

REFORM CONEY ISLAND

New York's Police Commissioner's Effort

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Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 31.—Police Commissioner Partridge has called Coney Island in gloom by plugging...

Looks Like War

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 31.—The British steamer Korniloff has landed...

In the Far East

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, March 31.—A cable says during the past week cholera...

Mexican Sport

Special to the Daily Nugget. Mexico, March 31.—Premier Jarigo was yesterday...

The Ladue Assay Office

Prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the best equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory...

The Ladue Co. Eagle Cafe

Whitcomb and Golden Gate Coffee At AVERY'S, 5th Ave. cor. Dugas St.

EMPIRE HOTEL

JAS. F. MACDONALD, Prop. and Mgr. Newly Renovated. Elegantly Furnished. Well Rested. Bar Attached.

PIONEER DRUG STORE

PUMPS!

Outside Packed Duplex Northey Pumps from 1 1/2 to 3 Inch Discharge. Upright Waterous Engines Center Crank Steam Hose, Pipe, Fittings and Everything the Miner Needs.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

Wrecked a Church

Special to the Daily Nugget. Wellsburg, Pa., March 31.—A heavy wind and rain storm prevailed here yesterday, completely wrecking the historical Methodist Episcopal church.

Greenville Burning

Special to the Daily Nugget. Greenville, S.C., March 31.—A terrible fire is raging in the city at this hour (noon). The fire departments of Columbia and other towns have come to the rescue but it looks as though the greater part of the city is doomed.

Cuban Bill

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, March 31.—The ways and means committee by a vote of 11 to 5 has decided to report favorably in the Cuban reciprocity bill.

Foreign Labor

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, March 31.—An American congressman has engaged 2000 laborers at Christiana, Norway, for railroad work in Canada, presumably on the Canadian Northern.

Bark Wrecked

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, March 31.—The French bark, Russia, was wrecked off St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, last night. The crew was saved.

Price War Ended

Special to the Daily Nugget. Chicago, March 31.—The packers' price war is ended and advances are now anticipated.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE

R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR. Business Lunch 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p.m. OPEN ALL NIGHT. FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

Northern Re-Opened! Cafe

Quick lunch, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. 75c. Dinner, a la carte, 5 to 8 p.m. WE NEVER CLOSE. REOPENED "The Delmonico of the North" FIRST AVENUE. Thomas J. Bruce, Proprietor

SHOFF'S BLOOD AND LIVER BITTERS

Increases Appetite, Makes Good, Red Blood and Will Make You Feel Young Again.

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MAJOR WALLER TESTIFIES

Denies Having Gone Beyond His Authority In Ordering Filipino Natives to Be Shot — Was Acting Under Orders of Gen. Smith Not to Blame.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Manila, March 31.—Major Waller of the marine corps testified in his own behalf today at his trial by court-martial for killing natives of Samar without trial.

QUAKER CITY PREACHER

Prayed for Czolgosz but Not McKinley. Has Been Forced to Resign the Pulpit Against His Own Wishes.

Give Up Hope

Special to the Daily Nugget. Philadelphia, March 31.—Rev. Edwin Sweetser of the Universalist church of the Messiah, one of the leading churches in this city, has been peremptorily ordered to resign.

Hooper Exonerated

Special to the Daily Nugget. Parry Sound, Ont., March 31. Thos. Hooper has been exonerated from all complicity in connection with the shooting of Samuel Cooper at Seguin Falls.

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Ebbezzler Arrested

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Growing Weaker

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To Amalgamate

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OBSERVATION OF EASTER

Lovely Weather Added to Glorious Occasion

Appropriate Services Conducted at All of Dawson's Churches — Easter Attire.

Had the weather been made to order a more perfect day for Easter could not have been desired than that which Dawson was favored yesterday.

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Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including 'Sunday Night', 'MARCH 30, 1902', and various small notices.

Advertisements for 'The Ladue Assay Office', 'The Ladue Co. Eagle Cafe', and 'McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.' including details about services and contact information.

Advertisements for 'SHOFF'S BLOOD AND LIVER BITTERS', 'PIONEER DRUG STORE', and 'PUMPS!' with descriptions of the products and their benefits.

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The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 Per month, by carrier in city in advance 2.50 Single copies 25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a special admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"The Henrietta." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

F. C. Wade is stirring things up in Eastern Canada by telling the people that they have been too slow to recognize the opportunities offered them for a market in the Klondike.

There is no reason why the government should pay more for what it buys than is paid by any individual. Many people who would think it wrong to cheat or otherwise defraud a regular customer have no hesitation in advancing the price when they present a bill for services rendered or goods supplied to the government.

The taxpayers of the community have the right to demand that public business shall be transacted as reasonably and economically as that of any private concern.

The fact that Lord Wolseley has been dispatched to South Africa by suggestion of the King is not to be taken as an intended rebuke or reflection either upon the war office or the generals in the field.

pose being to bring about an end of useless bloodshed at the earliest moment. The King is anxious that hostilities should be brought to a termination before the coronation ceremonies take place and that end, it is anticipated, will be greatly furthered through Lord Wolseley's South African visit.

The treasury of the United States is so burdened with money that senators and congressmen are spending their time devising ways and means of disposing of the surplus. The ship subsidy bill now before congress if passed will place millions of money in the hands of already wealthy ship owners.

Easter Sunday was observed by most appropriate services at all the local churches. The only feature that was lacking to make the day in full accord with the traditional Easter, was an abundance of flowers.

Capital will be looking in this direction very shortly with renewed interest. There will be a number of quartz properties floated this summer and actual development work on certain properties may confidently be anticipated.

Uncle Sam is preparing to turn over the administration of Cuban affairs to the recently elected government of that island. By that act the United States establishes for ever the fact that the war with Spain was a contest waged on behalf of humanity and not for purposes of conquest.

It will be pleasing news to the many friends of Father Gendreau to know that the good priest is rapidly recovering from the injuries sustained by him in the recent Seattle street car accident.

Frank & Vesco, the jewelers, have a bowl of Koyukuk gold in their show window which is attracting considerable attention.

In England an officer was court-martialed for being drunk. His servant, who was an Irishman, was asked by the court whether his master was sober on the night when he was stated to have been drunk.

NEW HATS

We are just opening a new line of Christy Stiffs—all the leading colors and shapes.

SOFT HATS All colors and styles.

J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET

HUNKER LOOKS GOOD

Immense Dumps Growing Heavenward

Nearly Every Claim From 55 Below to 30 Above the Scene of Active Operations.

The statement last fall that the winter would witness unprecedented activity on Hunker creek has been fully verified as aside from the big tract on lower Hunker covered by a concession, nearly every claim on the creek is the scene of active operations.

The road up Hunker is yet in excellent condition except for about two miles both above and below Gold Bottom, on which woodhaulers have scattered so much trash that the two or three days of warm sunshine have left it in about the same condition as the streets of Dawson, practically bare so far as sleighing is concerned.

On Hunker proper not more than one-third the entire creek is now traveled by the new government road, a winter road having been made below it in the valley by which all grades are avoided.

THE SLUM BISHOP

Will Deliver the Coronation Sermon

Chosen By King Edward to the Amazement of the Staid Ministry.

London, March 15.—There are several eminent and dignified English prelates who have not yet recovered from the shock they sustained when the announcement was made recently that the Very Rev. Winnington Ingram—better known as the "slum bishop"—had been selected by King Edward to preach the sermon at his coronation.

There was a rather similar feeling of astonishment in the same quarter when, the post of bishop of London having been made vacant by the death of Dr. Creighton a year ago, Ingram, who was looked upon as a mere youth, was named as his successor; for, although the formal appointment was, as usual, made by Lord Salisbury, it was generally understood that the king had expressed a decided wish in the matter.

Stepney, like Bethnal Green, of which Dr. Ingram formerly was rector, and Spitalfields, of which he once was rural dean, is one of the poorest and wickedest divisions of Whitechappel, but Dr. Ingram was just as proud of his parishioners as if they had been the greatest aristocrats in Mayfair.

men and boys was his greatest hobby, and he formed several "social clubs" that became rather famous and, half the time, he was off on excursions to the country or the seashore with the grimy but exultant contingent of his "young barbarians" from Brick Lane of Houndsditch, giving them, perhaps, the first glimpse they ever had of the ocean or of green fields.

He often held open-air services in the slums, notably in the large open space in front of St. Luke's, Spitalfields, almost across the road from the entrance to Dorset street, where several of the "Ripper" murders took place, and which is known as "the wickedest street in London."

It is no wonder that Dr. Ingram has been able to make even some of the toughest citizens of Spitalfields respect and esteem him, for he is the embodiment of "muscular Christianity." His favorite recreations are not chess and botany, but golf, bicycling and playing handball, or "fives," as it is called in England.

Two residences came to him with the title of bishop of London, Felham palace and a town house in fashionable St. James street, and the new bishop has not hesitated to say that he wishes he could sell them and spend the money on his charitable schemes, but unfortunately that is forbidden.

Joe Simon Downed.

Portland, Or., March 15.—The closing of the polls at 6 o'clock this evening marked the end of the fiercest primary election campaign in the history of Oregon. The result was the election of 95 independent delegates to the Republican county convention, out of a total of 162.

While the election of today was primary, it has a bearing upon the election of a United States senator by the next session of the Oregon legislature. The fight was made by the regular Republicans, headed by United States Senator Joseph Simon, and the opposition was that faction of the Republican party opposed to Mr. Simon.

Mr. Simon was defeated by the silent vote on the issue of his candidacy for re-election to the United States senate before the next legislature. There was little or no Democratic vote, and it is believed that nearly all of the Democrats voted with the Simon faction.

It is understood that he will make one more effort to succeed by trying to capture the convention by means of securing proxies, but as a majority of the delegates are men who have been elected with a distinct understanding that Simon was the issue, there seems to be little likelihood that he will be successful.

Mrs. Church—And you say your husband wrote these verses to you before you married him? Mrs. Gotham—Yes, and there's a lot more of them.

Mrs. Church—I am surprised that you could have married a man who wrote such sickening poetry. Mrs. Gotham—I believed it was the only way I could stop him.—Yonkers Statesman.

"What are you going to paint on this dazzling white canvas, may I ask?" "That is a finished painting, miss. It is entitled, 'The Snow Storm.'"

"Why, so it is! How stupid of me! Isn't it beautiful!" — Chicago Tribune.

Just received over the ice, fresh turkeys, geese, ducks and oysters. Bonanza Market, next to post office.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Send a copy of Goetzman's pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. Special power of attorney for sale at the Nugget office.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

AMUSEMENTS. Week Commencing Monday, March 31. The Auditorium. ...The... Henrietta. NO SMOKING. Monday, Thursday or Friday.

NEW SAVOY. John Mulligan's spectacular Burlesque "THE DEVIL'S GROTTO". And a big Vaudeville troupe including Helen Swell, the queen of singers; Carson Mason, in a new trapeze act, and many others.

The Northwestern Line. Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points.

Althrough trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul. Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wa.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport. OFFICES SEATTLE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Alaska Steamship Co. ..Operating the Steamers.. "Dolphin"-"Farallon"-"Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska. Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railroad for Dawson and interior Yukon points. ...General Offices... 201 Pioneer Building Seattle, Wash.

RENT OF 'PHONES Beginning April 1, 1902. DAWSON. Class A—Independent service, per month \$3.00. Class B—2 parties on same line, per month 15.00. Class C—3 or more parties on same line, month 30.00. CREEK TELEPHONE. Bonanza Creek and Great Falls per month. Eldorado Creek, per month. Quartz Creek. Sulphur Creek. Hunker Creek. Dominion Creek. Gold Run Creek.



# Amateur Detective

...not what you would call a sharp man, but I have an analytical and logical mind. I do a bit of detective work now and then for amusement, and though the officers sneer at them, as a matter of course. I have given several pretty hard knocks in my time, and I suppose they are just feeling cut up over it.

...years ago the murder of Squire Farley, in Northampton county, England, gave me my first good chance to pit myself against Scotland Yard. The squire was a single man, 34 years old, rich, and without enemies, as far as was known. His reputation for honesty was above reproach. In fact, being the rake that most men of wealth are, he was inclined to avoid all women and to devote a considerable part of his time and money to religion and charity. On a September day he left his home to ride into the town of Northampton on horseback, carrying with him the sum of £2,000 to buy a house he had bought. As it was a rainy day he took a short cut through the fields at one point to save time. It was at this point, where he was hidden from sight by the willows, that he met his murderer. He reached that spot at about 10 o'clock in the morning, but his horse was not found until next morning in the afternoon. Instead of returning home when freed from the horse, the horse strayed away into the fields. I had come into the country to fish for a week and was stopping at a country inn not far from the scene of the murder. I was discovered by a farmer who was one of two men who had followed him back to the spot. I was taken to the quarters of an hour to my quarters, where a constable and a coroner, of course, made the most of what had been done, followed by the mother and sister of the victim at once telegraphed to the father for a good man and offered a reward. Let me tell you the details of the Scotland Yard man who had been on the case four days and had supreme authority. He had that robbery alone was the cause, that some servant about the house must have learned that the squire was to set off with a large sum of money and had either carelessly blabbed about it or put up with some ruffian to possess it. The opinion of the detective who had been knocked off by a stone striking him on the head and fracturing his skull. He made no struggle whatever. According to the detective, the murderer had stepped over a field and along a path to the highway. The money was in a bag, and this highway was about forty miles and every one of many farmhouses visited. It was possible, admitted the assessor, that a tramp might have been sheltered in the willows who had committed the murder for the sake of plunder, without any intention of confederate. That was all he had to say, and, as he had arrested made right, the body examined three or four times and men sent everywhere.

corpse had been an afterthought and was done to disarm suspicion. There was my case, differing altogether from Scotland Yard, and I quietly went at it to work it up.

Nineteen times out of twenty the man who is not killed for plunder is killed for revenge. Who thirsted for revenge on Squire Farley? He might possibly have wronged some farmer thereabouts, but it takes a great wrong to call up thoughts of murder. It was more than likely that there was a girl in the case, even though his moral reputation stood high. I began work on this hypothesis after the detective had failed and returned to London. The squire had not gone courting at any farmhouse, and so I looked for the girl in one of the dozen country inns. I had visited eight of them when I found her. I discovered her through her agitation when I carelessly called up the subject of the murder and wondered that no arrests had been made. I had no proofs that a jury would accept, but was morally certain of my game. She didn't do it, but she knew or suspected who did. Was it her father, her brother or her beau? The father was an old man, the brother was absent at the time, and so I went hunting for a beau. I found him in the hostler employed at the same hotel. Up to the date of the murder the two had gone much together, and there had been talk of a marriage. Now the girl shunned the young man who had become sullen and reserved and changed over. The murder had taken place on the hostler's birthday and on that day, as I learned, he had been given a day off and borrowed a boat and gone fishing on the stream. From his boat on the river near the willows he could have seen Squire Farley come riding across the fields. It wasn't that he feared the squire would marry the girl out of his hands. She had been wronged, and it had come to his knowledge. She may have felt great bitterness, but he wanted direct revenge.

What had become of the plunder? Being employed about the barn, the hostler would naturally prefer it for a hiding place. I put up at the inn for a week while studying out the case, and one day I sent him to the village on an errand. When he had departed, I lounged into the barn, dodged the boy left behind and began a search. At the end of an hour concealed in an old and decrepit fanning mill, I found the proceeds of the robbery, nothing whatever missing. I carried the stuff to my chamber and locked it in my trunk. I had found the murderer, but what should I do with him? That question would be settled after a talk with him and the girl. The hostler returned just at supper time and reported, and I told him I wanted a few words with him after I had finished my meal. He probably suspected something, as he went to the barn and discovered that the plunder was gone. I was waiting to see him when word was brought in that he had committed suicide by hanging. We found him hanging in one of the stalls, and I confess to feeling a bit sorry for him, though I believe I should have given him up to justice had he lived. As for the girl, I could not believe that she had helped or consented to the murder or had more than a suspicion of the hostler, and I did not feel it my duty to open the case with her. She was made ill anyhow, by the tragedy at the barn, and I stole quietly away without seeing her. She went out to Australia a year or two later and got married, and last year I had news of her death. The Farley murder is still carried on the records of Scotland Yard as an unsolved mystery, and my story will not alter their pages, but things occurred just as I have told you, and I know that you will believe that I had the right ends of the thread.—M. Quad.

"My hair began to curl before I was out of bed," continued the drummer. "I remembered that the druggist seemed to be careless in serving me, and, while the capsules had thus far had no bad effect, it did not take me long to imagine that I had swallowed ten grains of morphine and was good for an excursion somewhere. I made lightning work of getting into my clothes and getting down stairs, and there I found the druggist as calm as an old shoe. 'I think I put up morphine for you for one of three persons,' he explained, 'and so I called around to see if you were dead. Let me look at the box.' 'By John, man,' I yelled at him, 'but do you make a regular thing of killing somebody once a week with your old drugs? If you have poisoned me—' 'Those are quinine, sure enough,' he interrupted as he opened a capsule and tasted. 'You go back to bed, stranger.' 'But I want to know about this thing. Why do you keep your morphine and quinine side by side. Why don't you have your mind—' 'You are all right and have no kick coming,' he said as he lit a cigar and seemed somewhat relieved in his mind. 'But who got the morphine?' I asked. 'Lung Sing, the Chinaman, probably, and it's all right—all right. It was either Lung Sing or old Bill Birdsall; and odds is the difference which, as the boys are going to hang the both of 'em tomorrow!'—Ex.

## Bowser's Charity Act.

Mr. Bowser reached his gate the other evening just as a poorly clad man, who dragged one leg behind him, was leaving it. The man had such a discouraged and woe begone look on his face that he was halted and asked the cause of his distress. 'Why, I asked for a crust of bread and a cold potato in there and was turned down,' he replied. 'You didn't ask for money?' queried Mr. Bowser. 'No, sir. I have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and I asked for food only. I would have been satisfied with the crusts thrown into the garbage pail, but the woman called me an imposter and told me to be off.'

"Woman, with a heart of stone, you turned a starving man from our door an hour ago." "No, I didn't. An old tramp came along and asked for 10 cents, and—" "He was no old tramp. He was the husband of a woman dying for the want of food and care. He himself hadn't tasted food for a day or two. With tears in his eyes and a heart full of grief he asked you for a crust, for a cold potato—aye, for a bone—and what reply did you make? Heartless, selfish female, you bade him be gone!" "I say he was an old tramp whose breath smelled of whiskey, and he wanted 10 cents to buy more with. He's called here a dozen times. If you let that man take you in—" "Silence!" roared Mr. Bowser. "I understand you perfectly. You have no heart. The sufferings of your fellow beings are nothing to you. You care not who dies or who lives. A starving man with a dying wife asks for a cold potato—simply a cold potato—and you threaten him with the police! Heavens, but is there another such a woman in all this world?" "It's no use to try to make you understand," said Mrs. Bowser, as she sat down. "Not a bit of it; not a bit," he replied. "If that poor man is at the present moment lying exhausted on the sidewalk, while his wife has closed her eyes in death, you alone are to blame for it, and I wouldn't have your conscience for all the wealth of Golconda. If able to drag himself back, the man is now at our gate and waiting for me. I shall accompany him home and alleviate his distress. If she is able to bear the journey, I shall send his poor wife to the hospital in an ambulance. As for you, woman—as for you and your accusing conscience—" "My conscience does not accuse me," she interrupted. "As for you and your accusing conscience, you can sit here in company, and I don't begrudge you your reflections. What in blazes is the matter with that old cat?" "She seems to be smiling," replied Mrs. Bowser, as she looked over to where the feline was sitting up with a grin on her face. Mr. Bowser looked around for a crowbar, but as there was none handy he passed down the hall and put on his overcoat and hat and left the house. The man was at the gate waiting for him. There were new tears in his eyes and a new color of red to his nose. "How can I ever thank you, kind sir?" he exclaimed as he led the way down the street. "I want no thanks," replied Mr. Bowser. "If you had only come to me a month ago this would not have happened. Do you think your wife will live till we get there?" "I hope so. Poor Mary!" Mr. Bowser followed blindly, even when the man entered an alley. His thoughts were full of beef tea, ambulances, doctors and hospitals when two men jumped out of a barn, the starving husband turned back, and the trio had him on his back before he understood the situation. His watch and wallet were taken possession of with lightning rapidity, and after rolling him over and bestowing a kick upon him the men ran away and left him to get up and find his way home. Mrs. Bowser sat reading when she heard what seemed to be the gallop of a horse afar off. She rose up. It came nearer and nearer. She went to the front door, followed by the cat. The beating hoofs turned in at the gate, clattered up the steps, and as she opened the door Mr. Bowser fell into the hall. His hat was missing, his clothing torn, and he was covered with ashes from head to heel. "Well, is the dying wife dead?" she asked, as she looked down on him. He didn't reply. He was boxed up and he realized that words were useless. M. QUAD.

"Is-is anything wrong?" was asked as dinner was served. Mr. Bowser's frozen expression froze still harder, and there were icicles in his voice as he answered: "We will talk of the matter after dinner, though how your conscience can permit you to swallow a single mouthful of food is beyond me." There was a row coming for sure, and Mrs. Bowser braced up to meet it. She hadn't broken a window that day, and the gas bill hadn't come in, nor the clothespins been used for fuel in the furnace, but something was wrong somewhere. A grim silence prevailed until dinner was finished and they had reached the sitting room, and then Mr. Bowser wheeled on her and, pointing a finger at her nose, hoarsely exclaimed: "Woman, do you know what you have done?" "Has—has one of the water pipes burst?" she asked as she looked around. "Don't try to evade the question!" he exclaimed as he took a step near-

er. "Woman, with a heart of stone, you turned a starving man from our door an hour ago." "No, I didn't. An old tramp came along and asked for 10 cents, and—" "He was no old tramp. He was the husband of a woman dying for the want of food and care. He himself hadn't tasted food for a day or two. With tears in his eyes and a heart full of grief he asked you for a crust, for a cold potato—aye, for a bone—and what reply did you make? Heartless, selfish female, you bade him be gone!" "I say he was an old tramp whose breath smelled of whiskey, and he wanted 10 cents to buy more with. He's called here a dozen times. If you let that man take you in—" "Silence!" roared Mr. Bowser. "I understand you perfectly. You have no heart. The sufferings of your fellow beings are nothing to you. You care not who dies or who lives. A starving man with a dying wife asks for a cold potato—simply a cold potato—and you threaten him with the police! Heavens, but is there another such a woman in all this world?" "It's no use to try to make you understand," said Mrs. Bowser, as she sat down. "Not a bit of it; not a bit," he replied. "If that poor man is at the present moment lying exhausted on the sidewalk, while his wife has closed her eyes in death, you alone are to blame for it, and I wouldn't have your conscience for all the wealth of Golconda. If able to drag himself back, the man is now at our gate and waiting for me. I shall accompany him home and alleviate his distress. If she is able to bear the journey, I shall send his poor wife to the hospital in an ambulance. As for you, woman—as for you and your accusing conscience—" "My conscience does not accuse me," she interrupted. "As for you and your accusing conscience, you can sit here in company, and I don't begrudge you your reflections. What in blazes is the matter with that old cat?" "She seems to be smiling," replied Mrs. Bowser, as she looked over to where the feline was sitting up with a grin on her face. Mr. Bowser looked around for a crowbar, but as there was none handy he passed down the hall and put on his overcoat and hat and left the house. The man was at the gate waiting for him. There were new tears in his eyes and a new color of red to his nose. "How can I ever thank you, kind sir?" he exclaimed as he led the way down the street. "I want no thanks," replied Mr. Bowser. "If you had only come to me a month ago this would not have happened. Do you think your wife will live till we get there?" "I hope so. Poor Mary!" Mr. Bowser followed blindly, even when the man entered an alley. His thoughts were full of beef tea, ambulances, doctors and hospitals when two men jumped out of a barn, the starving husband turned back, and the trio had him on his back before he understood the situation. His watch and wallet were taken possession of with lightning rapidity, and after rolling him over and bestowing a kick upon him the men ran away and left him to get up and find his way home. Mrs. Bowser sat reading when she heard what seemed to be the gallop of a horse afar off. She rose up. It came nearer and nearer. She went to the front door, followed by the cat. The beating hoofs turned in at the gate, clattered up the steps, and as she opened the door Mr. Bowser fell into the hall. His hat was missing, his clothing torn, and he was covered with ashes from head to heel. "Well, is the dying wife dead?" she asked, as she looked down on him. He didn't reply. He was boxed up and he realized that words were useless. M. QUAD.

"I didn't, your Honor," whispered the wreck. "O, yes, you did!" The Judge watched him closely for a moment. "What do you take?" he asked suddenly. The wretched object started. "Nothing!" he replied. The Judge smiled incredulously. "Oh, yes you do! Now what is it?" "Nothing, your Honor—nothing but—tripe and muffins!" The Judge rubbed his chin and a smile forced its way through the judicial dignity. "Tripe and muffins, eh? Tripe and muffins! Well, then, I don't know what would happen to you if you took caviare and macaroni!" The wreck didn't know either. He was quite willing to be led from the throne of justice and away to the cage with his white buckskin face wrinkled and more ghastly than ever for he had tried to smile and his smile was like the smile of a death mask.—S. F. Bulletin.

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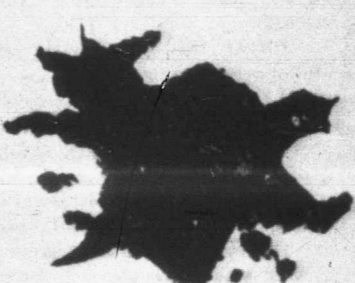
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# Emma Nevada on Corsets

"Corsets are hideous. Spangles are immoral. Women are insane upon the subject of dress."

Emma Nevada makes these startling statements.

Our own Emma Nevada, who is not given to the saying of sensational things!

Nevada, who has been using her charming voice all these professional years for harmony's sweet sake, not for the utterance of harsh words nor condemnatory criticism.

But the little Nevada's artistic eye is offended, her artistic temperament is disturbed, her artistic taste suffers affront at every turn, and no longer can she hold her peace.

Against the idolatry of the corset she has risen, and her words of protest carry with them the vehemence that the singer herself feels when the subject is uppermost in her mind.

"Corsets are woman's worst enemy," declares the Nevada.

What say you in defense, oh whale-boned ladies?

"Corsets are an insult to Art," assert with emphasis the gifted singer from the Sagebrush state.

And if cold, insensate marble could find speech there would surely be an echo to this last statement from the chiseled lips of that uncorseted divinity, the matchless Venus de Milo.

Madame Nevada's crusade against corsets is made with consistency, which is more than can be said of all feminine crusaders. She practices what she preaches. Scorning to prop her vertebrae with vertical rows of fish bone stitched into an instrument that holds the figure as in a vice; refusing to flatten her lungs with bands of distressing steel, refusing to compromise on anything that suggests stays, Nevada reclines or promenades at healthy ease in loose, softly clinging, comfortable garments that would have delighted American society, but which a frivolous Parisian modiste would turn from with lifted eyebrow and contemptuous shoulder shrug.

The Nevada gowns are draperies, classically disposed. They are exceedingly sensible and exceedingly unfashionable. They do not resemble the new modes for March any more than the lovely Venus herself resembles us poster ladies of 1902.

For lines in dress have become strangely distorted with the passing of the centuries. We no longer float before the vision in garments of the indefinite sort that enwraths the angels. We stalk about in stiffly cut skirts that are much too short or amble in the ruffled confusion of skirts that are much too long.

And nevertheless are the outlines of the figure made unguessable by drapery. They are as frankly described in geometrical lines as a white-chalked problem demonstrated on a black-board.

Dress reformers now and then have gone shrieking up and down the land in frightful garments, while men and women alike fled at their approach, for their voices had the sweet insistence of screech-owls and their appearance created alarm. But hither comes an exception to the rule, the soft-spoken Nevada.

In her own gentle way—a gentlewoman's way—she is advocating reform, not only for health's sake, but for beauty's sake.

She inveighs against glitter in gowns.

"Our dress of the present day is hideous," she says. "What can be uglier than half of you in one color and half in another?"

"And a costume pulled in at the waist—what beauty is there in that?"

"Women are insane upon the subject of dress."

"Their idea of dress is something that costs a great deal of money. As a result, they pile as much as possible on a single gown—flowers, pearls, lace, embroidery, and the effect is hideous."

"It is not only hideous—it is positively immoral."

"If a woman lives only to outdo other women, is not that wrong, immoral?"

"And spangles! In Paris everything is spangles. One wears of the gaudiness and glare, but cannot get away from it. There are always those awful spangles, shimmering with every movement of the body until the beholder is reminded of a snake—indeed, there is a mania in Paris for spangles, and the trail of the serpent is over all."

"Think of it a moment, and you will see how bad it is—this unnatural state of things, this furore for making a display. It nearly always costs more than a woman can afford. Husbands toil all day and come home with tired eyes to see what? A wife decked out in 'spangled finery.' 'Poor fellows, is it not enough' to drive them crazy, besides, bankrupting them? It is sad to have a big part of their income go for unnecessary clothes, but when those clothes

are ugly as well as expensive it makes a bad matter worse.

"I believe in individuality in dress. A woman's dress should be an expression of herself, so that people will speak of her, not of her clothes. She should create her own styles, and studying herself carefully first, and growing herself according to her own personal requirements. Is it not absurd that we should all dress, the same, like so many peas in a pod? No originality; no thought; no desire to be different from a hundred thousand others—excepting in the amount of money spent, or rather, wasted, in dry goods."

"When I came back to America the last time I had several very pretty dresses for my concert tour. In New York the representatives of the press came to see me, and what do you suppose they said? Well, there wasn't a word asked about my voice, my career, my work, my ambition—the things that I have labored and striven for all my life. No, not a word about any of these. It was my gowns they wanted to see!"

"How do you do, Madame Nevada? they said politely. 'Are you glad to get back to America? Please let me see your gowns?'"

"Women are to blame for this state of affairs."

"An artist's gowns are becoming of greater importance than the artist and her art. Why? Because it is of her gowns that the audience talks after the curtain is down. The public eye is so dazzled with spangles that the ear does not hear, or, hearing, does not appreciate. To think that in this enlightened age melody should be subservient to clothing and jewelry! Surely it is nothing less than barbaric, this love of display in dress."

"Are artists to be artists—or merely peacocks?"

"I have learned wisdom by previous experience. This time I return without an elaborate wardrobe. That is my tribute to the divine art of music—I sing for music's sake; not to make of music an excuse for advertising what money and modistes together can do in the way of personal adornment."

"My gowns are the extreme of simplicity, made after the style worn by the ancient Greeks. They are nearly all white; the ivory-white that throws such soft shadows."

"And behold the result! Never before have I had such delightful notices of my voice. The people have heard me, have seen and known me through my singing. It is a triumph of art, for music has been constantly in the minds of my audiences, their attention not distracted by something with a voice that blazed about the stage before them in spangles."

"Purity and simplicity are the foundations of beauty."

"I wear the plainest gowns at home that can be made. I find them restful because they are totally devoid of trimming."

"Classical severity is always satisfying to me. The more I observe of it the more detestable seem to me the gowns worn by the women of fashion. And the more I see of 'smart' gowning the more I realize that women are insane upon the subject of dress."

"As for corsets, they are an abomination in any form and should not be tolerated. I never wear them. My prejudice is not alone founded upon the injury they can do to the vital organs; I regard them as unsightly in their effect. I thoroughly dislike to see a corseted figure."

"Aye, verily, Madame Nevada, the tightly corseted figure is freakish and unbecoming, but there's a graceful, entirely harmless and comfortable medium in the small ribbon girdles that are worn these fashionable days."

"It is quite true that o'er much upbostery of the figure is in bad taste. I too, have faced spangles that made me blink like a toad under a harrow. But there's joy indescribable in the wearing of fluffy, lacy, unserviceable, unclassical gowns. The most sensible things are not always the most agreeable to have. Oatmeal mush for example."

"All that you say is true, dear, much in earnest Nevada, but I can applaud your singing more than your sentiments. For, alas, I belong to that mighty horde of uncaged peacock lunatics who are insane upon the subject of dress."

"Though doomed to live in workaday gowns I look upon the spring varieties of others and deem them adorable. I am even weak enough to admire the trim tailor-made persons who smile gaily at me from colored fashion plates of current magazines. I revel in the fluffs and folderols of the shop windows. That way madness lies; but how stem the tide of folly that sweeps us women on, and will to the crack of doom?"

Little Emma Nevada, you might as well attempt to mop up the great Pacific with your thinnest cambric kerchief.—Denver News.

### Honored the Dead.

Chicago, March 15.—From 11 o'clock this morning until a late hour this afternoon friends and fellow-citizens of former Governor John P. Altgeld passed in line before his bier in the Public Library building, where the remains of the late distinguished citizen of Illinois lay in state.

Above the bier was hung a canopy of black, relieved with draperies of purple and an edge of white. The four lamps and the four candles were shaded by the black and white draperies.

In the corners and along the walls were heaped banks of palms and draperies of purple and black were hung upon the walls and pillars. The windows were shaded by American flags. A five-branched candlestick stood at each side of the head of the bier and two candles flamed at the foot.

The body was taken from the home in Lakeview by a guard of honor composed of the Governor and his staff and Captain Gibbons and forty policemen, without any additional ceremonies, and brought to the Public Library building, where it will lie until 11 o'clock tomorrow, when it will begin its slow journey to Grace-land cemetery, its last resting place. The pallbearers today were Judge William Prentiss, William P. Black, Joseph Mahoney, Samuel A. Calhoun, Louis F. Post, Edward T. Noonan, William Thompson and Samuel Altschuler.

A simple funeral cortege arrived at the library at 10:30, where a crowd of more than a thousand persons was waiting in the drizzling rain to be admitted to view the remains. While the bier was set in its place and the flowers arranged, the crowd waited patiently outside. More than 1,500 people passed the casket in the first hour.

In the evening the laboring men came with their families to take one last look on the face of him who was always their friend. Several, as they passed, reverently placed small bouquets of violets or a single rose at the foot of the bier.

### Eight Women Arrested.

Seattle, March 16.—Officers Kelly,

Hubbard, Berkman and Hadeen raided the Blue Light saloon on First avenue between Pine and University streets last night and arrested eight women who were drinking with men in the boxes.

All are charged with being disorderly persons. The names of those arrested are as follows:

Ray Davis, May White, Mellie Morgan, May Lee, Lillie Mayo, Esther Williams, Emma Snodgrass, and Alois Harrington.

The saloon of late, according to the police, has become notorious for sheltering women who are employed to induce men to buy drinks and for their services secure a per cent. of the receipts. The proprietor has been warned to stop women from frequenting his place. The arrests were made under the new city ordinance which prohibits women from loafing in saloons.

### Gets Sweet Revenge

Paris, March 15.—Edward Foster, a rich Tennessean, is one of the most extraordinary Americans ever seen in Paris. He has just been arraigned in the police court at Fontainebleau, charged with demolishing Count Mirepot's automobile by running his own into it. Both machines were wrecked, and Mirepot and three guests were severely hurt.

When the magistrate expressed astonishment that the records communicated to him from Paris showed that Foster had already figured in eight similar accidents the accused coolly admitted that he had become an automobilist for the sole purpose of getting revenge on automobile fiends, saying:

"They killed my wife and child, destroyed my happiness forever. They terrorize people and make the lives of countless people miserable."

Foster says that after the accident in which his wife and little boy were run over he failed to get legal redress. So he ordered a high automobile, one that would be heavy and strongly built, with a beak like a man-of-war's prow. He named the auto "Avenger." It is the deadliest looking machine imaginable.

In the last ten months whenever Foster has met a real auto fiend spreading terror by inordinate speed or close shaving, he has found a favorable position on the road and then rammed the machine.

Upon hearing this strange declaration the prosecutor expressed the opinion that the self-appointed Cor-

sair evidently was deranged. The magistrate sentenced Foster to six months in prison, but added:

"Since a civil suit to recover damages from the defendant is pending, and also since the court cannot feel wholly out of sympathy for Mr. Foster's provocation and motives, it pardons him, the sentence to be enforced if he is ever again brought before any French tribunal for a similar offense."

ed if he is ever again brought before any French tribunal for a similar offense.

Clare—I broke my engagement with Jack Swiftleigh last night. He's too fast. Maude—Foolish girl! Don't you know that people should wed their opposites?

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MADE IN TORONTO

About the Wonders of the Klondike

Illustrating His Address With Magic Lantern Views—Interests the People.

The Growing Time in the Klondike. Four Years' Retrospect. The title of an address delivered at the university chemical laboratory Saturday afternoon by Mr. F. C. K. O. Crown prosecutor for Yukon, who has resided at Dawson for the past four years, and is qualified to speak upon the subject. The lecture proved unusually instructive and entertaining, and was illustrated by lantern slides. The development which has occurred in methods of transportation, commerce, in production of gold, population, in the building of trails, the construction of schools, and churches, and of life, were all noted. Mr. Crown pointed out the position of the Klondike in the context of gold camps, extending from the northern boundary of the Columbia to the Arctic Ocean. The area of the Yukon was given at 100 square miles, containing 100 miles of streams. The area of Klondike proper was 800 square miles, with 50 miles of gold-bearing stream actually being worked. The arrangement and nature of the Klondike was explained, and it was pointed out that in four years the Klondike had produced \$72,750,000 in gold, or seven-eighths of the gold product of the Dominion in 40 years were exhibited showing difficulties of entering the country in 1898, and others showing the Pullman cars of the Klondike, the Pass Railway, which now carries the system of carriage on the Klondike. Views were also presented showing some of the palace steamships now plying on the Upper Yukon, numbering 28 in all, and valued at a million dollars. In 1901 there were 30,527 tons of freight carried over the Upper and Lower Yukon routes to Dawson. Particularly interesting were the views of Dawson as it was today, showing real estate and personal assessments of \$11,847,840. Adding the Klondike product, \$76,313,500, to this assessment, the value of steamships, \$10,000,000, and realty and personality of \$400,228,680, exclusive of the Klondike, railways, roads, and public buildings, a marvelous showing in the opinion of four years. Statistics were quoted showing that there were 1,465 horses, 268 dogs, and 3,318 dogs now in the Klondike, valued at \$516,885. The Klondike closed with a most interesting reference to the social life of Dawson, accompanied by many views of Klondike parties, balls, banquets, Klondike, cabin interiors, etc., etc. The chair was occupied by Prof. R. Wright, and much interest shown by the large and select audience present.—Toronto Star.

**Spanish Relic.** Santa Rita, N.M., March 16.—Roscoe Rodgers, son of a ranchman at Santa Rita, while hunting near the base of the mountains, discovered an opening in the rocks which he proceeded to investigate. The entrance was somewhat overgrown with shubbery, and being removed, revealed a floor of this was well covered with a varied assortment of Indian and Spanish relics. There were old Spanish saddles, bridles, and buglers, with Spanish names inscribed thereon; bows and arrows, and a pair of red rusted adze, showing to what service the owners had put them. A powder horn was also well preserved. One of the saddles was beautifully carried, though greatly decayed the stirrups were of fine wood. The outfit was composed of some Spanish officer. The human being, stretched full length on the floor, the high chest of which designated him as a Spaniard, probably one of the uprising Spaniards, when the Spanish were at Santa Rita. Against this relic the Spanish built a rude sort of fort, the remains of which will be seen at that camp.

**Interrupter Rebuked.** Dawson, March 16.—One of the remarkable demonstrations of sympathy for an actress and disgust for an ignoramus ever witnessed in this city came to the front in the last act of "Sapho" last night at the Seattle theater. It was the climax in a series of annoying interruptions which Miss Florence Roberts had consistently ignored. At last, however, the matter became unbearable to actors and audience alike and the general rebuke administered to the interrupter from the stage and every part of the theater resulted in the ignominious exit of the offender. It was in the second act that it became apparent someone in the gallery did not appreciate the dramatic action. He evidently thought he was witnessing farce comedy instead of one of the finest pieces of emotional acting it has been the pleasure of Seattle theater-goers to see. In the midst of the most pathetic scenes his foud and silly laugh would ring out. It sounded like the senseless prattle of a clown and jarred upon the nerves of those upon the stage and the audience alike. It is not uncommon for people to laugh at the wrong time, but in the third act the silly laugh rang out once too often. Miss Roberts stopped short and, quietly raising her eyes to the gallery, said in a tone of regret and without the slightest sign of vexation: "If the person who thinks this is nothing but a comedy will kindly leave the theater the rest of us will get along very nicely." For a moment there was absolute silence; then, as if with one accord, the audience burst forth into wild applause. The sound grew in intensity and mingled with it were cheers. Miss Roberts stood quietly on the stage, but it was easy to see that she appreciated the spontaneous outburst of sympathy for herself and the indignation at the interrupter. But this did not end the incident. The crowd commenced to yell, "Put him out," and did not cease in voicing its sentiment until the objectionable person had disappeared. With another outburst of applause the incident was closed and then Miss Roberts took up the thread of the play exactly with the last word spoken, and, for once at least, not a person left his seat until the curtain fell.

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Public Reception Saturday Night

Addresses by Prominent Citizens Who Are Interested in Educational Matters.

The first teachers' convention ever held in Dawson came to a happy termination Saturday evening, after a session of two days. The closing exercises were held in the kindergarten department of the public school building and were in a measure of a public character. Invitations had been extended to those interested in educational matters and some 70 or 80 ladies and gentlemen responded by their presence. Principal G. P. McKenzie, who was president of the convention, called the meeting to order and in a few happy words of felicitation introduced Dr. Alfred Thompson, who spoke entertainingly a short time upon matters apropos of the occasion. Dr. Thompson was followed by Mr. F. T. Congdon and United States Consul Saylor, the latter expressing his surprise at having found such excellent educational advantages to be had here, a fact which everyone arriving from the outside for the first time can scarcely believe. Mr. Charles Macdonald gave a short address, as did also Rev. Dr. Grant. Papers upon various subjects were read by Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Patton, Dr. J. N. E. Brown and Miss Edwards. Mrs. Devening contributed much to the evening's enjoyment, her rich, beautiful soprano being heard in several selections. For the ensuing year Mr. McKenzie has been elected president of the convention and Miss Keyes secretary. Congratulations by those present were freely extended to the teachers for the excellent progress made during the past six months.

THIRTY DAYS TO SOBER UP

Is What Kittie Howard Got Saturday

Had Been On Protracted Drunk—Prevo Fined \$5 and Costs for Assault.

In the police court Saturday morning Kittie Howard was committed to jail for a period of 30 days to give her an opportunity to recover from the effects of a protracted spree. She pleaded guilty to the charge of drunk and creating a disturbance at the Standard theatre on the 24th inst., and as she had not fully recovered from the effects Saturday, as a kindness to her the magistrate ordered her committed for the period mentioned because he had concluded from the information he had learned of her that she would be in the same condition before Monday had she merely been fined and let go. "Syrill Prevo was found guilty of assault on Joseph Dubaw at 11 below Bonanza on the 25th and fined \$5 and costs. In the case of Wm. Carroll vs. Thos. McIlroy, which was a suit for wages to the amount of \$264.50, judgment was given plaintiff. There was no dispute as to the amount of the claim but there was a difference as to the time for settlement. No agreement as to time of settlement had been made although defendant said that it was understood that the plaintiff was to wait until the cleanup. The plaintiff stated that nothing had been said as to his waiting for the cleanup. The magistrate held that where no agreement as to time of payment is made it must be construed that payment is to be made on demand and gave judgment in favor of plaintiff accordingly. The defendant asked for thirty days in which to make the payment and by consent of plaintiff was allowed two weeks.

Drains Are Opened.

Calico Ball Tonight.

Today a Holiday.

Saturday last one of the fire engines was employed for several hours in opening the Princess street sewer alongside the Fairview hotel, affording an outlet to the miniature lake that has been in process of formation all winter at the corner of Princess and Second avenue, a complaint of which was laid before the city council at the special meeting Wednesday evening. At the rear of the lot upon which the laundry is located near the corner mentioned is a spring that has been open all winter, the overflow causing not a little trouble to a number of the residents in that vicinity. Nearly all the lateral drains, those flowing direct into the river, are now open and ready to carry off the surplus water from the flat and side hills. The calico ball this evening in the A. B. hall given under the auspices of the Arctic Brotherhood promises to be one of the most largely attended and thoroughly enjoyable affairs of the season. There has been no dancing whatever during Lent, the six weeks' refrain from social gayeties acting as a revivifying tonic to the Terpsichorean appetites and tonight will doubtless see the capacity of the large hall taxed. Freimuth's orchestra will be in attendance as usual and Griffin will do the catering. Today being a holiday, Easter Monday, the quietness about town is second only to the general Sunday air that pervaded the streets on Good Friday. The banks, courts and all the government offices are closed.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel.

Jealous Fiddlers.

Chicago, March 15.—Jan Kubelik, the violinist who has been touring this country flew into a furious rage today at the Auditorium hotel because he noticed a picture of Paderewski in the elevator. Tearing the offending print from its place he rushed up to the clerk of the hotel, and in an indignant voice exclaimed: "Thees eez one insult. For why eez him done? I have stop here like it eez my home and then I get thees insult!" Jan's secretary, scarcely less excited, tried to quiet him. They talked rapidly in their own tongue, and the secretary, who was warning Jan to all appearances not to show his temper, threw his fur-lined overcoat over the shoulders of the violinist. Then Jan, overcome with emotion, took his secretary's face in his hands and drawing his head toward him, pressed an impassioned kiss upon his forehead. "Eet is you who are my friend. You will tell that which I would like to talk." He ran into the elevator, then went to his room and refused to see any callers. After Jan had hurried to his room his secretary demanded an explanation of the "insult" from Clerk Capen. The latter explained that Kubelik's

Still They Come

SUMMERS & ORRELL

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Our second shipment of Spring Goods have arrived. All latest styles. SUMMERS & ORRELL, SECOND AVENUE. PROFESSIONAL CARDS. LAWYERS. PATTULLO & RIDLEY — Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

JUST IN - JUST IN - JUST IN ... OVER THE ICE ... Two Hundred Thousand Havana Cigars. Benj. Franklin, La Africanos, Velasco's Flor de Milanos, Adelina Pattis, El Ecuadors, Henry Clays, Magnificos, El Triunfos, Henry Upman's, Bock & Co. LOOK OUT FOR THE CAMEOS. TOWNSEND & ROSE, Importers.

...J. J. O'NEIL... MINING EXPERT. Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited. Address, - General Delivery, Dawson. EMIL STAUF. REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER. Agent for Harper & Lydus Forensic Co., Harper's Addition, Menzie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company. Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan. Houses to Rent. Gold Best Bought and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

...BAY CITY MARKET... Choicest Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish and Game. CHAS. BOSSUYT - Prop. King St., Opp. N. C. Co. Regina Hotel... J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr. Dawson's Leading Hotel. American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month. 2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson.

Signs and Wall Paper. ...ANDERSON BROS... SECOND AVE.

CIGARS. We are the largest importers of IMPORTED CIGARS in the Yukon Territory — Our leaders are BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, THE GENUINE ARTICLE. Remember there are a lot of cheap imitations on the market. NAPOLEONS, THREE SIZES. FLOR DE MILANO, THREE SIZES. Macaulay Bros.

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE. THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only. FOR GOLD RIVER AND CARIBOU via Carmack's and Domes. FOR GRAND FORKS. FOR 33 BELOW LOWER DOMINION Chase's Roadhouse, via Hunter Creek, 9:30 a. m. FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND BURKEA CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, Sun days excepted. Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 87. Watches not by departure and arrival of our stages.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO. CHEAPER THAN EVER! FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Deck. TELEPHONE 161



BRAINS ARE OOOZING OUT

Joseph Dumbill Is Still Alive

Attempted Suicide Saturday Afternoon by Shooting Himself in the Head.

Joseph Dumbill, a warehouseman in the employ of the Pacific Cold Storage Company, attempted suicide Saturday afternoon by shooting himself through the head with a 38-calibre revolver, and though for two days his brains have been oozing out through the wound he still lives, is conscious and able to talk with those attending him.

The affair occurred at 1:15 in the afternoon. Dumbill had just finished his luncheon, arose from the table and passed out to one of the refrigerator rooms in the rear end of the building, saying nothing and intimating to no one the desperate deed he had in contemplation.

The room was quite dark and as the man entered he noticed something lying on the floor but paid no attention to it. A moment later he concluded the object he saw was Dumbill, but still paid no attention to him, thinking he had gone there to sober up, the would-be suicide having been on a protracted spree. Probably five minutes were consumed in getting out the load of meat and upon returning to the front of the building the remark was made to the engineer that Dumbill seemed to be in pretty bad shape and some one had better care for him.

General Manager Troughton was called and upon a casual glance at the wound thought he had hurt himself by falling on a meat hook. It was several minutes before Dumbill gave any information of what had happened, he finally admitting to Mr. Troughton that he guessed he had a bullet in his brain. A man was dispatched to the scene of the tragedy and there on the floor lay the revolver containing one empty shell. When confronted alone with Mr. Troughton he admitted what he had done, but gave no cause for his actions other than he was despondent and tired of living.

A physician was hastily summoned who ordered the patient at once removed to the hospital and he was taken to St. Mary's. Notwithstanding his loss of blood and quite a quantity of brain matter he retains his consciousness and walked up the stairs at the hospital to the operating room unassisted. An examination of the wound showed the bullet to have entirely severed the connection of the left eye, the eye bulging out of its socket in a most gruesome manner. But little attempt was made to locate the ball on account of its dangerous locality, but it is thought to be imbedded in the bone structure between the eyes and immediately back of the nose. Yesterday an operation was decided upon the injured eye being entirely removed. The attending physicians give but little hope of his recovery, though he is still conscious and able to converse. Brain matter is still oozing out of the wound and also the eye socket.

The only regret Dumbill expresses is that his attempt was unsuccessful and last night at the hospital he made a mad effort to complete the job by dashing his head against the wall. He also begged that his wife be not notified.

Dumbill is a man about 40 years

of age and has been in the employ of the Pacific Cold Storage Company about three years, coming inside first in '97. As far as is known he has never been considered a heavy drinker, but during the past month or so he has frequently been attacked with spells of despondency. Even though the wound might of itself not prove fatal, though such is improbable, septic matter was doubtless carried into the brain through the gun having been placed so close to his head, from which complications may be expected fatal to life. He has a wife and family living in California.

Clean Up "Edition."

The long heralded "clean-up" edition of the News has been issued from the press and from an artistic and mechanical standpoint it is in every respect a meritorious production. It contains 80 pages of reading matter and illustrations, the latter being particularly excellent. The title page, designed by Richard Davenport, is a splendid piece of work and is thoroughly characteristic of the country.

The book contains a number of special articles of interest and a large fund of information, most of which, however, has been covered in previous publications of a similar nature. The issue bears throughout the marks of long and careful preparation and in every way is creditable to the publishers.

They Mean Business.

On 30 above on Hunker, a claim owned by Kirkpatrick & Munroe, a lay was taken about January first by J. C. Shafer and Alex. Farmer. A month later, and after having located the pay streak, a new steam thawer was put on the claim and now, although all the work has been done by two men and a boy, upwards of 6000 buckets of dirt have been windlassed from bedrock. As the ground is quite rich, both the owners and laymen will make a nice thing this year.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Samuel Jones, mayor of Toledo, O., is seriously ill at Long Beach, Cal.

Hilda H., the famous brood mare, was found dead in her paddock at Thorndale farm, Lexington, Ky.

Steamers are about to begin running across Lake Michigan, and with this opening of navigation will come a renewal of war for through traffic to Grand Rapids.

The Suez canal has been reopened. The British petroleum steamer Nerite, from Marseilles, February 24, which was reported to be on fire in the canal, is still burning.

An attempt was made to kill the Rev. Mr. Houst, pastor of the German Lutheran church at Elizabeth, N. J. The police believe that the would-be assassins were Italian anarchists.

More than 800 men, well known in public affairs, have applied for tickets to the "Amen corner" dinner to Senator Thomas C. Platt, in New York, April 4. The guests will be limited to 340.

The United States gunboat Wheeling will sail from San Francisco within a few days for Magdalena Bay, where Commander Blockinger expects to meet Admiral Casey and report to him.

Barney Bacti, Vincent Taro, William Ling and Ernest Cito attempted to cross the Illinois river at Spring Valley, Ill., in a skiff. The boat capsized in midstream and all but Cito were drowned.

Two children were burned to death at Empire City, Kan., the houses catching fire while their mothers were absent. One was John Allen's 4-months-old baby, the other a 1-year-old child of Frank Weatherly.

A band of Bulgarian revolutionists recently attacked the Turkish guards at Nerua, in the district of Djumabala, and were repulsed with the loss of two men killed and a number wounded. The Turks sustained no losses.

As the result of a gambling quarrel at Creston, Ia., John Jackson has a dangerous knife wound across his face and John Johnson has a bullet wound in his left hip. A stray bullet from Jackson's gun killed Ollie Ohlschatger, a newsboy, not involved in the quarrel.

C. H. Seelye, of Des Moines, Ia., senior member of the Seelye-Howe-Levan department store, has filed a petition in the district court asking for a receiver and stating that the firm had obligations amounting to \$100,000, with assets aggregating about \$95,000.

Notice to the Public.

Notice is hereby given that William A. C. Baldwin is no longer in our employ, his employment with us having ceased on the 12th day of March, 1902. No moneys due us should be paid to him, and we will not be responsible for any debts which he may incur.

Northern Commercial Company.

NOT COMING - BUT HERE JUST ARRIVED OVER THE ICE!

Full Line of Millinery

Pattern Hats, latest novelties. The very latest Parisian and New York Styles.

FULL LINE OF

Ladies' Spring Suits, Dress Skirts, Full Dress Suits, Silk Waists, Trimmings, Etc., Etc.

A Full Line ...of...

Stetson Hats

All the LATEST styles, shapes and shades. These goods are too well known for any comment.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits

Including Tweeds, Cheviots, Surges and Worsteds from the well known merchant tailoring house, Hart, Shaffner & Marx of Chicago, and were all were made up to our special order.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Etc.

From the well known neckwear firm, Wilson Bros. of Chicago.

..FOOTWEAR..

For Men, Ladies, Boys and Children

Including Rubber Boots, Rubber Shoes, Rubbers, Leather Shoes in all the Latest Styles and Shapes.

REMEMBER, THESE GOODS ARE STRICTLY NEW, JUST OVER THE ICE, AND ALL THE VERY LATEST STYLES. COME AND SEE US AND KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

NO MORE GAMBLING

Will Be Allowed in State of Montana

For First Time in History the Law Has Interfered in That Commonwealth.

With the decision just handed down by the supreme court in the nickel-in-the-slot-machine case, the last hope of Montana's professional gamblers goes glimmering. In the palmy days of the territory, when life and gold dust were alike below par and men staked either on the veriest trifle, the spirit of chance pervaded everything. Whether it was the pile of buffalo hides on the levee at Fort Benton or a sack of gold dust in old Virginia City, it was a gamble with the Montana pioneer—something to win more with—and in the precarious existence of the times, what easily came, easily went. The gambling spirit was in the atmosphere. One day the adventurous placer miner in Alder gulch washed out a modern miner's monthly salary, the next he never got a color. Small wonder then that he was willing to tempt the fickle dame, and won or lost with equal grace.

But time has changed Montana. Civilization has brought responsibilities to men with homes and families, who have given hostages to fortune. The early prospector lost his sack of dust, and he alone was the sufferer, if suffer he ever did. He went promptly out with his pan and got him another stake. But the toiler of today cannot afford to treat life with the enthusiastic irresponsibility which characterized the early days. He must work for his daily wage, which is the measure of his ability, depending upon no whim of chance, no turn of the wheel. The certainty of his income enables him to establish the permanency necessary to home life and domestic responsibilities. To the family and

home he owes his first consideration, and for the protection of the men to whom that duty does not appeal, the state of Montana has framed and passed the anti-gambling law.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Madame Paillard, wife of M. Paillard, general manager of the Syndicate Lyonnaise du Klondike, a wealthy French corporation operating extensively on Dominion, arrived on the stage Saturday afternoon direct from Paris. Madame Paillard was accompanied by M. Victor Schreyer, who is also heavily interested in Klondike mining properties. "Billy" Baird, the popular proprietor of the Rochester, is back again renewing old acquaintances.

Mrs. C. M. Bell, the bride of one of the Nugget's energetic agents at the Forks, who was married in Kansas City a couple of months ago, arrived on the stage last night. Mr. Bell preceded his wife several weeks. Mr. Roderick McDonald, representative of the N. A. T. & T. Co. at the Forks, has returned from a trip outside.

Mrs. Fancher, who conducted a millinery establishment here for several years, has returned from an extensive trip through the States.

On account of today being a holiday the regular meeting of the city council will be held tomorrow evening instead of tonight.

Stage Arrives.

With the arrival of the stage this evening there will have gotten in since Saturday three stages in as many days. That Saturday afternoon brought J. H. Bowes, A. Fasbender, J. Mellon, T. G. Wilson, Wm. Baird, Mrs. Davis, Victor Schreyer and Mrs. Paillard and nine sacks of mail. Yesterday afternoon another stage arrived with Mr. and Mrs. D. McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. McKay, Mrs. Fancher, Mr. McGill, E. K. Sargerson, R. McDonald and Mrs. C. M. Bell, and two sacks of mail. Still another stage will be in this afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock, it having left Stewart at an early hour this morning.

Will Arrive This Evening.

Upon the stage due this evening are Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McCaul, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davey drove up the trail today as far as Ainslie to meet and welcome them on their return. Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

OUTING FOR CHILDREN

Eighty Youngsters Enjoy Sleigh Ride

Sleighs Provided by Local Business Houses and a Lunch by Geo. T. Coffey.

Upwards of 80 happy youngsters met at the Presbyterian church this morning to enjoy a sleigh ride up Bonanza to Fox gulch.

Teams and sleighs for the accommodation of the party were furnished by the following firms: N. A. T. & T. Co., McLennan-McFeely, Ladue Co., Mutchler Bros. and Orr & Tukey.

The children were under the protecting chaperonage of a number of ladies and gentlemen of the church, including the following: Dr. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Te Roller, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Pratt.

The sleigh ride was given to the children on the invitation of Manager George T. Coffey of the Anglo-Klondike Mining Co., and a fine lunch awaited the crowd when they arrived at Fox Gulch.

The journey was made up the creek without accident of any kind and at three o'clock the vigorous appetites of the boys and girls were attacking a feast of good things prepared by the mess house chef of Mr. Coffey's

company. The party will return to town at six o'clock.

All kinds of game at Bonanza lot, next Post Office.

Capt. Brooks has been port captain of the Globe Navigation Company about three months. For some time prior to that he was head of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. But few marine men are so well known. His rise from the rank of longshoreman has been rapid, and under the most favorable auspices. Capt. Brooks has been a resident of this city for many years. He was his new duties April 1. His name or with the Globe Navigation Company has not been named.

Fresh Over the Ice



Full Line of Best, Mutton, Veal, Pork, and Poultry.

Bank Market

KING STREET Opposite N. C. Courthouse. H. Gustafson, Proprietor.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE

On and After March 20

Dawson to Whitehorse, \$125.00

BY THE ROYAL MAIL STAGES

Making through trip in five and one-half days, stopping at roadhouses each night. Travel only by an established line, and both day and discomfort. Stages leave Dawson Every Tuesday and Saturday, at 7 a. m. For reservation, apply at the

J. H. ROGERS, Agent.

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