

Now the Paradise of Tin Horn Gamblers

has made distinct progress. The schools and the newspapers and contact with the whites have pushed the Indian woman fairly well along the path of progress. She is evolving. She has acquired a taste for less bizarre and more becoming clothing. Many of them young women are not uncomely, and their freedom from the thraldom of a brave's teepee has made it possible for them to retain their looks longer than their mothers. At 35 their forms still retain graceful outlines and some even older have not yet reached that point so universally favored by their maternal ancestors where their figures have the same general design of a maulack.

Not an inconsiderable portion of this physical progressiveness can be traced to the fact that many of them are of half and quarter blood. It is not an unusual sight in Oklahoma towns to see Indian girls in shirt waists and dangling parasols, riding in rubber-tired vehicles, from which it may be inferred that they are not as repulsive looking as the untutored eastern imagination might picture.

The great richness of this region, the fortunes possible in grain, cattle, and fruit, to men of pluck and energy, have given to immigration an allurements that is so powerful that, with the Indian girls marrying white men and the Indian boys gambling and drifting themselves to poverty and death, perhaps the solution of the Indian question is not such a difficult one as ethnologists have declared.

Consider now the Traveling Man, That gay and festive blade Who goeth up and down the land, In sporty garb arrayed, Who playeth havoc with the hearts Of many country belles, And stoppeth like the prince he is At all the best hotels.

Now mark him as he sits him down Outside the tavern door, And lighteth up his good cigar Which costs ten cents or more, And with his comrades gathered round He swappeth sundry lies, Or at the village maidens fair Doth make the goo-goo eyes.

And presently he to the bar With others doth repair, And many highballs will he take To drive away dull care. Now would not such a life of ease Appeal to any one? And would we all were travelling men— Nay, wait a bit, my son.

For in the morn ere dawn hath come From bed ariseth he, And dresth in a chilly robe To catch the five-o'clock train. He getteth on the train As breakfast is not ready yet— And rideth down to Green's Cross Roads.

And there before the tavern stove He warmeth up his legs, And presently he sits him down To hash or ham and eggs. And when to work he getteth forth He finds to his amaze, His customer hath gone to town, To be there several days.

He rusheth back unto the inn To make his get-away, And there with sinking heart he hears The landlord calmly say: "Why you a-goin' East, my friend? Well, you are left all right. There ain't no other train that way till 9:15 tonight."

STRANGE CASE OF LANCASTER

Proves That Truth is Oftentimes Stranger Than Fiction

Realizing That His Mind Was Failing He Absented Himself—Regained His Mind in Texas.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 16.—Joseph Lancaster, the wealthy merchant of Dawson City, Y. T., who was missing for over a year until he recently made known his whereabouts in a letter to his sister in this city, written from Beaumont, Texas, arrived in Denver Monday, but his presence did not become known until today. Mr. Lancaster denied ever having had any

of the fierce adventures attributed to him. He is conscious of having passed through an extraordinary experience, the details of which and the incidents are clouded, although he is aware that after disappearing from Seattle he wandered through California and around the Pacific coast, and then to Texas.

Speaking of the influence that worked upon him and caused him to hide himself away from his family and friends for the past year or more, Mr. Lancaster said:

"Overwork, a nervous strain accentuated in the Yukon climate, and business worries brought about a mental collapse. It struck me suddenly. I felt as though I was going to lose my mind. I saw strange things, and would talk to imaginary people. I was on the verge of insanity when, in a lucid moment, I saw myself as others saw me."

"If I am going this way," I said, "I will cease being a burden; I will save my family and friends the annoyance of having an insane man on their hands."

"That relieved me, and the idea grew. I quietly slipped out, and instead of coming to Denver, where my sister lived, or communicating with my family, I turned myself loose. I felt these strange moods coming on, but did not resist them. I presume I became worse; there is a blank for which I cannot account. I had a little money and that ran me. I remembered nothing of my past people called me by another name. It is possible I was like a man under hypnotic influence until I found myself one day in Nevada in a lumber camp."

Mr. Lancaster says he was as easily pleased as a child, yet had a powerful inclination to anything gay or exciting. He must have gone from place to place believing himself another person, and having forgotten he was once a merchant in Dawson.

It came to him in Beaumont, Tex., during the oil excitement, that he was Joe Lancaster.

"I think the cure was completed," he said, "the instant it flashed across my mind that I was Joseph Lancaster. I immediately telegraphed, when I found out the date, and wrote my sister here in Denver. It seemed as if a cloud had been lifted, and the clearing brought only indistinct shadow pictures, you might say, of what I had been doing since I left Seattle."

Mr. Lancaster came from Beaumont Monday night. He went to the home of Mrs. Peyton, his sister, where he was met by his mother and brother, P. I. Lancaster, who reached the city from Dawson the same day.

His relatives have prevailed upon him not to risk a relapse by a return before spring to his business in the far north. He will spend the winter in San Jose, Cal., with his wife and children.

Two Years at San Quentin. San Francisco, Oct. 18.—John M. Neall, formerly a captain in the United States army, recently convicted of forgery, was today sentenced to serve two years at San Quentin at hard labor.

JUDGE IS THREATENED

The Kentucky Mountaineer Killed Goebel Still Ugly.

Georgetown, Ky., Oct. 16.—Threats against the life of Judge Cantrill, who is presiding over the trial of former Secretary of State Caleb Powers, charged with complicity in the assassination of Gov. William Goebel, were reported today. When a cot was brought into the courthouse for the use of the judge, who is not in good health a crowd of mountaineers asked what it was intended for. "For Judge Cantrill," was the reply.

Take it in," said one of the mountaineers. "Cantrill will need that

They Steal Ideas. The Horse show at Madison Square Gardens has no more constant visitor than the dressmakers and milliners of the city who go day after day to the new fashions that this annual equine festival brings out and settles irrevocably for the winter. They wander around the garden, their eyes on the boxes and study the various fashionable women who are on view mornings, afternoons and evenings in all the glory of their new gowns. For no matter what the Paris modistes send over it is the New York woman who settles by her approbation what really will be worn—and she also adds many a touch of her own that gives smartness to a style.

Just at this season of the year these sleuths of fashion hunt the various restaurants of the great hotels that have become the popular lunching places of the smartly gowned women of New York. The dressmakers cannot readily be distinguish-



ON THE SUMMIT OF CHILCOOT PASS, MAY 1898.

ed from the other guests, for these women are the buyers for their various establishments and have all the advantages of dress to aid them in appearance, as well as a yearly trip to London and Paris to study the fashions in the foreign capitals.

In the New York restaurants they order a modest luncheon and then in an observant but not ostentatious way they gather in the gown and the small accessories of dress. At church and on Fifth avenue on Sunday mornings the same women may be seen closely regarding the women on foot and in carriages for this is the best opportunity to see the well-dressed women of the city on parade. While their gowns are always quiet for church they are cut in the new modes and the colors and embroideries of the newest. The lynx-eyed modiste thus gains information and may tell her customer of Mrs. Gillette's biscuit colored gown with its scroll of gold and brown or can assure her that Mrs. Muchtinea has one of the new English pork pie hats worn down over the eyes with the little veil just to the nose which is one of the new wrinkles.

The presence of the dressmaking, detective and milliner is not objected to at any place but in rival establishments where she sometimes goes to find out what new inventions her trades contemporaries are offering and sometimes to appropriate the fashion and improve upon it. She is very readily discovered, however, as a rule and unmercifully snubbed, even though she may be personating a wealthy customer looking for the newest and most expensive novelties.

While among the very best class of modistes this stealing of a rival's styles is considered undignified and beneath contempt, it is said that even the finest houses, although they disdain to copy styles are not averse to knowing what their business rivals are offering and to outdo them in quality and originality if it is possible.—N. Y. Sun.

Collision on Trolley Line. Portland, Or., Oct. 16.—A passenger and a freight car on the Vancouver trolley line of the Portland Railway Company collided in the big about 8 o'clock this morning on the bridge spanning Sullivan's gulch. The passenger car had on board about fifty persons, most of whom were soldiers from Vancouver barracks. All were shaken up and several were cut with broken glass. The following were seriously injured: Frank Tawney, motorman of the passenger car, both legs broken and injured internally, T. S. Dykes and H. C. McGregor, both of Company B, Twenty-eighth infantry, legs broken and injured internally.

"TRILBY." AS PRODUCED AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATER, NEW YORK, AT THE NEW SAVOY.

Pat Crowe's Next Move. Omaha, Neb., Oct. 16.—Chief of Police Donahue says the "next move" on the board is up to Pat Crowe, in the case in which the alleged kidnaper has attracted so much attention. Practically all of the conditions laid down for his surrender have been complied with, and the chief says he expects Crowe to put in an appearance before the last day of the month. The county attorney has agreed to recommend to the court a bond of \$500 if Crowe voluntarily gives himself up, and as this is as near as that condition can be met, Chief Donahue says he has done all he can, and is now waiting for the result.

Four Men Killed. Scranton, Pa., Oct. 16.—A fall of roof coal caused the death of four men in the Klondike mine of the Delaware & Hudson Company at Archbald this afternoon. They were: Patrick Nealon, assistant mine foreman; John Healy, miner; John Maloney, miner, and Matthew Drueher, driver.

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