

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

OLD NORDSTROM MUST HANG

For Murder of Willie Mason Committed Near Town of Renton, King County, Wash., in the Fall of 1892—His Case Has Been Most Stubbornly Fought.

Seattle, July 27, via Skagway, July 31.—Judge Hanford of the United States court, has refused to sign an order for a habeas corpus in the case of Nordstrom for the murder of Willie Mason and the prisoner must hang.

(The Nordstrom case has been one of the most famous in the history of western criminality. Nine years ago, the fall of 1892, the Mason family was at supper one evening when a shot fired through a window of the dining room killed Willie, a son of the family. Suspicion at once pointed to Nordstrom as the guilty party, he having been heard to make threats against the Mason family on account of some grudge about wages. Nordstrom is a Scandinavian and unable to speak English. James Hamilton Lewis has been untiring in his efforts to save the old fellow's neck and only a few weeks ago made a trip to Washington and appeared before the U. S. superior court in his client's behalf.)

THE GAME WAS HOT

Oldtime Base Ball Cranks Yelled Themselves Hoarse.

Baseball cranks yelled themselves hoarse and went mad with delight at the game played yesterday between Co. E, the soldiers stationed at Eagle, and the Gandolfos. The barracks ground has never before seen such a crowd of howling, yelling, rooting enthusiasts. The play at times was excellent and again very ragged and before the first inning was finished the crowd of young Americans had picked out a mark for their disapproval and a favorite whose every move was greeted with a cheer. "Spider" Long, the visitors' pitcher, came in for more applause than anyone else and proved himself a star player. With three men on bases his three-bagger set the crowd wild. Roy Stevens covered himself all over with glory by his home run, the first one made this season. It was good clean ball all the way through and the most enjoyable athletic affair that ever taken place in Dawson. The following is the score:

COMPANY E			
	R	H	P
McDonald, H.	3	2	1
Hoffman, B.	1	1	4
Long, P.	4	2	1
Russell, C.	1	1	0
Dunnison, J.	0	1	0
DeWalt, C.	0	1	0
McCaughan, J.	0	0	1
Dunlap, B.	1	0	2
Strickland, C.	2	0	1
	12	6	27

GANDOLFOS			
	R	H	P
Keating, B.	1	1	2
Gardner, J.	2	0	1
Doyle, S.	1	0	1
Hill, B.	1	1	2
McPhee, C.	1	1	2
Brown, H.	0	1	0
Layton, P.	1	0	0
Stevens, C.	2	2	0
Trumbo, R.	1	0	0
	12	7	27

Two base hits Long and Hill; three base hit Long; home run Stevens; hit by Lyon, 3; hit by Long, 0; first base on errors, C. E. N. Gandolfo 2; left on bases, Co. E, 5. Gandolfos 4; struck out, Long 13; Ray 14; double play, Hoffman and McCaughan; Umpires, Frank Berry and Wiley McCrea. Scorer, Burne Potlock. Time, 1:50.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES

Many Men Frozen on Arctic Trail Last Winter.

Nine tragic deaths are reported from Nome in advices received on the steamship Oregon, which returned yesterday from the North. The list includes two murders, three drownings and six deaths by freezing. The story of the terrible death of six men in one of the blizzards which swept over the Nome country through the winter and spring is a tragic one. The two men who were murdered were brothers, Sutherland by name. Their companion, with the ingenuity of a devil incarnate, slew them from behind. Robbery was possibly the motive for the deed. James Rivell, Tom Donahue and a third man, name unknown, were drowned in the surf off the mouth of Penny river on July 6. Two bodies were recovered.

A party of men en route from Nome to St. Michael, following an overland trail, came across the dead bodies of the six men. They had evidently formed one party. Death's harvest had been terrible and sudden. The bodies were scattered along the trail within a short distance of each other. In life the men had, to all indications, been caught in a terrible blizzard, and becoming separated in the storm, had fallen within a short distance of each other.

NEW DENVER A GARDEN SPOT

According to the Editor of Its Paper, The Ledger

Who Points Out the Characteristics of His Neighboring British Columbia Towns.

Not all of the wide domain of Canada is in a flourishing condition to judge from the following picturesque description of a part of the Kootenay mining district. It is written by Col. Lowery, who is an authority on ledge matter and straits. Writing in his New Denver Ledger from a full knowledge of the prevailing conditions and of every corner on the palm of local officials, he says:

"Look at Rosebery. Nothing but strawberries growing in its streets, and not a bottle of sawmeyer in the town. At Alamo the concentrator is slowly dying of rust, while Three Forks only retains its grasp upon life through the tenacity of its citizens."

"In Sandon, the Silver City of Canada, and the Monte Carlo of America, 'For Rent' is more prominent than anything else. The inhabitants vainly try to think that riches are 'only mental. The city treasury is in the slump of despair, while the gospel mills have been 'itched by the fume. The red light shines almost entirely on the black, and many of the citizens could not tell what an ace in the hole meant without telephoning to New Denver. The gin mill proprietors have that melancholy appearance that comes from living a lonely life, while the parsons go around with faces indicating that there is nothing to save. The ruin in Sandon may not be blue, but it certainly can be read by anyone who is not blighted to immense surface indications."

"The brakeman tells you of McGuigan and Bear Lake, while White-water sleeps in the sun."

"Kaslo lives and dreams of the days when smelter smoke will half choke the inhabitants. Bacon and beans are quite prominent in the city, and the mark of hard times is wonderfully distinct."

"In Silverton the people are hopeful owing to the nearness of the red fish season, and long waiting has brought to the populace the virtues of patience and resignation."

"In Stocau City the folks have no moments to think of hard times. They are so busy looking at their long clothes, and laughing over the affairs of municipal state that they will not know anything about the icy touch of ruin—until someone presents them with an account. Then they will blush a rosy red, blow a thousand dollar talk in your face, and tell you that they have given up their pile for taxes and you will have to come again."

"New Denver, the greatest beauty spot upon the topography of America, does not need the defining hum of business or the grinding roar of commerce. Such a state of affairs would be out of harmony with the poetical surroundings and the dreamy existence of its contented denizens. Life in New Denver is one long dream of bliss. Fragrant flowers, gorgeous sunsets, the sweet music of birds, and the inspiring effect of the grandest scenery on earth bring to the soul a repose that to break by the introduction of good things would seem like sacrilege. The people of New Denver are satisfied. They have withstood the snubs of government and the sneers of rival towns, but for the sake of their Stocau burghs in which the white dollar is the uppermost god they would like to see business activity again take the deal in the silver city last blue Stocau."

"All prayers should now be pooled for a Moses to rise up and lift the Stocau out of the Swamp of depression and drag it through the bulrushes of incompetent legislation to a high point where prosperity wreckers cannot chill it with the frosty touch of their cold and clammy initials."

THE STANDARD THIS WEEK

Presents the Glowing Play "A Bunch of Keys."

Hoyt's Most Successful Comedy Replete With Luscious Situations and Never Lagging Interest.

Chas. H. Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys," which is being produced at the Standard theater this week is one of the liveliest comedies which has been seen for some time. The play derives its title from three of the characters, the Misses Rose Keys, May Keys and Teddy Keys. An uncle of the three Keys dies and leaves quite a fortune including a hotel and his entire fortune by the terms of his will goes to the homeliest of his three nieces, for he says the pretty ones can provide for themselves by getting a husband. Of course rather than be considered homely the girls refuse to accept the fortune and will have nothing to do with it. The will provides that a month after his death the hotel shall be opened and the first unknown drummer that comes along shall decide who is the homeliest girl in the bunch. Each of the three girls has a lover and to get possession of the fortune they try to convince their respective girls that she is the homeliest but that only aggravates the matter and causes trouble to arise. Littleton Snaggs the attorney of the late rich uncle and who has the will gets possession of the hotel and opens it on the date mentioned in the will. Snaggs is in love with Teddy Keys and thinks that he will stand a better chance of getting the first drummer who comes along to decide that she is the homeliest and thereby give her the fortune. When the hotel opens the other two girls with their lovers disguise themselves and apply for rooms in the hotel. During their stay they keep the house in a state of confusion, until Snaggs tries to commit suicide to end his troubles. The play ends with the fortune being distributed among the girls to the satisfaction of everyone.

Wm. Muller is becoming the most popular player in Dawson and his appearance on the stage is always the signal for a round of applause. He fully sustains his reputation by the manner in which he takes the character

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SITUATION GROWING WORSE

Strikers at McKeesport, Pa., Are Developing an Ugly Disposition and Serious Trouble Is Imminent — Morgan Will Meet Officers of Association in Conference.

McKeesport, Pa., July 27, via Skagway, July 31.—The situation today is considered more grave than at any time in the history of the strike. An ugly feeling has developed among the men that promises trouble if any attempt is made to break the strike at this point. The strikers were exceedingly vigilant last night and no man who looked like a stranger was permitted to pass near the Dewees plant without being challenged.

New York, July 27.—President Shaffer and Secretary Williams of the Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers are here and J. Pierpont Morgan has consented to meet them in conference today.

of Littleton Snaggs. Vivian as Teddy Keys, a tomboy, who is always scheming some kind of practical jokes to be played on Snaggs, who is desperately in love with her, is a host in herself and creates plenty of amusement for the audience.

He Prayed for Them.

A great cloud of murky Mersey fog enveloped Liverpool harbor and the passengers on the tiny tender could scarcely see the shape of the great liner close beside them which was just weighing anchor for Bombay. On the quarter deck of the steamship were so many missionaries of both sexes bound outward on a mission to convert the heathen. They were singing a favorite gospel hymn and as the sound of the voices floated across the water one of the passengers on the tender, a manufacturer from Birmingham, suddenly burst into tears.

"Isn't that a noble, an inspiring, almost a 'arrowing sight'?" he exclaimed, dropping a tear and hat at the same time. "I wouldn't have missed seeing them noble creatures going out to meet their fate in the field of foreign missions—not for £5 note, I wouldn't."

"Have you any relatives among them?" asked another passenger sympathetically.

"Oh, no; no relatives," wailed the

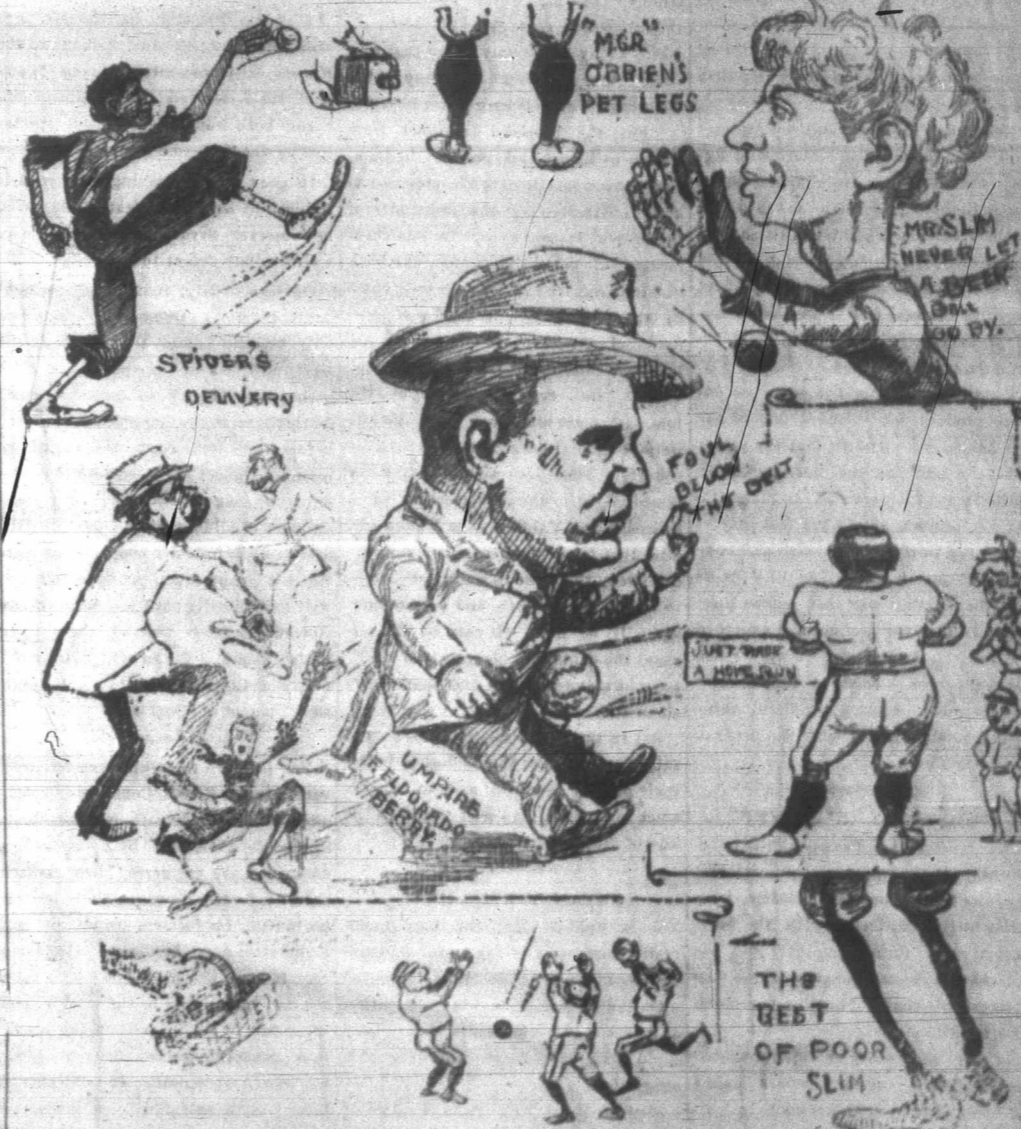
man from Birmingham. "But we are all brethren in religion, and the sight of their departure touched me deeply. I shall pray night and morning that their ship may have a safe passage."

"But if your not related to any of them I don't see quite why you're so anxious," said a stumpy young man. "Missionaries sail for India almost every day."

"Yes," replied the man from Birmingham, assuming a more business-like tone, "but it isn't every day in the week that I've got such an interest in a ship's cargo. I'd be pleased to have you know, young man, that in the hold of that ship is a consignment of 5000 rods which I have just shipped to one of the native princes. Exchange."

Was Accidental.

Dr. Bell, who held the examination over the body of Benj. C. McCord, the man who was killed by falling from a ladder on No. 6 above discovery on Dominion last Monday, gave it as his opinion that it was a case of accidental death through a combination of causes. The doctor in his report to the police said that McCord received partial asphyxia by gas in the drift and in attempting to escape from the mine dropped from the ladder and received injuries which resulted in almost instantaneous death. McCord has been in the Klondike a number of years and is well known on the creeks.



SIGHTS SEEN AT YESTERDAY EVENING'S BASEBALL GAME.

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