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RETURNED FROM NOME

Charles Hill Who Left Dawson June 6th Relates His Experience With Ice

WHICH CAUSED HIM MUCH DELAY

In the Steamer Monarch Not Reaching Mouth of River

HE FOUND NOME A DEAD ONE

Although Many Former Dawsonites Are Prosperous - Sour Dough "Charley" Glad to Return.

Among the passengers returning on the Monarch from Nome yesterday was Chas. Hill, an old sourdough of '93 and one of the best known men about Dawson. His experiences in endeavoring to reach St. Michael before the ice went out are well worth relating. He left here on the Monarch June 6 and upon arriving at the mouth of the Yukon was compelled by reason of the ice still holding fast to remain there three weeks. After a week of inactivity had passed it was learned the provisions aboard ship were running low, and as there was 150 passengers to be cared for the situation became alarming. Bean, Hill and "Murph" Thorp left the Monarch in a canoe one morning to see if there were not some way by which a passage could be forced through the ice and if not, to continue over the ice to St. Michael. The party proceeded as far as they could by water and then tramped seven miles over the ice to Romanoff, climbed to the highest point on the land, and as far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen except a vast, immovable sea of ice. It was manifestly impossible to continue to St. Michael without further preparation and they accordingly retraced their steps to the canoe and returned to the steamer, reporting to the captain the impossibility of securing any additions to their larler from St. Michael. The Monarch went back to the mouth of the river and secured some provisions from a United States transport then laying at anchor at that point, and again returned to the edge of the ice pack. Almost immediately afterward Humboldt

Gates and five others left in one of the ship's boats intending to go as far as they could by working their way through the ice floes, and then proceed overland along the shore. Three miles beyond Point Romanoff they came across five bodies within an interval of a mile, all evidently frozen to death during the winter. It was not until July 2 that the Monarch succeeded in reaching St. Michael, following the City of Paris, which plowed its way through the ice in a slough leading to the island. A stay of several days was necessitated at St. Michael, as none of the ocean boats then in the harbor could approach within a mile of the docks. While in port Mr. Hill was shown a gruesome sight by the resident physician in charge of the hospital, consisting of a miscellaneous collection of toes, fingers, hands and feet which were frozen and amputated during the winter. A number of the Monarch's passengers finally decided to delay no longer in reaching Nome. At low tide there is a rocky reef connecting St. Michael island with Whale island some 500 yards distant. Over this reef the party wended its way, taking a whale boat at the island for the steamer Dora, which lay out about a mile distant, and which landed the crowd at Nome. Others followed the next day on the St. Paul, the Rock Island doing transport duty out to the big ocean liner. The landing at Nome was both laborious and difficult. There being no docks, scows were used as lighters. After a scow was loaded an anchor would be carried forward several hundred feet in a small boat dropped overboard and then the scow would be hauled in hand over hand. The performance would be repeated again and again until the last shoot through the high surf was made in a surf boat, generally wetting every one of the passengers from head to foot. On arriving at Nome the camp was found to be quiet and business much depressed, though the advent of considerable Dawson money enlivened things about town for several days. Gambling and the dance halls had quite a boom for a short time. One of the next boats to arrive was a naphtha launch, among her passengers being the late Captain Dixon, Dr. Hatch and a number of other well-known people. In effecting a landing through the tremendously high surf a fatal accident was averted only by the cool-headed bravery of Captain Dixon. In some manner the little launch became unmanageable for a moment, and almost instantly was carried broadwise on to the highest part of the old barge Skookum. As the waves receded the launch keeled over and just as she was ready to capsize, Captain Dixon, with rare presence of mind, threw the passengers over to the opposite side of the vessel, she righted herself, and the next breaker carried her clean and clear over the old barge into safety. A large crowd witnessed the incident from the shore and regard the escape from drowning due only to the presence of mind of Captain Dixon. "As late as July 10 many of the gutches were still filled with snow and claims that a year ago were sluicing night and day were covered with ice. Claim owners

are more or less discouraged over the backwardness of the season. "Quite a number of old Dawsonites have done well in Nome, particularly those who were established in the boom days. Gus Siefert is doing a good business in the Reception. A character who used to be known about town as "Texas" is running a saloon called the "Second Class." Jack Smith and Napoleon Duprees opened a swell place, but as business was not very prosperous. Smith sold out to his partner. Ed Holden is located next door to Duprees. "Bill" McPhee is one of the aldermen of the city and is doing a brokerage business. Lefe Hamilton, Jim McKay and Charles Yaege, all well known here, have been hauled into court and placed under \$2000 bonds for contempt of court. Claims in which they are interested are in litigation and the trouble arose over their refusal to obey an order of court. One of the most successful of the Dawsonites to locate in Nome has been Ollie Bourret, who, during the winter of '98 was a member of the Monte Carlo orchestra. He in company with his brother are operating the largest wholesale produce and provision store in Nome and have a branch at Teller City. The present is Mr. Hill's first trip away from the Yukon in six years and he says he is glad to get back though he was "slanghaied" out of Nome by his friends without his trunk, grip, or even a coat.

Arctic Brotherhood.
The Arctic Brotherhood held a very interesting meeting Tuesday, the subject of building a fraternity hall being largely discussed. Several sites for the proposed building were submitted but none selected as it was thought best to look around a little further to see if something better than the ones proposed could not be found. On next Tuesday evening it was decided to give an entertainment to the members of the Brotherhood. A program will be arranged, refreshments will be served and a good time will be enjoyed. All visiting as well as local members of the order are urged to be present.

Mr. Price Visits Dawson.
Mr. John G. Price, the pioneer attorney at Skagway and one of the heavy weights of the Alaga bar, is in the city enroute to Fortymile to look after interests on Jack Wade creek. Mr. Price was the choice of Alaska as lobbyist in congress. He has always lead in the Skagway townsite fight for the people and against the Moores. While in the city Mr. Price is a guest at the Hotel McDonald.

MURDERED BY NATIVES

Three Out of Four Prospectors Killed on Unimak Island.

Seattle, July 30.—The first authentic account of the killing of three prospectors on Unimak Island, Alaska, by Indians, has reached Seattle in a letter written by N. C. Klifway, the fur trader of Unalaska to Z. A. Mafridge of The Fair, 1207 1/2 Pike street. The survivor of the attack, D. Jackson, of Idaho, escaped from the murderous Indians barefooted after weeks of traveling over the barren wastes of the Aleutian Island and found a refuge on the steamer Newport. He tells the following story:

"Four of us, P. J. Rooney of Seattle, C. Sullivan and F. Sullivan, brothers from Butte county, Montana, and myself left Seattle in April on the schooner Lizzie Colby. We landed in Cape Lipin, Unimak Island, on May 12 to prospect the country. On June 2 we landed in a dory at another part of the island and went some distance from the shore to put up our tent. On returning to the boat at 2 p. m., we found that the Indians had stolen our guns and ammunition and on looking around saw them hiding behind some rocks. They opened fire without a word of warning and shot Florence Sullivan dead. Con Sullivan and myself, having no way to protect ourselves ran for the hills. As we turned the natives fired again, hitting Rooney, who fell mortally wounded, whereupon an Indian ran up to him and shot him dead. They then directed their fire at Sullivan and myself and finally shot Sullivan in the back before we could get out of range or reach shelter. Sullivan dropped dead. Another shot went through my clothes, but I distanced the natives without sustaining further injury.

"I then started on foot for False Pass and on the 9th of June found a deserted cabin in which I laid down to sleep. I was awakened by hearing voices and sprang to the door to lock it. I had scarcely done this when the Indians, who had caught up with me, appeared in front of the cabin and asked me to open the door, assuring me in broken English that it would be all right. I refused, and the blood-thirsty murderers climbed on the

roof, trying to get in through the skylight. They seemed afraid, however, that I might have a weapon, and finally disappeared. "The next morning I started for False Pass and tried to signal a fishing schooner, but could not make her see. Before I could make my signals more effective I saw the Indians coming some miles down the beach and was forced to take to the hills again and make my way to Unimak Pass, on the other side of the island. I was barefooted all this time and had only raw flour to eat. On June 23 I reached the pass, almost dead from hunger, exhaustion and pain. Caring little what became of me, I crawled under an abandoned dory which was lying on the beach upside down and went to sleep. Finally a prospector, whom I afterwards found was one Edward Williamson, discovered me and helped me to his tent and nursed me back to health again.

"About this time the Pacific Steam

Whaling Company's steamer Newport came along and took us both to Unalaska. Capt. Moore and his officers giving me every care possible. I reported the case to the captain of the revenue cutter Manning, lying at Dutch Harbor, and also to Judge Whipple, with promise of investigation.

Charter Received.
At the annual communication of the grand lodge of Free and Accepted Maons held in the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba last June, the worshipful grand master appointed Mr. R. A. Cowan, late of Minnissosa, Manitoba, but now a resident of Dawson, to be district deputy grand master for the Yukon district, No. 11, for the grand regestry of Manitoba. Mr. Cowan has received the charter for Yukon Lodge and also a letter of dispensation to constitute said lodge and install its officers which he hopes to do at an early date.

The Yukon Lodge is in a most flourishing condition and bids fair to become one of the strongest and best working lodges in the Dominion.

Soldiers Return Home.
Sergeant Strickland in company with the other members of Co. E who have been here several days as guests of the baseball boys, returned to his detachment at Fort Hgbert this morning on the steamer Lorelei. Uncle Sam's soldiers became very popular during their short stay here and should they ever return they will find a right warm welcome. A large crowd was at the boat to see them off.

Captain Coakley has gone to Fortymile on business pertaining to the police department. Judge McCauley, the new police magistrate, arrived yesterday on the Columbian.

DUE FRIDAY Steamer FLORA

The Crackerjack Boat of the Klondike Corporation, Ltd., Captain Martineau at the Wheel, Will Leave for Whitehorse

SATURDAY, NEXT!

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