

WAS ONLY A BOLD HOLD-UP

When W. P. & Y. R. Charged Street Storage

First Avenue Property Extends to High Water Mark Says Land Agent Gosselin.

Reference was made in these columns a week or so ago to Wm. Kleinberg having been mulcted out of \$88.50 storage charges which the White Pass people collected from him for the privilege of allowing a boiler to stand out in the street under no covering save that of heaven's broad canopy, the action of the company at the time being characterized as the grossest kind of a high-handed outrage. Representatives of the corporation when questioned as to their right to make such assessment claimed to have possession of a strip of land 16 feet in width lying between their warehouse and the street, and the Kleinberg boiler is said to have rested upon that piece of hallowed ground. Investigation as to the extent of the company's lease does not show that they have any more title to that ground, perhaps not as much, as the general public, and their collection of storage in the manner stated was the most brazen piece of affront possible. Commissioner Ross when spoken to concerning the right of the White Pass Co. to preempt and turn to a source of revenue the public street, said:

"It is a matter to which my attention was called a few days ago, but I have as yet had no time to investigate it. Last spring I was approached by representatives of the company who expressed a desire to secure permission to use the street for the storage of heavy pieces of machinery until such time as they could be removed. It was manifestly impossible for me to grant outright any such privileges as that, but I realized that often it might work hardship on persons to be compelled to move heavy boilers immediately upon their arrival, whereas a delay of a day or two would hurt nothing, and shippers in that time might arrange matters so they could haul their machinery direct from the dock to their claims, thus saving one handling of the heavy pieces. I knew, too, that none of the city docks were large enough to accommodate the freight constantly arriving unless it was removed at once, so decided that as long as traffic was not interrupted the street could be used. The use was granted tacitly, but no rights whatsoever were attached to it. Concerning the extent of the ground under lease to the White Pass Co., I know nothing. That you will find in the office of the crown timber and land agent."

From Mr. Gosselin, land agent, it is learned that the water front leases cover no ground whatever except from the edge of the river outward. At the time the C. D. Co. built its dock in '99, now the White Pass, H. Maitland Kersey, then managing director, tried to gobble up 20 feet of the street, and after having started his foundation was compelled to desist and move out to the present location. The width of Front street is not limited to 66 feet, as is ordinarily supposed, but extends out to what would be high water mark were there no buildings along the water front. The leases held by the wharf owners cover only the river bank—fresh water tide lands, so to speak; they have not the faintest shadow of title to the ground abutting them on the street side, and are allowed to use the streets for storage purposes only by the sufferance of the government.

THE SWEDE WAS "TAKEN"

But Ay Tank Ay Baen Oop Ayant Da Rale Ting.

There are three young men occupying a certain cabin, one of whom is an unsuspecting son of the land of the olden time Norse kings, whose innocence and inexperience of the ways of the western world makes him the subject of many practical jokes by his fellow room mates. Olaf is a good boy and in some things has developed considerable cleverness, but his knowledge as yet is rather limited. He came to Dawson about two years ago direct from his old home in Sweden, and at the time of his arrival could speak but very little English and was absolutely devoid of understanding the latter language. He obtained employment in a machine shop, and by hard work became quite adept in his occupation and by

careful study has learned to speak quite fluently as well as read and write a little of the English language.

One of Olaf's roommates has devoted considerable time in helping him in his study, and in return Olaf has grown to look upon him as a brother and takes his word on everything as gospel truth. It is this absolute trust which has brought to Olaf considerable grief on different occasions, as the man who thus holds his destiny in an inveterate practical joker, and instead of considering his charge seriously takes advantage of it, and at every opportunity makes Olaf the victim of his humor.

The latest joke practiced on the unsuspecting Olaf was last night, when the census taker came to the cabin to get the data from the occupants for the census returns. It happened that Olaf's friend—who for convenience will call Jones—had met the census enumerator on the street in the afternoon, and after giving the answers to the questions concerning himself told the enumerator to call at the cabin in the evening and he would find the other boys at home.

Jones then went home and finding Olaf alone and seeing the opportunity to have a little sport at his expense, told him that there was a warrant out for his arrest and that the man would be up after supper to get him, "but," added Jones, "don't get worried, we will all testify to your good character and will go bail for you."

"What is this," said Olaf, "not comprehending the situation, 'they are going to arrest me. Why I never did a wrong deed in my life.'"

"That is all right; that is what you say," said Jones, "but they have found you out at last and will be here after supper, so you had better prepare yourself for the worst is yet to come. However, don't be alarmed, for we will all stand-by you through thick and thin, but the best thing for you to do when the man comes around is to answer every question he asks you, make a clean breast of your whole life; where you were born, where your parents live, what your name was and is now, your age, occupation, etc., and continuing through the whole category of the census questions." By the time he had finished Olaf was so scared he could hardly breathe. "What am I to do," he wailed, "I never did anything wrong and the only thing I ever stole in my life was some turpins when I was a boy six years old, and only my father and mother knew of it."

"Sch," said Jones, "as you value your liberty don't tell that to the man or it will be all off with you and even my influence will be unable to keep you out of jail."

"Oh, what shall I do," wailed the unhappy Olaf. "I wish I had never left the peaceful quietude of my native country," and then he began to ply his tormentor with questions as to the charge and who laid the information, but he could get no satisfaction from Jones, who put him off by telling him that he would fix it all right.

After supper there came a rap on the door and Jones upon opening it said to the enumerator, "Ask him what his name is quick." Although there had been no previous understanding the enumerator was quick witted enough to understand that there was something up and assuming an air of the severest gravity went through the whole list of questions. Olaf, who had felt a sickening sensation at the heart when the enumerator entered was fast losing his self-control as his questioner proceeded down the line, and upon being asked his former name he was unable to pronounce it and said he would write it out.

every time, "Shut up you fool, didn't I tell you I would fix it for you." Olaf finally worked himself up to a degree of desperation and announced his intention of getting into a small boat and going down the river.

"Why," remonstrated Jones, "that would be the worst kind of foolishness, for they would catch you at Fortymile and then the consequences would be twice as severe."

"No," replied Olaf, "they wouldn't catch me, for I would cut the telegraph line in six places on my way down, or if they should catch me I would jump into the river, for I would rather be in the river than be arrested."

His nervousness finally got so strong that he went down town fully determined to put his threat into execution when he met a man with one of the "Taken" tags in his hat and inquired what it meant. Upon being told he saw through the joke that had been played upon him, and started back to the cabin determined to put the horseplay to the man who had caused him such a fright, but being good natured he was soon pacified and was laughing with the rest at his unreasonable scare.

THE TYRRELL'S LIGHT CARGO

Could Not Await Arrival of Str. Mexico at St. Michael.

The steamer Tyrrell, one of Sullivan's fleet, arrived yesterday evening 17 days out of St. Michael. She came up practically empty, having but 50 tons aboard for the N. A. T. & T. Co. and a portion of the crew of the J. P. Light. Mrs. Sullivan was the only through passenger, though a number were picked up at way points. The failure of the Mexico to arrive at St. Michael in time to get her cargo up the river will prove a serious loss to more than one person, shippers as well as carriers. It is learned by mail that the Mexico left Vancouver August 26 and when a few days out broke her shaft, necessitating her return to Seattle for repairs. She got away the second time September 11. Under favorable conditions the run to St. Michael would be made in 12 days and at the time of the Tyrrell's departure she was expected not later than September 25, too late to attempt the transshipment of her cargo. The Tyrrell and Light laid at St. Michael 11 days waiting for their freight and when it became apparent it was useless to wait longer the Tyrrell was sent back. Sullivan remained at St. Michael and as soon as the Mexico arrives will load the Light and two barges and proceed up the river as far as he can this fall, going into winter quarters probably somewhere near Nearskiy or Nulato. The water in the flats is becoming very low and heavy vessels have difficulty in getting over the bars. No ice has yet made its appearance.

St. Michael will be very quiet this winter and Nome will be a silent city in reality as well as in name. Everyone who can possibly raise the price of a ticket is leaving and at St. Michael there will be left only a handful of soldiers, a few clerks and some watchmen. Sullivan is building a warehouse 40x60 near the old A. E. quarters.

The steamer Casca was passed by the Tyrrell the second day out from St. Michael. She is heavily laden with freight for the N. A. T. & T. Co. and is drawing nearly five feet. Unless some of her cargo is lightened at Tanana it will be impossible for her to get over the flats this season. The Lavelle Young with a cargo of 200 tons was passed on a day at the mouth of the river. She had gone aground at low tide and should have had no difficulty in getting off when the tide turned. The present is the Young's third attempt to reach Dawson. Last season when well up the river she blew out her crown sheet and was compelled to turn back for repairs. It is very doubtful if she arrives this season.

The Tyrrell will be pulled out on the ways at West Dawson tomorrow.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

LOST—Lady's small poke containing few dollars in dust. Reward if returned to Nugget office.—D. H. R. T.

WANTED—By a competent woman, position as cook or housekeeper. Best of references. Inquire at Nugget office.

Send a copy of Grotzman's souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news-stands. Price \$2.50.

Pure Cider Vinegar —AT— F. S. DUNHAM'S THE FAMILY GROCER Corner 2nd Ave. and 6th St.

CONCERT SUNDAY NIGHT



PALOMA AND KARLA SCHRAMM.

The music loving public of Dawson will be pleased to learn that another opportunity is to be given of hearing Paloma and Karla Schramm.

The two little girls will appear for the last time in Dawson at the old Savoy on Sunday night, and will give an entirely new program. None of the selections used last Sunday night will be repeated.

On Wednesday evening last the two little girls appeared at the Forks, where they delighted a large and enthusiastic audience. An evidence of the physical strength of the two children is furnished by the fact that they walked to and from the Forks, a distance of 28 miles, both refusing to ride on the stage.

ONE OF MAN'S DELUSIONS

Owens a Town Today and Saws Wood Tomorrow.

If there has been a day since Dawson was accorded a position on the map on which a man was justified in getting on a skate that would make him blind to the weather, that day was yesterday—a day when the horse-plate of dreaminess spread over the country and when all nature felt like going to bed, tucking the "Movers" in closely around her ears and staying there until climatic conditions changed.

The weather of yesterday was too much for W. Fisher, who assayed to woo an artificial sunshine by pecking himself in the compound tripe extract of eye. For a time it worked like a charm and Fisher was led to believe that he was the poobah of Dawson in that he objected to other people using the sidewalk while he was out on parade until Sergeant Smith came along and cut short the poobah's reign. When arraigned on the charge of "d. and d." this morning Fisher did not deny the allegation but "guessed" it was true. A fine of \$5 and costs, or 10 days labor was imposed. Having invested his capital in an attempt to offset the effects of yesterday's weather he will refine fuel.

NEW SAVOY OPENING

Commencing With Monday Night Performances Will Be Given.

The new Savoy theater will open Monday night with the best show in Dawson. Besides the regular high-class drama, headed by Cummings, some high salaried vaudeville people are on the boards. The house is all finely furnished and a comfortable seat is given to all patrons irrespective of location. The old Savoy will close with the opening of the new house.

If you want the "Big" 50 cent cigar—call at Butler's Pioneer.

ONE LITTLE ITALIAN MAID

Who Lived on Princes Road and Tended Shop

Was Born to a Career Which She Afterward Achieved by Dreaming and Study for the Stage.

From such surroundings? Yes, perhaps because of such surroundings, Genius will flourish anywhere, and every difficulty to its own advantage. At any rate, though genius itself is apt to be very dubious respecting this comforting doctrine, I cannot but think that Princess road made Catarina, Yel, truly, what a setting for such a pearl!

Her mother was an Italian, her father had died while she was still a child, and from that day Catarina was marked by fate. The mother had bought a greengrocer's shop in that very unlovely Princess road in that little fortress—it might be truly said hardly ever quitting guard—she had begun and carried on through long years one of those terrible, grim silent struggles with poverty, disaster and death with which London is replete. She had survived, she had been always able just to keep her head above water, but heaven only knows at the cost of what heroism, of what intelligence and of what privations in that little sea of troubles in which her lot was cast!

The older inhabitants of Princess road still remember her as a buxom and high spirited young woman, speaking English very badly, but shrewd enough withal. But the years had gradually robbed her of every trace of her former beauty, and on the first day I knew her she was a prematurely old, quiet, careworn dame, her face fallow and withered, her cheeks drawn and sunken, her hair dry and dusty, and if any thing remained to give assurance to the memory of her charms it was in her Italian eye, sad, but deep, lustrous, blazing up at times with some inward fire or occasionally revealing the strange, yearning, hunted-look of a poor child of the sunny south wearing out her life in a somber clime and among an alien people.

No, there was another testimony to her former beauty—Catarina! She was about 13 when I saw her first, and most children are pretty at that age, but no one with the eye of an artist or with insight into character could once gaze upon Catarina's countenance without inwardly resolving that that strange, foreign looking creature was predestined to a "career."

Catarina was often to be found in the shop about that time or in the little "parlor" that served for everything at the back. She was generally to be found there, in fact, for, though she avoided school and was not a particularly shining light in the paths of learning, the girl saw it with a rage for reading. There she was to be found as often as not with a smudge upon her short nose from having handled dusty potatoes, perched up or crouched down with a novelette, a story book, a book of travel, or adventure. She was extraordinarily precocious in her understanding of the world, just as much as she was backward in physical development, for she was small for her age. Even then she was ambitious—she was more than ambitious—she was fiery and resolute. One day she saw it in the flash of the wonderful eyes as she glanced up quickly from her book, seeming in one earnest dart to look through your own eyes into something, possibly the soul, behind!

She was delightfully shy, though confident, timid though fiery, casual though tender. When she dropped her eyes there was a fascination that depended on no mere demonstration, must indeed have been something more conscious, for it seemed ready to be due to the lashes, with their long and peculiar fanlike sweep. Catarina had resolved even to be an actress. By a sort of instinct she perceived that that was the only avenue by which she would escape from the surroundings of that little road, which at the same time she loathed and acquiesced in with a natural and even affectionate familiarity.

Catarina would weigh out a pound of potatoes with "Last Year's" on her hand. She would wash over the odd halfpenny with the same man, dreaming—for she was always dreaming—of the most illustrious situations of the "boards."

Catarina had been six months in "the profession." By dint of what exertions, of what energy, whether she had carried her point, or all that heroic, but of that kind of heroism which is utterly unconscious to the doer. Catarina knew a world of things, and she had served of them. She had succeeded. And then, by chance came. Almost as one ball of worsted to a kitten she had given Catarina an interpolated and dance.

She could sing a "little bit" though her voice had a quality though the sense of touch and hearing had been dissolved into a volume of sound in single notes together too feeble. The audience laughed, laughed even at the Italian eyes, simply because they were "new"—until Catarina began to dance. They had laughed her into a fortnight, but in her excitement she had forgotten them. She did not upon the steps her mother had taken and upon her genius. Her being spoke, it sang, it laughed, teased—yes, like the very kitten—the worsted—it fascinated, it drew fireworks, it brought down the lightning in a thunderclap of sudden, furious astonishment applause.

I met her going home one day shortly afterward. She had taken away and was actually tramping rather, stepping it like a halfpenny. Perhaps she liked to be perhaps it was the habit of a days when a halfpenny loomed as a sovereign. She was dressed, though outwardly in a coarse cloak.

Dead Game Sport.

Ross, of Murray & Ross, a winner on the yacht race "The Shamrock II." Yesterday it was the wire reached Dawson stating that the Columbia had won the first final race. Ross, like a true pioneer went to George Butler's Pioneer saloon a check for the amount of his bet, which by the way was written with four: George Butler standing to lose amount should the Columbia win. The wager between the gentlemen was made subject to the decision of the board of judges. Ross took his medicine in the event of his losing in the event of his losing in the decision of the board he will have the same manly spirit and "back."

L. O. Carter, more commonly known as "Dad," the newspaper news agent, has purchased the news stand on the corner of 2nd and 3rd St., by the Bank where he will be pleased to welcome many patrons and friends.

For Sale. Cash, Lower half 23 below Dominion, owner going out of week. Apply DR. MERRYMAN.

Only best brands of cigars served. Drinks and cigars at McDonald, Bank saloon.

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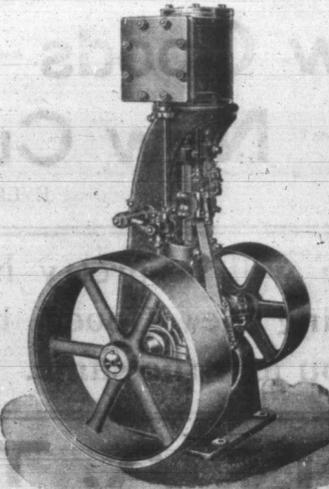
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AT Anderson Bros. We have the finest lot of wall paper and paints direct from the factory. Stains, oils, turpentine, white and colored enamel, putty, glass and Anderson Bros. PAINTING IN THE PAINTER'S LINE Second Avenue



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Vol. 2 No.

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