

# YUKON RIVER FULL OF ICE

### Flora Leaves This Afternoon For Whitehorse.

### Anglian Starts With Mail Tomorrow Ora Will Arrive and Attempt Another Trip.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily The Yukon was thick with running ice this morning, and shore ice closed in around all the scows and rafts on the water front and the Marjorie's skipper was seen breaking the ice away from his vessel this morning preparatory to making his initial trip to the other side.

The steamer Monarch has the appearance of having made a part of her last trip overland, and a rough one at that. A quarter section of her side above the main-deck has been stove in, and she looks much the worse for wear. The Anglian is taking on wood and cargo today, and will leave for up river points tomorrow. She will carry supplies for the C. D. Co.'s roadhouses, and the crews of steamers wintering here.

There were two arrivals from up river points, the Gold Star and Flora, arriving during last evening.

The Flora brought mail and the following list of passengers: A. R. Barman, S. R. Bonnin, S. Bonnin, L. Hoffman, L. Silvester, V. S. Bressler, L. Latham, Mr. J. Wylie, Miss Wylie, Mrs. McNaught, Chas. S. Rogers, Mrs. C. B. Campbell, Mrs. W. Dulin, Miss McParkin, W. R. Johnson, Miss Nora Stevens, Miss Lillian Arthur, Mrs. E. Hart, Miss Hart, Master Hart, Mrs. H. J. Johnston, Mrs. S. C. Wilkins, Miss Whitney, Miss McPherson, W. S. H. Moore, W. L. Walsh, J. Myers, Col. McGregor, Master W. Sinclair, H. J. Woodside, A. L. Dart, Dr. Thompson.

The Flora leaves for Whitehorse again this afternoon.

The C. D. Co. has its dog teams and drivers out at the various stations in readiness for the coming winter work. The teams will run from post to post this year with two men to the team, till such time as the trail is broken for horse teams, when the dog team service will be discontinued and passengers and mail will be carried by double horse teams and comfortable sleighs as a special bid is to be made this year for passenger traffic.

Some changes have been made this year in the roadhouses of the company. Steamboat slough, just above Selkirk will be a regular stopping place this year, and Ritchie's island, 20 miles this side of Selkirk, will also be a company house. Nine miles this side of Selwyn there will be a stopping place, and island post, completes the list of changes, as the roadhouses otherwise will be the same as they were last year.

The Anglian, leaving tomorrow, will carry mail. Not many steamers are left up the river, and on account of the closing season nearly all are tied up here, so that telegraphic reports concerning the vessels above grow shorter with each succeeding day.

This morning the Ora is reported as passing Hootalinqua at 4 o'clock, the Sifton passed Selkirk at 5 a. m., and the Quick passed Salmon river at 10.25 p. m. yesterday.

On the morning of the 11th, four days ago, there was less than 300 tons of freight for Dawson remained at Whitehorse and at that time there were sufficient scows there to transport every pound of it with many scows to spare. It seems that when the big accumulation of freight was at Whitehorse three weeks ago that people became frightened at the prospect, and, fearing that their consignments would not reach Dawson this year, did not quibble over the price of scows with the result that almost any demand in price was readily met. On this subject a late issue of the Alaskan says:

"The pernicious activity" to quote Grover Cleveland—in scow building is said to have killed the goose that laid the gold eggs. Speculators came in and paid big prices for scows and there are now more than there is likely to be any demand for. Some of Skagway's enterprising citizens are said to have lost money on scow speculations."

It is very probable that by the present time the Whitehorse warehouses are practically empty, and if there is any freight there it consists of machinery and hay.

Hellsgate is reported to be fully as menacing to scow traffic as to that of steamboats, as the many "draws" lead from the main channel off between islands to the flats as to render it very

hard to keep the scows from wandering from the crooked channel and finding the bottom shortly afterwards. The water at all upper river points is reported as falling very rapidly.

### Short Stops.

The population of Seattle as announced by the census bureau for 1900 is 80,671. This is a little less than 10,000 smaller than Portland, and will make Seattle third city on the Pacific coast.

Mayor Harrison rapped a recent meeting of the Chicago city council to order with a Spanish machete, explaining as he did so that that the weapon had been presented to him by a returned soldier who captured it from a Spaniard in Cuba.

President McKinley, having been asked by Joseph Garezynski of Ripon, Wis., to stand as godfather to a seventh son, has acceded to the request, with the careful proviso, however, that nothing further is implied than the use of his name.

James Fisk, of Tioga, Pa., lives to tell of his experience with lightning. His clothing was stripped from the left side of his body and cut into strings; he was rendered unconscious and paralyzed in the left arm and leg and scorched on the back.

Mrs. Campbell, a dressmaker in Wichita, Kan., is a first cousin of Admiral Camara. She was born in Granada, Spain, and while living in this country with her father she eloped with a young Pennsylvanian and has never been forgiven by her family.

### The Avenger's Wrath.

The brother of one of the victims of "Jim" Cullen certainly had reason for his wrath. Cullen had backed to death the Presque Isle deputy sheriff and his companion, who went out into the woods to arrest the big, hulking scoundrel. It was a particularly brutal and unprovoked crime, and "Jim" Cullen was lynched by the infuriated citizens of the section—but that is a story that I have no time to tell here.

When the news of the double murder came out to Presque Isle, the brother of one of the victims became fairly frantic in his rage. He stormed, he cursed and raved, and he begged to be allowed to get at the villain who had done the deed.

The people said one to another, "We mustn't have another tragedy. What's his name will be sure to kill Cullen if he gets at him, and so we must keep them apart."

Therefore two or three men were detailed to keep guard over the raving brother and look to it that he didn't form any connection with Cullen.

The murderer was guarded in a little store all the day after the crime. He was to be kept there till arrangements could be made to take him to Presque Isle village. The store was filled with curiosity seekers and the posse that had arrested him.

All at once the door of the store flew open and in strode a fierce and wild man. His eyes were rolling, his face was convulsed with rage and grief. It was the brother of the victim. He had in some manner escaped from those that guarded him, and here he was ten miles from Presque Isle looking for the man whom he had sworn to chew into mince meat.

So fierce was the brother's demeanor that the crowd instinctively broke before him. A clear aisle was left between him and the covering Cullen.

The brother strode forward. Some of the bystanders turned away their heads. They expected to see blood fly all over the place. The men were face to face. The brother—the avenger—raised both his fists. Then he shouted: "Whang blank you to blainkation, I'm a good mind to kick your jaw off'n ye."

That was all there was to it. Then they led him gently away and shut the door on him. "I've seen men a great deal like that myself. Have you?—Ex.

### SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A drill which will bore through solid rock at the rate of 3½ inches per minute, and through a mixture of rock and schist at the rate of 4½ inches per minute, has been at work in the Olpa Arsberg mine district, Austria.

Dr. Michaelis, an Austrian authority on cements, considers that a mixture of Portland cement, volcanic tufa and granulated blast furnace slag is better than Portland cement alone where structures are to be exposed to salt water.

Some old quarries of oriental alabaster have recently been discovered in the neighborhood of Monte Amiata, near Siena. It now seems very probable that the beautiful columns of that material in the interior of the Cathedral of Siena came from those quarries. The quarries are about to be worked.

The Rhodesia telegraph system, including transcontinental line, consists of 2635 miles of lines, with 3163 miles of wires, says the Western Electrician. The police telephone system consists of 251 miles of telephone; exchanges have been opened at Salisbury and Bulawayo. There are 62 telegraph offices in Rhodesia.

# A KLONDIKE ENOCH ARDEN

### James Chapman Returns to Find His Wife Married.

### She Waited Fourteen Years, and Not Hearing From Her Husband, Supposed Him Dead.

The large manufacturing cities of Akron and Canton, Ohio; the hop fields of Palouse; the cosmopolitan seaports of Vancouver and Victoria; the inhospitable desert of the distant north where the sight of a white man's face and the sound of the English speech, are things to be treasured in memory for days and for weeks—these are the shifting scenes in the story of a new Enoch Arden, the tempestuous, tragic tale that is woven about the adventures of James Chapman, Klondike millionaire and unhappy man.

Eighteen long years ago Chapman was engaged as bookkeeper and traveler with the Whiteman & Barnes Manufacturing Co. at their Akron house, and a prominent worker in the Congregational church. His home life was not particularly happy and he eventually decided to go to Alaska as a missionary among the Indians. His wife consented and agreed to care for their children, Chapman transferring a house and lot to her, with his bank account, ere he took his departure.

Time passed and the husband did not return. Letters from him came regularly for a time—then they ceased altogether, and after a year or two of waiting, his wife concluded that he was dead.

Fourteen years later, or just two years ago, she was married to Charles K. Ives.

Meanwhile Chapman had gone from this city to Juneau, and thence into the Alaskan interior, where following out his original intention, he became a missionary to the Indians—living and working among them—even losing his identity to white men and as a white man.

When the Klondike discoveries were made his Indians brought the news to Chapman, and he joined the rush of the first stakers on Bonanza and Eldorado. Fortune favored him and this summer he came out with \$53,000 in gold dust and Bank of Commerce drafts.

His heart had through all the years of absence and silence treasured the images of wife and children, as he had left them in smoky Akron in the years ago. Yet he feared to write or telegraph them lest there came back a message of death. He would give them a glad surprise, and in the pretty home to be provided by the treasure wrested from the Arctic snows, the past would be all forgotten and happiness come again.

A ticket was bought for Akron and a week ago the wanderer found himself ringing the bell at the very door from which he had turned his steps northward 18 years before. It was opened by his wife—he knew her in a moment despite the lines by time imprinted on her face. To her, however, he was an utter stranger.

"Don't you remember me?" the wanderer asked with little concealed eagerness. "Aren't you Mrs. Chapman?"

She did not remember—and Chapman was the name of her first husband.

In a moment the truth flashed upon the bearded man of the north.

With scarce a word he turned and left the home that once had been his. Just as it had been 18 years before, his face was set toward the north.

Business keeps him in Chicago for a week, but by next he will be here or in Seattle to take the steamer up to Skagway.

From there it will be but a short journey back into the solitudes of nature, where the very air is eloquent with a myriad of mystic tongues and the flickering, phantom lights of the aurora flutter and fade as do the hopes and dreams of life.—Victoria Colonist, Sept. 28.

### Sir Wilfrid's Sayings.

According to one reliable estimate, 20,000 people gathered in Solmer park, Montreal, to hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier open the campaign. Liberal and Conservative journals unite in conceding to the celebration the maximum of success. Only the extreme Conservative papers, such as the Montreal Star, try to belittle it and Sir Wilfrid. In reply to this, La Presse, the Conservative French organ, says: "What is the good of this unjustifiable childishness?" and heads its report with "a fine speech." La Patrie points out that the spectacle of 16,000 French people

with uncovered heads singing "God Save the Queen" should make "Clarke Wallace and the hordes of Tory fanatics ashamed." The Montreal Witness says: "The name of Laurier is as mighty a power among the masses as ever. The magnetic personality, the silver tongue of this great son of the province have lost none of their influence." Some of the apothems of Canada's premier orator and statesman are reproduced herewith:

For my part, I believe the cause of England a just cause. I do not think that international boundaries are forever immovable, and when a country calls immigrants in and imposes taxes upon them it contracts an obligation to give them all that it would give to its own citizens.

How can it be seriously pretended that they can go to England and ask the British workman to tax what he requires for his daily support for the benefit of the Canadian producer, while Canada taxes British goods for the benefit of the Canadian producer, while Canada taxes British goods for the benefit of the Canadian manufacturer?

I predict that before long we will have a new Quebec. To our north, among the Laurentian mountains is a immense and as yet but little explored region, rich in mines and forests, with great abundance of water power. The time is come to develop this great region.

We are only at the beginning, and if the people of Canada continue to give the Liberal government the confidence extended four years ago, in ten years there will be seen in the harbor of Montreal all the trade of the Canadian and American west.

These young men are our hope. In twenty years hence they will be where we are now. I shall not be here then. I shall be delivered from the cares of politics; but let me remind them of this: Patriotism should never be based on hatred; to love one's own country one needs not hate others.

I am a British citizen; I accept the full responsibility and all the duties of my British citizenship; all my compatriots always claimed their rights in virtue of their British citizenship. If they have accepted the rights they have also accepted the responsibilities.

I am opposed by the most disloyal of weapons. I am prepared to meet my opponents upon any ground they choose if the weapons are fair; but I have only contempt for those who appeal to religious and national prejudices.

Canada has spent more than a hundred million dollars in money and land to open the northwest, and of all the products of the northwest not one-tenth part comes by the St. Lawrence route.

I am ready to have reciprocal preference if it is possible to obtain it under present conditions. But it is not possible unless we are willing to have absolute freedom of trade between England and Canada.

What the government has done I need not repeat. It is written in letters of fire from one end to the other of Canada. It has made this country more prosperous than ever before.

I say once more, that the salvation of the country today, as in 1841, is in the alliance of the English Liberals and the French Liberals of Canada.

For my part, I am one of those who love England. I love my race, but there are other races which have rights as well.

We have done in three years more than our predecessors did altogether.

That is the last word I say—union, peace, friendship and fraternity. That devise I submit to you, my friends, my fellow-citizens and my compatriots.

### Distance Lends Enchantment.

When in Dawson two weeks ago, P. C. McNamer, just arrived from the Koyukuk, gave some very flattering reports of Emma creek, a tributary to the middle fork of the Koyukuk. But the stories told by McNamer increased in lustre the farther he got away from Koyukuk, and by the time Skagway was reached Emma creek was shrouded in a halo of glory such as was never excelled in mining history. Here are some extracts from a Daily Alaskan interview with Mr. McNamer:

"Emma creek was discovered on July 5," said Mr. McNamer, "and active work commenced shortly thereafter. I left on the 20th of August and we had by that time taken out \$6200 in gold. It represented the work of three men."

"When at work we took out \$100 a day to the man, on the average. Frequently it went over that. The ground is from three to five feet deep and pay is found from the surface to bedrock. It is a summer proposition."

"Emma creek is, so far, the best discovered. There are at least ten miles of very rich ground. We worked in three different places, about the center of each of our claims, and all were found to be very rich."

# THE SAVOY AND STANDARD.

### Theatres Produce Good Plays of a Different Nature.

### You Play Sympathize With Rip Van Winkle or Laugh at Two of a Kind.

"Rip Van Winkle," that dear old Chinese legend with a Dutch name and an American stage setting; the piece which has been made famous the world over by the large personality of Joe Jefferson, was produced in a most creditable manner at the Standard last evening, and it may be said in passing that the stage settlements for this play were the best and most artistic ever seen in Dawson. This means a great deal to the minds of any who happen to be familiar with the play and what is required in that direction to give the lines their full effect. Mr. Thorne and Casy Moran are entitled to special mention for their efforts in the scenic and mechanical effects which contribute largely towards the success of "Rip Van Winkle."

As a 20-year sleeper, Edwin R. Lang should be classed at the head of the seven famous in tradition. His rendition of the line, "Here is your good health, and your family's, and may they all live long and prosper," was something good to hear. Mr. Lang is a good actor in any country, and a conscientious one. He not only knows his lines Monday evenings, but he knows the whole part, which shows that he does not believe in letting things go till the last moment and faking the part in the end.

Robert Lawrence as Derrick Von Beekman, and Alf Layne as the nephew, Cokes, played strong supports, in which they were ably seconded by Wm. Mullen as Nick Vedder and J. C. Lewis as Hendrick Vedder.

Frank Gardner doubled the parts of Seth Slough and Jacob Stein.

Julia Walcott is featured as Gretchen, and it goes without saying that she did not disappoint anyone.

The cast is a very strong one, as of course it has to be to produce "Rip Van Winkle" successfully, and there is no doubt about its success.

"Two of a Kind" at the Savoy is a drawing attraction, being just the article to please a Dawson audience.

The scene is laid in New York, and the time, right now. The piece is funny all the way through, and those who have not seen it and do not know the inimitable Jim Post, the fun-making Larry Bryant and the mirth-loving Billy Onslow, may be quite sure that they will get their money's worth of laugh this week at the Savoy.

The piece boasts of more plot than is generally encountered in plays of this class, but it all hangs as usual upon the happening of the unexpected and the duplicity of married men, who, in the estimation of many, are all rakes anyway.

The two of a kind from whom the piece takes its title are of this sort, who, not finding the comforts of home in their proper place, seek them elsewhere, and seem to like the occupation. This gives rise to all the trouble which is greatly augmented by Helene Bell, as impersonated by Kate Rockwell. Helene is apparently the center of attraction for the two married men, and this fact, coupled with a habit which some married women have, of returning inconveniently and without warning, when they are supposed to be far, far away, makes the piece very funny, and, no doubt, because it is realistic, not altogether without precedent in fact, to many who witness its production from the seats.

The play is well and appropriately staged and any theater-goer who does not see it this week misses something well worth his time and money.

### Another Suspect.

New York, Sept. 27.—The barge office officials, at the request of the police of Milan, Italy, are watching every ship that comes in for Maurizio Magliani, whose alleged real name is Luigi Granotti, wanted by the police of Milan for alleged participation in the killing of King Humbert. They say he sailed from Paterson for Italy on May 1 last, and is a silk weaver.

### Glad to See You, Cap.

Capt. Woodside, of Yukon Sun fame, is again in town looking several years younger than when he left Dawson.

When asked if he was to take charge of the Sun again he answered that he had not made any arrangement as yet in that direction. "I have come back," said the captain, "to grow up with the country."