

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Visited Last Night by a Large Party of Mazamas.

Those Who Failed to Go "Mist" a Great Treat—Many Will Return Every Night for a Week.

It was an enthusiastic party that last night toiled slowly up the long path east of the city that leads into the clouds which nestle around Capt. Jack's flag staff on the summit of the first ridge. The fact that dense clouds hung like a church debt over this section of the country all evening and became more dense as night advanced, deterred hundreds from going that had their haversacks all packed and ready for the trip.

But to the many who made the trip it became apparent before reaching the summit that there were three or four plies of clouds hovering over the country instead of one. The first tier was passed about half way up the mountain side; the second at the edge of the timber, while the summit was the scene of great billowy activity. To see the great rolls of mist cross the summit with a hop, step and jump off into the impenetrable depths below was a sight worth going double the distance to see; besides, it showed a degree of carelessness amounting almost to recklessness on the part of the clouds. At least 100 mosquitoes as large as humming birds had followed each person from the timber up to the summit where it was gratifying to see them become entangled in the clouds and carried away into the gloom.

From dry brush were made half a dozen fires, hence no one froze to death so far as learned. At intervals of every few minutes the clouds would roll by, Jenny, when there would, for the next ten or fifteen minutes, be revealed to the eye a grand sight in the far below, where the graceful curves of the Yukon could be seen many miles to the northward, but not quite so far as the Kalgat cut-off. Then another cloud as big as the state of Rhode Island would roll off the summit and for the next few minutes all would be impenetrable. On several occasions it was possible to see the exact spot where the sun ought to be, which fact was a source of unalloyed pleasure to the many who had withstood the long and wearisome journey.

Messrs. Atwood and Cantwell were there with their kodaks and on several occasions the mist would lift for the 10 seconds required to "keep still and look pleasant."

Occasionally a mushroom would burst through the top of the ground with a loud report which was a source of wonder, surprise and amusement to the children.

As every one had taken along sufficient lunch for half a dozen people, eating contests were among the features of the gladstone occasion. A few declared their intentions of again making the trip tonight, but the majority declared in favor of not making it. Many left their coffee buckets there for use next year. At 12:45 a general move toward the common plane of humanity was made and 40 minutes later, after much crowding of toes into the forward part of shoes, and with a trembling of the knees that caused the writer to think of the time he asked the old man, the large crowd that "mist" seeing the midnight sun was back in Dawson, thankful that they still lived.

The Morphine Habit.

Actresses, as a class, are more addicted to the use of opium than people in any other walk of life. They generally administer it to themselves by hypodermic injections of the solution of morphine. They invariably, whether truthfully or not, ascribe their introduction to the vice to doctors having administered it to them in prescriptions intended to allay internal pains. Some years ago a clerk in a large drug store was summoned to a room in one of our most prominent hotels. When he knocked on the door, he was commanded to enter. Thrown upon the bed in the abandon of semiconsciousness was a woman who was then one of the best known actresses in America. You all have seen her.

"I sent for you," she said, "to tell you that every day I will send to your establishment for an ounce of Magendie's solution"—a well known preparation of morphine, containing 16 grains of morphine to each ounce of the solution, or 96 times more than an ordinary dose. "I am provided with it in every city that I visit and I see no reason why I should not be furnished with it here."

"It is against our rules," said the clerk, "to provide morphine in any such quantities unless we are convinced that the person applying for it is addicted to its use to an extent that would not make that quantity fatal."

"I'll satisfy you on that score," said the actress, and thereupon she bared her arms, and, to speak plainly, the calves of her legs also. They had been punctured by the hypodermic needle to such an extent that in their roughness they resembled nutmeg graters. The testimony was conclusive, and she was daily provided with 16 grains of the poison. She died a few years ago almost forgotten in the profession nature had intended she should adorn.

Truly "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—Philadelphia Times.

Praises Canadian Gallantry.

In the course of a letter written on the steamer Tantalus Castle, while off Maderia, and addressed to Lieut.-Col. Smith, president of the County of Perth Veterans' Society, Col. Hutton, late major general in command of the Canadian militia, says:

"It was with feelings of deep regret that I left Canada, and for the time, at least, have severed my connection with my militia comrades in Canada. I can never forget the manner in which my efforts at reform were met by the Canadian militia and by the vast majority of the Canadian public. Although circumstances have prevented me from carrying out all that might have been effected, sufficient has been accomplished to make a further advance comparatively easy hereafter.

"Canadians may at any rate be proud indeed at the gallantry of their representative infantry battalion—the 2d Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment. If the opportunity comes I feel well assured that the field batteries under Lieut.-Col. Drury and Lieut.-Cols. Lassar and Herchmer, will equally well maintain the honor of the Canadian army.

"It will be a pleasure, indeed, to meet my Canadian comrades again in South Africa and to renew my connection with them in the field."

Shocked the Landlord.

"We had been at a Rocky mountain hotel for a week," said a Washington man who has just returned from the west, "and beefsteak and mutton chops had been on the bill of fare at every meal to the exclusion of all other meats. It was finally decided to send the colonel to the landlord to protest, and, having gained the ear of mine host, he said:

"I want to speak to you in a good natured way about your meats."

"My meats!" echoed the landlord.

"Why, is there anything wrong about my meats? I'm getting the very best."

"It's beefsteak and mutton, you know?"

"Yes, I know, and they cost me a heap of money to get 'em here—yes, sir; almost worth their weight in silver—but I must have the best. What is it you complain of?"

"We don't complain. What I wanted to ask you was about game. There must be game around here?"

"Of course. Do you mean to say that your crowd wants venison, bear meat, antelope, prairie chicken, turkey, and so on?"

"Exactly. Yes; that's what we want."

"In place of beef and mutton?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Here, Jim, tell the boys to go out after a cartload of game and to keep it up for three or four days. Here's a crowd kicking about steaks at 35 cents per pound and chops at 30 and ready to fill up on game at \$2 a ton! Well, you eastern folks beat the band in your queer tastes about eating! Next thing you'll be telling me you prefer wild goose to a Chicago sugar cured ham."—Washington Star.

Two Walkouts.

There has been some heavy bank playing in Dawson lately in which one house has allowed its money to be carried out and a few doors further down the street where it was dropped into the coffers of a rival house. It is said that on Wednesday Harry Woolrich, after playing faro at the Exchange for a short time cashed in \$5300 and walked out. Later in the day he dropped into the Orpheum where "de ceilin'" is the limit and a short time later, walked out of there also; but on the second walkout he, it is said, was shy the \$5300 he possessed on the first walk out.

Foxy Old Grover.

Princeton, N. J., June 8.—When Grover Cleveland was asked what he thought of the recent letter of E. C. Benedict on the need of a new political party he replied:

"Mr. Benedict has a perfect right to assert himself and what he says has no bearing on me whatever.

"I do not know what Mr. Benedict

really did say in his letter because I am not bothering much about politics just now. There has been no time when I have given less attention to politics than I am doing now."

Mr. Cleveland was asked concerning the indorsement of William J. Bryan by the New York Democratic state convention. He replied: "That has not interested me at all."

Cyclone John Killed.

Indianapolis, June 8.—Thomas Jefferson Johnson, known as "Cyclone John," a street preacher, was shot and instantly killed tonight at Carmel, sixteen miles north of here, after he had killed Deputy Sheriff Carey, who was trying to arrest him for assault and battery.

Johnson had been attacking different persons in his street talks, and these attacks had brought him into several fights. There was much feeling against him.

Tonight he renewed his attacks. Carey tried to arrest him and was shot dead, and an unknown person in the crowd shot Johnson. He was born in Jackson county, Kentucky, and was converted at Covington, Ky., five years ago, and has been preaching since.

State Will Interfere.

St. Paul, June 8.—The Minnesota railroad and warehouse commission today sent to the management of the Northern Pacific and St. Paul & Duluth railroads a formal letter, demanding information regarding the proposed consolidation of those two roads.

There is a state law prohibiting the consolidation of parallel or competing lines of railroads, and the commission proposes to take legal action to prevent any move looking to the absorption of the St. Paul & Duluth by the Northern Pacific, if such is contemplated.

Frost Injures Wheat Crop.

Minnewaukan, N. D., June 8.—A hard freeze last night formed a quarter of an inch of ice. Much wheat was cut back to the ground. The crop cannot exceed one-half the ordinary yield.

The Masonic Excursion.

Those in charge of the Sunday excursion up the Yukon on the steamer Tyrrell are having most flattering success in the sale of tickets and by Sunday morning there is no doubt but that the limit, 250, will have been reached. The steamer will run to the mouth of Indian river and probably a few miles up that turbulent stream. If it gets no further than the mouth, however, there are fine picnic grounds where a landing will be made and several hours given to enable the excursionists to wander among the flowers that bloom in the spring. Those who do not care to be troubled with lunch baskets can be accommodated with refreshments aboard the steamer.

As the excursion is for a most laudable cause, that of endowing a Masonic ward in the Good Samaritan hospital, there is a general indication on the part of the people to push it along and at the same time take a day of pleasure on the river and in the woods. The steamer will leave the A. C. Co.'s dock promptly at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Another Dawson Dairy.

L. H. Heidinger, formerly of Puyallup, Wash., but for the past two years a meat market and dairy proprietor of Skagway, accompanied by his wife and two sons, arrived in Dawson yesterday with 14 milch cows, ten calves and a large lot of hay and grain. The calves will be sold for veal, while the cows will be kept for dairy purposes.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Your choice of any cotton shirt waists in the store for \$2.50 at McLennan's. c23

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Second Avenue, Cafe Royal Building.

Flannery Hotel

No better in Dawson for home comfort and cleanliness.

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"White Pass and Yukon Route."

Str. COLUMBIAN

Will Follow the Victorians...

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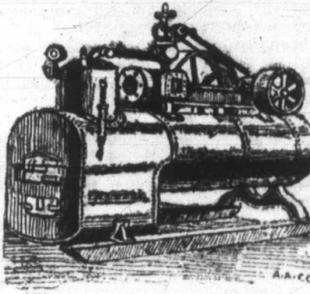
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Steamboat Repairing a Specialty. The Only Shop in the Territory with Machinery for Handling Heavy Work

MASONIC EXCURSION

The Yukon Masonic Association has chartered the magnificent

STEAMER TYRRELL

For a Grand Excursion to

Indian River, Next Sunday,

JUNE 24TH.

Boat Leave A. C. Co.'s Dock at 10 o'clock a. m. Tickets, \$5.00.

On sale at Kalenborn's, Reid's and Kirk's Drug Stores, McDonald Hotel and at the office of the Yukon Sun.

Funds to be applied towards endowing a ward in the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Re-Opened THE CRITERION

Hotel and Cafe

Under management of J. H. WETTER, with a stock of the Best Liquors, Wines, Cigars, etc., in Dawson.

Corner 2d Ave. and Harper St.

Splendidly Furnished Rooms Upstairs. The Best Location in Town.

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Dining Room and Bar Now Open.

Comfortable Beds Cheerful Rooms

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