

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1 No. 205

DAWSON, Y. T., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

KEEPS ROLLING.

The Wave of Reform Reaching Out to Distant Points

WHERE DELEGATES ARE SELECTED

Pledged to Better Government and Better Times

FOR THE YUKON DISTRICT.

Hunker, Gold Bottom and Upper Bonanza in Line With Strong Delegations.

No. 3 above on Hunker a large crowd of miners congregated on call of notice sent out by the citizens' committee. The meeting was called to order at 2:30 p. m. Sunday. Mr. McFarlane was elected chairman and Norman J. H. McLeod secretary. After the object of the meeting was explained John McCrimmon and L. McFarlane were elected delegates. Both delegates denounced themselves in sympathy with the reform movement. The meeting was short but enthusiastic, many of the miners having to quit work while the meeting was held and returning thereafter.

At Gold Bottom sharp at 8 o'clock the largest assembly ever crowded together in that district filled both the dining room, bar and kitchen of the Valley hotel, owned by McLeod and Campbell, to take part in the election of delegates to attend the Dawson convention, almost every British subject from discovery to 50 below on hillsides and creek claims were present, the French speaking British subjects probably being in the majority, but the meeting, although very enthusiastic was harmonious. Any man running on the reform ticket would be a winner whether an English or French speaking subject. The name of any of the would-be candidates opposing the citizens' reform party would be sufficient to conjure angels with cloven feet and spear-shaped tails. J. McLeod, a large operator on Hunker, was elected chairman and A. L. Baulais secretary. The chairman was well enough posted on the objects of the meeting to explain every detail, making a lengthy speech. There seemed to be considerable competition among aspirants who should be the delegates. If 50 were required to uphold the principles of reform, Gold Bottom could furnish them. After a vote was taken James McLeod, H. H.

WHY?

Why sleep on boards when you can have SPRING BEDS at the same price at the

YUKON HOTEL

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Air-Tight Heaters for wood

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Powerful Double Heaters, Hot Air Furnaces,

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McDonald and A. H. Bibert were elected. Each delegate was called upon and showed his ability at speech making to be almost equal to Bryan or probably Lawyer Noel. Taking it all through the meeting was a huge success.

On upper Bonanza a good meeting was held at claim 35 last night, representatives being present from nearly every claim between 14 and 43. The meeting was held by the dim light of candles in a floorless cabin, but the spirit of reform swelled from every bosom and harmony and good feeling prevailed. R. Davis Colbey was chosen chairman and Donald Fraser secretary. Barney Sugrue was present and made a telling speech which was most enthusiastically received.

The following delegates were chosen: R. Davis Colbey, merchant; Henry Willett, French Canadian and owner of 43 above, and A. McRae, a laborer and an Ontario boy from Guelph.

River News.

No boats have come in from the upper river yesterday afternoon or this morning, but several are expected in today, among them the Zealandian, Eldorado and Yukoner. A large number of people are on their way in these being principally old times who are returning from their summer's sojourn to their homes.

The water is continuing to raise and with continuous rains it may reach the high water mark again this fall.

Several scows were started down the river the night before last, three in all. They were tied to a wood raft which was supposed to be safely anchored, but during the darkest hours of the night, and owing to the floating of the raft, the scows and raft went down the river without awakening several men who were asleep aboard. The raft belonged to Mutchler Bros., the freighters. The scows are owned by C. Humes and Sawyer.

The crew consisting of Geo. Lindsey, Chas. Willeck and another man who cannot speak English, were awakened before reaching Moosehide, and started the people near the hospital with their yells for help. No help being available they bethought themselves of the sweeps and beached the scows at Moosehide. They were towed up to the city this morning by the Clara.

One of the scows was left at West Dawson, as it would have sunk in mid-stream. It was leaking badly. The freight was principally hay and grain. Another raft belonging to Dan Matheson broke loose from its moorings and went down river.

Orr and Takey suffered the sinking of a scow load of grain and hay. It was punctured by a jab from the derelict raft mentioned above.

The following was received by wire this morning:

Steamer Yukoner passed Selkirk this morning at 3 o'clock going down.

The Canadian reported at 7:30 today going down at Hootalinqua.

The Bailey, Sybil and Ora passed up by Hootalinqua this morning at 3, 3:20 and 9:40 respectively.

The Flora left Whitehorse at 9 a. m. today.

The Zealandian and Eldorado passed Stewart river this morning, the former at 6 and the latter at 9 o'clock.

The Yukoner was reported at Ogilvie at 6 this morning.

Five Caves In.

There was a big cave in on Jeremiah Lynch's claim on Chechako hill opposite No. 2 below on Bonanza last Sunday evening. Fortunately there was not a man in the mine at the time, all the laborers having left it a few minutes previous to the occurrence. It is said that the mine has been considered unsafe by the laborers for some time past, and the cave in when it did come was not wholly a surprise to them. As it was in one of the drifts or tunnels that the accident occurred, work is still being carried on in other portions of the mine.

THE FUEL WORKS

Do Not Look Good to Convict Harrison Doing Eight Months

SO HE MAKES BOLD DASH TO ESCAPE

But Is Recaptured and Held Over to Territorial Court.

NOW WEARS BALL AND CHAIN.

More Evidence of Slumber Brand—Constable Piper Pilots Wheelbarrow—Law Violated.

It was a full house that greeted Magistrate Scarth on the opening of police court this morning, there being nearly a dozen cases up for hearing.

Some days ago the Nugget contained an account of Swan Harrison, alias several other names, being sentenced for two months for stealing a gun. Two days later he was given a short rest from the woodpile while he was brought into court, tried and sentenced to six months for stealing a kodak. Evidently the woodpile does not look good to Swan, neither does he take kindly to such work as landscape gardening, for this morning about 8 o'clock and after working an hour at raking up trash in the barracks square, an inspiration seized him; he acted on it and throwing the rake at Constable Kerr who was acting in the capacity of guard, he made a bold dash for liberty. As the constable could not leave the other prisoners in his charge, he sought to intimidate the flying Swan by discharging his pistol a couple of times. Instead of having the desired effect, the pistol shots only served to accelerate the fugitive's speed. The constable exercised his lung power and soon his fellow officers were in pursuit with the result that Harrison was overtaken between the barracks and the Klondike river and triumphantly marched back to jail. He was brought into court on two charges, one of escaping from lawful custody, the other of assaulting an officer while in the discharge of his duty. When the evidence of the prosecution had been heard and the terrible Swede was asked what he cared to say in his own behalf, he said: "Ae tank Ae bater bagatin' out of here for fare Ae gate seek." It was not clear whether Swan's statement was intended as a reflection on the culinary department of the guardhouse or not. The order of the court was that he be held over to the higher court on both charges. He was marched back to the guardroom from which ten minutes later he emerged with a ball and chain, one end of the chain being anchored to his right ankle, and thus handicapped he will continue to serve out his eight months' sentence, after which he will have the decree of the upper court to liquidate.

With a perpendicular split in the side of his nose Lucas Freeburg pleaded guilty to having been drunk and disorderly and remitted \$10 and costs.

Dolph Garrett violated a health ordinance about 2 o'clock this morning. The current fine quotations for such offence is \$1 and costs; but as Dolph "sassed" the arresting officer, he paid \$5 and costs.

John O'Hare, over whose head has passed fully 50 winters and probably nearly as many summers, informed the court this morning that last night was the first time in all the days of the years of his pilgrimage through this vale of tears in which he had ever been drunk; and when the court said "That is no fit condition for a man to get in," John acquiescingly said "Indade, an' it is not, yer honor." He paid \$5 and costs.

Malcolm C. McCloud was very drunk

and abusive on Third street yesterday evening when found by Constable Piper, who was compelled to engage in the transfer business for such time as it required him to transport Malcolm to the guardhouse in a wheelbarrow. It took \$10 to even up Malcolm's indebtedness.

John Fynn had vied with John O'Hare in his attempts to decrease the amount of slumber brand of hootch in the city, but up to this morning honors were even. Both had reached the stage where they wooed balmy beneath heaven's broad canopy without regard to whether or not their beds were dry planks or damp alleys. To keep honors even the second John was also fined \$5 and costs.

For the 'steenth time Pat O'Shea was up on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. The court recognized him as being a "regular customer" and gave him a pointed lecture, the closing words of which were "\$10 and costs."

At this stage of the proceedings Magistrate Scarth vacated the chair which was occupied by Magistrate Starnes, whose first case was one against Chris Beeg of the Green Tree saloon for selling oil of joy on Sunday. Beeg pleaded guilty and was fined \$50 and costs, the latter amounting to \$20. F. Coole, of the Pioneer, and Chas. Schultz of the Bonanza, were up on the same charge as Beeg and each paid the same fine and costs. The three men were instructed to have their various licenses in court this afternoon when notes of their having been violated, and the date of such violation will be placed thereon.

Thursday Night's Meeting.

The meeting to be held Thursday night, September 6th, at 8:30 o'clock in McDonald's hall in this city for the purpose of selecting 20 delegates to the district nominating convention to be held at the same place on Saturday, the 8th instant, is being looked forward to with considerable interest by all friends of good government and by all advocates of reform of the laws pertaining to the Yukon district as they now exist. As a large majority of the eligible voters of the city, like their friends on the creeks, are heart and soul in sympathy with the sentiment embraced in the late memorial to his excellency, the governor general, and as all such are entitled to seats and voice in the meeting, the prospects are good that the hall will be tested to its full capacity Thursday night.

The work thus far accomplished on the various creeks along the lines of reform and pointing with no faltering nor quivering index to an era of future unprecedented prosperity has served to rejuvenate those who, for three long years and in the face of the most bitter opposition, have never faltered in their efforts to alleviate wrongs long endured; therefore, it will be with an eye on the already brightening horizon that the British subjects of Dawson may attend the meeting Thursday night, feeling that already is the dawn of emancipation day apparent.

Has a Hope Left.

Mike King, the promoter of the Chilkoot and Lake Bennett railway, whose application for a charter was turned down by the Dominion and British Columbia governments, was in town this week. Mr. King accepts the inevitable for this year at least, but promises to be heard from again if he gets any kind of a chance, which he expects he will within another 12 months.

His Candid Admission.

"I suppose your constituents will be prepared to kill the fatted calf when you get home?" said the amiable friend. "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "my constituents aren't violent people. Besides, they haven't got anything against the fatted calf. I'm the one they're after."—Washington Star.

Stetson hats, latest styles. Oak Hall.

Bicycle hose, a large variety. Oak Hall, opp. S.-Y. T. dock.

SARGA TRIAL

Now Receiving the Attention of the Jury and Territorial Court.

SOME VERY GRUESOME EVIDENCE

In the Shape of Charred Human Bones Is Offered

BY PROSECUTION FOR CROWN.

It Has Not Yet Been Decided Whether or Not the Prisoner's Confession Will Be Admitted.

The territorial court was called to order this morning at 10 o'clock, and after a number of motions had been heard having to do with civil cases. The case of Mrs. Margaret Mansen was fixed for hearing on Monday the 17th. C. M. Woodworth appeared for Mrs. Mansen.

After this business had been disposed of the case of John Sarga accused of murder, was called and the following named jurors empaneled to try the case: S. McRae, E. Sears, F. Nicols, M. E. Dugas, Wm. Bradley and W. McIntosh.

The Sarga case has been so fully described from time to time that it needs little or no introduction now, saving to say that John Sarga stands charged with having murdered one Louis Belois on the 2d of July, 1899, on Last Chance creek. He made his escape down the river to Nome, where he was placed under arrest and made a confession to the American authorities. He was taken out to the Sound, and after many delays and the lapse of much time was finally returned to Dawson, where, at his preliminary hearing in the police court, he pleaded not guilty.

After the case had been outlined to the jury by Crown Prosecutor Wade, the jury was retired to give Mr. Wade and Attorney J. F. Smith an opportunity of deciding on the admissibility of Sarga's written confession as evidence.

Attorney Smith argued that inasmuch as it could not be shown that Sarga, owing to his lack of knowledge of English, knew the nature of the document when he signed the instrument, that there was no proof that the confession was made voluntarily, and that the signature was not open to proof at hand. After argument had been heard from both sides Judge Craig reserved decision for the crown and the jury was recalled.

Witness Louie Lagrois was called by the prosecution and testified to having found the charred remains of a human body on claim 26 above on Last Chance. The sack containing the bones previously exhibited in the police court was emptied upon the barrister's table and witness identified certain of the bones as among those he had previously seen or Last Chance. He also identified some of the other things such as cooking utensils, etc.

At this point a window had to be raised on account of the odor arising from the bones. Under examination by the defense the witness testified that

(Continued on Page 4.)

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The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1900

A NATURAL GROWTH.

Confidence in the future of Dawson is written in the actions of every commercial concern in the town. Almost without exception they are increasing plants and adding to their stocks to an extent that indicates an almost incredible expansion of business. This display of confidence is founded upon the very soundest basis. Dawson has been a flourishing camp for three years past in spite of legislative burdens well calculated to sap the life blood from the town. As a business center it has grown and developed in a way which under the circumstances may be considered as being little less than marvelous. That growth has been no more than commensurate with the development of the resources of the country surrounding. The various creeks upon which it has been possible under existing laws for work to be done have been opened up on a scale which proves conclusively that all the confidence which has been shown in the natural wealth of the country is wholly justified.

From year to year the output has increased in amount and value and there is every reason for believing that the maximum will not be reached for years to come.

In addition to hindrances brought about by virtue of adverse legislative enactments, the development of the country has been hindered by reason of other conditions, some of which have seemed almost insurmountable. The cost of freight, the lack of good roads, the severity of the climate, have all been against the miner and his efforts to wrest a portion of the natural resources out of this country.

Yet with all these odds against him, as noted above, the development of the country has steadily continued and each succeeding year has seen a steady increase in the area of working ground.

Now at length there are indications of better things. The territory is to be provided with a system of roads; a public bridge is to be placed across the Klondike; the claim reservation law has been abolished and legislation reducing the royalty and arranging for the conversion of gold dust into currency in a manner equitable to the miner may be anticipated at no great length of time.

It is fair to presume that under favorable legislative conditions the Yukon will advance at a more rapid rate than ever. Certain it is that the country will be able to sustain a larger population than heretofore, and there are evidences to indicate that the number of people in the territory is on the increase.

We believe, therefore, that the evidences of prosperity now so manifest in Dawson are the result of natural conditions purely and simply. The growth which the town is now experiencing is normal and only such as constantly expanding business warrants. That growth should continue without intermission for years to come.

The convention which meets on Saturday of this week will receive the confidence of the people if its actions are such as will warrant the same. Men of

reliability and responsibility must be placed in the field if it is anticipated that they will be given general public support.

It is about time that the many dark horses now flying around should begin to declare themselves. It will get down to a case of "to be or not to be"—a candidate very soon.

The board of school directors of Kansas City has a knotty question presented to it, involved in charges preferred against J. D. Bowser, a colored man who holds the principalship of one of the city schools. Prof. Bowser had saved portions of his salary, with which he bought a residence in an aristocratic portion of the city. Of course, as the professor suspected, the neighbors protested against a "nigger" family residing among them. Then the shrewd colored man offered his property for sale at a handsome advance. It was promptly purchased; then he bought another residence which was followed by another flurry among the "400"; then another sale at an advance over the cost. It is said that during the past two years the thrifty school teacher has made more money out of real estate than most men who operate with ten times his amount of capital. Finally, charges were preferred against Mr. Bowser and the school board has the matter "under advisement." But probably the teacher has discovered by this time that he does not have to teach school for a living. His color is his capital. —Seattle Times.

Americans Stranded in Paris.

Paris, Aug. 25.—No sooner does an American get stranded here than he makes straight for the United States consul general's office, which is simply overwhelmed just at present with penniless individuals clamoring for financial assistance. Discussing the matter today with the Times' correspondent, Consul General Gowdy remarked:

"There has been more applications made to the consulate general here by Americans for financial aid since the exposition opened than during the whole of my previous term of office. There are at least 400 indigent Americans in Paris at this moment. Some of them came here in the honest but delusive hope of making money during the exhibition.

"Then there are thoughtless youths who come here to spend their scanty dollars in a few days. Such, for instance, were young Reynolds of the U. S. S. Baltimore and Charles Fox of the U. S. S. Saratoga, who ran up from Havre to do the exposition, and who didn't have money enough to pay their way back.

"Others have been stranded here because they have been robbed. There is at present in this city a gang of confidence men plying their trade.

"They have left many Americans without a cent. They work what is known as the gold brick racket."

To Withdraw Troops.

New York, Aug. 25.—A special to the Herald from Washington, D. C., says:

Major General Chaffee has recommended that the United States troops now in China be withdrawn so soon as all the Americans in Peking have reached places of safety.

His cable dispatch advising this and accumulating evidence of lack of harmony among the powers were the main subjects of discussion at Friday's cabinet meeting. The president and all the members of the administration are anxious to get the troops out of China at the earliest possible date, but it can be said on authority that there will be no immediate withdrawal of American forces unless there is an immediate change in conditions.

There is a disposition in administration circles to believe that Gen. Chaffee's recommendation was based on military considerations alone and that he did not take political conditions into account when making it, though there is reason to think that his dispatch was sent after consultation with Minister Conger.

Withdrawal of American troops will be considered permissible when restoration of order and obtaining those guarantees for the protection of American life and property contemplated by Secretary Hay's note of July 3 can proceed without their presence.

The withdrawal of the troops will be required if, through the declaration of war against China by one or more of the powers, a condition should arise which would, temporarily at least, interfere with the accomplishment of the objects which the United States had in view in co-operating with other nations.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale.

CURRENT COMMENT

Regarding Gold Dust.

Editor Daily Nugget:
Dear Sir—Having read in your valuable paper the memorial of the Board of Trade of Dawson advocating the reduction of the price of gold dust from \$16 to \$15 per ounce; I wish to say a few words in opposition to this reduction. When I first came to this country gold dust was taken by the companies and everyone then in the district at \$17 per ounce, and it then was not adulterated with black sand. In the spring of '98 all the companies refused to allow more than \$16 per ounce for gold dust taken in trade. What was the result? The miners instead of cleaning the black sand out of their dust as they had been doing, were less particular with the result that they could accept \$16 for their dust and still be making more on their output than they were at \$17 per ounce. And if this \$15 per ounce idea is put in operation the miners will simply add a little more black sand so the end desired will not be attained. To my mind, the only solution of the difficulty is a government assay office, and until such time as an assay office may be established if the merchants or any one receiving gold dust will simply run a magnet through any and all dust before accepting it the people will soon realize that black sand as a medium of exchange is worthless and the adulteration of dust will soon cease.

I have had three different assays of gold dust taken from my claim on Bonanza which average \$16.48 per ounce, so I feel justified in saying that \$16 per ounce is only a fair average value of the dust of the district and I think this valuation should be maintained. If I am not mistaken there is a law in the Dominion of Canada which makes it a criminal offence to in any way adulterate gold dust; and if the Board of Trade will direct their energies toward the enforcement of this law instead of trying to lower the value of gold dust thereby taking away from the already overburdened miner another sixteenth of the proceeds of his property, I think the desired result will be attained.

FRANK BUTEAU.

Australian Laws the Best.

Editor Klondike Nugget:
Dear Sir—I wish you could find space in your valuable paper for these few lines in regard to the Australian and Klondike mining laws. I have traveled the country fully 80 miles from Dawson and no matter which way I traveled the stakes were staring me in the face and no work was done; and what is the cause? This is not the way in Australia. In placering, if the prospector finds nobody on abandoned ground he stakes over and commences work on it. We cannot do that here. There is lots of ground on hillsides and benches on the gold bearing creeks here to my knowledge that would probably make hundreds of the prospectors happy if they had the privilege to prospect and stake; and for instance all this ground that is called concessions. I think that the laws of Canada go on to say a man has to take an oath and swear that it will not average more than three cents to the pan. Now, show me the man that could prospect such big bodies of ground in a life time; for instance, look from the mouth of Hunker to the mouth of Last Chance; this is a large scope of good average ground that would give employment to about 400 men if it was not corralled, and the crown ground on Dominion creek would give lots of work to the miners if it was open for relocation. This is not the way the mining regulations are in Australia, where the miners made good mining laws there and kept them; but here the government closed the main districts from the prospector a year ago the 1st of May—for what cause we cannot understand. They don't do such things in Australia. There were hundreds of people left this camp through its being closed, where it should have brought hundreds more and made one of the best mining districts in the world. I hope there will be a change and have the country opened again.

A MINER.

The Convention Rose to Him.

"Yassir," said Erastus Pinkley. "When I made my appearance in that convention, I was de object of mo' attention dan anybody else in de place. Dey jes' riz up in dar seats when dey saw me comin down de aisle."
"Did you make a speech?"
"No'ndeed; I had a bucket of ice water on a glass."

Would Do for the Boy.

"Why is it you sign your son's name to that article instead of your own?"
"Well, you see, it is intended for a magazine."
"What of that?"
"Why, when the magazine gets around to the point of printing it, I will be too old for it to be of any service to

me, while my boy, who was deemed old enough yesterday to appear in trousers for the first time, ought to be just on the threshold of a literary career, where it may be of some help to him. To my mind where we are weak in literature is in not starting in early enough. A man foolishly tries to make for himself instead of planning to pass the chance on to his children or his grandchildren, who might thus get some sort of a show."—Chicago Post.

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Same old price, 25 cents, for drink at the Regina.

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PACKING....

DAWSON HARDWARE CO.

LEAF FROM CIVIL WAR NOTES

One Time Lee Outgeneraled the Federals.

A Fearful Charge of 500 Union Soldiers From Which Only 50 Ever Came Out Alive.

Lee was moving to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The mountains hid his marching columns from sight of the Federals, and at every gap in the Blue Ridge he left a force with instructions to hold out to the last and give him all the time possible to reach and cross the Potomac. It was the aim of the Federals to break through at some point and penetrate his movement, and there was fighting on every mountain trail and at the mouth of every mountain gap. The major general had said to the brigadier who was ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare gap:

"I do not know how many Confederates are holding that gap, but be the number 500 or 10,000 you must break through. That is the order—break through. If only one man of your command is left alive, he will bring us the news we want."

And the major general on the Confederate side had said to the brigadier: "You will detach one regiment of your command to hold Thoroughfare gap. It must be held against the Federals for three days. We can spare only a single regiment. If there is but one man left alive at the end of that time, he will follow on and overtake us."

A narrow wagon road, twisting and turning between walls from 20 to 100 feet high, with alternate spots of sunshine and gloom—that was Thoroughfare gap. As the skeleton regiment of 500 Confederates entered it and pressed forward to its western mouth, its ruggedness and gloomy solemnity brought a feeling of awe. It reminded them of a tomb, and they shuddered to think of dying in the semi-darkness. Two big pieces rolled along with the regiment of infantry, and the jar of the heavy wheels loosened a stone now and then to come clattering down from far above. When a blue brigade came clattering up, it was to find the 500 in possession and the position one which the dullest private must see was well nigh impregnable. Every hour was worth a thousand lives to the Federal army, and the Federal brigadier lost no time in beginning the attack. In the open he would have gobbled up that skeleton regiment at a dash. Behind a rocky wall hastily thrown up, with no way to get at the enemy except in front, his surplus of men did not count. At the sound of bugles they dashed forward with cheers, but not a man got within five rods of the wall. Grape and canister and bullets tore the lines to pieces. It was tried again and again. The orders were to break through the gap. A thousand dead and wounded would be a cheap price for the information to be had at the other end. Artillery was brought forward to batter down the wall, but it could not be placed to advantage. The pieces had only been fired once when their crews lay dead or wounded and the carriages were shattered. The Federal brigadier rode back and forth and stormed and swore and almost wept.

"Whether 500 or 10,000, you must break through!" were the orders, and if he failed to carry them out his career as a soldier was at an end. An army of 200,000 men was waiting to checkmate Lee. A whole nation was waiting to hear the splash of Confederate feet in the waters of the Potomac. The men in blue could hardly form company in the mouth of that defile. A charge against the wall meant death to every other man, but they formed up and charged and cheered and died. After half a day of bloody fighting the Federal brigadier rested. He was still bleeding from a wound when he opened a dispatch and read:

"You have one of the best brigades in the corps, and its certain you are opposed by only a handful of Confederates. By 9 o'clock in the morning you must have authentic news of Lee." The brigadier had sacrificed 600 men that day, and he could not believe the Confederate loss to be over 50. There was but one way to reach them on the morrow—over that stone wall. He would drive them or die with the last man. There was no jollity in the Federal camp that night. Men will sing or joke as they swing into battle line in the open, but these men peered into the darkness of the gap and thought of the dead in front of the stone wall and spoke to each other in whispers. It was a brave sight to see them swing into line as the sun gilded the trees tops.

Every face had his pallor, and every eye looked into the midst of death, but there was no lagging or faltering. You saw them tightening their belts and setting their jaws as they waited, and you held your breath for the signal which was to send them to death.

On the other side of the stone wall there was no exultation. The dead and the wounded were comparatively few, but every hour would add to the number, and only one day of the three had passed. The colonel knew what was coming and prepared for it. When the blue lines ten deep, came dashing forward, they met with such a hail of iron and lead that the first three or four were blotted off the face of the earth. Then, under the smoke cloud, some of them wounded and all desperate, the other lines crept forward, and the wall was reached. It was a hand to hand fight now, and every man was a devil, and after a quarter of an hour of bloody fighting the Federals held the position. The dead lay three deep below the wall, but the living stood upon its crest and cheered and cheered again. But the cheering soon died away in growls and oaths. A quarter of a mile above, at the bend of the ravine, there was another stone wall, and the Confederates had simply withdrawn to the new position. They had lost 150 men, but the Federal brigade was no longer a brigade. It lacked a full regiment. That night the brigadier had another wound, and again there were orders from the major general:

"We must have news of Lee at every hazard. Unless you break through at once your resignation will be accepted."

A dark and narrow ravine, up which only eight men abreast could make their way at once; at the turn a stone wall, defended by two guns; behind the guns the muskets of the infantry. "You must break through," repeated the brigadier over and over again. He knew that he could not do it. He knew that the best he could do was to pile up more dead in the dark ravine. When morning came, he stood on a knoll and looked down upon the sun bronzed and waiting veterans, and it was like a knife in his heart to give the order to attack. A single bugle call, and the column dashed forward. There was never a cheer nor a shout. Men who feel they are going to certain death do not cheer. They draw a long breath, choke back the gasp in the throat and rush forward with heads down. In ten minutes it was all over. The wall had been reached and fought over, but it could not be held. As the last few living Federals came limping back the brigadier sat down and wept. Orders, orders! And yet he felt himself a murderer. More Confederates had fallen, but the force was yet strong enough to hold the gap. If he could not carry it, he would be disgraced. Like the brave man he was, he took the one way out of it. At high noon the column was formed again, and the brigadier put himself at the head of it. Officers groaned and privates murmured to see him there, but he was firm. He led in the dark—he was the first to reach the wall—he mounted it and cheered his men in the fight which won it. But when it was won he lay among the dead, and the Confederates retired less than half a mile to a third wall. Two days had passed, and yet the Federals had not broken through. Then another brigade came marching up, and there was another brigadier to take command. He saw the situation as the dead general had seen it, but he had less feeling. Column after column was formed up and dashed against the third wall and driven back, but in the end he won. It was 20 lives for one every time, but under his orders he could have doubled the sacrifice.

At dusk on the evening of the third day the last Confederate infantryman had passed the gap on his way to the Potomac, and the head of the column was in Pennsylvania. Lee had played his card and won. Not a gap had been carried, and the news of his whereabouts had come from other sources. There was a last stone wall in Thoroughfare gap. Behind it 100 Confederates crouched and waited. Their two field pieces were useless for the want of ammunition, and their muskets were alone to be depended on. As the sinking sun filled the ravine with deeper gloom 500 Federals made a last charge. They had to tread the dead under foot to do it. That was the fourth charge of the day, and it was checked as the others had been. It simply meant more dead and wounded to choke that narrow way. Hundreds had been dragged out, but hundreds still remained. When night came down, 50 men with powder stained faces, who had scarcely broken their fast or closed their eyes for 70 hours, silently marched out of the gap and headed for the north in the wake of the invading army. There was no colonel, no captains, no lieutenants. A sergeant commanded the regiment remnant, and his command was:

"Out of h—ll and into Pennsylvania—forward—march!"

And when the long night had passed and daylight came again the Federals found the stone wall undefended and clambered over it and ran to the mouth of the gap to shout to each other:

"Lee has passed, and we are too late!"

Had a Kick Coming.

A man with a week's growth of beard on his chin and a fierce gleam in his eye stepped up to one of the windows in the postoffice and asked the clerk:

"Is this the registry department?"

"Yes," replied the clerk.

"I want to register a kick."

"Say, don't get—"

"I've got a 10 cent stamp that's never been used, and it's as good as new. I wanted to trade it for five 2 cent stamps at that window back there, and the fellow won't take it. A 10 cent stamp ain't no use to me. The government won't be out nothin', I says."

"You can sell it again, and"

"You needn't waste any of your time talking to me about it. He's got his orders, and you can't"

"I ain't wastin' any of my time. I've got lots of it. I say it's a durned shame if the United States won't redeem its own"

"Will you stand aside and let those other"

"No, I won't stand aside. I'm goin' to get in my kick. When a government can't afford to make an even trade on a 10 cent stamp, I say it's gettin' mighty thunderin'"

"I told you once"

"I offered to take 9 cents and call it even if he'd let it go that way. I won't stand and chaffer over a cent. He wouldn't do that either. He knows I can't use a 10 cent stamp, but he thinks I have got to use 2 cent stamps and I'll have to buy 'em. I'll fool him on that. You see if I don't. If a good citizen is goin' to be treated this way by the government of these United States and the men it puts in office, I'll be durned if I ever buy another postage stamp as long as I live, so help me Captain Streeter! It's the durnedest, littles piece of business I ever"

And he was still registering his kick in impassioned language when the uniformed floorwalker led him away.

A Smart Boy.

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother, "why did you not come when I called you the first time?"

"Because I did not hear you till you called the third time," said little Willie.

The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how, she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second?

"I know it was the third time, mamma," little Willie hastened to explain, "'cause you sounded so mad."

She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could buster up a poor story with a better one was not doomed to remain in obscurity.

Work Ahead.

"What's this?" exclaimed the division superintendent. "Here's an application from the station agent at New Era for eight assistant baggage smashers. The man must be crazy. I don't believe a trunk has been put off at that place for six months."

"But you know," his chief clerk explained, "that the State Federation of Women's Clubs is to be held there next Thursday and Friday." — Chicago Times-Herald.

A Quiet Wedding Last Night.

Last evening, in a cabin near the McDonald hotel, Mr. James Frazer McDonald, the genial and popular clerk of the McDonald hotel, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mina Caroline Trakell, of Kansas City, Kan. The Rev. Grant, of the Presbyterian church performed the ceremony, and Mrs. Phiscator and Dr. Thompson were the bridesmaid and groom's best man. There were present besides these Mrs. Roberts, Colon McDonald, F. Phiscator and Attorney Dan McKinnon. The ceremony took place at 10 o'clock, and immediately after the party repaired to the hotel where a quiet, though very pleasant, supper was served.

Mr. McDonald is well and favorably known here and counts his friends by the score, consequently the happy couple may expect to be subject to a deluge of congratulations from the many who wish them prosperity and happiness.

Whiskies at wholesale at the Northern Annex. Rosenthal & Field, props.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

The liquors are the best to be had at the Regina.

Heavy underwear at Oak Hall.

Meals at all hours. The Criterion.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Table d'hote dinners. The Holborn.

Special Values!

We are offering great values on all our Summer and Fall Suits, Trousers, Hats, FURNISHINGS, ETC.

WE MUST HAVE ROOM

We are now expecting large consignments of goods for Fall and Winter, and we will offer special inducements to purchasers on all our light weight goods.

HERSHBERG

THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS.
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE C. D. CO. DOCK FRONT STREET



DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

He'll get through all right. He bought his outfit at

RYAN'S

Front Street, Opp. S-Y. T. Co. Dock

Quick Action By Phone

Use the Phone and Get an Immediate Answer. You Can Afford It Now.

Rates to Subscribers, \$30 per Month. Rates to Non-Subscribers: Magnet Gulch \$1.00 per message; Forks, \$1.50; Dome, \$2.00; Dominion, \$3. One-Half rate to Subscribers.

Office Telephone Exchange Next to A. C. Office Building.
Donald B. Olson General Manager

Hay and Feed

500 TONS.

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery. The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD, WAREHOUSEMEN.

Dry Goods And Millinery

At Our New Store, Next Door to Germain's Restaurant.

See Our Stock and Compare Prices. SUMMERS & ORRELL SECOND AVE.

We Are Prepared to Make Winter Contracts for

COAL

And to insure your supply would advise that contracts be made early. Our COAL is giving the best of satisfaction, and will not cost as much as wood, having the advantage of being less bulky than wood—no sparks—reducing fire risks; no creosote to destroy stovepipe, and the fire risk you take in having defective work caused by the creosote is great. Call and see us.

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A Gentleman's Resort,
Over Bonanza Saloon
Club Rooms and Bar
Finest Liquors in the City.
Old Crow 1890 a Specialty
MURRAY, O'BRIEN & MARCHBANK

ORR & TUKEY'S

STAGE
Daily Each Way
To Grand Forks

Kearney & Kearney

AURORA DOCK. Telephone 31

Freighting and Teaming

Goods delivered at the Forks, Eldorado and Upper Bonanza creeks.

Rates Reasonable... Satisfaction Guaranteed

GOODS HANDLED WITH CARE ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

Leaves Forks	at 8 a. m.
Arrive at Dawson	12:30 p. m.
Leave Dawson	at 3 p. m.
Arrive at Forks	7 p. m.

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

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TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

Str. Gold Star

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Leaves Yukon Dock, Flaking Regular Trips to Whitehorse.
A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Courtous treatment.
Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

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MY STOCK OF CLOTHING IS COMING FAST.

SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, ETC.
WOOL SOX, ARCTIC SOX, MOCCASINS, GLOVES, MITTS, Etc.

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FRONT STREET, Dawson
Next to Holborn Cafe.

HOTEL DONOVAN.

A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE
AT MODERATE PRICES
American and European Plans
THIRD AVENUE AND SECOND STREET
GIBSON & JUWEL, Props.

THE STANDARD'S BIG OPENING

Last Night Was to Large and Delighted Audience.

Managers of New House Are Congratulated—Savoy's Weak Cast Fails to Please.

"A Tragedy" at the Standard last evening called for an exceedingly full house, and although some little delay occurred before the curtain went up owing to some hitch in the scenic arrangements, but this was overlooked by the audience which was in full sympathy with management, and besides Leroy Tozier filled in the time with an extemporaneous speech, and then the play went merrily on without a hitch from beginning to end, and if a Dawson audience ever got its money's worth of laugh that one did.

The actors were all sour doughs, so nothing need be said of their work beyond the fact that they were up to their usual standard of excellence. The piece itself is artistically funny, and clean, and the management announced last evening that no other kind of entertainment would be permitted in the Standard.

The plot of "Tragedy" is this: Mr. Gregory Grayson, a barrister, writes a tragedy. At the last moment before its production the heavy character meets with an accident, and Mr. Burbage, a heavy character actor who has seen better days is engaged to take his place. Mrs. Mumford Merry, who has a jealous husband, is to play the lead, and before going to the theater is discovered in the office of the author by his jealous wife and her somewhat inquisitive mother, who, together with Mr. Merry, the office clerk and others overhear a reading of a part of the play, and mistake it for a plot to murder pretty nearly everyone in town.

The office clerk, in an effort to accommodate the eavesdropping mother-in-law, puts her in a large safe, and afterwards finding the door shut and not having the combination, he believes her smothered to death and goes nearly insane with fear and remorse. Mr. Grayson makes his escape from the infuriated audience dressed in tights and an ulster, and his clothes being found by an over-credulous Scotland yard man, he is supposed to have been drowned, and about every one in the cast is at one time or another under arrest or in jail, and Grayson is at length arrested and charged with having murdered himself, and is told to prove that he is living.

A general explanation takes place at the close and of course it all comes out right, but some of the situations have just enough of the serious in them to be ludicrous in the extreme.

The show at the Standard is worth the price of admission surely.

The Savoy opens the week with a weak program. With the exception of John Flynn's burlesque, "Me and Jack," which serves to relieve the monotony of the program the time of the audience is taken up with a mixture of music and alleged music which grows very tiresome before the end is reached.

It would look as though a company that essays to entertain by singing alone would have more than three or four fair singers, which the Savoy company has not. Madame Lloyd is very good, although she failed to receive an encore on either of her appearances last night. Walthers and Forest are accomplished duetists, and but for a superabundance of rouge which completely obliterates all facial expression that would otherwise add to the strength of the renditions. Walthers and Forest secured the first encore of the evening. Of the other female singers a number of them have in their voices music similar to that made by a boy who runs along a picket fence with a stick in his hand. As a coon shouter Madge Melville has a fair dialect, but lacks the "nigger limber." Bryant & Onslow, the brutal brothers, are very good "In Our Back Yard," and their stagework afterwards is also clever and amusing.

On the whole the Savoy people are not good entertainers; as only once or twice last night did the audience evince any degree of enthusiasm whatever. New features must be injected into the bill of fare before the performance at the Savoy is up to the standard to which even the people of Dawson are accustomed.

THE SARGA TRIAL.

(Continued from page 1.)

the place where he had found the bones had the appearance of having been some sort of a shelter or canopy having been temporarily used by some one, and

that the bones had been badly charred and somewhat scattered.

D. Lacert was called by the prosecution and testified that he was a miner living on Last Chance, that he had been engaged in cutting hay in the vicinity of the place where the gruesome exhibits were found and, that the bones had been somewhat scattered when he saw them, and that this might have been due to dogs having been among them. He had seen his own dog chewing on one of the bones and had made him leave it. He also identified certain of the bones and other articles as being the same he had seen at the time of their discovery. "I know this piece of bone," he said picking up a piece of bone from the revolting heap, "because of the dried-meat attached to it."

At the conclusion of this witness' testimony court adjourned till 2 p. m.

When court opened after the noon recess, Godfrey Talbot was called to the witness stand and testified, through Deputy Sheriff Longpre (as he could not speak English), that he had been among those who discovered the bones in question, and that others had thought at first that they were the bones of a dog, but that he had recognized the jaw bone as being that of a man. When shown the bones he said they looked like what he had seen at the time, but could not swear to their identity positively. He finally did, however, identify positively several bones.

Carl Hense was the next witness called and testified that Bellois had worked for him from July to February '99, and that Bellois and Sarga had then appeared to be friends.

All through the proceedings, while the bones were being examined, Sarga looked on impassively and never betrayed in any way that he had more than passing interest in what was going on about him.

DOWN TO EARTH.

Proving That Hunger Is a Base Enemy to Things Romantic.

They had just become engaged and acted like husband and wife, while basking in the honeymoon.

"I tell you, pet," he said after a long and pleasant seance in the parlor, "tomorrow we will go down to the finest hotel in the city and have dinner. You wear that gray dress that has such a pile of fluffy stuff. I'll put on my best bib and tucker, and we're bound to make a hit."

"Oh, you dear old darling! Do you know, I have a mania for swell hotels. When we get rich, we'll live in them, north in the summer and south in the winter, won't we?"

"Y-e-s, of course. Certainly. What you prefer will be my delight, you know. But let's think of tomorrow now. We'll make it a red letter day and a celebration."

They went into the dining room after scores of guests had assembled, and they did make a stunning appearance. The hum of conversation was stilled, diners nudged each other, and she felt that her heart was growing faint while he enjoyed the unmistakable evidence that they were taken as bride and groom. They were received at a separate table with a flourish. The waiter in charge looked important, put on the high touches of a cake walk as he seated them, and then leaned over her shoulder as though her order was a matter of the strictest confidence. Poor girl, she knew as well as did the waiter that their table had concentrated all eyes. The menu showed her as much as a blank piece of paper. It was rich in good things, but it did not convey an idea to her perturbed brain.

"What shall I bring yo' fus, m' lady?"

She swallowed rapidly, blushed rapidly, wished that she was at home and then said in a low but steady voice: "I'm not quite in appetite today. Bring me some ham and eggs."—Detroit Free Press.

A Well Trained Boy.

Mr. Godfather had brought up his son according to the good old model which teaches that children shall be seen and not heard, say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and respect their elders. When Johnnie went to college, he arranged with his father that on his arrival there, if he found everything satisfactory, he would telegraph "Yes." When the telegram arrived, the busy father had forgotten what "Yes" referred to, so he wired back, "Yes what?" and Johnnie answered, "Yes, sir."—London King.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Notice.

Harry Kearns will remove his vats from the premises of the British-American Brewing Company. If same is not removed prior to September 10th of next month they will be sold to defray expenses.

BRITISH-AMERICAN BEWING CO. By their Attorney, J. C. M'COOK.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Fine tweed tailor-made suits. McCandless Bros., opp. S-Y. T. dock.

BRIEF MENTION.

G. M. Buckton is stopping at the Regina.

The territorial court callendar is crowded this week.

Jas. A. Orchard, of Portland, Or., is registered at the Fairview.

Mrs. Cameron, of Gold Bottom, is in town for a few days and is stopping at the Donovan.

Mrs. E. J. White and little daughter Lena, will leave on the Zealandian for a three weeks' visit in Skagway.

Geo. Reed has succeeded in bringing back to the public landing a number of scows and log rafts which went past the town this time last week. They were caught at Moosehide and turned back and are now waiting to be claimed by their owners.

The Monte Carlo Club was opened to the public on Saturday night. The opening affair was a distinct success and was liberally patronized by the best people in town. The Monte Carlo will be a popular resort for business and professional men during the winter.

F. B. Millard, a San Francisco newspaper man who spent some time in Dawson during July, writes to the Examiner from Nome that he thought Dawson was sufficiently dirty; that in his opinion Grand Forks had the worst smell with which, at that time, he had ever come in contact, but that neither Dawson nor Grand Forks could be compared with Nome, which he designated as probably the filthiest spot on earth.

A HOP FIEND'S DREAM.

A hop fiend went on a weary stroll, Looking for a guy that he could roll; For he had not smoked for a whole long day— He was barred from the joint he could not pay. He strolled along with the yen yen bad, 'Till he struck a friend who money had; He touched him quick, and off he flew, To cop the hop from the "Chinks" bamboo. He smoked, and smoked away, And thought of the riches he would have some day.

He talked of his friends and roasted all, For a fiend that won't roast is no fiend at all. He finally into a sweet sleep fell; And dreamed of all the pieces but hell; He dreamed sweet dreams of untold wealth, Of all the dough he could cop by pelf. He dreamed of diamonds and riches rare, And of the suckers he could ensnare. He was worth a million in nickels and dimes And counted them over a thousand times. He owned houses and lots and cattle and sheep And a million ships that sailed on the deep. He was king of the world whom all obeyed, And was in the most costly garments arrayed— Had a thousand wives so pretty and rare, All dressed in the finest, with golden hair; A billion servants who stood at his call, For Aladdin's palace wasn't in it at all. He kept on dreaming till he had awoke, Only to find he had run out of dope.

When Ignorance Is Bliss.

Fudge—Do you believe in love at first sight?

Budge—Cert. It is then that neither party knows what kind of a person the other is. Why shouldn't they fall in love?—Boston Transcript.

Premature.

"Did you ever try mud baths for your rheumatism?"

"No. I once ran for a political office, but that was before rheumatism had asserted itself."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Gins and brandies by the bottle or case at Northern Annex.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

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LAWYERS
BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 building, Front St., Dawson.

ALEX HOWDEN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, etc. Criminal & Mining Law, Room 21 A. C. Co's office Block.

AUGUSTE NOEL, Advocate, etc., Mission St., Dawson.

HENRY BLECKER & FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLECKER AND DE JOURNEL, Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

BELOUIS MCDUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, conveyancers, etc.—Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2, Chisholm Block, Dawson. Special attention given to parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C., M. E., Frank J. McDougal, John P. Smith.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries Conveyancers, &c. Offices, First Ave.

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors; Advocates; Notaries Public; Conveyancers Telephone No. 22. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, 3, Orpheum Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co. hardware store, First avenue.

ASSAYERS.

JOHN B. WARDEN, F. I. C.—Assayer for Bank of British North America. Gold dust melted and assayed. Assays made of quartz and black sand. Analyses of ores and coal.

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.

GEORGE EDWARDS, C. E., Dominion Land Surveyor, cor. Fourth street south and Fifth avenue.

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DR. HALLVARD, LEE—Crown and bridge work. Gold, aluminum or rubber plates. All work guaranteed. Room 7, Golden's Exchange Building.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished, the house formerly occupied by Colonel Bowie. Address A. G. Smith, Orpheum Block.

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Hardware, Bicycles, Guns, Etc.

"HIGH - GRADE GOODS."

S-Y.T. Co. We are now prepared to fill orders in any quantity for merchandise of this year's shipment, our boats having arrived with immense consignments of S-Y. T. Co.'s goods. ...The Mines Outfitted or the Family Supplied.

S-Y. T. CO., Second Avenue.

LATEST ARRIVALS

NEW SUIT DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits and Separate Skirts, Underskirts in Silk Moreen or Satin, Fluslin Underwear and Wrappers,

A. E. CO. American Made, New Styles

Fall and Winter UNDERWEAR

AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND CANADIAN MAKE IN CASHMERES FRENCH RIBBED WOOL FLEECE LINED CALIFORNIA MISSION FLANNEL ALL SIZES, COLORS AND QUANTITIES

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HOLME, MILLER & CO.,

Boilers, Engines, Hoists, Pumps, Ejectors, Pulsometers, Stoves and Ranges...

TIN SHOP. NEW STOCK. FIRST AVENUE

The Standard WILL GET THE COIN.

SEE... THE NEW THEATRE

ALL THIS WEEK The Laughable 3-Act Farce Comedy

Tragedy!

A Powerful Cast and Full Scenic Effects, and a Big Vaudeville Show; also Jim-Fost's Comedy

THE ARRIVAL OF FITZSIMMONS!

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All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First-Quality.

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Third Street, Opposite Pavilion DAWSON

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.

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The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people: in town and out of town; on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper.

Dawson—Merchants Aghast at A. S. Levine's Plunge.

The books of the W. P. Y. R. show a recent entry for freight payment of \$33,000. This sum represented the amount paid for one consignment of goods by a local dealer. The magnitude of the amount started a Nugget man on an investigation into the facts relative to the payment of such a large sum of money. The information obtained makes interesting reading, showing as it does the phenomenal enterprise of a concern which but a year ago occupied the most unpretentious position in mercantile circles.

It being learned that the genial proprietor of the Star Clothing Louse, Mr. A. S. Levine, was at the back of the big shipment he was found at his store on First avenue and the following statement obtained from him:

"You can say," said Mr. Levine, "that the goods you refer to and on which the sum of \$33,000 was paid, is consigned to my store and from this store all this immense shipment will be sold. I realize that it will crowd us to dispose of them all in the stipulated time, 60 days, but I have made up my mind to put the prices on all these goods to a margin of profit which will but pay for the handling."

When a ked what character of goods he was selling and the prices asked Mr. Levine answered:

"Take moccasins as an example; we have a stock worth \$8000 in this article alone. These moccasins are hand-sewed with waxed threads and are exceptionally well made. I will sell these goods at \$2.50 a pair by one or 100 pairs."

Opening a case marked "Furs," Mr. Levine took out a well-made fur cap and showing it to the scribe said:

"Here is a cap I am going to sell for \$3.50; the same cannot be obtained anywhere for less than \$8 in Dawson. I have sold the same caps last season as high as \$12.50. The same applies to our clothing. I can sell a man as good a suit of clothes as he can get anywhere in the States and at the same price as if he bought in any of the coast cities. I have not unpacked our overcoats yet, but they compare favorably with the swell winter wear in the Eastern cities, particularly our Meltons. When I put those on sale, the price will surprise the old timers. I have an assortment of felt shoes the finest obtainable and case after case of underwear, Levi Strauss' overalls, shirts, top boots, gloves and mittens, shirts, both under and overshirts; in fact the Star Clothing House is out for business and we will handle a large amount of money in the next 60 days."

As the reporter looked at the piles of goods and made a hurried calculation he could, but admit that such would be the case.

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