

AT THE THEATRES THIS WEEK

Good and Interesting Productions Hold the Boards.

"My Friend From India" at Standard
—Everything Funny at Savoy
Big Hits at Orpheum.

"My Friend From India" which is being played at the Standard this week is without question the best comedy which has ever been put on the stage in Dawson. This being a difficult play to produce the management has taken particular pains with it, and has spent two weeks in preparing for its production and that its efforts are eminently successful was shown by the continued laughter and applause which greeted the play throughout by the large audience present last night.

The trouble is all caused by young Chas. Underholt who got on a drunk and brought home with him a stranger, A. Keene Shever, and to account for his presence in the house tells his father he is a theological student just come from India and a friend of his. Charles has taken his clothes away from him for fear he will escape before the explanation is finished, so Shever appears in a robe. He is taken as a prize into the family as the latest fad and it is expected that he will pave the way into society for them and gets them into all sorts of funny situations.

The cast is a strong one, each character is well taken and delivered in a creditable manner. The cast of the play is as follows:

Erastus Underholt, a retired packer, Edwin R. Raug; Chas. Underholt, son of Erastus, Robert Lawrence; A. Keene Shever, a theological barber, Wm. Mullen; Tom Valentine, a friend of Charles, Alf T. Layne; Rev. James Tweedle, an African missionary, F. C. Lewis; Jennings, a servant, Harry O'Brien; Bill Finnerty, one of the finest, A. R. Thorne; Mrs. Beckman Street, daughter, looking for a third, Lucy Lovell; Bernice Underholt, daughter of Erastus, Daisy D'Avara; Gertrude Underholt, another daughter, May Walker; Tilly, a German maid, Julia Walcott; Marion Hayste, engaged to Charles, Vivian.

The Savoy program this week is in keeping with the gladsome spring season, bright and sparkling. It opens with a one-act comedy "Squabbles" in which Billy Evans is heavy man ably supported by the balance of the cast. Following the opening comes the Winchells, Carrie and Julia, who have danced all over two or three hemispheres winning laurels everywhere. Walthers and Forest in their ballads and operatic duets are still Savoy favorites, while Nat Darling, the singing comedian, is out this week in new and interesting specialties.

"The Dominoes," a burlesque in two scenes by John Flynn, is the big hit of the program and is brim full of amusement from start to finish, introducing a great deal of clever acting. The cast is as follows: Lady Florence, Jennie Gulchard; Mrs. Smith, Carrie Winchell; boarding school girls, Dorothy Campbell, Josie Gordon, Mamie Hightower, Cecil Marion, May Ashley, Miss Teeny; Stuttering Boy, Nat Darling; Prof. Hastings, Jas. Townsend; Prof. Brown, James Post; Prof. Smith, Jno. A. Flynn.

Celia DeLacy, the popular vocal soloist, is still a prime favorite as are also Sadie Taylor and Cecil Marion.

Post and Ashley do a most clever comedy sketch entitled "A Mixed Affair," one of the brightest features of the program, being new and sparkling throughout with merriment.

Jennie Gulchard and the Savoy gaitety girls in living pictures close the program which is one of the best ever yet presented at the Savoy.

The orchestra still leads, this week's overtures being a most complete and careful selection.

J. H. Hearde's productions are still the drawing features at the Orpheum and this week the long program is a hummer from start to finish. It opens with "Vassar College May Festival" in which the cast of characters is as follows:

Principal of School, Larry Bryant; Andy McHugh, the familiar, Ed. Dolan; Mollie McHugh, his wife, Edith Moutrose; Billie Peck, Billie Onslow; Mary, the tough, Alie Delmar; assisted by Orpheum Stock Co. The above is taken from a Mayday Festival at Vassar College, New York state, during which choruses, dances and drills are produced by Garnett, J. H. Hearde, Mae Stanley, Blanche Cametta, Master Wilson, Madge Melville and the Orpheum quartette.

Among the specialists who are all out this week in new and sparkling productions are Mae Stanley, Clothilde Rodgers, Madge Melville, Rae Eldridge, Dolly Mitchell, Blanche Cametta, Kate Rockwell and others.

Eddie Dolan still continues on the grand successful march begun at the

Orpheum eight weeks ago, his star growing brighter with each succeeding week.

Madam Lloyd appears this week for the first time on the Orpheum stage, her repertoire being entirely new and of a high standard.

Bryant and Onslow's specialty work is unexcelled, while the inimitable Hearde in "Every Day is a Wedding Day With Me" is a "bustion buster" of the irresistible class.

The performance closes with Ed Dolan's huge farce "Pink Primroses" in which the entire cast appears to good advantage.

The Orpheum orchestra continues to discourse a class of music seldom heard and never excelled in a vaudeville show.

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened to the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For Money That Belonged to Him.

"I won't go out! I won't leave here for anything!"

Such was the amazing declaration of a pauper attendant in an east end London workhouse on being told by an agent that he was entitled to some money. And the man—the son of a post captain in the navy—meant all that he said. Not an inch would he budge, nor would he sign any paper, and it was only by taking a commissioner down to him that the fund could be recovered.

Whether because it was only a comparatively small sum or whether because he was a worker, the guardians made no claim on it. Accordingly, at his request, it was split, and two accounts were opened on his behalf in the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for all that, he continued to remain in the workhouse.

Meanwhile he was very anxious that his wife should not know he was alive—in fact, he denied that he was married. His life partner, however, called at the agent's office to inquire about the case, though she begged that her husband might not be told of her whereabouts. She was in a fairly good position, earning as she did a living by keeping a ladies' school, and once or twice her reprobate husband had turned up in an intoxicated condition and raised a commotion that had scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted pair were, therefore, not brought into communication.

Never would the pauper legatee leave the workhouse. He remained there till his death, whereupon, having left no will, the money he had scorned to use passed to his wife.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The old standby, Seal of North Carolina, is always generally good.

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Among the specialists who are all out this week in new and sparkling productions are Mae Stanley, Clothilde Rodgers, Madge Melville, Rae Eldridge, Dolly Mitchell, Blanche Cametta, Kate Rockwell and others.

Eddie Dolan still continues on the grand successful march begun at the

STORY OF A HIDDEN LEGACY.

An Old-Fashioned Daguerreotype Contained the Secret

And It Was Given to the One Whom It Was the Intention Should Have Only Trinkets.

"It's an insult," said Jack Stone. "You shall send them right back. You're just as near a relative as the Gordons, yet they have got everything, just because they were there when your aunt died, and then because they knew you were entitled to something, in fact, just as much as they, from her estate, have sent you this collection of odds and ends."

"Hush, John! Never mind. It's not worth talking about, and we might as well make the best of it. Beggars can't be choosers, you know," sagely remarked his wife.

The cause of this outburst was an oblong green pasteboard box which had just arrived, and whose contents, so Eleanor Stone said, were not worth the express paid on it. An accompanying note addressed to Mrs. Stone, in explanation of the box, was as follows:

Dear Eleanor—I send you herewith what mother, May and I have picked out as your share of Aunt Marcia's belongings. They weren't as much as anticipated, and we divided the rest among ourselves, as we had the care of her in her last illness. Your affectionate cousin, EFFIE GORDON.

Eleanor Stone took the note and flung it in the stove. "So much for my cousin's affection. It's too bad. I know Aunt Marcia must have had some money, and, as for the bother of her illness, it was self sought, which makes me doubly sure she left something, for the Gordons are not the kind to put themselves out for nothing. If we only had just a little of her money to tide us over until you get well and put us on our feet again!"

Aunt Marcia was Miss Marcia Perkins, a maiden great-aunt of Eleanor Stone, who had lived somewhat as a recluse and who had recently died.

Eleanor turned the box upside down, gazing regretfully at the little heap on the table. There were an old fashioned bone harpin, two bits of lace, surmounted with lavender bows, such as old ladies wear for caps, two or three cheesecloth dusters, five handkerchiefs, a hair ring and an old fashioned daguerreotype in a rusty black and gilt case, showing the faded countenance of a genteel looking youth of past date.

"There," said Mrs. Stone derisively, "is my share of my late lamented aunt's estate, and here am I, who expected \$100 or \$200 anyway, as hard up as anybody could be, with John sick and unable to work, while Aunt Susan, Effie and May Gordon, who know nothing of hard times, are probably basking in the sunshine of her dollars."

At this point, being of a philosophical turn of mind, she gathered up her inheritance, put it away in the closet and devoted herself to her husband, who lay grumbling on the sofa, a victim in the clutches of rheumatism.

Several weeks later Eleanor was

brooding over the financial situation when the bell rang and an elderly man stood at the door. He introduced himself as "Mr. Clavers" and said that, being the Gordons' family lawyer and happening to be in town that day, he had come at their request to ask a little favor.

"Would Mrs. Stone care to part with a little, old fashioned daguerreotype the Gordons had sent her in a box of things that were Miss Perkins'?"

Eleanor's curiosity and suspicions were aroused by the sudden desire for this worthless relic of former days. Mr. Clavers explained that the ladies had taken a fancy for it, as an antique merely. They would be quite willing to purchase it, and if a \$10 bill would be any object—

"No," answered Eleanor, spurred on to refusal by a sudden conviction. "I didn't get many of my aunt's things, but what I did I shall keep!" Whereupon she arose and politely but unmistakably bowed the astonished old gentleman out.

Then she hurried to the closet and, rummaging around, soon found the box and in it the daguerreotype case. This she opened and began to scratch it all over with her thumb nail and to finger its surface carefully, hoping that she had not let a \$10 bill go by for nothing.

It might really be a whim of Aunt Susan's after all to want the old thing, yet somehow it seemed to Eleanor that she had once heard Aunt Marcia speak of a daguerreotype case with a secret spring and false back which was a much prized possession, the gift of a dear friend.

Suddenly she gave a gasp and John looked up from his couch in time to see something white flutter to the floor. Forgetting his rheumatism, he sprang from the sofa and stood reading over Eleanor's shoulder a bit of writing on a scrap of paper that meant much to those two:

I, Marcia Perkins, hereby give to the person who after my death becomes the owner of the daguerreotype of Joseph Thurston, in the case of which this paper will be placed by me, the sum of \$2500.

That was as far as they went. "Oh!" said Eleanor.

"Hum," said John, and there was a silence for as many as three seconds.

"Go on," said John.

"It is nothing more about us. It's only that he"—waving the placidly pictured young man—"was her lover. He was drowned at sea, and her house and other belongings are to be sold and the money is to go to the Seamen's Orphans' fund."

"So Effie and the others will have to give up what they have already taken possession of, and instead of everything will have nothing."

"Good enough," concluded John, in a satisfied tone, "provided this paper is perfectly legal. Thought they could slight you entirely, but instead they made a mess of it themselves by giving you a cast off, insignificant looking trinket, which happened to be the most valuable thing our aunt left after all."

"If everything is only turned over to us without any trouble," concluded his wife. "To think of their pretending she didn't leave anything."

There was little trouble over the matter, the paper being dated, signed and witnessed. Thus the Gordons reluctantly saw their knowledge of the daguerreotype's secret came too late, while the Stones, with its aid, were enabled to buy a pleasant little home, where, secure from "hard times," they enjoy life together, the daguerreotype case occupying the place of honor.—Boston Post.

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