

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

DICK GARDNER IS HOODOOED

And Runs Afoul of a Series of Losses.

Misfortunes Never Come Single-Handed to Dick—He Takes His Losses Philosophically.

Everybody who knows Dick Gardner is acquainted with a hustler. Anything goes with Dick, from managing a theatre to sinking a 130-foot hole on Moosehide in search of the precious yellow metal. But sometimes Dick has to stop work these days to say d—n, and that is the reason of these lines. You see Dick don't put everything upon the turn of one card, so to speak. Cows are all right as Klondike property goes, but it wouldn't do to depend entirely upon Mrs. Bovine for a stake, because, unlike some feminine people we know, she might suddenly get contrary and dry up. So Dick put a little more money into dogs. We say "into" because when a man buys dogs in summer, no matter what the price, the chances are in Dawson he will put twice as much more "into" them as they cost in the first place, before winter. Well, as we said Dick put some more of his money into dogs. But dogs and cows can not circumscribe Dick's energies. He was nothing daunted by having sunk 130 feet on Moosehide into living stream of water. No! Dick just shook his head and remarked to his leader that "it would probably be oil next time." So Dick went a mining. But bless you, it took more than that to occupy his restless mind, and, amongst other speculations was a 70-ton cache of goods to be held until prices advanced. And now Dick says d—n. His cabin and cache up the creek were first a total loss by fire. His 70-ton cache down town was entered by a false key and 150 heavy suits of underclothes abstracted, with 123 heavy flannel overshirts, four dozen suspenders and various items on which the owner calculated to make a profit this winter. The loss was discovered but Monday morning when Dick returned to town. It was then he prepared to say the cussword which, for evident reasons, we do not crystalize with speech. He says the thieves took every sack as they came to it until they reached the heavy grubpile, and the dirty spalpeens drew the line on flour.

But still there were the cows and the dogs. Five of the latter were poisoned the other night, while Mrs. Cow decided to distinguish herself above all her species by starting all alone on a northern polar expedition. Whether she found it or not is hard to tell, but it is sufficient for Dick that the most diligent search by himself and police has failed to reveal her whereabouts. Dick should get him the left hind foot of a rabbit, killed in the dark of the moon by a colored doctor whose certificate of birth proves him to be the seventh son of a seventh son, and all born with a caul. Nothing less will do in such an urgent case as Dick's.

Dawson's Hay Crop.

The condition of Dawson's hay and feed market is a matter of importance to every miner on the creeks since on the distant streams the expense of supplies is the biggest half of the expense of working the mine; and it costs more to deliver supplies at the mine from Dawson than to bring it from Chicago to Dawson.

The scenes on the bar in front of town just at this time are such as can be duplicated nowhere else on earth. Dawson is doing her hay-making, or rather is bringing home her harvest just from the hay fields. So rapid has been the change of season from summer to winter

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J. W. Boyle

that hay cut and dried in the warm sunshine of August and the first of September is being carried from the rafts which brought it down over ice on the river's edge which will hold up a horse in places. Dawson's hay wagons—rafts—are just in from the hayfields and for a half mile are securely anchored to the beach by being frozen in. The sweet smell of the newly-mowed grass is in the air, while with forks and rakes with wagons and "go-devils" an hundred men are busily engaged in landing and storing the precious product of the Yukon flats above Dawson.

Twelve cents a pound is the price paid for wild "slough" hay in Dawson unbaled.

But one lot of tame hay is observed in that half mile line, and that is from the only hay farm in the country, taken up years ago by Chris Sonnicksen. This hay realized 15c per pound. The bulk of the hay, however, is the native red-top, or blue-shan, cut on the sandy banks of the Yukon, above Selkirk. It is packed to the river banks, tied in about 150-pound bundles.

Another unique scene in the hay harvest is a hay press, set up on the ice, the compressive force being a man who tramps down the hay as fleeces are tramped into sack at a sheep shearing.

About 350 tons of hay in the years' crop and there are horses enough to consume ten times the amount, if it was more plentiful, and therefore, as a consequence, a little cheaper.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

That was a distinctively Dawson incident which occurred at Charley Meadows' handsome Grand Opera house on Monday night. Some of the soldiers of the Yukon field force had been drafted into the play of "A Celebrated Case," which was being presented. Some of the boys who were not in the play were occupying the boxes upstairs. Evidently there was at least one who was not used to either play or players.

The culmination of the melodramatic situation was when the villainous villain threw the lovely damsel to the ground with horrible threats of immediate wreaking of furious hate in physical manifestation. The soldier boy had been watching the ruffian encompassing the fair lady with his cunning schemes, and the soldier's eyes had grown big as saucers. At last he could stand it no longer. Leaning as far out of the box as safety would permit, in loud hurried and strident tones he yelled: "Ere, now! Avast there!! or I'll 'biff' you one under the ear."

It is needless to remark that the scene was a profound success.

The monotonous grind of the police court was relieved on Tuesday by the trial of John O'Gara. The prisoner was accused of assaulting his wife, Eva Emma O'Gara, more generally known as Eva St. Clair. The offense was committed on the second floor of the Monte Carlo.

With tears glistening in her eyes, Eva recounted the facts relating to the violent act of her liege lord. How he "struck" her for money. How she declined to be separated from her "good stuff" and then how he "struck" her again, but this time over the left optic.

All the other witnesses contradicted the fair Eva.

Miss Louise Lily Carter, a comely damsel, gushingly informed the magistrate that she saw the whole fracas, and that no blows were struck.

Robert Winckley testified in corroboration.

Then there was "ze Count de Roulaix," with his hair geometrically parted down the back of his head to a point in the vicinity of the vertebrae. The count hesitatingly acknowledged that he "russell ze beer in ze show house box." He witnessed the whole dispute, and swore that no assault was attempted.

The defendant was an employe of the theater. He denied having struck his wife, and attributed her black eye to the possible fact that, in caressing and loving her, he might have pressed her left orb too hard against a door jam.

The inspector evidently concluded that Eva was more truthful than the balance of the witnesses, for he sentenced her husband to 30 days where there are no ladies to caress, but where the whole system of the universe seems to be interested solely in perpetuating the government fuel supply.

Mr. O'Gara has taken an appeal, and is out on bonds.

Numerous handbills have been scattered around town, which notify the

public that one George Taylor is ready to race any runner, walker, bicycle rider, or dog team, for a 600-mile distance. He is willing to bet from \$100 to \$1000, dust or cheechaco, on the contest; and to show his good faith he has deposited with Nigger Jim a forfeit of \$100. Mr. Taylor is also of the opinion that he can beat any man in town laying 10,000 shingles and he is anxious to place a \$1000 bet on his dexterity in that line.

The handbills have occasioned some little comment in sporting circles. Curley Monroe is seriously considering the proposition of matching his dog team against the said Taylor.

Bob Cahill says that he will overlook the shingle portion of the challenge, but he is willing to back Kid Ober in a pie-eating contest for any reasonable amount.

Steve McNichols pleads ignorance of racing matters, though he is anxious to bet Taylor, or any one else, all or any part of \$1000, that Policy Bob cannot hold a girl over Sunday. Several of the sports think that Steve wants a cinch.

Dora and Frankie, two winsome dancehall girls, from Nigger Jim's pavilion, enjoyed a gay lark during the early hours of Thursday. In company with a popular and prosperous mine owner, they visited all of the saloons and places of resort, finally winding up their night of hilarity at the bar of the Bodega. There a gentleman, well known around town joined the party.

He was strictly sober, at the time, and exercised himself over his friend's lavish expenditures. He endeavored to stop the flow of wine. The girls emphatically resented such advice. They impugned the character of the friend with economical inclinations, and retained the good will of their liberal companion with the customary sweet rewards of kiss and caress. The "knocker" was induced to partake of the wine, but his capacity for the sparkling water was limited, and he soon succumbed to its somniferous effects, leaving the gay trio to the unmolested enjoyment of their holiday. The wealthy miner and his bacchanalian companions continued their revelry for some hours. At 11 o'clock a. m. they returned to the pavilion, all singing, "Who Cares for Wifey Now."

Reported Strike on the Big Salmon.

An attempt has been made to start another stampede for the Big Salmon. Ben Cavanaugh was accompanied on the Florence S. by a party of three people and in the usual mysterious whisper, noised it abroad that a prospector, staked by himself and a man named Sam Low, had "struck it" the past summer on a left limit tributary of the Big Salmon, at a point 350 miles from the Yukon. Cavanaugh gave it out that he had six tons of supplies aboard and was proceeding to the scene of the discovery by way of the Hootalinqua.

Big Salmon stampedes are not very popular in Dawson, after two years of them.

Opening of Brand's Gymnasium.

Brand's gymnasium and bath house was formally opened on Thursday night by an athletic entertainment and dance, which was attended by all the building could hold. Wakefield, the soldier athlete, gave an exhibition of pole vaulting, followed by a most interesting catch-as-catch-can wrestling match between Messrs Krelling and Stull. Two falls were taken, with honors easy, Krelling winning the first fall in 6 minutes and 20 seconds, and Stull winning the second in 8 minutes. As Stull injured his foot, a third fall was not tried. The music was furnished by Prof. Huson's orchestra and the floor was crowded with dancers until early morning.

O. MANGOLD IS ACQUITTED.

Power of Attorney No Good Under Certain Conditions.

James H. Seeley Appointed Receiver in the Bonfield-Davis Dispute—Other Minor Orders Made.

The most frivolous case which has consumed the time of the territorial court this term, was commenced on Friday and concluded Tuesday morning. The title of the action is the Queen vs. O. Mangold. The accused was charged with stealing two suits of underwear, a pair of socks, two miscellaneous pieces of clothing, and a pair of cheap field glasses. These articles were claimed by one Ernest Stringer, but the testimony failed to substantiate his claim. It appeared that in 1897 there was organized in London the Pioneer Trading Company, the object of which was to acquire and develop mining property in the Yukon territory. The promoters engaged and outfitted about 14 men, and transported them to Dawson. The ordinary members of the company were termed "pioneers." The complaining witness, Ernest Stringer, was known as "pioneer No. 11." O. Mangold, the prisoner, was employed to manage the company. The articles alleged to have been stolen were part of the outfit which the company furnished to "pioneer No. 11," and the latter claimed a right of property in them. Several witnesses, all "pioneers," supported "No. 11" in his contention. The accused, on his own behalf, testified that the property had been given to him last winter by the receiver, who had been appointed to take charge of the company's affairs. His testimony was confirmed by the receiver. The prisoner was discharged. After listening to the trial one is not surprised that the company was forced into bankruptcy, for the promoters displayed poor judgment in the selection of their "pioneers."

C. & Y. CO. VS. CASEY ET AL.

The judgment in the case of the Canadian & Yukon Mining and Prospecting Co. vs. William Casey, J. V. Harrison, W. W. Caldwell and C. F. Manning, was rendered by Judge Dugas on Wednesday. The facts of the case were that in 1897 an Ottawa syndicate sent into this territory a party of gentlemen, headed by J. H. E. Secretan. The party acquired an undivided half interest in No. 10 below upper discovery on Dominion creek. The property was vested in the name of J. H. E. Secretan. On July 22, 1897, Mr. Secretan was desirous of returning to Ottawa, and he executed a power of attorney to Charles W. Barwell, which read as follows: "This is to certify that I, the undersigned, do hereby appoint C. W. Barwell to be my true and lawful attorney to act for me in all matters pertaining to mining locations in the Yukon district." This power of attorney was signed by Mr. Secretan in the presence of two witnesses. On the 20th of October following, Barwell, by virtue of his power of attorney, sold to Casey and Harrison the mining property on Dominion, recorded in Secretan's name. Casey and Harrison sold a fourth interest to W. W. Caldwell. And Casey mortgaged his remaining share to C. F. Manning for \$1150. At Ottawa, on October 27, Mr. Secretan transferred the same half interest to the gentlemen who had sent him into this country, and who had formed themselves into the Canadian & Yukon Mining and Prospecting Co. Action was brought by the company to set aside the transfers made by Barwell to Harrison and Casey, by

(Continued on Page 6.)

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The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

Our A. P. A. contemporary, the News, has suddenly shut up like a clam on the Canadian school question. With the fearless abandon of a 5-year-old, the News babbled it knew not what of. With the modesty of a retreating Filipino, it has nothing to say after firing its anti-Catholic broadside. Like the fizz of an expiring Fourth of July fire cracker, it had its little speak, was sorry it had spoken, and then all is darkness and quiet. With a spasm of religious intolerance it spit one venomous spit and then withdrew into its slimy nest. Coward like, and with no information at its disposal, it made an attempt at arousing a religious antagonism for its own profit, and finding no responsive thrill in a community noted for its broad-minded toleration of all religions and all beliefs, it hides its diminished head in confusion at its own temerity. Goaded by fanaticism it gives one hiss and then sneaks out of range of human vision.

There is no form of oppression which more than all others The Nugget believes to be both inexcusable and intolerable, and that is the form begotten of religious bigotry, which refuses to others the right which it exercises itself—to worship when, how and what they please. In the Yukon territory all religions, all denominations, from all parts of the earth, are welcome to reverence God according to the dictates of their own conscience; and that man or that journal which would disturb this amity of conflicting religious belief should be suppressed on the instant as contrary to the spirit of the country and the good of the community.

A MUTUAL BENEFIT SCHEME.

The government organ publishes this week an interview with Joseph McGilliveray, given to the Vancouver World a year ago. No dates are given, the evident intention being to give the few readers of the Sun the impression that the old man is now outside vigorously defending the Canadian government and just as vigorously denouncing all dissenters. He is quoted as saying in one place: "Let me say that I consider Mr. Ogilvie the ideal man for the position he occupies. * * * He is able, careful, desirous of getting at the truth of things, thoroughly independent, and the friend of the miner."

There is something in the foregoing to tickle one's risibles, for the interview was given at a time when Mr. Ogilvie was so "desirous of getting at the truth of things" that he was making such a farce of the "royal investigation," a whole world smiled in derision. As for his being "careful and a friend of the miner," we will point

out that just at that moment when this was said by Mr. McGilliveray, Mr. Ogilvie was giving out a toll-trail concession to Mr. O'Brien, which was not only decidedly inimical to the interests of the miners, but was so carelessly done that The Nugget easily knocked it out of existence.

Now, as for Mr. McGilliveray's endorsement of Mr. Ogilvie as such an "able" man, we will simply point out that in the same interview the old gentleman vouches for Tom Fawcett in similar language.

Mr. McGilliveray's extreme age entitles him to our respect, but even if he were a young man his extensive experiences and wide knowledge should cause every courtesy to be shown him. We will simply point out for the guidance of our readers the motive for Mr. McGilliveray's interview at that particular time. He had left Dawson and was on his way to Ottawa to see the very people he was patting on the back by endorsing their Yukon agents and policy. He had secured the indorsement of Mr. Ogilvie to his application for certain grants, and was but reciprocating the favor when he patted Mr. Ogilvie on the back.

It reminds us very much of a certain pair of political stump speakers both were out for an office. Mr. "A" would tell the people what an honest, truthful, sincere and clever fellow was Mr. "B." Mr. "B" would assure the dear public, with tears in his eyes, that every word spoken by Mr. "A" could be taken as gospel truth. It was simply a case of "you rub my back and I'll rub yours."

THE DIFFERENCE.

There are some remarkable points of similarity between the Yukon territory and the Transvaal. In both countries the gold was discovered and exploited by "uitlanders" or aliens. President Kruger and Minister Sifton both conceived it to be a very popular move to oppress and harass the gold workers by all manner of legislative persecution. In both lands the argument is advanced, "This is our country, and if you don't like it you can leave it." In both countries are the gold-digging strangers refused a voice in their own affairs, unless they renounce their nationality. In both countries the miner finds his supplies taxed out of sight at the boundary. The government of both lands is wedded to the principle of denying privileges to the individual, and selling them to concessionaires. Both are hard lands to inhabit, and would be deserted but for the gold they contain. Both are rich in the precious metal and neither is a "poor man's country," in the usual sense of the word. Both governments are "out with the big mitt," to use a vulgar but very expressive idiom in the vernacular. The motive of both is evidently to extort by every known method the last dollar in taxes that the country can possibly stand. In fact there is only five cents of difference between the two governments, and the five cents is in favor of the Transvaal.

But there is also a most striking difference as well as similarity, in the two lands. In the Yukon the aliens are the most easily governed and most law-abiding people on earth, and the most turbulent of the strangers are so mild that a handful of policemen maintain perfect order in a territory embracing thousands of square miles. In the Transvaal the aliens are turbulent, ag-

gressive, plotting, and require the presence of an army to protect them from confiscating to themselves the land in which they are sojourners and strangers—and the chances are that with the help of their powerful home government they will shortly get the country for their own.

If there is any lesson in the relative situation of the two lands it is that only in resistance to oppression is there hope. No one has mercy upon an unresisting worm. There should be some powerful organized body here whose sympathies are right and which is not at all backward or slow in making itself heard. There are civilized methods of resistance which can make jobbery so uncomfortable for the Siftonian government it will be only too glad to let go with some of its octopus tentacles and leave to the inhabitants of this land a few of the privileges which alone make it worth inhabiting.

SHORT CORDS.

It is just as well for our readers to know that when they buy a cord of firewood in Dawson the chances are—an Eldorado claim to a frozen potato—that they will get but three-quarters of a cord or less. The imposition has grown from small beginnings until wood dealers will actually look aggrieved and sad if a sharp buyer happens to pull out a tape-line and go to measuring.

The peculiar form in which firewood is delivered in Dawson is a great aid to this species of fraud. A few logs of varying lengths and sizes are hauled to your lot by a pair of small mustangs, and you are expected to accept it as a cord, without reasoning upon the faith that is within you. The teamster looks sad if you assure him that to your certain knowledge the ponies could not have hauled a cord.

Several loads have been officially measured of late while in transit. A cord is 128 cubic feet of wood. One load contained just 80 cubic feet, and another 90 cubic feet. The first contained less than two-thirds of a cord and the latter less than three-quarters. Everybody in the land burns more or less wood, and with wood at \$20 per cord, is vitally interested in having full measure. A loss of \$8 on each cord is altogether unreasonable and unjust.

As a preventative of the imposition which by habit has been elevated to the dignity of a national custom, there are several suggestions. If delivered in four-foot lengths and piled 4x4x8 feet, one will get full measure. There isn't a wagon bed in town constructed to hold this amount of wood, and a casual observation will convince you of it.

Fifteen-inch standards on the bolsters will not hold a cord, even in uniform 12-foot lengths, and by bearing this in mind the purchasers will still further protect themselves. To have it piled up and measured, no matter what the length, if made a rule, will quickly abolish a system by which a 20-cord raft is retailed out and made to serve 30 customers at a cord-apiece.

It is a notorious fact that the Dawson market has at various times been flooded with spurious and inferior goods. Outside merchants have found it a very easy matter, in filling orders for the Klondike, to get rid of their surplus stocks of soft bacon, musty flour, and old canned goods. As a consequence, the Klondiker, who, above everyone else should have proper and nourishing

food, is made the victim of this humbuggery. Among the frauds of this kind that have been perpetrated during the present season is the selling of vile-smelling, streaky, tallowish mixture under the name of Cold Brook Creamery Butter.

The stuff comes in small cans said to contain one and one-half pounds of butter. An attractive label on the outside of the can calls attention in bold letters to the brand, "Cold Brook Preserved Butter," while the legend "C. E. Whitney & Co., agents, San Francisco, appears below. Each case contains 48 cans, a proportion of which will contain good butter, the balance being filled with this mixture which is simply nauseating.

It is the grossest kind of outrage that it is possible for such stuff to be placed upon the market. Steps should be taken by the authorities to inspect and condemn all such frauds, and the public is warned against being imposed upon, at least in so far as this particular brand of "butter" is concerned.

Seasons roll by and some of us refuse to learn the lesson that wood taken from the river now and piled up to freeze will not dry out a single ounce the entire winter through.

A Legitimate Theatre.

Charley Meadows' Grand opera house has been turned over to Geo. L. Hillier, who will have the entire management of the house in the future. Mr. Hillier wishes the announcement made that he will conduct a strictly legitimate house, and that ladies can be brought to witness the performances with perfect safety. He proposes to furnish lovers of legitimate entertainment with a family theater, in which there will be an entire absence of liquors and all the other accompaniments of the usual variety house. The theater will be entirely shut off from the bar, and the house will be conducted on lines similar to those of legitimate coast theaters. On next Monday the house will reopen with a grand spectacular production of Faust, for which special scenery is being painted and other preparations made. There will be an orchestra of 12 pieces selected from the band of the Yukon field force. The establishment of a legitimate theater in Dawson is a big undertaking, and one that is worthy of the most generous patronage.

Dr. Duncan, who has charge of Dr. Simpson's practice, has removed to Room 3, of the Hotel McDonald.

Three hundred fur caps, the right kind, \$3 each, at Parson's.

Have you Paid Your

Taxes

On the Property Which You Own In the States?

The Nugget Express

Makes

a Specialty

of Attending to Such Matters

You Pay the Money We'll do the Rest.

FATE OF
Became R

A True Story
Short B
Flowed I

On last Saturday sitting around saloons, telling reminiscences ended which neck Kid," had won out lozenger for a "Most of you volunteered 'I looked around tell you a true occurred in D the April fire, ing bank in t the custom, d cover the floo with three o The sawdust t two weeks. ing to this wo he received a dust, and it t floor. Of cou nothing excep packing it fro This was al when he put t he would re one square me the balance for the follow be distressed never took clothes, and, lousy as a Sivi bags were pi gambling roc every night. dred idle mer sleeping on tables; but a derstood wa lodgers, whic spot that each The empty sa viable bed; b sional struggl to understand no one atten The sobriquet given to him— ing the sawdu undisputed r empty bags. gambling beca destitute roun eat on was a king wearied ing under suc ferred anythin existence. H ing water for for four dolla the end of th his pay, came and started to until 3 o'clock then quit wit in currency. of Commerce posited \$1000, sessor of a rounders and and friends chined to depa not realize ho him up. He of his former wine by hims About 7 o'clock went into the hall. There l the swellest v Together the bottle at the tute rounder frequently sha ern, came up a dollar. The savagely at hi don't you se lady? Leave Here, her kind of lang man. "What "Nothing's king. "I on "It don't whom you sai cer. "If you I'll run you home anyway The king was here conv that loafer i for a dollar. evening with "So he has The officer whom the kin nized an habi

FATE OF THE SAWDUST KING.

Became Rich and Poor All in One Evening.

A True Story of Dawson Gaiety—A Short, Butterfly Life—The Wine Flowed Free as Water.

On last Sunday several sports were sitting around the stove, in one of the saloons, telling stories and recounting reminiscences. A yarn had just been ended which explained how the "Bull-neck Kid," some years ago, in Butte, had won out a check-rack with a candy lozenge for a starter.

"Most of you sports are cheechakos," volunteered "Classical Mike," as he looked around the circle, "and I will tell you a true tale, the facts of which occurred in Dawson some months before the April fire. At the time, I was dealing bank in the old Northern. It was the custom, during the cold weather to cover the floor of the gambling house with three or four inches of sawdust. The sawdust was changed about every two weeks. One man had been attending to this work all winter. I think that he received a dollar a sack for the sawdust, and it took ten sacks to cover the floor. Of course the original cost was nothing except the trouble incurred in packing it from the mill to the saloon.

This was all he did. On these days when he put fresh sawdust on the floor he would receive his ten dollars, buy one square meal, and immediately lose the balance against the bank. Then for the following week or so he would be distressed for enough to eat. He never took a bath or changed his clothes, and, in consequence he was as lousy as a Siwash. His empty sawdust bags were piled in one corner of the gambling room, and on them he slept every night. There were about a hundred idle men who made a practice of sleeping on the chairs and unused tables; but a rule, well known and understood was observed among the lodgers, which prescribed the particular spot that each was entitled to occupy. The empty sawdust bags formed an enviable bed; but, excepting for an occasional straggler who was quickly made to understand that he was a trespasser, no one attempted to sleep on them. The sobriquet "Sawdust King" was given to him who had this job of carrying the sawdust and who exercised this undisputed right of sleeping on the empty bags. About the end of February gambling became very dull; and for a destitute rounder to obtain a dollar to eat on was a most difficult matter. The king wearied of trying to rustle a living under such circumstances, and preferred anything, even work, to such an existence. He secured a job of packing water for the Northern restaurant for four dollars a day and board. At the end of the first day the king drew his pay, came in to where I was dealing and started to play bank. He gambled until 3 o'clock the next afternoon and then quit with a little over \$1800, all in currency. Before the Canadian Bank of Commerce closed that day he had deposited \$1000, and was the proud possessor of a checkbook. The broken rounders and his erstwhile associates and friends, trailed him, but he declined to depart with a cent. You cannot realize how the winning had swelled him up. He would not talk with any of his former companions, and drank wine by himself at the Northern bar. About 7 o'clock in the evening the king went into the Tivoli theater and dance hall. There he met Cad Wilson, then the swellest variety fairy in the camp. Together they disposed of bottle after bottle at the saloon counter. A destitute rounder with whom the king had frequently shared his bed in the Northern, came up and asked for the loan of a dollar. The king turned and looked savagely at his friend. "G—d— it, don't you see I'm entertaining this lady? Leave me alone."

"Here, here. You can't use that kind of language," declared a policeman. "What's the matter?" "Nothing's the matter," said the king. "I only said G—d— it to it."

"It don't make any difference to whom you said it," interrupted the officer. "If you don't behave yourself, I'll run you in. You had better go home anyway."

The king replied by saying: "I was here conversing with this lady and that loafer interrupted us by begging for a dollar. I've been bothered all evening with such fellows."

"So he has," Cad assented. The officer looked at the man to whom the king had pointed, and recognized an habitual rounder. The latter

was arrested and the next morning he was sentenced to six months for vagrancy. In the meantime quite a crowd of persons had collected around the king, and when the officer went out with his prisoner, they gave frequent utterance to expressions of contempt. Cad, to avoid further interference, led the king upstairs to her dressing room box, in the theatrical part of the building. That night at the show, when Cad took her turn on the stage, the Sawdust King leaned out of the box and she tickled his vanity by addressing remarks to him personally and throwing him countless kisses. The king was overjoyed and he took no pains to conceal his glee from the crowd. About 2 o'clock in the morning I dropped into the dance hall. Instead of Spitzzy or some other sporty admirer of Cad, occupying the front seat in the baby's box, the king, still dirty and ragged, was there. Cad was sitting on his lap. She had one arm around his neck and carressingly stroked his unkempt hair. Each was sipping wine from the others glass. The king every now and then would look down disdainfully, on the dancers below. Then the wine was flowing fast and furiously. About four hours later the Tivoli porter had to put him out of the house. He had spent \$800 in cash and had signed \$940 worth of checks.

He still wanted to buy wine, but Cad mercifully refused to drink any more and left him with \$60 to his credit in the bank. After leaving the Tivoli the king staggered back into the Northern. In going to the bar he fell against one of the porters, who was just going off shift.

"Get out of my way you scullion," he roared, and accompanied his words with a vicious kick. The porter lost no time in throwing the king into the street. The latter in falling, fractured his leg, and did not fully recover until late this summer. Then he hired out as a deck hand on a down river steamboat, and went to Nome. Cad never had a better night than the one on which the king went broke.

Calls it the Banner City.

Editor Klondike Nugget.
Dear Sir: Fortymile City lays claim to this title, owing to the following episode which took place there on Sept. 21st, 1899. Two popular lady residents, Mrs. Fred A. Nelson and Mrs. Elmer T. Smith (the latter being the first white woman on the north fork of the Fortymile river and the only white woman ever on Hutchinson and Montana creeks) started out early on the morning of the above date to perpetrate a surprise upon the pastor of the Church of England. Owing to the popularity of the minister, who, though he has only been here four months, has completely won the affections and esteem of the residents, the task became a very easy and delightful one. The response to the appeal were cheerful and liberal. The utmost secrecy was maintained, for although the reverend gentleman was visiting town in the afternoon, not the remotest idea of the proceedings reached his ears. The result was far beyond what the originators had dared to hope, the grand total was \$350 in kind and cash. The cash was immediately spent, and in the evening the family in the parsonage were greatly and agreeably surprised at the deluge of good things that were showered upon them. It is hardly necessary to say that this mark of appreciation was keenly gratifying to our popular clergyman and his wife, who returned thanks to the visitors of the evening in a way that obviously showed they were quite overcome by what had been done for them. We claim therefore that no other township on the Yukon of the same size as Fortymile could beat this. The business-like and energetic way in which the ladies took up and carried out in one day the above event proves that the women of Fortymile are unequalled for grit, tact and perseverance. We cannot doubt that the winning manner and handsome faces of our fair daughters had much to do with the success of the self-imposed task. Let others beat this if they can, but until they do we shall proudly call our city the banner city of the Yukon.
RESIDENT.

Fortymile, Oct. 1st.

Hitting Back.

"Our Dreyfus case may be a very ill-flavored affair," said the Frenchman, "but please don't forget that you Germans have your Schweitzer case."—Philadelphia North American.

The Harder Toil.

"Look at poor Mrs. Jones dragging that heavy hose around sprinkling their yard."
"That's all right. Listen to Mr. Jones. He's putting the baby to sleep."—Chicago Record.

Beer, ale, porter and wines served to table guests on Sunday at Cafe Royal.

FRESH MEATS! POULTRY!

Wholesale and Retail.

The Str. Lotta Talbot supplies Fresh Beef, Mutton, Pork, Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, Eggs, Lard, Butter, Sausage, Tripe, at Reasonable Prices.

STEAMER LOTTA TALBOT, YUKON DOCK.

ALASKA MEAT CO.

AT THE THEATERS.

Crowded Houses Greet the Players This Week.
The attendance at the various theaters has been exceptionally good during the present week. The presence of so many men in town may be attributed to the fact that the weather has become so cold as to prevent sluicing and summer work on the benches, and yet not sufficiently cold enough to permit drifting. That the show houses have succeeded in attracting large crowds every night, is indicative of a good class of productions. The Monte Carlo continues to draw its share of the patronage.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The production at the Opera house this week is a great improvement over the class of amusement which has been rendered there for some time past. No doubt this is due to the engagement of Blossom and Boardman. Boardman has assumed the position of stage manager, and the well played comedy-drama, "Crimes of a Great City," is evidence of his ability in diamatic instruction, and his ceaseless energy in requiring frequent rehearsals. The work of all the players in the drama is good. Boardman, in five different characters, Robert Lawrence as a scheming lawyer, Billy Mullen as a jew miner, Miss Maud Lloyd as the den-keeper, Lucy Lovell as an adventuress, and Blossom as Daisy Tatters, are the principal characters of the play.

Little Margie Newman appears in the olio in team work with Billy Mullen. The sketch is entitled "Dan and Ted's Farewell," the production of which, it is needless to say, elicits the repeated applause of the audience. Nellie Forsythe sings excellently several sentimental songs. Gussie Lamore, May Walker, Blanche Cammetta, Bessie Pierce and the Browning Sisters, are attractive and entertaining. Frank Kelly is the first successful rag-time singer who has appeared in Dawson. He excels the average black-faced comedians, and his specialties show earnest preparation.

AT THE PALACE GRAND.

The Hillier-De Forest Company of players present the melo-drama, "A Celebrated Case," at the Palace Grand this week. The part of the principal character and the hero of the play is taken by Mr. L. De Forest, whose portrayal is nothing more than ordinary. Geo. Hillier, as Lazare, a camp follower, and afterwards as the Count de Morney, is well read in his lines, and his acting is good, but the melancholic mien of his deportment detracts from an otherwise well-rendered part. The work of Frank Gardner as Dennis O'Rourke, shows attention and study. B. W. Way as Gen. D'Aubeterre, is good. Dot and Babe Pyne leave nothing to be desired in the productions of their respective character. Mrs. Chas. Meadows, as the duchess, displays pretty gowns and acts well her part. There are about 20 persons engaged in this play, and among them are seven soldiers from the Y. F. F., who appear, in the camp scene, in their regulation uniforms.

THEY WILL AND THEY WON'T.

Woman as Seen by a Seller of Rugs and Clocks on Installments.

"I'll tell you what a woman will and will not do in my line of business," said the man who was selling clocks and rugs on the weekly installment plan. "You can always figure as a starter that she's going to haggle about the price. If I'd offer one of these \$8 clocks for \$2.50, the average woman would want something off. As soon as the weekly payments begin she'll make a neighborhood hunt for plugged coins and smooth pieces and also stand him off for a day or two every pay day, and even when the money is ready she'll hang to it to the last."

"That's what you can figure on 19 times out of 20, but there's a big offset. It's rare that women ever skip out and take your property along. They could do it in scores of cases, but their conscience forbids. It's conscience and not fear of the law. I've had 50 cases where families moved, but after a little the wife would send the new address. I lost a family once after they had paid

50 cents on an \$8 clock. They shipped their goods by rail and went off west. I got a blessing from headquarters because of their skip, but somehow I felt that it would be all right in the end. So it was. After seven months had passed we got a letter from North Dakota containing a money order for the balance due, and the woman explained that she'd have sent it sooner but her husband had died and her oldest boy had been sent to jail. I sold a rug last year to a family that moved next day, and a dozen creditors tried in vain to trace them. After a week or so the wife ran after me on the street to tell me where to call, and added: 'It was the old man's doings. He took a skip to beat the grocer, butcher, baker and drug store, but if I didn't pay for that beautiful rug I could not say my prayers at night.'

Methodist Musicales.

The entertainment which took place Monday evening in the Methodist church was well attended and a musicale and literary programme was most successfully carried out. Mr. Cowan gave a recital illustrative of the respective characteristic styles of the present day music used in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The Methodist music, as illustrated, showed, like that of some other denominations, a departure from the Handel style of the "George the third concerts" and a strong semblance to the operatic notes of the present day.

The Presbyterians on the other hand, were shown to be more conservative, their sacred songs being still in the style of that composed by Sir John Turnbull, when confined within the ruins of Torwood castle.

Miss E. Ross appeared on the stage several times as an elocutionist. There are many who can be said to render reading selections in a manner to entertain and edify an audience, nevertheless there are but few who seem gifted with talent to recite. Miss Ross' recital of a selection from Shelly however, entitled "To a Skylark," on Monday night last would be a rare literary treat from any enlightened stage.

Messrs. Chisholm and Erhardt were entertaining, as usual, and their musical powers are too well known in Dawson to require any comment.

The following is the programme:
Piano solo—Mrs. Lyon
Vocal solo—"Children's Home"—Mr. Chisholm
Vocal solo—"Lost Chord"—Mr. Erhardt
Recitation—"Jule la Plant"—Mr. Cowan
Song—"Dear Louise"—Mr. Long
Recitation—Miss Ross
Piano solo—"Autumn"—Mrs. Lyon
Solo and Recitation—"Charge of the Light Brigade"—Mr. Bathurst
Song—"The Vagabond"—Mr. Chisholm
Recitation—Miss Ross
Harp music—Mr. Griffith
Recitation—Mr. Cowan
Solo—"The Mighty Deep"—Mr. Erhardt

Getting Even.

"Oh, yes," said the stocky man with the square jaw, "my married life is quite a happy one!"
"Glad to hear it," said the thin man with the thin hair. "Got any particular system?"
"Well, yes. Whenever my wife gets into a tantrum I go out and find the fellow who introduced us and give him another licking."

A Diagnosis.

"Doctor, my husband says black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?"
"I advise that he stop playing poker."—Chicago Record.

Proof Positive.

"I never knew before that she was rich."
"How do you know it now?"
"She has married a count."—Chicago Post.

Appreciation.

Yeast—Was that your better half I saw with you today?
Crimsonbeak—My better half? My boy, she's the whole thing.—Yonkers Statesman.

Removal Notice.

Dr. Lee, dentist, has removed from the Bodega block to the V. Y. T block, upstairs.

For Sale.

Howe scale, 1,400 pounds; also small stock hardware and cooking utensils. 62 Third street south.

Pocket memo books, counter blotters, time books, pens, pencils, ink, mullage, paper fasteners, letter paper and writing tablets for sale at Nugget office.

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PAY ON SULPHUR BENCHES.

The Creek the Scene of Wonderful Mining Activity.

Steam Thawers Have Taken Possession of the Land—The Paystreak to Be Attacked Scientifically.

Preparatory work for the winter is going on along all of the creeks and particularly noticeable along Sulphur and Dominion. The clear ring of the axe is heard from daylight until dark, and laymen are particularly busy putting down prospect holes to calculate their chances between a lay and wages. It is generally conceded that wages will be better this winter than last. This, with the hard-luck stories of last winter laymen, have made them wary of poor ground unless they have machinery. It is reported that Alex McDonald has given men with steam thawers preference on his ground and that almost every one of his claims will have two or more thawers at work.

R. B. Woodard has taken a lay on No. 9 below on Sulphur, and will work a large gang of men and utilize machinery. Mr. Woodard is well known on Dominion, where he had the management of some rich bench ground on No. 27 below upper, and later was on 34.

The steamboat company landed a scow of machinery Monday that was causing several Sulphur men to be uneasy, and look anxiously at the running ice. Col. Joe Green and Dr. Wilcox, of No. 18 below, Bert Epler and J. M. Jonas, of 21a, and Messrs Clough, Johnston and Foster, of No. 8 below, are the importers, and three identical plants selected by Messrs Clough and Green in Seattle, will add luster to the Sulphur machinery, for they are complete in every detail and consist of thawers, hoists and centrifugal pumps, with a capacity for working over a dozen men to each plant.

Sulphur at last can boast of a hillside with good pay in it. The lower half of No. 28 above, on the left limit, has located five feet of very fine pay just on the point made by Green gulch.

"Murph" and Ed Thorpe have been working a thawer on No. 37 below, but have not decided just where they will winter, but probably on that claim.

Walter Allen and Sam Puckett will continue the good work on No. 31 below, where last winter they helped sink five holes, one 35 feet to bedrock, and also did considerable drifting, but unfortunately were on the wrong side of the creek—at least so they now think. At any rate their confidence in Sulphur has not lessened.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams will welcome their friends on No. 85 below, where Mr. Williams is interested, and in their spare moments hunt the elusive pay streak.

Billy Whittaker and ex-Policeman Jaycox, two Seattle men, have located the pay on No. 27 below, and will thaw their drifts in an up-to-date manner with steam.

Martin Harris is gradually recovering from the serious scalding his lower limbs received sometime back, and will soon be about directing the work on No. 19 below, where he has several men at work taking out good pay dirt.

Phil Fector has moved from No. 11 to No. 7 below, where himself and partners have a good lay.

Captain McNeil, Charley Murphy and Neil McDonald are anxiously waiting for their machinery sent from Seattle, to arrive. They are fully prepared to set it up and take out some good dumps on No. 3b below.

Mr. P. J. Lauritzen sold the Sulphur hotel, on No. 32 above, to Mrs. Nida and she will shortly move out and open up for business.

The owners of No. 33 above are building two large cabins for their men and expect to take out some big dumps this winter.

The machinery on No. 36 above has been shifted about 200 feet below where it was located, and drifting will be continued. The large cabin covering the extensive steam plant was torn down and rebuilt over the new shaft, so the boys will have no fear of Jack Frost or those horrible draughts that occasionally meander down from the dome.

THE TRAMP WHO WEPT.

He Wasn't Smart, But He Could Ride a Bicycle.

"Speakin about smart folks—about mighty smart folks," said the farmer looking man, "I've got a son, Ebenezer, who takes the cake over all. He'd bin workin and savin for two years to

buy a bike, and about two weeks ago he got one. It didnt take him but three or four days to learn how to wobble around, and he bragged so much that he made me tired. He was out wobblin one afternoon when a tramp comes along one afternoon and watches him for a minute and then says:

"Pears to me it takes a powerfully smart man to hump that masheen around."

"You bet she do!" says Ebenezer. "If it wasn't for my smartness, I couldn't stick on a minute."

"And then he wobbles the bike up and down and around to show off and make the tramp feel bad. Purty soon the man begins to weep, and Ebenezer asks if he has lost his mother or anything.

"Yes, mother is dead," says the feller, "but that ain't exactly what I'm cryin about. I'm crying because I ain't smart."

"I'm sorry for ye," says Ebenezer; "but everybody can't be smart. To some it is given, to some it ain't."

The tramp tries to hold back his sorrow, but it gets wuss and wuss, and he leans up agin the fence and sobs like a child. Ebenezer wobbles and cavorts for awhile, and then it occurs to him to so the sorrows of the tramp and show off his own smartness at the same time. He invites him to try the bike, and the feller wipes away his tears and says:

"That's mighty kind of you, but I know I ain't smart 'nuff."

"Mebbe you be," says Ebenezer, calculatin that the tramp would get a fliplop the first thing.

"Won't you be jealous of me if I turn out smart?"

"Not a bit. If you beat me wobblin around, I won't have nothing but praise for you."

"I came out of the house just as the tramp was makin ready to get on to the saddle," said the father, "and Ebenezer, he gives me a nod and a wink as signs to look out for fun. Next minute the feller was up and clawin for the pedals. The masheen dodged and twisted around and started for the fence, and Ebenezer had just begun to laugh, when the tramp stopped hollerin and scooted down the road as fast as a race horse and as straight as a bee line. Lordy, but how he did scoot. It was mighty easy to see that he was an old rider. He hasn't been back."

An Unfortunate Veteran.

One of our esteemed North Carolina exchanges has this interesting news item:

"Major Williams of Pine Grove, who lost one leg in the civil war and the other in the Spanish-American war, has just happened to the misfortune of cutting off his right arm in a sawmill. He is doing as well as could be expected, but the unfortunate part of it is he can't get a pension for the arm the sawmill cut off."

Filling the Gap.

The bright boy of fiction is playing with his Noah's ark.

"What are these two chips of wood?" asks the bright boy's father.

It is necessary for the bright boy of fiction to have a father, you know. There has to be somebody to draw him out.

"Them," replied the bright boy, without hesitation, "is microbes!"

Of course, if we think a minute, we perceive that there must have been a pair of microbes on the ark.—Detroit Journal.

Not the Ocean.

It was the morning after their arrival at a Klondike resort.

"I have often heard of the roar of the river," she said dreamily, "but I never knew it sounded like that."

"That's not the roar of the river," answered her more experienced husband. "That's the roar of a departing guest who has just been presented with his bill."

A Proud Father.

"Yes," she said, "I have a daughter who is married to an earl."

"Humph!" he returned. "That's nothing! I've got five daughters married to men they picked out themselves, and I don't have to support any of 'em."—Chicago Times Herald.

Where He Landed.

Griggs—What became of that son-in-law of yours who failed in business about a year ago? Has he got on his feet again?

Briggs—No; he is still on my hands.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Logic Applied to Superstition.

There is nothing in the theory that horseshoes bring good luck. What animal works harder than the horse or is treated worse in its old age? Yet it wears four of them.

Bound to Be Good.

Brown—Does that new restaurant get up a good meal?

Jones—Splendid. Even the proprietor dines there.

B. L. & K. N. CO.

Steamers

Ora, Flora, Nora, Olive May,

... Don't Be Caught on Bars ...

Remember, the River Is Rapidly Falling

OUR BOATS ARE SMALL AND FAST ... MEALS AND ACCOMMODATIONS THE BEST

Read Shipping News for Record Trip by Str. Flora.

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OFFICE, AT CITY DOCK

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ROBERT KERR, MILWAUKEE, REINDEER, PILGRIM, LOTTA TALBOT, SYBIL, W. H. EVANS, MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS WITH THE

S. S. "GARONNE," Sailing from St. Michael July 1, August 15, Sept. 15.

First Class Accommodations for Passengers. Sailing dates of river steamers from Dawson will be announced later. Watch this space.

CHAS. H. NORRIS, Mgr. Yukon Division. FRANK J. KINGHORN, Agent, Yukon Dock.

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Flooring, Ceiling and all Kinds of Planed Lumber, Bars, Counters, Furniture and Inside Furnishings of all Kinds.

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ARTHUR LEWIN

Has reopened on Front street, next door south of Dominion, and is prepared to supply you with anything, from a needle to a steamboat. HIGH-GRADE LIQUORS AND CIGARS A SPECIALTY.

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W. D. WOOD, Seattle, President.

The Latest and Most Improved Facilities for

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S. P. BROWN, Gen. Agt., Skaguay. THE OLD RELIABLE PIONEER BOAT

Fastest Steamer on the Yukon

STEAMER WILLIE IRVING

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MANUFACTURERS OF First Quality Matched, Dressed Rustic, Roofing, and Rough Lumber House Logs Furnished, Cordwood &c. Orders filled promptly

Fine Line of Pies, Cakes, Bread and Delicacies of all kinds.

3d St., Bet. Fourth and Fifth Aves. Dawson. S. BLUMER.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Gold dust bought or advanced on. Interest paid on deposits. Safety deposit box is free to customers.

THE SCANDINAVIAN AMERICAN BANK of Seattle, Wash

ANDREW CHILBERG, President. A. H. SOELBERG, Cashier.

Gold dust received for delivery to the mint or assay office in Seattle. Prompt returns made.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS. Safe deposit boxes free to customers. Railway and steamship tickets sold to all parts of the world.

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OLD STAND.

Full line Best Brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop'r

GRAND FORKS Machine and Blacksmith Shop

All Kinds of Machine Work and Repairing. GRAND FORKS, ABOVE BUTLER HOTEL. GEO. McCORD, Proprietor.

City Market

GEISMAN & BAUER, Props.

Second Ave., Bet. Second and Third Sts.

Freshest, finest, fattest beef, pork and mutton in Dawson. Wholesale and retail. Special prices to restaurants, steamboats and hotels.

AIR-TIGHT HEATERS AND ROADHOUSE RANGES

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Cafe and Club Room Attached. ...FINELY FURNISHED ROOMS...

If You Love Your Wife BUY HER ONE OF THOSE FINE LAMPS

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DOWN TOWN STORE S.E. Cor. 3d St. & 3d Av. Opp. Klondike Bridge

Lay blanks, bills of sale, deeds and mortgages for sale at The Nugget office. Price 25 cents each.

TERSE TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Boers Have Arisen and Have Mobilized on Frontier.

Eight Million Pounds Has Been Provided by the British to Resist the Attack Upon Their Empire.

London, Oct. 6.—The Boers have arisen, and, upon the issue of secret orders, have mobilized on the frontier ready to cross in attack on the British position on word of command.

At a cabinet council today it was stated that there was \$40,000,000 immediately available for British defenses in Africa.

The Orange Free State has declared against Britain in the event of war.

London, Oct. 6.—The situation in the Transvaal is as bad as could be. The Boers are advancing on Natal and are also occupying Laing's Neck, besides holding the mountains southwest of Volksrust. They have taken the initiative, and evidently will not await a British attack.

Rumors of a Boer attack have reached here, but are not believed, because unconfirmed.

London, Oct. 7.—Ladysmith, which is the nearest point to the Boer maneuvers occupied by the British soldiers, is being rapidly abandoned by citizens. In anticipation of attack, scouts have been thrown out a distance of 20 miles.

Natal is being abandoned by the now really alarmed Britishers, who are flocking across the frontier to Glencoe. General Simon, on command at New-castle, has advanced part of troops to a point on the road to Glencoe to guard a retreat, in case of attack, for it will be utterly useless to defend the place.

Some 30,000 Boers are mobilized in the vicinity of Volksrust. The British forces on the way to the scene of the impending conflict number 40,000 men.

Bennett, Oct. 10.—Word was received here today that Washington has granted a medal to each of Admiral Dewey's followers in the great victory at Manila. Scows are leaving here hourly for Dawson. A storm prevailed on the lakes a week ago and rumors are current here that some 20 scows were wrecked. Fifteen are known to be on bars on the river below.

The Dawson fire apparatus here, consisting of a large chemical engine several thousand feet of hose, four hose carts and numerous other pieces of apparatus is blockaded, together with 1200 tons of other freight and cannot be moved this winter.

The blockade of freight has resulted in advancing the price of scows from \$200 to \$1200 and there is a scramble for them even at that price. Skagway, Oct. 10.—The U.S. government has appropriated a sufficient sum of money to properly light the dangerous points and reefs between here and Seattle and the preliminary work has been begun.

SOME OUTSIDE HAPPENINGS.

The Canadian day of thanksgiving has been fixed for October 19th.

Admiral Dewey's journey from New York to Washington was a continued triumphal progress.

Joe Kennedy, the California heavy weight, was knocked out by Peter Maher in New York on the 20th of September. The knockout occurred in the second round before 9000 spectators.

One of the results of the return of Admiral Dewey was an interview with the president, after which McKinley immediately gave orders for the dispatch of a number of war vessels to Manila, including the gunboats Machias and Marietta, and the cruiser Brooklyn.

Two attempted races for the international yachting cup, between the Columbia and the Shamrock, had been defeated up to Oct. 5, by light winds, amounting at times to a dead calm.

Both affairs have been declared "no race" by the umpire, they being bound by a certain time limit, within which the race must be run. The interest in the affair throughout America is most intense, though in England the Boer cries has done much to distract public attention.

One hundred fine silkoline comforts at \$5 each, at Parson's.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The public circulating library, which until recently, occupied a room on the third floor of the A. C. office building, has been removed to spacious quarters, adjoining the superintendent's office in

the Good Samaritan hospital. The proceeds, derived from the circulation of the books will be given to the hospital.

A cabin, located in the vicinity of the Pioneer cemetery, caught fire Wednesday. The blaze was extinguished before much damage occurred, and without the assistance of the fire department.

Last week, the N. W. M. P. brought from Selkirk Iwall Westberg, who is suffering with a broken leg. Mr. Westberg is an inmate of the Good Samaritan hospital.

Tom Kirkpatrick has been wearing his eye in a sling for the past few days, so to speak. Tom's face accidentally came in contact with a portion of the contents of a bottle of chloroform, hence the injury. He says he will be all right in a very short while again.

The members of the fire department are making preparations to give a grand ball on the completion of their new engine house, which is now being constructed near the Front street bridge just north of the Barracks square. The structure will be finished within a week.

Pursuant to a writ of execution issued in favor of the plaintiff, in the case of Catto vs. Sheridan et al., Deputy Sheriff Longpre, at 2 o'clock p. m. on Oct. 10th, at the court house, will sell at public auction an undivided one-half interest in hillside claim adjoining the lower half on left limit of No. 54 below on Bonanza creek.

George Higgins, a native of Lexington, Ky., died at the Good Samaritan hospital last week, of typhoid fever. Mr. Higgins arrived in Dawson about six weeks ago, and had been engaged by Doc. Cleveland as a bookkeeper. He was well and favorably known, and his untimely death is deeply regretted by a host of friends and acquaintances.

The boys are already out with their skates, though the opportunities for that exercise are as yet somewhat limited, the favorite resort for the little fellows being the slough near the barracks. Inquiry amongst the interested crowd of boys on the bank revealed the fact that many of them were Californians, and had never seen a pair of ice skates before.

On last Monday night, thieves forced an entrance into the store of W. W. Clark, situated on Front avenue, near the warehouses of the Empire line. Provisions to the value of \$200 were stolen. From the fact that four cans of stolen meat were found close to the edge of the water on the river's bank, the police are of the opinion that the culprits, after securing a winter's outfit, started in a small boat for Nome.

A raft of firewood which had been cut about 20 miles above Dawson was broken into pieces just as it reached town on Tuesday afternoon. The steamboats Seattle No. 1 and Seattle No. 3 had just pulled up the river on their way to winter quarters, and the raft was caught in the swells occasioned by the large boats. Several parties jumped in to row-boats and assisted in saving the greater portion of the logs.

The members of the Y. M. C. A. of the Forks of Eldorado extend a welcome to all who may desire to patronize their free reading room and religious exercises. This association was only organized on Sunday evening last, but they hope in a short time to have a good reading room and interesting games for all who may have leisure to make use of the same; also, every Sunday afternoon a meeting will be held at 4 o'clock, to which all are cordially invited. Come all and enjoy these meetings.

Two hundred pairs of men's heavy wool German socks, \$1.50 per pair, at Parson's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Percy Reid, a Dominion creek miner, is a guest at the Fairview hotel.

H. W. Leonard, of Grand Forks, is a guest of the Hotel McDonald.

Jacob Eul, a mining broker of Grand Forks, is a visitor to Dawson.

J. C. Felix, a miner from Dominion creek, is spending a few days in town. On September 25, Joe Choynski knocked out Australian Jim Hall in the third round.

E. C. Campbell and C. W. Borsley are in from the creeks, and are registered at the Hotel McDonald.

Harry Edwards, the popular manager of the Aurora bar, is convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Ed Welch, a well-known and popular Alaska sport, has arrived in Dawson, and will remain here this winter.

Louis Couture, who is interested on Hunker creek, is a guest of Mine Host Donovan, at the Hotel McDonald.

Tom Kelly, the owner of a good bench claim on Bonanza, has returned from an extended sojourn to the outside.

Mr. Hansen, proprietor of the Mondamin hotel, at Skagway is a passenger on the Yukoner, which is aground in Heilgate narrows.

Constable Bull, of the N. W. M. P.,

died at the barracks hospital, on Tuesday, of typhoid fever. He was buried in the police cemetery on Thursday, with military honors. Officer Bull had been in Dawson only six weeks prior to his death.

Dr. Wills is en route to Dawson. He is bringing in a large scow, loaded with mining machinery. He will arrive here within the next few days.

Mrs. J. J. Kelly recently arrived from a visit to the States. She has secured a lease of the restaurant department in the Dewey hotel at Grand Forks.

N. D. Walling, Mr. Smith, collector for the A. C. Co., and George Apple and wife, were visitors at Grand Forks during the early part of the week.

John Huntington recently returned from Tacoma, bringing in a quantity of machinery, with which he will work his mining property this winter.

F. Smith, who, for the past eight months, has been a constable in the N. W. M. P., stationed at Dawson, was recently promoted to the rank of corporal.

Thomas S. Cunningham, a well known newspaper man of the Pacific coast, who spent the past summer in Dawson, returned to San Francisco on the Clara Friday.

Freddie Breen, the comedian, and Billie Newman, have returned to town. For the past three months they have been occupied in representing their claims at No. 31 above discovery on Sulphur. A 50-foot shaft was sunk, and very good prospects obtained. The ground will be worked this winter with machinery.

On Wednesday, W. D. Taylor, a teamster engaged in freighting to the Forks, met with a very painful accident. When near No. 48 below on Bonanza, he was jostled off the seat of his wagon, and fell directly in front of the forward wheels, which passed over his abdomen. His injuries are internal, but not serious.

Mr. F. H. Clayton, for the past three years a prominent Skagway merchant, arrived in Dawson Wednesday with a large scow-load of provisions and merchandise. Eleven days only was consumed in the trip from Bennett, a rapid trip when the condition of the river and shortness of the days is taken into account. Mr. Clayton has interests up the creeks and will remain to see work properly commenced, and will leave for the outside over the ice about New Year's.

Don't forget the location—the new McDonald hotel block. W. H. Parson & Co.

\$1.50 Turkey dinner at Cafe Royal Sunday. \$1.50.

POLICE COURT ITEMS.

John Zettler has secured a judgment of \$81.80 for wages against S. M. Graff. George Gillespie alleges that S. M. Graff is indebted to him in the sum of \$56 for work and labor performed.

K. Cody has instituted a wage suit against H. Grotschier for \$315.40. The work was performed on claim No. 4 below lower discovery on Dominion creek.

Judd Lee overloaded himself with Canadian rye and then became disorderly. He was entangled in the meshes of the law by Corporal McPhail, and paid \$10 and costs to be freed.

Inspector Primrose gave George Baker 10 days in which to pay to J. J. Gallagher \$133, the amount due the latter for acting in the capacity of a miner on claims No. 2 and 3 Gold Bottom.

The police encountered no little trouble in corralling Isaac Peterson, who sported a boisterous and contentious jag. He resisted arrest, and tried to escape. Inspector Primrose let the terrible Swede down easy with a fine of \$20 and costs.

Corinne B. Gray, the frolicsome fairy who defrauded Uncle Hoffman of \$90 and then took passage on the Sybil for the outside, has been intercepted by the police at Tagish. She will be returned here and placed on trial in the magistrate's court.

Albert Eckelman partook too liberally of the "cup that cheers." He paid \$10 and costs to keep off the wood pile. This is Eckelman's second offense within 10 days, and the inspector informed him that he had succeeded twice, but warned him not to try again.

J. H. White, pilot of the steamboat Clara, accuses Eugene Smith, acting pursuer, of assault. The misdeed is alleged to have been committed in the pilot house, on Oct. 3d, while the boat was between Selwyn and Selkirk. Inspector Primrose will adjudicate the matter at some future time.

One hundred pairs men's buck-faced, long-wristed mittens, \$2 per pair, at Parson's.

Pocket memo books, counter blotters, time books, pens, pencils, ink, mucilage, paper fasteners, letter paper and writing tablets for sale at Nugget office.

Five hundred fur trimmed parkees, \$5 each, at Parson's.

SPECIAL!!

TRANSPORT IS WRECKED.

Several Hundred Horses and Cattle Killed.

Admiral Dewey Presented With an Elegant Home by the American People—Alaskan Boundary.

Seattle, Oct. 9.—(Special to Klondike Nugget.)—The transport Siam, while en route to Manila, carrying provisions and re-enforcements for the American army, encountered a terrible typhoon and was driven many miles away from her course. On board the transport were several hundred horses and mules, three hundred of which were killed as a result of the storm.

Dewey Given a Home.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 10.—(Special to Klondike Nugget.)—Admiral Dewey has been presented with a magnificent home in Washington, D. C. The home was secured by public subscription, and comes to Dewey as a gift of appreciation from the American people.

No Settlement.

London, Oct. 8.—(Special to Klondike Nugget.)—No settlement has yet been made as regards the modus vivendi now in operation governing the Alaskan border. The home government is awaiting action on the part of Canada before committing itself.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 10.—(Special to Klondike Nugget.)—Congressman Cushman, of Washington, who has taken a very deep interest in the Alaskan boundary, expressed himself today as being under the conviction that the negotiations would result in concessions being made to Canada for a port of entry at Pyramid harbor.

The Transvaal War.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 10.—(Special to Klondike Nugget.)—John Hays Hammon, an American engineer who spent a number of years in the Transvaal, was interviewed today concerning the war now in progress. He is of the opinion that the war will be of short duration, owing to the fact that Boers are poor marksmen, and are poorly equipped for war. British success, he says, is beyond question.

Don't forget opening of Cafe Royal. Wine rooms now open.

Two hundred pairs of men's nobby wool trousers at \$5 pair, at Parson's.

THEATRES.

THE Monte Carlo THEATRE... CROWDED TO THE DOORS EACH NIGHT. Entire Change of Program Every Week. SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE. The Monte Carlo has recently been newly refitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the northwest. Drop in and have some fun.

Grand Opera House Under management of Geo. L. Hillyer. WILL RE-OPEN Monday Evening With a grand spectacular production of "FAUST." A STRICTLY LEGITIMATE THEATRE.

O. MANGOLD IS ACQUITTED.

(Continued from Page 1.)
the two latter gentlemen to W. W. Caldwell, and by Casey alone to C. F. Manning. The result of the suit was involved in the validity and interpretation of the power of attorney. Judge Dugas decided that the power of attorney could not authorize Barwell to transfer real property, such as mining claims, for two reasons:

1. The instrument was not under seal; a requisite which must be attached to all papers purporting to convey title to real property.
2. The interpretation of the power of attorney must not be too liberal. And the paper in question must be considered as simply giving to Barwell the privilege to do all that might be necessary to preserve the rights and interests of Secretan in his mines, without in anywise disposing of them. Judgment was entered for plaintiff and against defendants.

MINOR ORDERS.

On Monday, Mr. Robinson, the accountant appointed by the court in the case of the defunct Aurora restaurant reported that he had examined the books of the defendant, and that a deficit of \$1800 was disclosed, which is attributed to careless bookkeeping. Upon submitting the report, Mr. Robinson was ordered discharged from further duty.

Corporal Wilson filed an affidavit in the territorial court, which set forth that certain facts had come to his knowledge recently, which rendered it inadvisable and inexpedient to proceed with the prosecution of the criminal jury cases now pending. Crown Prosecutor F. C. Wade made a motion, based upon the affidavit, to the effect that such cases be postponed till December. The motion was granted.

In the case of Sam Bonfield vs. Joseph Davis, the plaintiff prays that the defendant be enjoined from interfering with the partnership property. The writ of injunction has been granted, and Mr. James H. Seeley has been appointed receiver of the firm's effects.

LATEST STEAMBOAT NEWS.

The Yukon Aground in Hellgate—Other River Items.

The steamboat Yukoner is aground on a bar in Hellgate, which is about eight miles above Selkirk. The bar which the Yukoner struck is one of the most dangerous in the river. It is the same one on which the Philip B. Low was detained for so long a time last summer. The owners of the steamboat are confident that she has been floated by this time, and expect her arrival in Dawson within the next few days. Other persons, who have come down the river recently with scows, and who fully appreciate the Yukoner's position are not so sanguine of the boat being able to reach port this season. The Yukoner has aboard about 80 passengers, and is heavily loaded with freight.

The steamboat Clara, under charter to the Trading and Exploration Company, arrived in Dawson Wednesday. She towed a scow, and brought down from Selkirk 180 head of slaughtered beef, all of which was consigned to the Cattle Syndicate. The Clara left for Whitehorse on Friday.

On Thursday the Joseph Clossett tied to her Dawson dock. She left Whitehorse on Sept. 27th, and has been engaged on her way down the river, in assisting the C. D. Co.'s barges. The Clossett had in tow a large scow, and her manifest showed 40 tons of freight. She departed for Whitehorse on Friday.

Recent arrivals from Bennett report that there are hundreds of scows between the lakes and Dawson. The price of large barges at Whitehorse has been as high as \$2000 within the past three weeks. The major portion of the freight now en route to Dawson is mining machinery of various kinds.

Estates of Deceased Persons.

Acting U. S. Consul John Quincy Adams, is in receipt of the following communications:

Congressman Ernest W. Roberts inquires concerning the whereabouts of R. G. Joyce, of Lynn, Mass. The wife of Mr. Joyce, resides at Lynn, and she is worried over a report to the effect that

J. J. DONOVAN.

M. CONNELLY.

Hotel McDonald

Cor. Second Ave. and Second Sts., Dawson, Y. T. . . .
Electric Lights. Electric Bells. Every Modern Convenience. Handsomely Furnished. Entirely New. Cafe attached. First-class Bar.

her husband died at Selkirk on his way to Dawson. Mr. Joyce was a passenger on one of the down-river trips of the steamboat Tyrrell, and is supposed to have had some personal property in his possession.

Mrs. Beverly White, of Maiden Rock, Wis., desires information respecting her brother John A. Fisher, and his estate. Mrs. White has heard that her brother was a partner with one Tuttle in some valuable mining property. John A. Fisher is reported to have died in one of the local hospitals.

B. F. Carr, of Ballard, Wash., writes that he has a brother in this country, named James E. Carr. Mr. B. F. Carr read of the death of one James E. Carr, who passed away on the 8th of last July, at the Aurora wharf, just as he was about to take passage for the outside on the Bonanza King. B. F. Carr is anxious to learn whether the name of the man who died is James E. Carr or James E. Carr. At the time the Dawson papers printed the name as James E. Carr, and gave the age of the unfortunate man as 32 years.

Mrs. Eliza A. Quesnelle, of Great Falls, Mont., requests the consul to ascertain for her the nature and amount of the estate of her husband, Thomas Quesnelle, who died at Dawson. Messrs. Thomas H. Carter, Thomas Wheeler, and Alexander Esperance are referred to in the letter as friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

Anybody who can give information respecting any of the above deceased persons, or of their estates, are requested to call at the office of the U. S. consulate.

MILITARY HONORS.

Paid to Dead Constable Bull by Police and Soldiery.

Thursday witnessed the most imposing military burial yet seen in Dawson. The occasion was the laying away of Constable Bull, a member of the N. W. M. P., who recently came down from Selkirk, contracted the fever and succumbed to its ravages, as was duly chronicled in these columns.

The funeral procession was headed by the firing squad of 12 men in command of Sergeant Davis, with reversed arms. Then came a squad of soldiers, followed by the draped coffin carried on a gun carriage. The gun was drawn by two horses, four policemen—walking abreast of it and four more as mourners behind. Constable Lindblad led the deceased policeman's horse with bridle in black and white, the saddle occupied by an empty coat and reversed boots in the stirrups. Then followed eight buglers and two drummers, followed by more police and another squad of soldiers.

Arriving at the cemetery on top of the hill back of town, ranks were opened and the coffin passed through to its last resting place. The Rev. Naylor read the Church of England services, after which the bugles sounded the reveille and three volleys were fired over the open grave.

The ceremony as performed under the direction of Sergeant-Major Tucker, is most impressive, and nothing was omitted to show respect to the remains of a dead comrade.

Inspector Primrose, commanding the N. W. M. P., and Col. Evans, commanding the Yukon field force, both accompanied the funeral.

The Brick Warehouse.

The new brick warehouse is the most modern and up to date appearing building in Dawson. The front has been nicely painted and lettered, and the sidewalk in front of the building completed. Inside, carpenters have been busy arranging the interior with offices specially adapted for the transaction of the storage business. Huge burners are kept going night and day and the temperature of the entire building is equally maintained.

A number of Dawson's business men have had a very watchful eye upon the new structure, and it is safe to say that when building opens in the spring the old log and lumber structures will find a very strong competitor in brick.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership of Donovan and Connelly, as hotel proprietors of the Hotel McDonald, is this day dissolved and that all debts due to or from the firm will be received or paid at the office of the Hotel McDonald.

J. J. DONOVAN,
M. CONNELLY.

Dated, 7th October, 1899.

Reduced rates at the Cafe Royal.

Steam thawers, pipe and pipe fittings and valves, stoves, tin and sheet iron work at J. H. Holme & Co.'s, opposite Fairview.



NOW OPEN!

...To the Public...

BRAND'S New Club Bath... and Gymnasium

30 Finely Furnished Rooms

The Only Haven of Cleanliness This Side of Civilization.

DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES.

Experienced Attendants,
Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

First Class Service.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

BRAND'S NEW CLUB BATH AND GYMNASIUM, Open Night and Day
Third Avenue, Bet. Third and Fourth Streets.

DR. BOURKE'S HOSPITAL.

Construction, equipment and staff equal to any hospital outside. Scientifically heated, especially to maintain an equable temperature. Trained nurses in attendance. Inspection invited.

Terms from \$10 a day, including medical attendance. Cow's milk and other delicacies required by patients administered. Separate room for each patient.

THE MEAT MARKET.

Indicates Only a Moderate Supply in Sight.

The condition of the local meat market discloses that there is only a moderate supply of fresh beef in town. Prices are firm and will gradually rise. It is expected that fresh beef will be steady at \$1. per pound during the coming winter. Mr. Everett, the business manager of the Alaska Meat Company, predicts a scarcity of fresh pork and poultry. At the present rate of demand, he is of the opinion that the stock of such meats, now in the market, will be exhausted by next February. Ham and bacon are plentiful, but the prices of the higher grades are steady and will advance after the river freezes. The supply of fresh eastern oysters is moderate. Fresh eggs are plentiful, with no prospects of scarcity this season. The facilities for storage accommodations are much better than those of last winter; but, while this fact will preserve the quality of the articles so stored, it is not expected to decrease the prices. There are several shipments of fresh meat on the way to Dawson, but the lateness of the season renders their arrival doubtful.

It seems incredible, but nevertheless it is true, that we spend one-third of our lives in bed. Think of it; a man sleeps 20 years who lives to the age of 60. He should try and make these years at least comfortable. You can make them luxurious by using Stumer's famous mattresses, either hair or excelsior, or moss. They are marvels of workmanship. See his stock before he closes out. His present address is Third street, near Second avenue.

There was a dance given at the Last Chance hotel Wednesday night by Dick Crane as an opening of a new store building just completed. Music was furnished by Messrs. Burkhardt, Casky and Shaffer. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. McClellan, Mr. and Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. Phisicator, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Conner, Miss McClellan, Miss Smith, Miss Kenney and Messrs. Cammerson, Hamilton, Quinn, Hitchcock, Crab Goode, Coboun, Willison, Geo. Kinnon, J. Henning and E. S. Foster.

Excellent service and moderate prices at the Cafe Royal.

The Nugget Express will start a dog team for Cape Nome and intermediate points after the freeze-up. Letters and small packages may be left at office on Boyle's wharf.

You can get stationery in big variety at the Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

Fur robes! Fur robes! Fur robes! Fur robes! At Parson's.

Private dining and wine rooms at the Cafe Royal.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—Large malamute dog, on bar about 30 miles up the river. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. Apply at Nugget Office.

FOUND—Large black Newfoundland dog, white breast and white toe tips. Pay expense. C. Buckley, Adams' hill.

WANTED

WANTED—Steam Thawer, about seven-horse power, fully equipped, stating price. Apply K. Nugget Office.

WANTED—I have a 33 h. p. boiler, hoisting engine, complete for steam thawer; will place same on Hunker, Bonanza or Eldorado for percentage or will take lay; only prospect of ground will be considered. Apply A. D. Williams, 2d ave., below 6th st.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Tin-lined water tank; capacity about 300 gallons. Apply Nugget office.

LUNCH COUNTERS.

C. J. BOYD'S 25c. Lunch Counter, Second ave., next P. O., entrance also on First ave.; big stack of hot and coffee, 25c.; corned beef, tea, coffee or milk, 25c.; sandwiches and coffee, 25c.; ham and eggs, or steak and eggs and coffee, 75c. Bread, cakes and pies for sale. 9-23.

BLACKSMITHS.

OBER & HAWLEY, Third ave. south, near 5th st.; blacksmithing, machine, wagon and sleigh work done promptly at low prices; scientific horseshoeing a specialty.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, E. C. Office, Bonfield Building, opposite A. C. Store, Dawson.

BURRIT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, &c. Offices, A. C. Office Building, Safety deposit box in A. C. vaults.

TABOR & HUBBE—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates; Notaries Public; Conveyancers. Offices, Green Tree Bldg.

CLEMENT, PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Barristers, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan. Offices, First Avenue.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

J. H. KOONS, M. D.; A. C. Building.

MINING ENGINEERS.

TYRRELL & GREEN, Mining Engineers and Dominion Land Surveyors, Office, Harper St., Dawson.

OYSTER PARLORS.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! Every style. Eastern coast and cove oysters, prepared by scientific oyster chefs at "The Kozy," Second avenue, between Second and Third streets. Turkey dinner Sunday, \$1.50.

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