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THE GREAT RACE IN DETAIL

How Columbia Won the First Contest of the Series.

Will Go Down in the History of International Racing—Sir Thomas a Thorough Sport.

The completed associated press report of the first race between Columbia and Shamrock is reproduced herewith. The race will undoubtedly be carried down into history as one of the closest and most exciting contests in the history of international yacht racing.

New York, Sept. 28.—In the closest and most soul-stirring race ever sailed for the America's cup, the white flyer Columbia today beat the British challenger over a windward and leeward course of thirty nautical miles by the narrow, heart-breaking margin of thirty-nine seconds. As Lipton's latest aspirant for cup honors must allow the defender forty-three seconds on account of the extra 833 square feet of canvas in her sail area, the official record, under the rules, gives her the victory by one minute and twenty-two seconds.

As a spectacle the contest was superb. From the time the two skyscrapers crossed the starting line until they fled across the finish line four and a half hours later, the result was in doubt, and the excitement aboard the excursion fleet increased until men became frenzied and women almost hysterical. So evenly matched were these two scientific racing machines that never after they started were the rival skippers out of each other's hail, and more than three-quarters of the time they were so close that Charlie Barr, who had the tiller aboard the Columbia, could toss a biscuit to Captain Sycamore on the Shamrock. For miles as they beat their way to the outer mark the black shadow of Shamrock's huge top-sail was painted on the big mainsail of the Columbia, and for an hour on the run home, the yachts flying like scared deers before the wind, they ran almost beam to beam, as if they had been harnessed together. The memory of the races between the Genesta and the Puritan in 1885 and Lord Dunsraven's first Valkyrie and the Vigilant in 1893, which have been treasured by yachtsmen up to this time, will be forgotten after the magnificent duel of today. It will live forever in the memory of those who witnessed it. In the years to come yachtsmen of two nations will recount the thrilling story of the celebrated first race between the Columbia and Shamrock II, sailed off New York harbor in the first year of the new century.

As a result of today's race, though faith in the Columbia still remains in the hearts of the patriots, all experts admit that the British boat is the ablest steeple ever sent to these waters to lift the 100-guinea cup, which the old schooner America brought across the Atlantic 50 years ago, and the superiority of American steamship and American naval architecture as represented by the defender remains to be established. The quality of a sailing ship is measured by her ability to carve her way into an adverse wind, and in the 15-mile thrust to windward today the golden challenger gained 39 seconds, while on the run home her lead was eaten up and the Columbia crossed the finish line exactly 37 seconds before the Shamrock. It must be remembered, however, that the challenger had had the weather gauge in the beat to windward, no mean advantage, and the nautical experts said after the race that during the outward journey she had been sailed to absolute perfection while behind the American yacht not only showed a fleet pair of heels, but, in the opinion of the sharps, was better handled.

Disappointed by the fluke of Thursday, the crowd which sailed down to Sandy Hook lightship today was somewhat smaller than on the opening day, but even so, the colony of steamers, steam yachts, tugboats, sailing vessels and excursion craft of every description formed an angle at the starting line miles long. It was an ideal day for the race. The curtain of haze which had hung over the bay and shore in the early morning had lifted, making the whole course visible to the thousands along the Long Island coast. The sun blazed from a speckless vault of blue, and the breeze, blowing straight in from the Atlantic, was strong enough to lift foam out of the green swells and hurry along, black ribbons of smoke shoreward from the stacks of the excursion fleet. The old salts who snuffed the air said the wind was the draught from the big storm which

was reported to be raging on the South Atlantic coast.

The big single-masted boat proudly puffing tugs had preceded the excursion fleet to the stake boat, and had hoisted their largest light-weather sails. Sir Thomas Lipton's private signal, a green shamrock in a yellow field, floated from the main truck of the British boat, and Mr. Morgan's colors, a Maltese cross on a field of black, fluttered from the after leech of Columbia's sail. Watson, the designer of the challenger, and Ratsey, who is reputed to be the best sail-maker in the world, were aboard the gold boat. As the yachts passed out from behind the Hook half a dozen ocean liners inward bound saluted them with ensigns and whistles.

Again today the course, east by south, carried the yachts along the Long Island shore, straight out to sea. The start was thrilling. The yachts bounded away across the line like a couple of runaway horses, the challenger half a length ahead and to the windward.

In the maneuvering before the start Capt. Sycamore had given the wily Yankee skipper a genuine surprise, returning a Roland for the Oliver he received on Thursday. Just when Barr thought he had him under his lee, the Englishman deadened his head way and then luffed under the Columbia's stern into the weather berth. This victory for Shamrock at the very first of the race Columbia could not overcome in the long beat to windward.

The two big yachts were an inspiring sight to the spectators as they plunged seaward, pounding great fountains of spray from their bows and drenching the crews lined up along the weather rail. They heeled to the wind until their lee rails were awash in the swirling, bubbling seas and from the windward side they showed yards of their bronze underbodies. Neck and neck, tack and tack, they raced like a team of horses. Dismay began to be written on the faces of the patriots as Barr tried once, twice, and finally a third time to cross the bow of the foreigner, only to be forced around each time by the lean golden muzzle of the Britisher. Visions of the dear old cup that means the yachting supremacy of the world vanishing across the waters danced before their eyes.

On and on they flew, turning twin wings of foam from their bows, and Columbia seemingly falling back rather than gaining. The hearts of the patriots sank lower and lower. As the yachts got further out the swells lengthened and the white flyer seemed to labor more heavily in the long waves. Just after passing Long Beach hotel, with its verandas and windows filled with people, the old City of Paris, now the Philadelphia of the American line, came foaming in from the east, with a bone in her teeth. She headed slightly northward between the racers and the shore in order not to impede them with her wash, and went by like an express train, dipping her flag in salute. Her passengers and crew lined her rail for a sight of the exciting spectacle until she was far down to port. The vessels in the excursion fleet by this time were rolling heavily. Many of the spectators were forced to the seclusion of their cabins and many were kept near the rails. The excursion vessels formed a crescent about the stakeboat as the yachts rounded the outer mark, but it was a doleful fleet.

As Shamrock bore around with her spinnakers pole to starboard like a lance, the big steam yacht Erin, with the "bloody hand of Ulster" in the Royal Ulster Yacht Club ensign at her tail, opened her whistle loud and long. It was the first time Sir Thomas had felt the joy of victory, and he and his party probably enjoyed it to the full.

The Yankee skippers were too polite not to pull their whistle cords, but the toots were not loud nor long, and the bands did not play "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." But when the racers had spread their wings, spinnaker matching main sail, and balloons jibs drawing forward and the white flyer began to eat up the green water between her and the challenger, drooping spirits began to rise, and when the yachts got on even terms about half way home the bands began to play and the people raised a cheer.

As they approached the finish line Columbia leading by half a dozen lengths, all the past enthusiasm burst forth. About a quarter of a mile before they reached the line, the golden boat blanketed the white one and for a moment she ran up alongside, and it looked as if she would first home. Cheers died in patriotic throats. Suddenly, as Columbia luffed and got her wind clear, she forged ahead and came tearing down like mad. As she crossed three lengths ahead the enthusiasm broke out again with redoubled energy. Every Yankee skipper grabbed his whistle cord and made a terrific noise and din. Sirens wailed and the white steam jets made it look as if every ship in the fleet had broken her steam chest.

The Corsair, J. P. Morgan's yacht, threw her power into smoke. Everybody cheered. Men and women jumped up and down for very joy. Not a few hats tossed into the air fell overboard, but their owners cared not. The Corsair set American flags at both peaks, and the tattered Shamrock gave three cheers, which the Yankee tars aboard Columbia answered with bared heads. The whole fleet seemed anxious to escort Columbia to her anchorage.

Meantime Shamrock had taken a tow from her tender and had drawn out to the ruck of the steamers. Escorted by the Erin, which showed a big hole that the revenue cutter Gresham had stove in her port quarter, she headed for the berth behind the Hook. Some of the excursion boats dropped back to salute the popular sportsman who has been game enough to make a second effort to lift the cup, and then the whole fleet moved on in a mad race for home, many of the skippers keeping their whistles going until they reached the narrows at the entrance of the upper bay.

When it was all over Sir Thomas Lipton showed himself the thorough sportsman he is.

"Well," he said, as he stood on the deck of Erin, "that's one dot against us. But in my own heart I am just as hopeful as I was this morning, for I feel that if I only have a wind I am all right. It was a fair and square race, not a fluke, but it was not Shamrock's day. We want a breeze that will put that deck six inches under water, and then you will see a race. Be sure of one thing—I was licked fairly today."

Capt. Bob Wringe, who was on the bridge of the Erin, at Sir Thomas Lipton's elbow, said:

"If we get a fresh breeze we will lift the cup yet. A nine to twelve knot breeze is what we want."

D. Morgan, while highly pleased over the result of the race, had little comment to make. "Although the wind conditions were not all that could have been desired, after turning the outer mark, we were confident of bringing Columbia home a winner. I will venture no predictions as to the outcome of the future races. We have carefully avoided boasting, but shall put forth our best endeavors to keep the America's cup on this side of the Atlantic."

Capt. Barr also was much gratified over the victory.

"It was a close race, but a clean one," he said. "Wind conditions were perhaps not all that could have been desired, but such as they were our boat was never in danger, I believe, at any point."

Lead Combine Probable.

Philadelphia, Oct. 2.—The Evening Telegraph today prints a story to the effect that a combination of all the lead interests of the country into one large company with a capital of about \$150,000,000, is a probability in the near future. Such a combination, it is said, has been attempted in the past, but was always blocked by the attitude of the first of Wetherill & Brother, of this city, who have steadfastly refused to put their plant into any combination. Recently, the Evening Telegraph says, business conditions have been such as to produce a change in the attitude of the Wetherills and a member of the firm is quoted as favoring the combination under certain conditions.

Retirement of Mr. Hay.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 2.—A special to the Republican from Boulder, Colo., says:

Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the United States treasury, arrived here today on his way to Camp Talcott. Speaking of the rumored intention of Secretary Hay to retire from the cabinet Mr. Gage said:

"Secretary Hay is getting tired of the business. He is a man of the strictest honor. He is very sensitive, however, and it hurts him after he has worked hard to be misrepresented and lampooned. He is independently rich. He can do as he wishes, go wherever he desires. He has a very few intimate friends and would rather enjoy life surrounded by agreeable companions and his books than attend to the tiresome routine of the office of secretary of state. I should not be surprised if he would soon withdraw. If so, Root will probably be his successor."

Banqueted the Banker.

H. T. Willis departs today for the outside where he will spend the winter. As a final send-off, Mr. Willis was tendered a banquet last night in the Zero Club dining room where some 42 plates were spread. The party sat at table until the wee small hours.

R. J. Mackison, the genial proprietor of the Gold Hill hotel at the Forks, returned on the Ora from a visit with his parents in North Yakima, Wash.

PEOPLE WE MEET.



J. R. GREY OF THE DAWSON HARDWARE CO.



HARRY JONES OF THE DAWSON HARDWARE CO.

DROWNED IN BERING SEA

Four Men Lost Near Port Safety in August.

William Hiltz, Richard Waldron, Edward Culbert and Joseph C. Wilkens were drowned in Bering sea, near Port Safety, early in August. Meager details of their fate were brought by Nome passengers of the steamer Queen. The bodies were found on the beach a few miles below Port Safety.

That the men were drowned seems to be beyond doubt. They left Port Safety for Solomon City about 6 o'clock on the afternoon of August 6 in an old Yukon boat which had been patched up and a center board added to it.

When they left Safety the weather was somewhat thick and the sea choppy. So far as known, they were never seen again. It is believed that their boat filled and sank, for it has not been found.

The bodies were buried at Port Safety. Wilkens is supposed to have been a resident of the state of New York—P. I.

Off for Ould Ireland.

Mr. Harry Jones, one of the popular proprietors of the Dawson Hardware Co., will leave tonight en route to the "Emerald Isle" on a visit to the home of childhood's happy days. He will return to Dawson over the ice in the early spring.

Hershberg Going Out.

Harry Hershberg, proprietor of the Seattle Clothing House, will be a passenger on the Whitehorse tonight for the outside. He will return over the ice.

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ANOTHER COMPANY

A Big Concern Opens at the Old T. & E. Store.

The Thos. Mahoney Trading Co. is a new concern which is now in the field of general merchandise. Mr. Mahoney will be remembered as the manager of the N. A. T. & Co. in '98 during the incumbency of Capt. Healy. The new firm has opened in the old store of the T. & E. Co. and has brought to Dawson by the lower river route the largest stock of goods ever imported in one shipment by any firm other than the big companies. Mr. Mahoney is probably the best posted man in Dawson in the grocery business, he having been connected with Reed, Murdoch & Co., wholesale grocers of Chicago for a period of seven years. Mr. J. G. O'Donnell is associated as partner in the enterprise, he being also a well known Chicago business man. The firm has now at their big store a fine display of carefully selected goods fresh from the supply depots of the east.

The Ora arrived yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock with the biggest rock of tows ever brought down the river. She conveyed three schows, a double decker and 22x75 feet in size. They contained 150 head of beef cattle, 40 calves, 160 sheep and a large number of hogs. En route the Ora was wind bound at Labarge for a day. She brought 27 passengers and left again on her up trip last night.

C. W. Schramm, wife and two children, Paloma and Karla, left on the Victoriana for the outside. They will give a concert at Skagway, Juneau and Sitka before returning to their California home.

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CLOUDS OF OBSCURITY

Now Hover Over and Darken the Police Court.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."

was said of the burial of Sir John Moore, but for quietude—silence that could be felt—the police court room this morning could give Sir John's obsequies a handicap and still pass under the wire with full two necks to spare. The only sound to be heard in the police court room this morning was the desultory crackling of the wood in the stove that seemed to realize that it was being consumed to no purpose. The bench that has been dedicated for the use of men who entertain afterthoughts in the form of dark brown tastes, men whose lips are similar to those of a Georgia nigger during a watermelon famine, was vacant and looked cold and moist. The lonesome box also had a clammy look that suggested thoughts of Poe's Raven, which is purported to have said "Never more."

The above described condition of affairs speaks more than pen can depict. It involves the entire Klondike district, places it on the passive list and leads up to the question: Whither are we drifting? The question resolves itself to this: Is a time honored institution to be allowed to grow whiskers, sink into oblivion, so to speak, for want of patronage? The time for action has arrived; the crisis is here and one of two things must be done: Either saloons must subsidize in order that they may continue to supply the various brands or the people must be forced to see an at one time prosperous branch of the government put out of commission and relegated to the top shelf of obscurity. Rouse, ye Romans.

Slaughter Was Planned.

Manila, Oct. 2.—The United States hospital ship Relief will leave here tomorrow with one battalion of the Seventh regiment and at Legaspi will embark a battalion of the Twenty-sixth regiment to reinforce the troops in the island of Samar.

The American publishes a telegram today giving an account of the fight in which a majority of the men of company C, Ninth Regiment, were killed near Balangiga, September 23.

The fight was long premeditated, and the Filipinos were called to commit the slaughter by the ringing of church bells at daylight. They got between the soldiers, who were breakfasting, and their quarters. The insurgents were mostly armed with bolos, but they had a few rifles with them.

A Jewel for the Duchess.

The jewel which was presented to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York by the citizens' committee as a souvenir of her visit to Montreal during the past week is as beautiful as it is typical of Canada. The jewel consists of a diamond spray or corsage pin. The design consists of a spray of six maple leaves, mounted with diamonds. No two of the maple leaves are alike in form and color. They are of solid 18 karat gold, most beautifully enamelled in delightfully delicate tones. There are 386 carefully selected and beautifully cut white diamonds, and at the end of the stem is set a perfectly shaped Canadian pearl weighing no less than 20 grains. The whole jewel is of native Canadian made in the factory of Henry Birk & Sons, Montreal, which is, many Canadians will be surprised to learn, the second largest jewelry manufacturing in the world. There is no other similar factory in existence which has as many manufacturing departments as the Montreal house. For this royal jewel the designs were made in Messrs. Birk's factory, the gold rolled, carved, enamelled, fired and polished there, and the gems set. The jewel will be enclosed in a handsome silver casket, also being manufactured by the Messrs. Birk. The cover will bear a suitable inscription and the arms of the city of Montreal—Toronto Globe.

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PRISONER ESCAPES

Capt. Banks Too Foxy for Nome Deputy Marshal.

R. C. Whidden, a deputy United States Marshal from Alaska, reported to the police yesterday afternoon that a federal prisoner, Capt. A. O. Banks, had escaped from his custody and requested the assistance of the department in recapturing him.

The deputy was stopping with the prisoner at the Seattle hotel awaiting the departure of a steamer for the McNeil's Island penitentiary. Banks prevailed on the officer to permit him to go to his room for the purpose of getting some clothing and made his escape—the marshal says, through an unguarded entrance.

Banks is under sentence of three years at McNeil's Island. He is 34 years of age, five feet ten inches in height, of medium build, has dark hair and mustache, wore a suit of dark clothing and blue sweater.

Capt. Banks who was brought from Nome on the steamship Queen is well known in Seattle and was formerly master of the steamship Oregon. He was convicted of obtaining money under false pretenses by unlawfully selling the products of certain Nome coal mines and sentenced to imprisonment by the United States district court. His friends—here as well as many people at Nome, it is said, seriously question his guilt of any crime.

He was accused and prosecuted by George Smith, who was a resident of Seattle—P. I., Oct. 3.

Murray and Mackinson Win.

John Murray and James Mackinson, two of the most successful of the many fortunate Klondikers, are among the recent arrivals from the North. Seattle is the home of both. Four years ago they joined in the great stampede to the celebrated "trick," neither having capital beyond energy and a determination to succeed. Murray worked his way into the wholesale liquor business, clearing \$100,000 within the past two years. Mackinson engaged in hotel and mining ventures and has been equally successful. He leaves for the Klondike within two or three days, taking with him a supply of provisions purchased in Seattle—P. I., Sept. 28.

Mrs. McKinley's Only Interview.

In the first interview which Mrs. McKinley has ever given to a newspaper reporter, she being then in New Orleans on the trip which ended in her illness, Mrs. McKinley began to talk about the President, whose name was mentioned. "Do you know Major McKinley?" she asked. "Ah, yes, one can know him, because to appreciate him one must know him as I do. And I am not speaking now of Major McKinley as the President, I am speaking of him as my husband. If anyone could know what it is to have a sick wife, complaints, always an invalid for 25 years, seldom a day without, and yet never a word of unkindness has ever passed his lips; it is just the same tender, thoughtful, kind gentleman I knew when first I came and sought my husband. I know him because I am his wife, and my proudest pleasure is to say that because he is the President, but because he is my husband. He is so kind, so good, so patient. He gives me all the time he can; he never forgets me, no matter how busy he is. But I will be glad when he is out of public life. I did not want him to run a second time. I thought that he had done enough for the country, and now I know that he has done enough, and when his term expires he will come home and we will settle down quietly and he will belong to me."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Zealandian which left Whitehorse Wednesday with four scores of feet in tow will not arrive until Monday or Tuesday. About her return nothing is known definitely at present. She may be sent back only to Honolulu and she may be dispatched clear to Whitehorse, in which case passengers will be of course be taken.

The Little Angelian will be the last boat out of Whitehorse this year and she will not be dispatched until all the others are high and dry out of the water. She will come down in the ice, bringing the last mail before the close of the river, and will enter on the ways at West Dawson.

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J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT STREET

07 Front Street,

.....Dawson

The Stroger has on several previous occasions referred in his writing to the colored man Zion, who for a long time was in his employ as general handy man in his Florida printing office. Zion was a character

and talk 'bout the weather if they manifested it outen baking powder or some other of their new-fangled but pious articles. "Talkin' of late falls on the 14th of October gives me lumbago in the

ends over my speaking teeth. Yukon Telephone Sys. Co. GENERAL OFFICE: 1000 W. 4th A. S. E.