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PIRE HOTEL  
Finest House in Dawson.  
Modern Improvements.  
J. F. MACDONALD  
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Shot Gun, Rifle,  
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SHINDLER,  
THE HARDWARE MAN  
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Dawson

# THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

All the News  
The Day It Happens

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

## UNPRECEDENTED STORMS

### Sweep the West Coast of Alaska. Waves Breaking Over Dolphin's Pilot House While Crossing Queen Charlotte Sound - Late Goods for Dawson En Route.

Oct. 31.—The steamer *Del Monte* arrived this afternoon after the roughest voyages in the history of Alaskan navigation. On Queen Charlotte Sound a terrible storm was encountered, causing waves to break entirely over the ship's pilot house. The Dolphin brought six passengers and 70 tons of freight. Dominick Burns has a shipment which he expects to scow from Whitehorse to Dawson before the river closes.

## FIRST COLD.

Oct. 31.—The first cold of the season prevails here with a strong north wind blowing steadily.

## SAME HERE.

Oct. 31.—The local papers there are several Yukon duffers in Skagway but their object is the same.

## KING'S HEALTH IS VERY GOOD

Reports of It Failing Being Hearsay Evidence.

Oct. 16.—Summarizing reports regarding the health of the Duke of Alva, the London correspondent of the *Times* cables: "There has been a marked revival of favorable reports regarding the condition, but it is irresponsible, based on hearsay evidence. The court's functionaries and surgeons cannot learn from authoritative source that the duke is materially worse than he was when he left London for Germany. There has been a great increase in domestic talk in London clubs, but this relating to the king's condition has not altered and the allusion reported from Balmoral are mere reports for the coronation and the king is taking a very hearty interest in every thing with him, reports that his health is strong and that he shows no signs of any incurable malady. It is clear, his order is excellent, except for a perceptible increase of irritability, his manner is as it was during the early years of his reign. Reports respecting the declining health are without foundation and unauthorized. It will speedily come to London place the alarming rumors at rest. It will convert the return of the duke of Cornwall and York into a social function."

## PORT SALE

The best located roadhouse on Hunker creek. Apply Nugget office.

## SEE "TRILBY" AT NEW SAVOY

DAWSON TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. FREIGHTERS DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS DOUBLE SERVICE

Stage Leave Dawson 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. Stage Leave Grand Forks 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. Office Phone 8. Stable 9. Grand Forks 24

## When on Dominion

STOP AT THE Gold Run Hotel. J. R. FOWLE, Prop. ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

## "DEL MONTE"

J. W. Marchbank, Proprietor. Drinks and Cigars 25 Cents Only First-Class Goods Carried in Stock. First Street Opp. Yukon Dock

## Metaline Bushed Sheaves.

These Sheaves are specially adapted for use in the mines in cold weather. They are run without the use of Oil or grease and are the Only Self Lubricating Sheave on the Market. Sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 inches.

## McL., McF. & Co.,

LIMITED THE MADISON SQUARE THEATER, NEW YORK, AT THE NEW SAVOY.

## EIGHT DAYS DOWN RIVER

### Was Howes' Scow Time, Arriving Last Night.

Mr. B. A. Howes, in charge of a scow containing 13 tons of mining machinery arrived from Whitehorse at 10 o'clock this morning, making the trip down in eight days, unusually quick time considering the lateness of the season and the state of the ice in the river. Mr. Howes in a short interview with a Nugget man stated they did not encounter any heavy ice until yesterday. White river is discharging practically none at all, there is but very little coming out of the Pelly and about the same amount out of the Stewart. The Emma Knott, upon whose head so many curses loud and deep were heaped last week, was passed yesterday morning at Stewart river. At that time there was little

## THRILLING ENCOUNTER

### Of Whitehorse Hunters With Big Yukon Game.

The Yukon country—this southern part of it—is one of the greatest places on earth for the sportsman and anyone who does not believe it can trip down in eight days, unusually quick time considering the lateness of the season and the state of the ice in the river. Mr. Howes in a short interview with a Nugget man stated they did not encounter any heavy ice until yesterday. White river is discharging practically none at all, there is but very little coming out of the Pelly and about the same amount out of the Stewart. The Emma Knott, upon whose head so many curses loud and deep were heaped last week, was passed yesterday morning at Stewart river. At that time there was little

## DISMISSED WITH COSTS

### Was Gold Commissioner Senkler's Decision Yesterday.

Gold Commissioner Senkler yesterday rendered a decision in the case of A. F. Clendennan and C. L. LaPlant vs. T. Quassant Page, involving the upper half of 7 and the lower half of 8 Mint gulch, a tributary of Hunker. The commissioner's findings were as follows: "The evidence given as to the position of the location posts placed by the relocators of the above claims is very unsatisfactory, and I think there is no doubt they were tampered with at some period subsequent to the date of location. I have come to the conclusion that the evidence of the defendant, of Israel Garand, and of Harry Berghouse, must be believed as to the correct position of the line

## WILL MAKE CLOSE SEARCH

### Party Looking for Mode May Be Gone Several Days.

The party headed by Corporal John S. Piper which started four days ago to search for Mode, the prospector who was separated from his partner Rankin on German creek ten days or two weeks or more ago, and who has not since been seen, is not expected to return to Dawson yet for several days, unless the man or his remains are sooner found. The party consists of Corporal Piper, Policeman Bell, three or four Moosehide Indians and Rankin, the latter having by Captain Starnes been ordered to accompany the party in order that he might guide the searchers to the exact spot where Mode was last seen by him. The Indians went as the result of a reward offered by Captain Starnes

## "KID" WEST AFTER MONEY

### Alleged by Him to be Due as Witness Fees in O'Brien Murder Trial - Says He Was Defrauded - Balance of \$1015 Is Claimed - He Tells Some Experience - Is Square.

"Say, dat talk youse had in de Nugget a few days ago about me bein' on de square now, goes wid me, and de ain't no talk, neither. I got a bunch of coin comin' to me, I only got \$1015 comin' to me. I only got \$100 out of de bull cheese. Dese odder guys gets der cut out of de swag and I don't see why I ain't got for my divvy de same as de odder blokes. Me and de governor had a talk about it de odder day, an' say, der is de squarest guy dat ever come over de pike. He's right I'm tellin' you and I don't tink dey [staid hand] 'de' me any hanky-panky stuff. Say, I couldn't see no one, write no letters, nor not in' at all. One night dey give me de burry, got me in a closed back, went over to Vancouver and dey catches me away in de provincial jail at New Westminster. I stays dere four days. Seelye was very sick at de time and I t'ought he was goin' to croak. As soon as he got better we left on de Danube for Skagway. Dey still had de iron on me leg, but when we gets on de boat I makes a holier and dey takes it off. Say, maybe I didn't have a swell time on de boat. I had me liberty, an' say, I couldn't have made a getaway several times but I knowed t'ings would be all right wid me when I got back, so I played fair, all t'rough. No one knowed me and it wasn't up to me to tip me hand. At Skagway der was t'ree policemen in plain clothes joined us and it didn't take long to get over to Whitehorse. We waited der two days and dey gime de leg irons, guards, and all de odder trimmin's. Say, de grub in dat Whitehorse jail determination to lead a new life, to cut away from his pals and associates of former years. All he asks is a fair shake and a chance to prove that he is sincere in his desire to begin anew."

Though a young man, West has had enough experience and there have been sufficient thrilling incidents in his life which if put in print would make several volumes of high sensational reading matter. There is scarcely a city in the United States from San Francisco to New York that he does not know like an open book, particularly the slum sections and those parts frequented by criminals. He has seen the inside of many different jails and has "done time" generally short terms, no other that he has lost track of the number. Much that transpired during his trip inside over the ice last winter, he has never been given to the public. After a little persuasion he was prevailed upon to give an account of his voyage north and back again, and his reminiscences are here presented in his own language; that odd jargon of slang and billingsgate constantly used by crooks.

"I got it was like dis. I was in jail in Seattle about to be sent over de road when Seelye learns I knowed something about de O'Brien matter. He comes in to see me, we has de big talk, and finally gets everything fratched up dat I was to come inside and give my evidence and der I was to get my meedness when I gets back to Seattle. De matter was all fixed up and one night, December 3, I was hustled out o' town kind o' quiet like on de Selkome. We was to go on de City of Topeka, but at de last minute dey made a switch so as to



## QUERY - HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THE ENGINE TO REACH THE FIRE?

cord as a marksman and when he raised his gun, they simply saved themselves up. There was one wild animal however, that took a chance on getting away from Jim, and when out. Jim's description of it was a little obscure, but he felt certain it was as large as a mastodon, and fully as vicious as a lion. On Thursday afternoon as train No. 1 was passing a wooded bank this side of Weigand station, a wild animal made a running leap through the open door of the baggage car. Conductor Quinlan was in that part of the train at the time, and with the assistance of a crowbar he managed to slay the beast before it had a chance to attack any of the passengers. The carcass was brought into town and placed in the kitchen of the White Horse cafe. When Mr. Russell heard of Mr. Quinlan's sensational encounter he naturally became very much concerned.

dividing the lower half of claim No. 8 from the upper half of claim No. 7. My reasons for this finding are as follows: "Leonard Ginzberg, the only witness for the plaintiffs who was on the ground at the time the two halves of No. 7 were staked, says that he started up and down 75 paces from the center of the claim when his brothers stated. The distance from end to end of the two claims, according to the plaintiffs, is 542 feet. If the line dividing the two claims in dispute is as the defendant contends, it is 295 feet. The ground paced by the witnesses was not only covered with brush, but had considerable snow upon it. I think it extremely unlikely he would cover 542 feet in 150 paces, whereas 295 feet is about the distance he would cover owing to the difficulty he must have had in walking.

## DOUBTFUL REPORTS

### Of Repeated Unsuccessful Holdups on Island.

The police are somewhat mystified over the report of another hold-up said to have been perpetrated on the island and along the walk leading to Klondike City Tuesday night when John Oulette alleges that he was assaulted by three men, evidently for purposes of robbery. In corroboration of his story the man shows a small cut in his coat where he says one of the highwaymen assaulted him with a knife. Previously two other hold-ups in the same locality were reported but investigation by the police showed the reports to be of pipe dream origin, therefore they are inclined to take the last report with a grain of salt. It would look strange if a trio of highwaymen is operating at that particular point, they should fail of their purpose in three attempts at hold-up and robbery. If the stories of the assaults are true, the highwaymen are certainly novices at their business. A constant police patrol is kept in that part of the city, at night and if truth be a gang is at work in the line of highway operations, it will be but a question of time until its members are apprehended, and then they will get what they richly deserve.

"Was it as large as an elephant?" he asked. "I t'ought so," answered Jerry. "Did it have a piece of its tail shot off?" "It did." "Was it running fast when it came towards the train?" "It was." "Did it look as if it had been badly frightened?" "Very much." "The same brute that escaped me last Monday," said Jim, "Let me have a look at it." "It is now ready," said Mr. Jelich the man who runs the cafe and as he opened the door between the restaurant and the hotel an appetizing odor of rabbit stew got into the nostrils of everybody within range.

Later in the evening Mr. Russell was showing his customers some fine specimens of apples that grew on his farm in Kamloops—Whitehorse Tribune.

Sole Proprietors. The Del Monte is now owned solely by J. W. Marshbank, he having bought the interest of his former partner, Jack Smith. The place has been successful from the start and enjoys a flourishing business.

"TRILBY" AS PRODUCED AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATER, NEW YORK, AT THE NEW SAVOY. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50

Faith Curists Indicted. Hamilton, O., Oct. 16.—The Butler county grand jury reported indictments for manslaughter against Sylvia Bishop and his wife. Leota, faith curists. Last July their 8-year-old child Ester was terribly burned by a gasoline explosion and the B-hops refused to call a doctor. They surrounded the child's bedside, offering prayers for her recovery. Coroner Sharkey in his verdict said that medical attention would have saved the girl's life. A second indictment for criminal neglect was returned against the father.

Special Drive. On 1000 sacks of oats for a few days only. T. G. Wilson, brick warehouse, Third Avenue.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50

## Mysterious Disappearance.

New York, Oct. 16.—Friends of Dr. George S. Gagnon, of this city, are alarmed over his disappearance. Dr. Gagnon left the city last spring after informing his friends that he intended to build a hotel at West Baden, Ind. He left instructions for the shipment of his horses to that place. Recently James Benwick, who represents Dr. Gagnon in the matter, received word that the horses and carriages are still in the freight yards at West Baden.

## Yellow Journalism.

Notwithstanding the report to the contrary published yesterday evening in the columns of our beloved contemptuous communication with West Dawson is not now nor has it been "continued" since last winter. The dairyman makes his daily trips at of yore, the state of the river at present cutting no ice with him.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50

## Ames Mercantile Co.

Great Overcoat Sale...

Men's Fur Coats in Astrachan, Persian Lamb, Russian Lamb, Walloby, Raccoon, Wombat, Marmot and Bulgarian Lamb.

Handsome Fur Lined Beaver Cloth Coats, small sizes, \$43.00

Black Bulgarian Lamb Coats 30.00

A Great Special in Fur Coats at 25.00

Ask for Our \$15 Storm Ulsters.



in the river brings us

THE LAST CT. 31st.

ERG, LOTHIER

Beginning on Monday, Oct. 23

Best Cast Ever Put Dawson.

ON THE STAGE GREAT SCENIC EFFECTS.

of Götteman's Sons & Friends. A complete story of Klondike news stands. Price 10c.

at Shaw's Meat Market

ter Better Than Any

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OLM'S SALOON

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DUNHAM'S FAMILY GROCER

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ong Distance

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**WIDOW'S STORY OF LOVE**

Watched the Reflection of a Little Maid in Water

Grew to Love Her as She Grew to Love Me—Her Happiness Not for Me.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow who has many years past been confined to a bed or a sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room, giving on to one of the side walls of Venice and having no one to take care of me but a deaf old woman, who takes my bed and attends to my needs. There I eke out a poor life of about \$30 a year by making color drawings of flowers and such things as are the cheapest models in London, who sells them to a friend of mine, who sells them to a friend of mine. I am happy and content. It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather than above the water of the canal and overhangs the water, the portion being supported by pillars driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the disadvantage among others—that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although reaching as far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed 15 feet in width. But although I can see but little of the material world, I can see its reflection in the water of the canal, and I take a good deal of interest in watching the reflections of the houses and the people on its balconies and at its windows.

When I first occupied my room, about 25 years ago, my attention was attracted to the reflection of a girl of 13 or so—as nearly as I could judge—who passed every day on a balcony just above the upward range of my limited range of view. She had a glass of flowers and a smile on a little table by her side. As she sat there in fine weather, in the early morning until dark, working busily all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by her work. She was certainly an interesting little girl, and as far as I could judge from her upside down reflection, next in her dress and pretty.

She had an old mother, an invalid, who, on warm days, would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid wrap the old lady in shawls, and bring pillows for her chair, and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work and kiss and fondle the old lady for half a minute and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection went down, and at last she was quite a little woman of, I suppose, 16 or 17. I can hardly work for a couple of hours or so in the brightest part of the day, so I had plenty of time on my hands in which to watch her movements and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her and to endow her with a beauty which, to a great extent, I had to take for granted. I saw—or fancied that I could see—that she began to take an interest in my reflection, which of course, she could see as I could see hers, and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking right at it—that is to say, when her reflection appeared to be looking right at me—I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded in reply, and so our two reflections became known to one another.

It did not take me very long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could make up my mind to do more than nod to her every morning when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window and again in the evening when the little maid left the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at me, I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal. She nodded several times in return, and I saw her direct her mother's attention to the incident. Then every morning I threw a flower into the water for "good morning" and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered that I had not altogether thrown them in vain, for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands when she saw the two flowers join forces and float away together. And then every morning and every evening she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met she clapped her hands, and so did I, but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not catch the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty affection of despair, which I tried to imitate, but in an English and unsuccessful fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola, which happened not infrequently, she pretended to cry, and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky to tell me that it was destiny that had caused the shipwreck of the flowers, and I, in pantomime, not nearly so pretty, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time and that perhaps to-morrow our flowers would be more fortunate—and so the innocent courtship went on. One day she showed me her crucifix and kissed it, and thereupon I took a little silver crucifix that always stood by me and kissed that, and so she knew that we were one in religion.

One day the little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and, although I threw my flowers as usual, no flower came to keep it company. However, after a time, she reappeared, dressed in black and crying often, and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead, and, as far as I knew, she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for many days, nor did she show any sign of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she roused herself to nod to me, and then her flower came, day by day, and my flower went forth to join it, and with varying fortunes the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good looking young gondolier, standing right end uppermost in his gondola—for I could see him in the flesh—worked his craft alongside the house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out, he held her by the hand during the whole of their interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pulled off and left my heart heavy within me. But I soon took heart of grace, for as soon as he was out of sight the little maid threw two flowers growing on the same stem, an allegory of which I could make nothing until it broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that he and she were brother and sister and that I had no cause to be sad. And thereupon I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I should see each other no longer, and, worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even hinting to her

that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and 50 plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who helped me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died, and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after during my three weeks of bedkeeping, a flower was found every morning on the ledge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one in a boat, and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on my sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and clapped her hands upside down with delight that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could be. And so the first time the gondolier passed my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me with many smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their many kind thoughts about me during my retreat, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela and that she was the best and purest maiden in all Venice and that any one might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and indeed they were to be married the next day.

Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for awhile. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation, and he left me, singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church.

"For," said he, "my Angela has known you very long, ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who was a good Catholic and who lay all day long 'for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she had said ever and ever again how dearly she wished she could speak to him and comfort him, and one day when you threw a flower into the canal she asked me whether she might throw absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I should see each other no longer, and, worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even hinting to her

to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it all.

For the two flowers that I thought were on one stem—were two flowers tied together, but I could not tell that, and they were meant to indicate that she and the gondolier were affianced lovers, and my expressed pleasure at this symbol delighted her, for she took it to mean that I rejoiced in her happiness.

And the next day the gondolier came with a train of other gondoliers all decked in their holiday garb, and on his gondola sat Angela, happy and blushing at her happiness. Then he and she entered the house in which I dwelt and came into my room—and it was strange indeed after so many years of inversion to see her with her head above her feet and then she wished me happiness and a speedy restoration to good health, which could never be, and I in broken words and with tears in my eyes gave her a little silver crucifix that she stood by my bed or my table for many years. And Angela took it reverently and crossed herself and kissed it, and so departed with her delighted husband.

And as I heard the song of the gondoliers as they went their way—the song dying away in the distance as the shadows of the sundown closed singing the requiem of the only love around me—I felt that they were that had ever entered my heart.

**Chinese Have Hello Habit.**

"I had quite a turn when I went into a Columbus avenue drug store the other day to use the telephone and found a Chinaman there ahead of me on the same mission," said the man of experience. "Of course there is no reason in the world why a Chinaman should not talk over the phone as well as a Frenchman or a German or an American, but it had never occurred to me that they were enterprising enough to avail themselves of their prerogative in that direction, and I stood staring at the fellow as if he had been a museum curiosity. I had the effrontery to listen to his conversation, too, a proceeding for which I had no earthly excuse, for the man got his number as you or I could have done and talked just as intelligently.

"Even after he had transacted his business and had paid his toll and gone out, I couldn't get the apparent incongruity of the situation out of my mind, and I asked the druggist what he thought about it. To my surprise, he said it was not an unusual occurrence. It seems that there are three or four Chinamen in the neighborhood who have learned the value of the telephone as a labor saver, and instead of attending to all their little errands in person they send their messages by wire. So far

as the druggist can make out these men are all laundrymen. Judging by their conversation there seems no urgent necessity for communicating with their customers, but having once mastered the mysteries of the telephone, they seize every opportunity to experiment with its wonders, even though the performance does call for the expenditure of a dime.

"Since then I have made inquiries in other parts of the city where Chinamen abound and I have been told that once a Chinaman has learned English well enough to talk clearly and sanely he is extremely anxious to study out the secrets of a telephone booth. That step being taken, he develops a positive mania for this system of communication, and the proprietors of public telephones maintain that often they call up a number for which they apparently have not the slightest need, simply that they may indulge the telephone habit they have contracted.

"The class of Chinese does not include the well-to-do merchants who have their own homes, over which they transact much legitimate business, but consists of the floating Mongolian population, many of whom are chock full of modern ideas which, in their opinion, can be best displayed by patronizing a telephone."—Ex.

**Danger in Wearing Rubbers.**

A chiropodist says: "If a man has a corn, I can take it out and relieve him, but if he is suffering from what I call 'rubber fever' I can't help him and can only prescribe liberal foot bathing and a removal of the cause of the trouble. Rubbers should only be worn to keep wet out, and they should be removed the moment the wearer gets indoors. Failure to note this gives a man wet feet in a far worse sense than if he had waded through mud ankle-deep. It was the trouble resulting from forcing the perspiration to soak the stockings and keep the feet perpetually damp that drove rubber soled boots out of the market. Even loose rubbers are a source of danger and the cause of many more serious colds than they avert.

**Good for Merchants.**

The wind of yesterday and last night, while an ill one, blew good to the merchants who deal in woollens, fells and furs, as many thousands of dollars have been expended in these three articles in Dawson within the past 48 hours, one house alone having sold upwards of \$1,600 worth of furs coats yesterday.

LOST—A Gordon setter bitch, Sunday, Oct. 20th, on Bonanza creek. Finder return to or notify Walter Seward, care Nugget office. Name Browne.

**"YOU'RE NOT SO WARM"**

But that you may need another heater.

If so, call on

**Dawson Hardware Co., Ltd.**

Store, Second Ave. Phone 36. Tin Shop, 4th St. & 3rd Ave.

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**Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.**

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

FOR

**Copper River and Cook's Inlet**

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails from Juneau on First of Each Month

OFFICES SEATTLE SAN FRANCISCO

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Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

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PATTI DE FOIS GRAS, CREME DE BRIE CHEESE, FROMAGE, ROQUEFORT, CAPOTS (Cross & Blackwell's) SNYDER'S CATSUP,

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MOUNTAIN DEW SCOTCH, DHULOH SCOTCH, DEWAR'S EXTRA SPECIAL SCOTCH, SEGRAM'S RYE WHISKY, CANADIAN CLUB RYE WHISKY, RUNNYMEDE RYE WHISKY, HENNESSY... BRANDY,

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CUTLERY, KITCHEN UTENSILS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH, GLASS, PUTTY, STOVE FURNITURE

SPECIAL **Cole's Hot Blast Heaters** FOR COAL

**N. A. T. & T. COMPANY**

# ECONOMY IS WEALTH

## AN INNOVATION IN MINING

Introduced in the Klondike by McCrae Brothers.

By Means of Gasoline for Fuel Great Saving is Affected in Operation of Machinery.

A new innovation in the machinery line in the Klondike is being experimented with by the McCrae Bros. and if the machine, or engine, more properly speaking, does the work it is claimed it will, it may revolutionize things along the creeks in that life. The engine referred to is of the gasoline pattern, is mounted on wheels and was brought inside primarily for the purpose of operating a wood-saw. It is of a type quite common on the outside, particularly in California, where pumping plants are in use for purposes of irrigation. The power to drive the engine is produced by the explosion of gasoline in the cylinders, they being kept cool by a continuous circulation of water about them. Their cheapness of operation as well as their efficacy in performing the work required of them is where their great value lies. An experienced engineer is not required; in fact, they practically run themselves after once started, and in many places along the Pacific coast they are preferred to steam engines even where coal can be procured for \$4 a ton. Gasoline outside is bought for 11 cents a gallon, and benzine, an even better fuel, can be purchased in California for seven cents a gallon. The amount required to run an engine is one-eighth of a gallon per horsepower per hour. With one of 10 horsepower, such as that now being operated by McCrae Bros. the consumption for a day of 10 hours would be but 12 1/2 gallons, which at a cost of seven cents a gallon would amount to less than a dollar a day for fuel. Here in the Klondike where wood is becoming scarcer

and dearer each year the gasoline engines, if extensively introduced, will be found to be far cheaper in operation and in cases, such as running a pump, where steam is not required for other purposes, the work would be done just as effectively. Engines of this type are built in any size up to 300 horsepower. George Wattenhaugh, superintendent of the McDonal Iron Works, has installed many of them and is enthusiastic over their use in countries where fuel is scarce. One of the plants which Mr. Wattenhaugh put in operation was of 150 horsepower, which by means of a 30-inch centrifugal pump raised 28,000 gallons of water a minute 20 feet. With an engine whose fuel bill amounts to less than \$5 a day every bench claim in the Klondike upon which pay has been located could afford the possession of a pumping plant.

## THE WIND AND WEATHER

Only Former That Causes Shivers at Present Time.

And yet, so far as temperature is concerned, winter has not fairly begun. All other cheap instruments, to the contrary, the official thermometer last night registered only 1.5 degrees below zero. This is the first time for the winter that below zero weather has been recorded. The ice in the Yukon has thickened up some in the past 24 hours, but the Klondike was running almost clear this morning. There is more water in the Klondike than usual at this season of the year.

### Scots to Assemble.

The meeting which will be held this evening at McDonald hotel will elect officers for St. Andrew's Society and will appoint committees to have charge of the coming ball. It is expected that there will be a goodly assemblage of Scotchmen present.

Fresh Lowney's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

**GREAT REDUCTION IN CANNED MEATS**

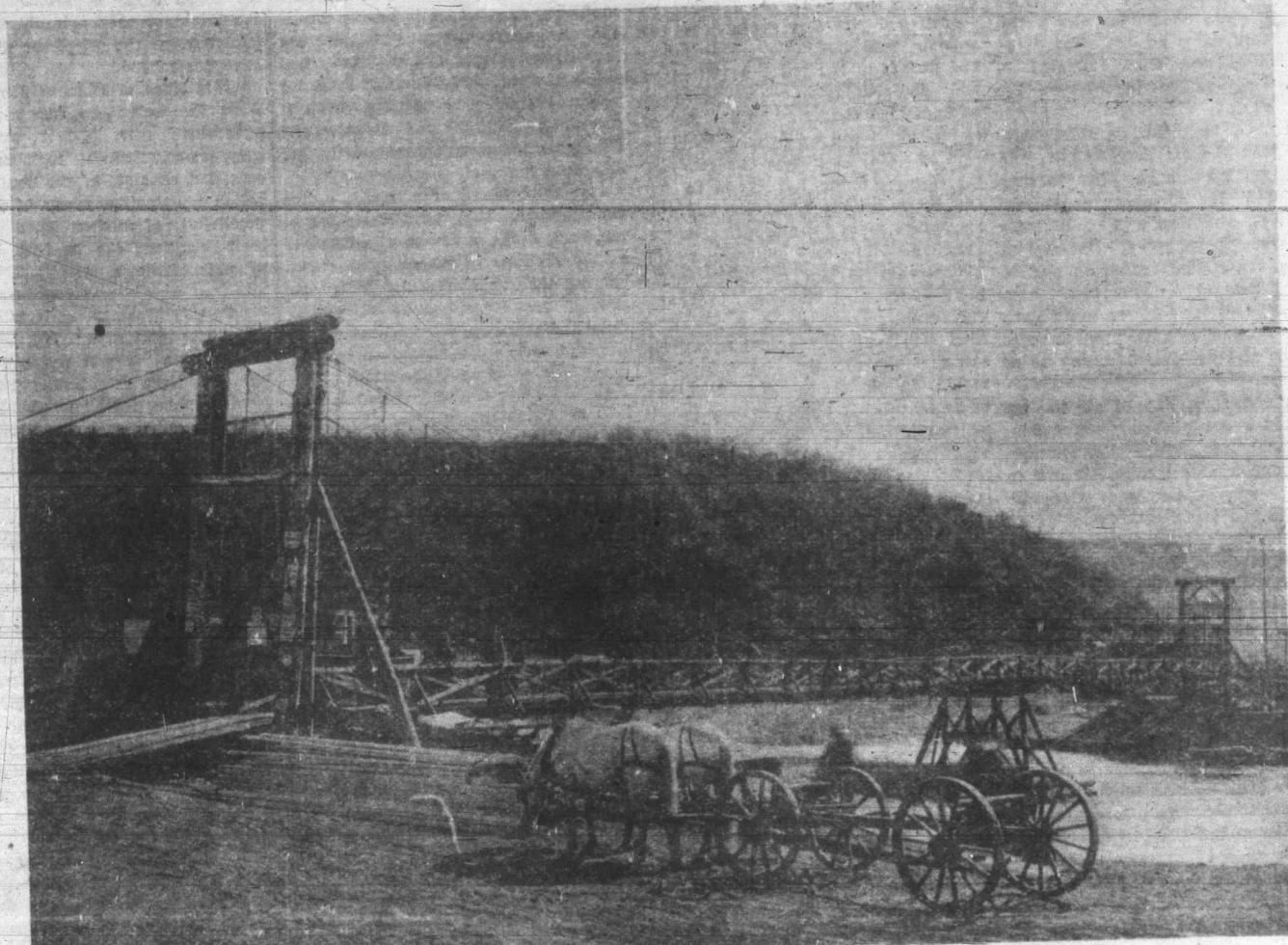
Soft Wheat Flour, per Sack	\$3.50	Roast Mutton, 2s, Per Dozen	\$4.50
Sugar, per Pound	.12	Corned Beef, 2s, Per Dozen	3.50
Roast Beef, 2s, Per Dozen	4.00	Choice Honey 12 Half Gal. Cans, Case	8.00

Don't Overlook This Opportunity.

**NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY.**

Take Advantage of This Special Inducement to Consumers and

# SAVE YOUR MONEY!



SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS KLONDIKE RIVER, DAWSON.

## WOULD KILL HIS WIFE

### Jealous-Crazed Atlin Husband's Terrible Crime.

Early Sunday afternoon, October 13, the calm serenity of Atlin's peace loving citizens was rudely disturbed by the news of an attempted murder, in which Mr. and Mrs. Hennig, the "Quick Lunch Room," played prominent parts. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Hennig, the proprietor of the Quick Lunch Room, was in his room sorting out the soiled clothes for the following day's washing, her husband entered and roughly asked her if she was going to leave him. Upon answering him "No," he seized her and threw her on the bed, and pushed something into her mouth to gag her, then drawing a razor from his pocket, he tried to cut her throat. A struggle ensued, but the husband succeeded in inflicting a number of painful wounds on the face, throat and hands.

Mrs. Hennig, by her struggles, and from loss of blood, finally became exhausted and said she was lying, but pleaded to see her baby before she died, and asked for a glass of water. Hennig believing her to be dying, said he would go for water, and then they would be together. While he was gone Mrs. Hennig slipped out and ran to the back door of her neighbor's house. Mr. Foley's, where medical aid was at once summoned for her, and then she was removed to the hospital.

Hennig was arrested by Special Constable Bickel after a hard fight, Henning endeavoring to evade arrest and protecting himself with a cleaver which he brandished with murderous intent, but he was eventually overpowered and taken to the goal. He now awaits his preliminary hearing, which will be as soon as Mrs. Hennig is able to give her evidence. In all probability he will be removed to the court of assize next summer. He has, during his incarceration, been trying to create the impression that he is crazy, and has made several clumsy attempts to break his neck. He had been drinking pretty heavily during the past summer, and this, together with a misalliance of jealousy are supposed to be responsible for his rash act.

Mrs. Hennig is slowly recovering from her wounds, though 47 stitches had to be made in her face, neck and hands. Mrs. Hennig was born in St. Louis and was married to Hennig just three years ago. They have one child, who is now being cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Meyers, of the Pioneer Bakery. They had been arranging to go out shortly, but last week purchased the lot upon which the lunch room stands—Atlin Claim.

Only the best brands of case goods selected. Drinks and cigars 25c. Pete McDonald, Bank saloon.

## High Tax on Wives.

The missionaries in South Africa recently held a convention in Natal. Among the questions that claimed their attention was that of polygamy among the natives. The discussion of the practicability of making a crusade against this heathenish custom, Mr. ... declared that the practice was condemned not only by moral but also by business considerations. The Bishop of Mashonaland, asserted that the country might find in polygamy the real reason for the very inconvenient dearth of labor in the mines.

The native father looks upon his daughter merely as so much merchandise. He will cheerfully part with her if he can get what he considers her value in cattle, according to her value in cattle, according to the natives. An exceedingly fat girl is very beautiful, indeed, and brings the highest price in the matrimonial market.

The father of a family who raises a large number of daughters is certain to become rich. The more wives he has the more daughters are in prospect, thus it is highly desirable to have quite a number of wives. The young man who agrees to sell his labor for a stipulated time in the gold or diamond mines has only one thought, and that is to get some money with which he may purchase cattle and change them for a wife. When he has secured this desirable object he will do no more work for the white man until he wants some more wives in the course of time he will have daughters to sell and then he will do no more work at all. His wives will do all the field work, his daughters will bring in more cattle and his herds will grow also by natural increase. Between wives, daughters and cattle he will be able to lead a life of gentlemanly leisure.

The bishop of Mashonaland proposed a plan which, if carried into effect, would, in his opinion, put an end to polygamy. He would have the government issue all wives except the first as articles of luxury and tax them in a progressive scale. Wife No. 1 should be exempt from taxation, but the husband should pay a tax of \$25 a year for the purchase of having wife No. 2 in his family, \$50 a year for wife No. 3, \$100 a year for wife No. 4, and so on. It is evident that at this rate it would take a very long purse or a very well-stocked cattle yard to keep the native home adorned with a goodly number of wives.

The convention did not commit itself to this or any other plan for doing away with polygamy, and it remains to be seen what the white legislators of South Africa will think of the novel scheme suggested by the bishop of Mashonaland—EX.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

## "KID" WEST AFTER MONEY

Continued from page 1.

and they just happened to nail de right one. After dey found him guilty and told him he would have to stretch hemp he asked me what I thought his chances was for a new trial. He also told me he wasn't sore at me for takin' de stand. One day just after I got in he asked me what I thought of his job and I told him I thought it was de rawest piece of work I ever seen. "I left here with Seelye on de Whitehorse July 5 for de outside. De board and he hands me a lot of coin about takin' my picture and den sell 'em on de way down from Skagway. Say, I'll bet he took me fifty different ways, ever'pin' de boll, de fin' a watch and ever'pin' like dat. One after we got to Skagway I never see him again and he didn't send me no pictures. Dat guys got a sure 'nough roast comin' if I ever meets him again. Some of de bank boys at Skagway tried to get a snap shot at me when de Hating but I docks into de stateroom. I was pretty sore on photograph guys about dat time. When we got to Seattle I stayed dere three weeks while Tom Huiig, de arch-deputy sheriff and de whitest man dat ever wore a star, and Seelye were gettin' up de petition to de govnor. De finally takes me over to Walla Walla where de pardon was supposed to be when I got dere. De govnor happened to be away at de time and de pardon didn't get dere for six days and den I was free. After I gets out I digs up some plunder I had cached for a long time, makes a cut wit' my pal and den takes a trip to Prisco to see me folks. Went east to Chicago and New York, has a hell of a big time and gets back to Skagway dere. Goes up to Vancouver and works for some time for Mr. Taylor, chairman of de committee on decorations, puttin' up de arches for de Duke of York. Den I comes to Skagway and down de river as de head chef on a bunch of scows and here I am."

Shortly after finishing his narrative the "Kid" blew out through the door with the parting admonition "to look out for any job" for him "dat was on de square."

## Gossip of the Ring.

Jack Root of Chicago has issued a challenge to meet the winner of the Wolcott-Gardner battle. Willie Fitzgerald of Brooklyn is anxious to try his prowess against either Terry McGovern or Jack Roberts of England.

Despite Oscar Gardner's many statements of late that he made up his mind to retire, he is to fight again. The "Omaha Kid" has been matched to box Clarence Forbes of Chicago and the battle is to come off at Kansas City. The limit is twenty rounds.

Billy Madden announces that George Gardener, the clever middleweight of Lowell, has placed himself under

Madden's management and that the latter will look out for Gardner's interests in the future. Madden is now anxious to pit his man against any good 158-pounder. Sam Fitzpatrick expects soon to take under his wing Mose La Fontaine of Butte. La Fontaine is regarded as the best welterweight out to hang up a purse for the club in Oakland, Cal. It is known as the Acme A. C. and has a capacity for holding 3000 persons. Billy says that he will make an offer for his brother and Terry McGovern. He wants the combat to be decided some time during the latter part of November or the first week in December.

Kid McFadden of Prisco denies that his recent encounter with Solly Smith was a "fake." In his defence McFadden has this to say: "Smith buffed me repeatedly and three me out of my money. I was out of the ring. I defeated him on the level. If Smith was not knocked out, he quit and there was no lay down to it, as far as I am concerned. I went in to win and did so on the level."

## Vocalists Discouraged.

Recorder Hughes is entitled to a niche in the hall of fame. A few mornings ago he fined three young men \$50 or 30 days each for singing "When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear." Perhaps there is no statutory law prohibiting the singing of "When Reuben Comes to Town," "Amie Moore," "1000 Good Eyes" and other sentimental songs, but there should be.

Three or four young men will go out to have a good time. They will mop up a few highballs and then begin to imagine that the operatic stage

has lost a few stars out of its constellation because they did not adopt the profession. One of them will begin to hum alleged popular air and presently the bunch will be standing with their heads close together, so their voices will blend, and they will make night hideous with a repertoire of songs that never had any excuse for being written, and should be allowed to rest in peace in a well-curated grave.

There has never yet lived a man, who after he had absorbed a few drinks, didn't think he could sing. He might not be able to distinguish between a musical score and a laundry ticket, and try to dance a two step to the air of Chopin's funeral march, but if he lingers at the bar long enough, he will reach the musical stage of intoxication, and burst forth into joyous song.

Recorder Hughes has established a precedent that should be followed by all men who have magisterial powers. Of course the ordinary citizen is restricted to anathemas or an ax, but if there could be a scale established by the police court justices whereby these self-supposed musical wonders could be given long terms in the workhouse, it would be welcomed and indorsed by a long suffering and sleepy public.

Two-fifty or twenty Mays is too cheap for "Jessie Dear." When it first came out it was a melodramatic ballad it should be revised. It savors strongly of body-snatching, and the man who resurrects "Jessie Dear" in the dead hours of the night should be classed as a ghoul.

These young men made an improvised music hall out of a vacant lot at the corner of Tulane avenue and Johnson street, and were rendering the entire barber shop repertoire. They were too far away from the buildings for people to throw things at them with any hope of fatal results, so they escaped until Capt. Boyle happened to go to that part of town. When he was two blocks away he heard the "musical," and rang for

the wagon. Even the horses that but they were forced close enough to the officers to swoop down on the trio, and do a little harlequin of their own.

The warblers had gotten "Mamie," "Because," "Sweet Kitty and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," with the usual bag of "The Ye Tarrifiers," "Drill," "New-England Times-Democrat.

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The Nugget Special Issues and

Vol. 2 No. 302

LIBERAL

They Say... Their Or... to Re... Mar...

London, Oct. 20

Leaders of... as was called... to the United States... country calling... government to re... of parliament... flow was situation... General Bullock... questions. Leading... endorsed rumors... London papers fa... and only for the p... political capital.

NO EMO

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 19

Nov. 1—Leon... soon to be elect... of President McKi...

CONTEMPT RESI

Is Effect of New

Now on

Last night was... for James R... to warn the... of the decline in... up to the top... indiscreet brand... James decided that... ordered a m... which... to pay for... a contempt... went out... street to the... where he proc... window glass... was \$25. In con... James was the... ability, nor did... eliminate percept... -w in the follow... For being drunk... incidents... had covered at... the restaurant... \$25, not in... in cultivating...

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