my partner gave him a check."

When Larson left police headquarters he said that he had not seen either Johnson or Hudson since, although they promised to meet him Tuesday night.

Cecil Was Grateful.

About a week ago Bob Darrah, a big New Zealander, who resides near the mouth of Ainsley creek, found a trunk floating in the water, which proved to be the property of Miss Cecil Marion, which had been lost from the steamer Stratton near Selkirk last fall.

Robert opened the trunk, took out the soiled dresses and lingerie which he washed and surprised his neighbor by unfurling to the breeze from his own modest clothes line from which had formerly been suspended such things as overalls, coarse shirts and German socks. After the finery was all nicely dried and ironed, it was carefully folded, a dash of lavender squirted over it, and replaced in the trunk. The gallant New Zealander then put on his "other" clothes and, having at the exercise of much ingenuity, constructed a raft of two logs and a board, placed the precious trunk on it, seated himself on top of the trunk and floated down the broad bosom of the Yukon, all the while wearing a smile as big as a blanket mortgage. As he thought of the bewitching smiles which the owner of the long lost trunk and its contents would bestow on him, his heart grew light and airy like "rooms to let" and the little birds warbled their sweet lays in his heart. As the raft was a small one, there was nothing to be seen above water but the trunk and Robert, who lustily sang, as he thought of all the soft, fluffy stuff in the trunk!

"Then roil away rover, the waters so blue,
Like a feather we float in our do-do-do."
The old raft finally reached Dawson and tied up; the trunk was gotten ashore, an express wagon procured and it was carried triumphantly to its owner. Miss Marion was delighted to receive the trunk which she had long mourned as lost; and on the impulse of

the moment, she offered the big New Zealander, who had only worked on the matter a week, \$10 for his trouble. Robert did not accept the money, but his suggestion as to its disposition is not stated. He left for Ainsley in a hurry, saying he was going back to apologize to his clothes line.

An Enjoyable Evening.

At the opening of the Public Library and Reading Room, corner of Third avenue and Harper street, Monday night, an excellent concert was rendered to commemorate the event. Several interesting speeches were rendered prior to the musical part of the program, notably those of Dr. McDougal and Commissioner Ogilvie.

Dr. McDougal gave an interesting history of the institution of which he is the president and suggested that the Yukon council might help the library by donating moneys for its perpetuation.

In reply Commissioner Ogilvie stated that individually he did not think that every member of the council heartily supported the proposition, but unfortunately, at the present time the available funds would not, he thought, permit of the council helping the institution in the manner suggested. He added that he took great pleasure in announcing the fact of a lot being offered suitable for a site and given gratis by the Harper and Ladue people. Later on he thought the council would act for the benefit of the Library Association. The following program was rendered to a crowded house:

- Song, "Angel Lord"..... Mrs. Hetherington
- Song, "You'll Never Know"..... Corporal Cobb
- Selection, "Yukon F. F. Band"..... Yukon F. F. Band
- Reading, "Leviux Temp"..... Com. Ogilvie
- Reading, "Bowerly Fairy Tale"..... Mrs. Moore
- Song, "We All Love Jack"..... Corporal Preston
- Selection, "Yukon F. F. Band"..... Yukon F. F. Band
- Song, "The Children's Home"..... Mrs. Thompson
- Song, "The Story of Bethlehem"..... Mr. Zimmerman
- Selection, "Yukon F. F. Band"..... Yukon F. F. Band
- Dance, Highland fling (costume)..... Mrs. Henderson
- Song, "Off to Philadelphia"..... Dr. McDonald
- Song, "On Deck"..... Mr. Bennett
- Song, "My Honey Love So Well"..... Mr. Clayton
- Selection, "Yukon F. F. Band"..... Yukon F. F. Band
- Selection, bagpipes..... Mr. Henderson
- Reading, "God Save the Queen"..... Capt. Jack Crawford

New A. B. Outfit.

Mr. T. J. Wood arrived from Skagway on Monday bringing to E. J. White, arctic recorder of Dawson Camp, No. 4, Arctic Brotherhood, the new rituals, by-laws and other instructions so long expected. Included in the outfit just received are two pictures, one the original sketch of the charter at the top of which are the American and British flags and the words: "No boundary line here." The other is a picture of the camp building at Skagway, one of the most commodious structures in the Gateway City. In the background of the picture appears a fine picture of "Gnome's face" which all Skagwayans remember as being located on the mountain ridge across the bay and towards Dyea, and on which, owing to the melting snow lately appeared in perfect outline the mystic letter A. B. F. The wonder is best described by the following from the Skagway Alaskan:

"On the face of the rugged granite mountain at the northwest of the city nature has traced in gigantic dimensions the capital letters A. B. F. They are done in snow, driven and forced into the rocky rents of the mountain by the winter winds. So fierce has been the impact of the winds with the frozen particles, so high is the elevation of the snow, that they remain there today, pure, undefiled traceries forming the letters A. B. F. One might think they were made with a huge piece of chalk in the hand of a giant. Just now the letters A. B. are especially distinct. Some time ago the F. was more marked.

"Everyone who has looked upon the freak when it is pointed out has caught the outline of the letters without having to hesitate a moment to make discernment. The Arctic Brotherhood members have laid claim to the design and to the mountain, and declare that the Arctic Queen bestowed this unusual decoration in honor of their distinctive order; the A. B. F., they say, standing for Arctic Brotherhood Forever."

All the new paraphernalia will be at the hall Friday evening, when it is expected that all members will be present to learn of the new work.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

Fresh eggs just arrived. Mohr & Wilkens.

New Proprietor at the Criterion.

Mr. J. H. Weiter, has assumed control of the Criterion, and is now in sole charge of the place. He is an experienced business man and will without doubt make that well-known resort a popular rendezvous for the boys this summer. "Nothing but the best" is to be his motto. It is Mr. Weiter's intention to conduct the Criterion on strictly first-class lines and consequently those fond of the good things of life will be found at his resort.

We are selling lemons. Mohr & Wilkens.

For meats and vegetables for Sunday's dinner go to the Denver Market.

MOTHER EARTH TREMBLED

When Two and a Half Tons of Powder Exploded.

One of the Heaviest Blasts Known in the History of Railroad Construction—Cost Over \$1000.

Two and a half tons of powder were fired in one mighty blast on the railroad along Lake Bennett at noon Wednesday. The pent up energy of the giant shot threw the granite mountains into a tremor for miles and wrested from its sleep of ages the ponderous weight of 6000 cubic yards of rock.

There was no report to be heard half a mile away. Simply one huge convulsion occurred, as though the mother earth were in the agony of death, and the irresistible force lifted off a face of the mountain for 200 feet, and let the loosened mass drop with a mighty splash into the lake.

The blast was fired in the construction of the grade ten miles beyond Bennett. The point where the shot was fired was along a shrouded cliff standing 200 feet perpendicularly above the surface of the lake, and continuing a sheer precipice of great depth below the water.

It was expected the mass of rock would fill the edge of the lake, but no, down it went to an oblivious rest fathoms below the surface.

So terrific was the effect of the tremor and of the falling of the rock that the ice of the lake was cracked into thousands of pieces a distance of four miles. For five miles the waves danced along the narrow strip of open shore and lifted chunks of ice upon the beach. Men standing half a mile from the blast on the shore saw the unusual phenomenon of water rising in a tidal wave a height of four feet almost directly under them.

"These wonders seem more wonderful yet," says H. C. Barley, the Skagway photographer, who was present, "when it is considered that the lake at the place of the blast is a full mile in width.

"The ice of the lake was two or three feet thick, but being nearly ready to break up, was of course, rotten and in places could be pierced with a stick. Yet it was something extraordinary to see that great frozen sheet thrown into such a hubbub in almost the twinkling of an eye. It was split in all directions, and fell and rose and ground peevishly in huge pieces as big, some of them, as a city block.

"Fearful of the rock being thrown high in the air, everyone had gotten so far away that no one saw the rock in upheaval and descent. Yet it is known now that it simply lifted and went over in one upheaval and plunge.

"The shots were all fired in a tunnel running inward 30 feet direct from the face of the cliff, and turning to one side 25 feet, and to the other 20 feet. These tunnels kept the force of the powder confined, and smothered what would otherwise have been a loud report. No energy went to waste by escaping at openings. All combined to shake the foundations of the mountain and seek an opening by lifting off the high mass above it.

"Once the load was lifted the force was so spent that the smoke rose from the scene of the blast in a languid drift.

"The first intimation we had of the shots having gone off was a tremor like an earthquake. It swayed the mountains that stand a bulwark of solid granite for miles, as though they were nothing more than trail frame houses. "Had we known no rock would be thrown, we would have stood across the lake and watched the bluff in its travail."

This shot was the largest ever fired in this part of the country, and perhaps will rank with the largest shots in the world. The powder, caps and fuse used cost a thousand dollars or more. Alaskan.

Summer drinks and ice cream. Mrs. West's.

Notice.

George Brewitt intends to leave for the outside not later than the 5th of July. All persons having accounts against me are requested to present same not later than June 20th, and all persons knowing themselves indebted are hereby asked to pay same.

GEO. BREWITT, Merchant Tailor, Second ave.

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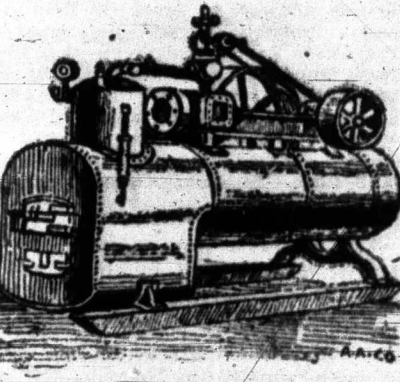
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