

## SMALLPOX ON BOARD OHIO

Which is Quarantined at Egg Island Near Nome.

With Over 700 Passengers on Board—Victims of Disease Come From San Francisco—Action Taken.

(From Friday's Daily.)

The steamship Ohio of the Empire Line, with 732 passengers is quarantined at Egg Island, 12 miles from St. Michael. Smallpox was discovered aboard the steamer shortly after her arrival here on Wednesday, and Lieut. Jarvis, special treasury agent, took immediate steps to quarantine the vessel. A number of passengers, however, had left the steamer before it was found that smallpox was on board. How many got away from the steamer is not definitely known, the number being put at from seven to fifteen, including one woman. Seven of the passengers who had found their way to the shore were arrested and taken back to the steamer. There were Bob Hayner, Ben Goodman, G. Ranson, C. E. Griffin, P. Patterson, H. Henry and A. Bebers.

The Ohio sailed from San Francisco May 15 and she also touched at Seattle. There were two cases of smallpox, the passengers being from California. Both are males, but their names could not be learned. Lieut. Jarvis promptly determined to establish a quarantine station at Egg Island and the vessel was ordered to that place, whither she sailed Friday morning. Dr. Jerauld, assistant health officer of Nome, tendered his services as physician and he is in charge of the patients. E. K. Brush who had charge of the city hospital went as nurse. On the arrival of the Ohio at Egg Island it was intended to erect temporary quarters to which the patients would be removed. The passengers will remain on the vessel and if in 10 days no more cases appear the vessel and passengers will be released. Drs. Call and Gregg say that the cases are well defined, and a rumor that they were cases of chickenpox is entirely unfounded.

The executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce also took prompt action and hereafter Dr. Call will act as quarantine physician in conjunction with Health Officer Gregg, and necessary incoming steamers unless the vessel shows a clean bill of health. —Nome News, June 16.

A mysterious shooting affair in which Ben King was the victim, occurred today between 12 and 1 a. m. in the Rice building on Snake river. King was shot through the left lung, the ball passing through the body and coming out under the right shoulder. He died almost instantly. From the information gleaned by a News representative it seems that King has been living with a woman named Mrs. Stanton. King went to the room occupied by the couple about 12 o'clock. Mrs. Stanton says that he went to a valise, took out a No. 38 revolver and threatened to kill her and himself. She told him to kill himself if he wanted to but to let her alone. She took the revolver from him and sat down upon it on the floor. Later she says she threw it under the bed. King lay down on the bed and while she was standing near the door he fired the shot while sitting on the bed. He fell on the floor, the pillows on the bed being saturated with blood. An alarm was given and Deputy Marshal Mahoney was called. He summoned Dr. Pohl but King was dead when the doctor arrived. The woman was placed in custody pending the coroner's investigation, which will be held this afternoon. King and Mrs. Stanton came here from Dawson April 23. He comes of an excellent family in Montana and is a brother of W. J. King of this city. He was 37 years old. —Nome News, June 16.

(The Ben King above referred to was formerly proprietor of the Grotto, now the Rochester saloon, in this city. He and Mrs. Stanton lived together here in a cabin on Second avenue near the store of Clark & Ryan. Dawsonites who knew them intimately do not believe King suicided, but incline to the belief that the woman killed him, as it is said she is desperate when aroused. King was well liked in Dawson by all who knew him.)

A monster fleet of vessels has arrived here during the past few days, bringing gold-seekers in vast number. Probably not less than 14,000 have landed on these shores during the past week. Among the vessels arriving were some of the great ocean transports like the Zealandia, Ohio, the Senator, Oregon, Olympia, Tacoma, South Portland, St. Paul, Athenian, Leuelles, San Pedro, Santa Ana, the bark Pitcairn, the Roanoke, the Centennial, Alliance, Aberdeen, Sequoia, Brunswick, schooner Valencia, Nellie Thurston and Kadiack, steamer Argo, schooner Bessie K. Grace Dollar, Nome City, Lakme, San Jose,

Victoria and many others. It was a wonderful fleet and brought the life, energy and hope of the country. Many ladies were among the incoming people, but apparently not many children. On the Valencia came Lucky Baldwin, with a complete outfit for a big hotel, including a bar and all the accoutrements.

The Santa Ana, which had some 300 passengers aboard, had developed some nine cases of smallpox, and was at once quarantined and sent to Egg Island. Aboard the steamer was John Considine and his big theatrical troop, and they did not enjoy thus going into seclusion. It was he who bought the Hotel Casco property, on which to erect his big theater.

The Roanoke, which came on the 17th, was quarantined for a short time, under a misapprehension, but it soon developed she had no smallpox aboard. Two deaths occurred aboard the Olympia from pneumonia, Jackson S. Swank, of California, and a woman being the victims. There was also a death on the Zealandia from pneumonia. A man on the Senator also died of pneumonia while en route to Dutch Harbor, and was buried there with Masonic honors, between 3000 and 4000 people attending. Another man who died was buried on the spit.

The Oregon is said to have surreptitiously landed two smallpox cases at Nome river. The cases have been isolated and the patients are now almost well.

The Zealandia sailed on her return to San Francisco on Monday.

The U. S. transport Rosecrans was aground in the Yukon Plats, with some 150 troops aboard. Capt. Hanson, of the A. C. Co., who arrived here, tendered the steamer Sadie to Lieut. Craigie to get her off, which was accepted. —Nome Gold Digger, June 20.

## Nome Passenger Suicides.

Mr. H. S. Frye of the local law firm of Hoyt & Frye, has written Seattle friends from Dutch Harbor, telling of a pathetic suicide on board the Ohio. The story runs like this: There was a young fellow on board, Jack Farrolon by name, who came to Seattle last March from New York city. Young Farrolon came with the intention of going to Nome, and spent the time intervening between his arrival and the departure of the ship haunting the tenderloin poker resorts.

He was fairly successful; in fact, made more than enough to pay his expenses while in Seattle, and also enough to buy a new suit. He had something like \$500 that he had brought with him. The gamblers with whom he had been playing while in the city took passage on the Ohio, and plans were laid to down the boy in a little game of draw.

For several days, acting on the advice of friends, he resisted all efforts to draw him into a game; but one night he fell, and when the sun had proclaimed another day he was penniless. The disappointment was more than he could bear, and, going to the steamer side, he deliberately jumped into the sea.

"When he found himself struggling in the water," said Mr. Frye, "he apparently realized the rashness of his step, and at once began to swim for the steamer. The boat was at once stopped and a small one lowered. He managed to keep above water until the boat was perhaps within 100 feet of him, when a huge wave came rolling up and he saw him no more." —Seattle Times.

## Choice of Theatre Seats.

"Funny thing, how one learns to know patrons of the house and can hand over their favorite seats without a question," said the man at the box office, as he tossed two tickets to a gray haired woman. "Now that woman is deaf, and there's no earthly use giving her anything more than four rows from the front. The fat man who left the window a moment ago always wants 10 or 12C, because the curve widens the space in front of those seats, and he has room for his knees. A good many other people are on to those seats though, and he has to let me know early if he wants them. One woman who comes here very often has to have an aisle seat, because she is subject to fainting fits and must be where she can get out to the air quickly."

"Some of our best patrons prefer the front row of the balcony to the orchestra chairs, and we always save the seats for them on first nights. The boxes don't go off very well. They really aren't the best seats, you know, and haven't any advantage save in bringing a party more closely together. The right sort of people don't like being as conspicuous as they must be in a box at a small theater, and, altogether, the boxes sell less readily than anything else in the house."

"I've been selling a certain orchestra seat every matinee this season to one young woman. She hasn't missed a matinee, and she always wants that particular seat; on the left, next to the box,

That's easy to figure out, of course, but I don't know which one of the actors is the hero of the story, nor how much appreciation he shows. I suppose it's the man the women all rave over, but this woman doesn't seem that sort. She looks proud and sensible, and I confess to a bit of curiosity about the story, though it's no business of mine. Heavens, what epidemics some of these actors are! The talk I hear here at the window would be enough to make me think all women raving crazy if I didn't have a sane wife of my own."

"Two girls came for matinee seats last Friday, and they held the window for ten minutes, discussing whether to take the seats on the left, where they would see his profile more, or to go over to the right, where they would get a better view of his eyes. Now, wouldn't that frost you? Pretty girls, too. They decided for the profile finally because one of them said his nose and the wave in his side hair were the most adorable things about him."

"We've several deaf and dumb people who come often. They take front seats because they want to watch the lips of the actors, and the orchestra can't do a thing to them. A deaf and dumb bald headed man does have one advantage over the ordinary baldhead, you see. Even a bass drum can't disturb him. The kind of people who take gallery seats is very different from what it used to be. The seats have risen in price in most of the good houses, and then, I think, people are becoming more independent. The matinee girls haven't any false pride about it. They'd rather see their idol four times from the gallery than once from the orchestra chairs, so unless they have money to burn they take their chocolates and trot merrily along." —New York Sun.

## Bank Washing Day.

In some banks there is a regular washday every month, usually at the beginning, when a clerk may be seen bent over a tub and rubbing real money up and down a washboard. The dirty greenbacks that have been saved up for a month are soaped and rubbed just like handkerchiefs and socks and are run through a wringer before being put out to dry. The paper currency may be handled somewhat roughly, as it does not tear because there is in it a great deal of silk and linen. After the notes have been passed through the wringer they are hung on a line stretched in the bank clerk's department. Said one of the other boys: "I wash about 100 notes every month, and when I'm done you can hardly tell them from new money. The washing strengthens as well as cleans the notes." —Philadelphia Record.

## A New York Croesus.

"Some years ago," said a St. Louis man, "I spent a winter in Cairo, Egypt, and while I was there a young New Yorker arrived who was the talk of the place as long as he staid. He had nothing but money, was not afraid to burn it and was exceedingly fond of the smell of the smoke it made. A diverting series of balls, dinners and slumming parties followed his advent, and he finally announced his intention of bringing his pyrotechnic career in the country of the pharaohs to a fitting close by making the journey to the second cataract of the Nile. No dahabeah being available to make the trip in by water—they all having been engaged by more farsighted travelers—the young Croesus, perforce, elected to make his trip by caravan and straightway started out to make it the most gorgeous and complete caravan that had ever crossed the desert, and he succeeded. For days all Cairo talked about it, and the morning set for the leave taking all Cairo turned out on the outskirts of the city to see the start. It went off with great pomp and circumstance, and, as the camels disappeared over the desert sands, we made our way back to Shephard's hotel."

"On account of the great heat of the middle of the day in Egypt a caravan journeys in the early morning and in the evening. During the heat of the noon hours the tents are pitched, and men and beasts get through it as best they can. Judge of our surprise that evening when that gorgeous caravan again appeared in Cairo and announcement was made that the trip had been definitely given up. One of the guests explained the trouble later. It seemed that when luncheon was served the host drank off a glass of champagne and jumped to his feet in a rage. 'Where's the ice?' he demanded of his terrified valet, who was acting as butler. 'Ice, sir! How can you get ice in such a place as this?' replied the servant."

"Do you mean to say I've got to drink hot champagne for two months?" his irate master demanded. And upon being informed that he had he promptly ordered the caravan back to Cairo, despite the protests of his guests and that by so doing he had expended \$10,000 for nothing." —New York Tribune.

## The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. ALLEY BROS., Publishers.

## AFFAIRS AT NOME.

The general tenor of the reports brought from Nome on the steamer Sarah indicates a condition of affairs much in accord with what has been suggested in these columns would occur.

Briefly stated, there are thousands of men at Nome who have nothing to do and no place to go. The beach in the immediate vicinity of the town is practically worked out, and in search of new diggings men are scattering up and down the coast as best they may.

The natural conditions of the country are against them by reason of the fact that no wood is to be had and fresh water is also scarce.

These facts have served to restrain hundreds from venturing on prospecting trips, and keeps the town filled with disappointed, dissatisfied men. Everything in the shape of creeks has been staked over, leaving little or no opportunity for the cheechakos who have rushed in by thousands to secure claims.

The seriousness of the situation at Nome has been augmented by the arrival of steamers with cases of smallpox aboard. Fortunately these were discovered before the ships affected were allowed to land either passengers or freight and they are now in quarantine.

All the facts as brought out by the reports indicate that Nome has been tremendously overdone. The extent of the known gold bearing diggings has been woefully exaggerated, and the opportunities for the poor man to acquire a competence are apparently as scarce at Nome as they are in any other part of the world. The opinion expressed in these columns some time ago that the tide of travel will turn from Nome toward Dawson before the summer ends will, we believe, be borne out by developments in the near future.

## PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The two "Bills" will again confront each other for presidential honors at the coming election. McKinley has already been nominated, and Bryan has probably been placed at the head of the Democratic ticket ere this; although it will be a day or two yet before we receive authentic information concerning the matter.

The issues between the parties will be about the same as marked the campaign of '96, with the addition that the administration's expansion or "imperial" policy, as the Democracy terms it, will be made a matter of bitter attack by the latter.

It is a remarkable fact that ultra-conservatives from the New England states will be found fighting hand in hand with the radical free silver advocates of the south and west.

This will not be done as a matter of choice with the "down easterners," but rather because they are forced to choose between what they must regard as two evils.

They are all of them advocates of the sound money policy, which carried McKinley into the presidential chair four years ago, and in that memorable contest many eastern Democrats of prominence deserted Bryan and publicly supported the Republican nominee.

But while they are still true to the theory of maintaining the gold standard, they cannot support the expansion idea and hence will either rally around

Bryan or remain away from the polls.

As a matter of fact Bryan himself is becoming rather lukewarm on the question of silver and would willingly see his former idol relegated somewhat to the rear.

The disasters which were to overtake the country upon McKinley's election have failed to materialize, which circumstance has removed a considerable amount of wind from the Bryan sails. For this reason the apostle of the white metal is devoting more and more attention to expansion and less to his former deity. This change in Bryan's attitude has given hope to the eastern opponents of imperialism, that if elected to the presidency he will be persuaded to leave financial questions alone and devote his energies to undoing what McKinley has accomplished in Cuba and the Philippines. The American people will first be given an opportunity to express their views in the matter and unless all signs fail Mr. Bryan will be no nearer the goal of his ambition in November next than he was four years ago.

## Best Age for Men to Marry.

Edward Bok, writing in the Ladies' Home Journal on "A Boy For a Husband," contends that "no young man under 25 years of age is in any sense competent to take unto himself a wife. Before that age he is simply a boy who has absolutely nothing which he can offer to a girl, as a safe foundation for life happiness. He is unformed in his character, unsettled in his ideas, absolutely ignorant of the first essentials of what consideration or love for a woman means. He doesn't know himself, let alone knowing a woman. He is full of fancies, and it is his boyish nature to flit from one fancy to another."

"He is incapable of the affection upon which love is based, because he has not lived long enough to know what the feeling or even the word means. He is full of theories, and one of which, when he comes to put it into practice, will fall. He is a boy pure and simple, passing through that trying period through which every boy must pass before he becomes a man. But that period is not the marrying time. For as his opinions of life are to change, so are his fancies of the girl he esteems as the only girl in the world to make him happy. The man of 30 rarely weds the girl whom he fancied when he was 20."

## A New Rocker.

C. R. McLeod, who recently came in from the outside, is exhibiting an automatic pump and rocker which is claimed to be far ahead of anything in the same line that has yet been brought into Dawson. There are three sets of silver plates attached to the machine in addition to several screens which make it almost an impossibility for any gold, be it ever so fine, to escape. All the parts are mounted on ball bearings and the whole machine is operated by a crank which operates the rocker and pump at the same time. One man works the machine with very little exertion even when it carries a weight of half a ton.

## Fire at the Forks.

Tuesday morning a fire broke out in a tent adjoining the cabin of Aunt Dolly, the Grand Forks laundress, which terminated disastrously for her. After the tent and its contents were nearly consumed it was discovered that the cabin was on fire and an alarm was given. Fifteen minutes later the chemical responded, but it was too late to be of any avail in saving the cabin or contents. Among other things lost by the unfortunate laundress was \$500 in currency.

## A Missing Witness.

When the cook disappeared from Lynch's claim on Chechako Hill last Friday, and took with him some 35 pounds of dust, he did not travel very far alone. In the neighborhood of 30 below he picked up a man to help him carry the dust to Mooselide. The man who thus helped him carry the burden did so as far as the upper ferry, where the pair put the gold in a boat and went to Mooselide. That the man who assisted in carrying away the plunder is innocent of any share in the crime is pretty clear from the fact of his return. The question now arises, who is he and where is he.

Carbon paper for sale at the Nugget office.