

Wizard of Wireless System Makes Marvelous Prediction

Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Jan. 23.—Two hundred words a minute at a cent a word and the general use of wireless telegraphy instead of the mails for a very large proportion of the correspondence that now passes between America and Europe, are developments that I see in the near future," said Signor Marconi this morning.

"I shall leave Table Head in a few days for Cape Cod, where I shall put in operation at once the first trans-oceanic wireless station in the United States."

"There is nothing rash in that prediction, for having solved the problem here, the success of the Cape Cod station means only the application of the same methods and I expect within two weeks or perhaps a little longer, to have it in perfect working order."

Mr. Marconi was seated at the piano in the comfortable drawing room of the little frame house where he and his staff of electricians and constant live at Table Head. From English assistants and people of Sydney and Glace Bay, Marconi's voice has lost all its trace of foreign accent and one not knowing him, meeting him casually, would never take him for anything but a full-blooded Englishman or an American who had lived long abroad.

"Some of the newspapers of the United States," he said, "seem to be influenced in some degree by the fears of the cable companies and are now degrading and discrediting our success here. I have found the same antagonism in England among the representative newspapers. There is sixty million pounds of English capital invested in cable stocks. It is no wonder, perhaps, that the English newspapers reflect the fear of the holders of this vast amount of property. Really, I think there is nothing to fear, for the increased facilities always mean increased business, and the success of wireless telegraphy simply means that more people will communicate across the ocean than do now and the cables will get their share of the increased business, although they have a much larger investment to pay interest upon and cannot afford to take the business as cheaply as we can."

"How cheap do you expect to be able to send messages across the ocean?"

"We are under contract with the Canadian government to charge not more than ten cents a word," replied Marconi, "and that probably will be our minimum for some time, but with increased business and increased facilities we shall some day in the not distant future be sending messages across the ocean at a cent a word."

"How fast can messages be sent and received by your apparatus as at present operated?"

"From thirty to forty words a minute. The average is about thirty-four words a minute in practice. There is where we have the advantage of the cable companies again. They have a maximum possibility of about thirty-five words a minute with an average of twenty-two. But we shall not remain at that slow rate of speed very long. Last June, in London, when I first described my new magnetic detector, I said that it was possible that an automatic arrangement for sending and receiving messages could be applied by which a speed of several hundred words a minute could be attained. Now, I am sure of that. It involves no new invention, but merely the application of the familiar principles. I could have this station equipped for a rate of two hundred words a minute in a few days if wanted, and it is only a question of time when it will be done."

"What then?" was asked.

"Then we shall see the wireless telegraph used instead of the mails for more than half of the personal correspondence that now passes between America and Europe."

"Has your magnetic detector equal to your expectations?"

"In every way," replied Marconi enthusiastically. "I have substituted it for the coherer all along the line. We still use the coherer as a check for testing the impulses, but not for the actual transmission of messages."

"Her Sons Skeleton"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Mrs. Thaddeus Haight, while ploughing on her farm three miles from the village of Milton, on the Hudson, uncovered a human skeleton, believed to be that of Thaddeus Haight, jun., her son. He has been missing for eight years. Haight inherited some money and one day he started away from home with over \$2,000 to pay some bills. He was never seen after that. It is supposed he was murdered and buried.

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A Mystery

His mouth was large and his nose not straight. His eyes were a washed-out blue. His ears stuck far from a pear-like pate.

His hair was a carrot hue. An insignificant, gamy crack man. Comical, quaint, outre.

Built on a wondrously homely plan. From the odds and ends of clay.

And the people mocked, but—Love took part.

The mischievous, kindly elf, And threw a glamour by subtle art. Known just to his cunning self.

Then, sudden, a woman, regal, tall, Sprang close to the scarecrow's side—

"Indeed, he's the handsomest man of all.

In the whole, whole world!" she cried.

A MISPLACED CORPSE.

The identity of a body buried in the Cookstown cemetery, near Barrie, Ont., is a source of much speculation upon the part of the inhabitants of that district, and has been the basis of several curious complications.

About two months ago a fatality occurred in the railway yards at Winnipeg, a man being run over and mangled by a train. From a description telegraphed to the Toronto papers a lady whose people live in Barrie became convinced that the dead man was her husband. She went to Winnipeg and identified the remains by four certain marks on the body. The body was handed over to an undertaker, embalmed, encased in an expensive casket and forwarded to Barrie, the remains being accompanied by the sorrowing wife. Her identification of the remains was supported by all of her family except one brother of the supposed deceased man who was dubious. The funeral took place, however, and the body found a resting place in the family plot.

The brother was not convinced and he surreptitiously had advertisements inserted in the Winnipeg papers asking for information about the man supposed to be dead. The effectiveness of advertising was shown when the man who had been honored with an obituary notice appeared at the old home, alive and well. Although overjoyed at the return of the wanderer, the family experienced some chagrin at the situation. A stranger occupied a place in the family plot, and it had cost a matter of \$300 to place him there.

Some days ago a lady and gentleman arrived in Barrie, and immediately made application to have the body of the stranger exhumed. The lady was French and could speak no English, but her escort acted as her interpreter. She wanted to see the body. The owners of the plot in which the grave lay raised an objection. They pointed out that as the interment had cost them a good sum the exhumation should cost the French lady the same amount, especially as she had probably guessed right. An officer of the law was appealed to, and he took the sympathetic view, until the French woman asked if her identification of the corpse would permit her to marry again. An affirmative decision upon this point was received with great gratification by the lady and her escort. On payment of a small fee the French woman did not even satisfy the sexton's curiosity, and departed hurriedly, without divulging any information about herself or the corpse having solved the question of funeral expenses by ordering the corpse back into the grave. And there the case rests.

Three Schooners Lost.

Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 22.—The vessel on fire which attracted attention off this port last night was a Standard Oil barge. She was a derelict loaded with gasoline, and was being towed into this port by Captain Hamilton of the Gloucester fishing schooner Blanche, George Riley, one of the crew of the Blanche, went aboard the barge to look for a cable. He lighted a match to aid in his search. An explosion followed and Riley was blown to pieces. The barge caught fire and burned several hours.

When the shovel's merry chorus Rings upon the frozen ground, We are moved to cogitation On a subject most profound. For the snow, though white, is useless, And we wish with all our soul We were handling, black and grimy, Dirty, sooty lumps of coal.—New York Times.

Gertrude (the big sister)—Maud, I do wish you'd stop your chattering to that dog. Can't you see I'm talking to Mr. Lovelady?

Maud (aggrieved)—Well, I've got a right to talk to my puppy, too.—Tit-Bits.

She's sent me a "bid" to her wedding.

—And I, when I think of my debts, Am glad that I've something to send her—

It's cheap. I shall send my "regrets."

She—What do folks mean by "going on a tear?"

He—Having a "ripping" good time.—New York Sun.

ANDREW CARNEGIE AT SKIBO CASTLE

AS WAS SEEN BY MR. PUNCH.

It was our intention to enter Skibo Castle with our usual unassuming quietude, but fate was too much for us. No sooner were we glimpsed on the far horizon than the sentinel on the donjon kept blew the shrill clarion which we afterwards discovered announces to the household the approach of danger, or the appearance of an article by Miss Correll. Hence on reaching the moat we found the drawbridge up.

Since we had to keep up the legend that nothing deters a repre-



"We plunged boldly into the turbid fluid."

It has its advantages," he said, "There's less Triumphant Democracy surrounding Mr. Carnegie's fortress here, but more Monarchy. Between you and me I like Monarchy."

"And how is the labor of getting our horror the portcullis had been dropped?"

There was nothing for it but to parley, and we therefore tugged lustily at the bell labelled "Seneschal" in rather more than due time the Seneschal arrived, and inquired in strong American accents, inclined with a perceptible katydid inflection, "Gadzooks, who is it?" After a lengthy dialogue which taxed our knowledge of the dialect of G. P. R. James to the utmost, we were admitted on the distinct understanding that if a library were offered to us by Mr. Carnegie we should not refuse it.

Mr. Carnegie was in the act of en-

I assure ye, man, that a lifetime in the steel works is no preparation for ping-pong. But come out on the battlements and see the view. We can see almost as far as Marylebone, but, thank goodness, not quite."

We admired the prospect. Mr. Carnegie called our attention to a beautiful imitation oil-well in the foreground, and a pergola languidly shaped to recall the famous shooting car on which his fortune was built. Several elegant bookstalls were tastefully disposed throughout the park, and over a clump of Scotch firs could be described the chimneys of the asylum for superannuated librarians, several of whom were taking the air on a miniature mono-rail line that meandered through the bosky dells. Occasionally the flute-like call of the secretary-bird broke the stillness, as it chanted snatches from the novels of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Mr. Carnegie's favorite author. "Vertually interrupting" the silence, we asked, "Is it true, Mr. Carnegie, that you are opposed to America's Imperialist policy?"

"Man alive!" exclaimed our host. "My fortune was made by contracting, how could you expect me to become an expansionist?"

Fascinated by the iron of the steel king, we could have stared for hours in his company, but suddenly remembering that our clothes were still dripping from our immersion in the meat of our genial host, we reluctantly tore ourselves away from his presence.

MAID MARIN
BY GEORGE MEEDITH.

She can be as wise as we
And wiser when she wishes
She can knit with cunning wit
And dress the homely dishes
She can flourish staff or pen
And deal a wound that lingers
She can talk the talk of men
And touch with thrilling fingers

Match her to a carp the sea
Natures fond and fervid
Ye who rest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's cryic
Soft, and lovelier is her soul
Swift and ditty soaring
Mixing, with its dove-like dote
Passionate adoring

Such a she who'll match with me
In living or pursuing
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing
She is steadfast as a star
—And yet the maddest maiden—
She can wage a gallant war
—And give the peace of Eden.

The placing of an order in Scotland for locomotives for the Canadian Pacific Railway should help to relieve uneasiness regarding the decadence of British iron industries.

TERRITORIAL AUTONOMY

During the past campaign for the Yukon council a good deal was said, especially by Mr. Tabor, in regard to the provincial autonomy which we may hope, he claims, to obtain for this territory after some years. In a recent issue of the Manitoba Free Press was a brief history of the development of governmental institutions in the west, pointing out the difficulties experienced in the past in wrenching even niggardly installments of self-government from Conservative administrations. In 1874 the territories were governed by the Mounted Police, acting under orders from Ottawa. In the following year Alexander MacKenzie gave the west the Hon. David Laird as governor, and a Northwest council consisting of appointed members. This council had legislative as well as administrative powers, though within narrow limits. The Northwest council thus established lasted five years, and laid an excellent foundation for future legislation.

The Conservative government, in response to a strong agitation, gave the semblance of representation by a change, allowing any area of 1,000 square miles, having 1,000 population, to send a representative to the council, which was an assembly of officials. Mr. Lawrence Clark was the first, and for some time the only member elected, but very soon Frank Oliver, J. H. Ross, and later, J. G. Turritt, found themselves in the council. In 1878 the council consisted of three appointed members and six appointed and thirteen elected members. The struggle for constitutional rights had already begun. In 1882 Ross and Oliver were fighting against the principle that the Lieutenant Governor was irresponsible to the council for the expenditure of money. The division lists in the journals of the house show that in 1881 Oliver, Ross, Turritt and Geddes stood alone on the question, yet in the following year the "hopeless minority" had the unanimous support of the house.

As a result of a succession of deputations to Ottawa a measure was passed in 1884 establishing an elected chamber with a speaker, the cabinet being formed by the lieutenant-governor calling four of its members as

financial advisors. It was not till after the elected assembly, led by Haultain, Oliver, Ross and Turritt, had left the lieutenant-governor without an advisory council, and had broken up without passing the estimates, that the Northwest assembly was given full control over the expenditure of its funds. One step more was necessary, the establishment of a cabinet responsible to the constituents of its members, and possessing the confidence of the chamber. That change the Conservative government at Ottawa refused persistently to make, and it had to wait the accession of the Liberals to office. In fact, the Northwest made its own constitution, and the great obstacle in its way was the obstruction of the Conservative party in power at Ottawa. The question of provincial autonomy, in one of terms and compensation, must be remembered that while the Conservative government at Ottawa was niggardly in conceding power and authority to the elected representatives of the west, it was lavish in giving away the land that might have supported western governmental institutions.

New York, Dec. 21.—Nates Sautsbury, controlling partner in the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, died today at his home in Long Branch, aged 57 years. Stomach trouble from which he had suffered for several years was the cause of Mr. Sautsbury's death.

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Y LARAMIE

tryin' to do lak de lumber.

current behin de chimney-stove yet, if he don't alone.

in de house de monte' ole an' down de Sosh de pole.

about de place mos' de room, ht, for de steam boom!

de young bo hangin' on.

on de waterde he's gone de're goin' an' see, trade, dat's bo!

tryin' so hard.

all below, ngn' de song an' w'en tall, beetle Ply under de dest're w'en de ever, too; w how dey seein' you. bo bring de ledde noder's knee. de prayer!

ne safe to me. H. Drummond

Attorney James oklyn was stroy station to de Court one more Judge Finney, om Deacon Oregan barking, immediately loo other undignifig a block of de breath.

frightened about Pinnery. "Don't d saw that site?"

all right, Judge district attorney don't know he's going to New York Times.