

Vol. 3—No. 164

DAWSON, Y. T., TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

SEATTLE GOT MERRY HA-HA

From Harry Tracy, the Escaped Convict

Who Gags People at Will, Taking Their Provisions and Clothing.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, July 8.—The Oregon convict, Harry Tracy, laughed at all the devices of Seattle to capture him, and although ambushes were set at all places Sheriff Cudibee considered likely, and although many roads were patrolled by guards armed with Winchester, Tracy defied all efforts and escaped from the vicinity of the sound city to Port Madison, where he bound and gagged four people, cooked and ate a meal, changed his dress and pressed a man to row him down the sound. The impression is that he is, in the wild forests of North Washington, perhaps in the neighborhood of Hood canal, and it will be difficult to get him. He stole four days' supply of food from a farmer and took the stuff on a boat in which he escaped.

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

The Ladue

Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

We have made a large number of tests and are ready to make others.

We will have the best plant money will buy and guarantee all our work in this mill and also in the

Assay Office

Decorations and Just in.

DES BRISAY & CO.

Successors to MILNE. Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Outfitters

We take pleasure in announcing that we have bought out MR. CHAS. MILNE, the Good Goods Trader, and hope to have the same liberal support as our predecessor. We know our business in all its details and shall make it our aim to please the General Public by Quality and Prices, prompt attention and courteous treatment. Just receiving 13 Carloads of the finest Canned Fruits and Vegetables. Let's figure with you for any quantity. Glad to see you.

M. DES BRISAY & CO. Telephone 79. P. O. Box 282

Buckboards, Buggies, Bain Wagons.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



THE BOY: "YOU OVERLOOKED A FEW POINTS IN FRAMING YOUR ORDINANCES, GOVERNOR."

Died Yesterday

A. B. Lamaurean, aged 54 years and a native of St. Johns, N. B., a carpenter by trade, died of pneumonia at the Good Samaritan hospital yesterday afternoon.

The remains were cared for by Brimstone & Stewart. No arrangements has as yet been made for the funeral.

McLean-Payne

Miss May McLean and Fred. W. Payne were married last evening, the Rev. A. S. Grant performing the ceremony which made the two man

local commercial circles and among the coast newspaper fraternity.

He has been in Dawson for several years and is one of the city's bright, hustling business men. The bride is also well known in Dawson. Their many friends will join in wishing them unalloyed happiness.

Intense Heat

Chicago, July 8.—Intense heat in the eastern states is causing many prostrations. Six are reported dead at Pittsburg.

FOR SALE cheap—six room house and lot, Second avenue, between Princess and Queen. Inquire A. C. Sign Co.

A WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

Is the direct cause of many a death, but simply because a doctor makes a mistake is no reason that you should do likewise. If you keep your system in proper order you will never need a doctor. A torpid liver is the direct cause of more complaints than any other part of the human anatomy. To keep this organ in a good, healthy condition you should always keep a good liver pill in the house to be taken when occasion requires. Cribbs, the druggist, has a large stock on hand including Ayer's, Carter's, Pierce's, Beecham's, etc., just received, which he is offering at virtually outside prices—50 cents per box.

CRIBBS, The Druggist

King St., next to Post Office.

REMOVAL NOTICE Mrs. Dr. Slayton PALMIST AND PHRENOLOGIST Has removed to Second Avenue, over Vienna Bakery, near King Street. Hours 10 to 10.

Shoff's Worm Cure

FOR DOGS... It Never Fails...

PIONEER DRUG STORE

MOVED... The Dawson Dental Parlors have removed to their new location in the Portland Bldg., cor. 2nd Avenue and Third St. Call and get our prices.

WATER FRONT NOTES.

The Yukoner arrives yesterday afternoon on her first trip of the season, loaded down with freight and a good list of passengers. This season she has been supplied with new boilers of increased capacity and she now ranks with the fastest boats on the up river run. Her passenger list included the following: C. W. Hockett, L. M. De Gex and P. F. Scharschmidt to lower Lebarge, E. O. Sylvester, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parsons, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. De Succi, Miss De Succi, J. S. Macaulay, Miss Macaulay, Thos. Burgess, E. D. Madison, Inspector Jarvis and Mrs. Nida. Twelve hours from the time the Yukoner tied up at her dock she had her freight discharged and was ready to leave again, getting away this morning at 4 o'clock. Her passengers for the outside were: Jan. W. Moore, A. Muir, S. W. McMichael, F. S. Beaton, Miss Lucy Lovell, Mr. T. B. Rooney, Mrs. Rooney, Mrs. H. Te Roller and Manly, Rae and Lois Te Roller, Ray Southard, Mrs. Ray Southard, H. Isaacs, Ralph Boyker, Tom F. Swenson, P. W. Taylor, C. Brown, W. H. Wright, Arthur James, A. D. Williams, M. C. Fitzmorris, Mrs. S. V. Bacon, J. E. Bogart, J. V. Bogart, Mrs. J. V. Bogart, H. Sibbe, Thos. Cartwright, Chas. Anderson, Mrs. W. W. Woodworth, J. J. Putraw, H. Chambers, D. A. Macrae, L. B. Caron, T. O. Harding and James Hart.

The popular little steamer La France will arrive Saturday from up river and will leave shortly afterward for an excursion up the Pelly and McMillan rivers. Among those who have already engaged passage and who will enjoy an outing are the school teachers of the city and vicinity who are planning to spend their vacation in the section which has not yet experienced the refining influences of civilization.

Ship carpenters are crowding to completion the work on the Thistle and the lower hull will be ready for the painters by tomorrow.

The steamer Dawson returned from Fortymile this morning, making the run in record time. She left the lower port at 1:15 p.m. and arrived here at 8 o'clock, covering the distance in 6 hours and 45 minutes. Mr. Rogers made the trip down and back accompanied by Mrs. Rogers and their daughter.

Both the Whitehorse and Bonanza King left Whitehorse last evening at 9 o'clock and should arrive tomorrow morning.

The first N. C. boat to report from the lower river this season is the Leah which passed Eagle with a barge in tow last night. Where the large boats are or what is detaining them can only be conjectured. The Sarah has been expected for the past week. The Leah left St. Michael ahead of the Powers which got in last week, but on account of having the barge in tow the latter arrived first.

Ninth Week of Strike.

Pittsburg, July 8.—The ninth week of the anthracite coal miners' strike began today and the annual convention of miners opened at Naticoke. President Mitchell's sudden departure to New York caused speculation but no information can be had as to the exact purpose of the trip save that he went to confer with labor leaders.

Chamberlain Injured

London, July 8.—Joseph Chamberlain was injured in a cab accident at White Hall. His injuries were dressed at Charing Cross Hospital and are not very serious.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be exceeded this side of San Francisco.

HEARING GAMBLING

Cases Today Before Mr. Justice Craig

Public Interest Has Apparently Died Out—Few Spectators in Court.

Interest in the gambling cases, judging from the attendance in court this morning has somewhat abated. There were scarcely a dozen persons on hand outside of those who had been subpoenaed as jurors or witnesses. The first case taken up was that against John Marshbank, who was charged with maintaining a disorderly house by permitting gambling to be carried on therein. But little time was required in empanelling a jury which consists of J. Newton Story, Wm. Muir, John McDonald, Grant Murdoch, James Haddock and Alex. Cutts. At 3 o'clock this afternoon the crown was still laboring with its case, the only witnesses being examined being George De Lion, Sergeant Smith, Constable Stewart, Constable Egan and John Ross. No sensational features developed, the evidence so far adduced being confined principally to establishing the character of the house in question and the facts pertaining to the raid. It is thought the case will occupy the entire day and in the event of a conviction not being secured it is quite possible that the case against Hinet will be dismissed. The trial is being held before Mr. Justice Craig, Mr. Hagel, K. C., appearing for the defendant and Mr. Congdon for the crown.

Alaskan Officers.

Seattle, July 8.—Among the officers going north is Lieut. J. H. Wilson, who will go to Nome with a detachment of the Eighth Infantry. Lieut. Wilson returned a short while ago from the Philippines. Lieut. Thomas S. Mooreman, now at Fort Lawton, will sail for the station at Fort St. Michael.

Nobleman A. Miner.

Seattle, July 8.—Count Du Parc, a French nobleman of an old house, is in Seattle on his way to Alaska for the third time, to continue mining operations in the interior from Nome with him in Alaska mining ventures is Col. Head of San Francisco.

The Coronation

London, July 8.—The king will be crowned between August 11th and 15th. His recovery has been so rapid that this decision was some curtailed.

For Fall Session.

London, July 7.—A. J. Balfour has announced that an autumn session of the British commons is necessary. It will start about the middle of October. The house will adjourn early in August.

Advertisement for SARGENT & PINSKA. Text: 'Dress for Hot Weather Our line of summer underwear is unexcelled. Hats Danlap, Gordon, Setson. Latest Styles and Shades. Examine our SHOES—New consignment of Banster, Keith and Staters just received.—All Leaders. SARGENT & PINSKA Second Avenue'.

The Klondike Nugget

(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 \$3.00 Single copies 10c

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical 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, Banker, Dominion, Gold Run.

TUESDAY, JULY 8, 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.

Orpheum-Burlesque and Vaudeville.

ROAD DRAINAGE.

A recent report issued by the Ontario commissioner of highways contains a fund of valuable information, which should prove of great assistance in the work of laying out roads for this territory.

As has been brought forward in these columns on numerous occasions the difficulties which are invariably experienced with the local roads in the spring and fall, is due largely to lack of proper drainage.

Specific instances might be cited where roads have been built along side hills with practically no provision made for drainage.

The importance of drainage cannot be too thoroughly impressed. Clay in thick beds, when dry, will support from four to six tons per square foot of surface, according to the quality of the clay.

In a like manner several letters are wholly banished from their language, chiefly those which contain the sound of "shun."

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate.

The women of Dawson will be given a daily benefit during July on the occasion of our MID-SUMMER SALE OF WHITE GOODS.

White and Figured Muslin Dresses, Tucked Waist, Flounced Skirt, daintily trimmed in ribbon and lace effects, \$11.00

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

J. P. McLENNAN, 233 First Avenue. Telephone, 101-B

tion thus resolves itself into a question of under-drainage, and the means whereby proper under-drainage is obtained must be adapted to the manner in which water finds its way under the road, and the nature of the soil.

When the announcement was first made that parliament had granted to the Yukon territory the right of electing a member, the Nugget urged that the election be brought on before the approach of cold weather.

We are still of the same opinion. The election is certain to be a hotly contested affair, and upon its result will hinge many things of vital importance to the welfare of the community.

It must not be forgotten that the up river districts are entitled to participate in the election and for that reason, if for no other it should take place before the boats cease running.

It seems remarkable that the bill which authorized the election failed to name the specific date upon which it is to take place.

Joseph should be made grand master of an independent order of apologists.

Cursed Words of the Yezidees. The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, are perhaps the only people in the world which consider certain letters, words and phrases as being cursed and the person who pronounces them a worthy subject for immediate destruction.

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STOWAWAY'S ADVENTURES

Austrian Lad Lands in New York

After Traveling Upwards of 15000 Miles—America Was His Mecca.

New York, June 23.—Rivaling the tales of mythical fortune hunters is the experience of a little Austrian stowaway in one of the boilers of the Umbria which has just come into port.

With great glee, the little Austrian left the village of Sebenico, for he and his elder brothers quarreled continually and he had a friend in America whom he longed to join.

In Alexandria he stowed away in the Babian and reached Liverpool a week later, then he crawled into the hold of a Cunarder, Saxonia.

When he was taken back to Liverpool, the refrigeration officials and for twenty days lived off crusts found in the gutters, but always keeping a weather-eye open for an American bound vessel.

On Thursday, however, McKechan, the refrigerator engineer, climbed on top of the boiler and proceeded to hang up some of his washing to dry.

Receiving no response, the engineer attempted to reach inside and grab the boy's clothing but was severely bitten for his pains.

All laughed when they saw the supposed lunatic. He was locked up in the steamship hospital and when the vessel reached port a vigorous search for the bold lad's friend was made.

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Ice cream and cake served at Gan- FOR SALE.—High grade, new piano, doffo's. 1741 cheap. Apply Nugget office, etc.

Regular Service on Stewart River STR. PROSPECTOR WILL SAIL Tonight, July 7th, 8 p. m. For Rates, Tickets, Etc., Apply W. MEED, S.-Y. T. Dock

MORNING WASHINGTONIAN THE BRIGHT, UP TO DATE AND NEWSY SEATTLE DAILY Can Be Obtained at the News Stands

The New Monte Carlo WINES, LIQUORS 25c. AND CIGARS MCKINNON & NELS, Props. First Avenue. Opp. White Pass Dock

Northern Annex A. D. FIELD, Prop.

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

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. Week Day Service GOLD RUN via Carmack's and Dome. 9 a. m., 1 and 5 p. m. GRAND FORKS. 9:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m. SUNDAY SERVICE CARIBOU. 7 BELOW L. DOMINION. 9:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m. GRAND FORKS. 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. For Rates on Shipment of Gold Dust see Office.

The White Pass & Yukon Route (THE BRITISH YUKON NAVIGATION CO.) Operate the Fastest and Best Appointed Steamers Between Whitehorse and Dawson.

KEEP KOOL AURORA SALOON THOS. CHISHOLM, Prop. Draught Beer on Tap

Draught Beer At Bonanza Saloon

DAWSON TRUCK & DRAY CO. FREIGHTING TO ALL CREEKS City Drayage and Express Wagons Day & Night Service Phone 120. Office, Aurora Dock. T. H. HEATH, Mgr.

STEAMER CLIFFORD SIFTON WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE ON SATURDAY, JULY 12, 8 P. M. FOR TICKETS, RATES, ETC., APPLY FRANK MORTIMER, Agent, - Aurora Dock

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RAY CO.
Night Service
H. HEATH, Mgr.
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SE
B P. M.
Aurora Dock

The Banker's Love Affair

Amos Shepard dismissed his secretary and walked to the window. The afternoon sun cast a dazzling light on the first snowfall, and above the clang of the cable cars sounded the faint tinkle of sleighbells on the boulevard.

Buttoning his overcoat to the throat, he strode down the mosaic corridor, past the brass cages behind which the bank clerks were casting up the day's accounts, and threw open the door, whose curtains had been tightly drawn. As he stood on the threshold a pleased light came into his shrewd gray eyes. Round the corner, with clink of silver chains and jingle of bells, swept his favorite team of blacks. The present Mrs. Shepard was most considerate of her husband's wishes and tastes. Struggling was one of the banker's greatest pleasures, and she had remembered the fact.

But as the horses stopped before the bank Mr. Shepard noted the absence of his big English coachman. Tall, square shouldered figure sprang out and tossed back the fur robes, then waved a familiar greeting to the man on the step. It was Reginald.

"Come on, father for a dash on the speedway. Everybody's out."

"Where is James?" inquired Shepard as he climbed into the cutter.

"At the stables. I thought—we might have the first ride of the season together."

If the elder Shepard had not been so absorbed in studying the set of the new harness, he might have observed in his son's voice an anxious note and in the adjustment of the harness more than ordinary filial solicitude.

On the boulevard, beyond business traffic and cable cars, he might have looked here and there on the brownstone houses whose rents flowed into the Shepard coffers. When the avenue rose sheer above the river's edge, he might have looked across the stream to his large holdings in the Palisades, from which, it was predicted, the city would eventually draw its water supply.

But he was not thinking of these things. A faraway look came into his eyes, and he paid no heed to his son's occasional comments on passing vehicles until finally Reginald asked what comfort he could in his own thoughts.

Amos Shepard sat with his arms crossed, studying with unseeing eyes the scenery spreading out before him. Instead of towering cliffs and many mansions, he saw a stretch of mid-west prairies broken by railroads and low farmhouses. The tired trotters were transformed into patient gray mares drawing a heavy sleigh. The robe was a faded red buffalo skin, and—

"But what matter? She was at his side, and with lips stiff, partly from cold and partly from the fear that he was asking more than she could give, he framed the momentous question."

And that thrilling word of three letters which seemed to change his whole life—it carried him away from the old farm to the busy city above the river, where he meant to make a name for himself and wealth for his son. It was much harder than he had anticipated. He was almost ready to give up and return to the farm when she wrote that she thought she could help him, and she was such a dainty, fragile Kitty. When she came it was easier. It was Kitty's encouragement and good advice that smoothed out many a wrinkle, just as her soft hands rubbed away the frowns and the shadows at night.

And by her hands were less heavy for the work became heavier as the babies arrived. And when he had achieved his first little fortune, came the panic to sweep away before it Kitty's wise plans and the foundations for the work, and Kitty's small economy, enabled by her great love, to see the upward climb easier. He had seen her now making red flannel for Reggie and the wee ones, and pinafores she sewed for the little ones under the green shaded lamp. She drew his breath quickly. The scene changed to the day when he brought home her first silk dress. Her blue eyes shone when he gave the glistening folds over her shoulders. Later came the seal skin diamonds, but nothing that made him half so happy as that little dress. And day by day as he prospered he realized that there was something which his wealth could not buy back—the fading health of his quiet, fragile wife.

It was all over and for one weary year Kitty had lain under the graceful marble in a handsome mistress came to the newly furnished mansion on the hill. Thoughtless people said, it was a fortunate all round, for the

first Mrs. Shepard was not the sort of woman to preside over such a home or to cultivate the people who would be useful to a rising man like Amos Shepard.

The second Mrs. Shepard was admirably adapted to the position. She knew the schools which would give the children the best social standing. She presided over a dinner table with indescribable grace and tact, and when Shepard was elected to congress his wife's diplomacy had been worth more for campaign purposes than his goodly check. Kathie's social debut was set for next week. Already the society papers were singing of her prospects, her gowns and her beauty, and she looked like—his Kitty of the sleighride years ago.

"Father, I want to tell you something."

"They were almost home, and the young fellow was getting desperate. Stocks and bonds might be of paramount importance to men of fifty, but when the blood runs riot in the veins of youth life holds other more vital interests."

Mr. Shepard roused himself with an impatient shrug—a check, of course. A physician's practice in the first year is not profitable even when backed by influential parents and friends.

"Yes?"

Reginald lifted the whip nervously, and the blacks sprang forward.

"Well, father, I want to get married. I know I'm young and have my way to make, but if you love a girl as I do, why, it gives you something to work for besides mere money."

Amos Shepard's lips closed firmly. Was it that butterfly cessed Clayton, who had shared their opera box the night before? Reginald Shepard, M. D., read the sign aright, but plunged on.

"I suppose it sounds silly, because if it wasn't for you I couldn't keep up appearances, but I'll probably spend less money when we're married than I do now. Mabel doesn't care about show?"

"Mabel who?"

"Don't you remember Mabel Brewer, Aunt Helen's adopted daughter? I met her two years ago when I was visiting on the farm, and—well, I love her; that's all. I know she's not as swagger as the girls in Kathie's set. She won't shine in society, but I don't give a rap. I don't want a career. One in the family is enough, and Kathie's going to cut a big swath. I just want a nice little home—and Mabel. She has her ideals of what a physician should be, and if I live up to them I reckon you won't have cause to be ashamed of me."

They were under the porte cochere. Without a word Amos Shepard tossed aside the fur robes.

"I say, dad, you're not angry?"

His father stood beside the cutter gazing up at a window screened by filmy lace. Suddenly he wheeled around and faced his son. Something the latter had never seen shone in Amos Shepard's eyes.

"Reginald, you remember that Van Twiller place on Grant avenue? It's not large or showy, but it's a mighty pretty little house. Well, I'll deed that over to Mabel on your wedding day. And now I've got to write a line to your Aunt Helen."

And Amos Shepard, banker and member of congress, ran up the granite steps like a boy.

cerns, indeed, were so much more important, and living. I had a fair general idea of how such private audiences went off, but was hazy as to whether I should kneel, or merely courtesy and kiss hands.

"The palace authorities coached me the least bit. A lady in waiting met me, took me up stairs and along passages, and at last left me to myself after telling me that the Queen thought quite dear, hated of all things to have voices raised in speaking to her. I must speak rather slowly, and very distinctly—her own quick intelligence would do the rest. As to deportment I must follow her indications—stand or sit, or retire, at what I judged to be her will. But she would make it easy for me—this I was assured—she made everything easy as far as court etiquette permitted."

"Before I had time to get nervous a lackey whisked me into the presence. There stood the Queen, looking very sweet and unroyal, smiling, holding out her hand, and murmuring my name. After our formal-informal greeting, she led me to a chair a little at one side, and sat down herself in another almost touching it. And then she said with a yet more engaging smile:

"I am so glad you have come, I want to talk with you over Mary Z—'s second marriage. She has told me often how much you were her friend. Do you think she can possibly be happy with a man so unlike her first choice?"

"And that was, I found out, absolute truth. For at least half an hour we gossiped, talking over our friend's affairs with the most bourgeois interest. Afterward—well her majesty said kind things to us—my husband and myself, and especially kind ones of our hospital project. But that was wholly incidental—she had sent for me to talk over Mary's marriage.

Which goes to prove how well Kipling knew womenkind when he wrote: 'The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, Are sisters—under their skins.'

Canada's Finances
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, July 7.—The finance department has prepared a statement of the revenue and expenditure of Canada to the close of the fiscal year. It shows a total revenue of \$56,303,694, against \$50,735,946 for the year before, and an expenditure of \$42,255,316, against \$38,574,508. This would yield a surplus of \$14,000,000.

The Eiffel tower is eight inches shorter in winter than in summer.

\$50 Reward.
Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mal-amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.
Answers to name of Prince.
F. J. HEMEN,
Klondike Nugget.
The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Comanded to the Queen
Here is a brand-new story of Her Majesty, Alexandra, soon to be crowned Queen and Empress. It was told with quiet glee by the other actors in it, to various and sundry American friends. The other actor is the wife of a famous ship owner, and head of a firm of shipbuilders. Thus she has been for years the heart and soul of various noble charities connected with England's merchant marine. She is further credited with having influenced her husband in affairs of fairly international importance. Altogether she is as near to being a personage as a long purse, a clear head, a warm heart, and a charming social tact can make one in the home of hereditary distinctions, the British Isles.

One of the largest charities is a great seamen's hospital. Royalty deigned to lay the corner-stone of it, and afterward to express great interest in its success. It began to be built that a peerage would reward the people who had built and endowed it. That was an agreeable if distant prospect. It seemed to grow suddenly nearer and clearer when the lady found herself abruptly "comanded to the Queen"—and that within the brief space of an hour.

"What did I think of first?" she said in telling it. "Why that I had not a single absolutely new rag to

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No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read
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M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

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Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points.
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Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the
DAILY NUGGET
The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for
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...OPERATED BY THE...
Alaska Steamship Co.
DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days
SCHEDULE
DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, June 12th, 22nd, July 2nd, 12th, 22nd.
HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, June 17th, 27th, July 7th, 17th, 27th.
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Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.
Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.
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Copper River and Cook's Inlet
YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.
FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From June 20th First of Each Month
OFFICES SEATTLE, Cor. First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO, No. 30 California Street.

Did It Catch Your Eye?
A Little Printer's Ink, If Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time.
Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson.
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Dodging the Interviewers

The liner had cleared New York harbor, and was heading out to sea for her five days' trip across the Atlantic when Taption Flutterby, the popular novelist, came on deck. He had been shut up in his stateroom for four solid hours, during which time he had successfully "spotted the oak" against pushing interviewers innumerable. Now that they had all most assuredly ceased from troubling he sought the fresh air and resumed his wonted interest in his kind.

For Taption Flutterby was not the enemy of man in general, but only of that particular section of the human species known as interviewers. He had suffered at their hands, as popular heroes will if they happen to be in the slightest degree modest and retiring, and in his case suffering had bred resentment, and resentment had developed into positive hatred. With the growth of his popularity as an author the dodging of interviewers had come to be a daily cross with him, although one must admit that he took a sort of grim delight in hearing it, since he managed so warily and consistently to elude and rebuff his tormentors of the press. It was his proud boast that for five years past not a single authentic interview with him had been published for the very good reason that never an interview had been granted.

Taption Flutterby now stood on deck at peace with the world, and drank in the vision of a glorious sunset, which was also absorbing the attention of many of his fellow passengers. At last the orb of day sank below the horizon, the bright panorama of the sunset glow faded imperceptibly away, and the stars came out to keep their nightly vigil. Taption Flutterby was awe-struck and silent at this familiar yet ever-wondrous display of nature's handiwork. But a young man who stood near him—a man of about his own age and build—was moved to put the scene into words. The author overheard him recite in low soft tones the lines: "Come, Evening, once again, season of peace, Return, sweet Evening, and continue long! Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, With matron step slow moving, while the night Treads on thy sweeping train!"

Taption Flutterby, who was given to poetry himself, scented here a congenial spirit, and was fain to make his acquaintance. "A poet, sir?" he ventured aloud, with an ingratiating smile.

The stranger gave a start, as if one caught unaware. "Oh, no, sir," he replied, with a slight flush. "I am merely thinking aloud from Cowper."

"A real poet, that," said Taption Flutterby, "and one too little read nowadays, I am afraid."

"Oh, nowadays," responded the stranger, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "people make the mistake of reading only books that are fresh from the press. They waste their days in seeking for new geniuses, and quite neglect all the grand old classics that have stood the test of time."

"There is a great deal of justice in what you say," agreed Taption Flutterby. "Far be it from me, however, to condemn the reading of modern works entirely, since by reason of that practice I live and move and have my being. That is my card, sir. You may have heard the name before?"

The author waited expectantly for the stranger's recognition of the magic name, Taption Flutterby, which the peoples of two hemispheres delighted to honor. But he waited in vain. The stranger spelt out the name, as it were, and gave no sign of recognition. "Taption Flutterby," he said, meditatively, and then added: "May I ask, sir, what is your particular line as an author?"

This was indeed something fresh. Taption Flutterby felt his amour propre just a little wounded. He hardly knew at first whether to resent the ignorance of his new friend or to dispel it. After a moment's hesitation, he chose the latter course.

"I am a novelist," he said, "and a short story writer. Some people honor me too much, I confess—by declaring that my verses are poetry."

two men still more in rapport. Presently the talk drifted into purely literary channels. Taption Flutterby was charmed by the extent and variety of his companion's reading, but was amazed to find that it stopped short of the present generation of writers. Even their names appeared unknown to him.

"I figure it out in this way, Mr. Flutterby," explained his fellow-voyager. "Although I do a good deal of reading, there are so many hundreds, or thousands, of acknowledged classics which I have not read yet. Why should I leave the substance for the shadow by neglecting them in favor of the works of living authors, who may or may not hand their names down to posterity?"

Taption Flutterby admitted that there was something in this argument, but he avowed his gratification that it was not universally adopted. To which Clarence Hedway replied, with a laugh, that he supposed it was just as well for present day writers that everyone did not abstain from reading their works until they had attained to undisputed classic rank.

This was not the only such conversation the two men had in the course of the voyage. Taption Flutterby, like the generality of writers, was fond of talking "shop" when he could do so without fear of his talk being reported in the press. In Clarence Hedway he found a truly congenial spirit—one who could listen attentively and intelligently, and who limited his own share in the conversation to throwing out suggestions as to pegs on which his companion could hang fresh discourses.

"I am afraid I bore you with my views," Taption Flutterby said on the third day of the voyage. "You know at least as much as I do about these old authors. Now, it is my weakness to talk on literary matters at lib, whenever I can get anybody to listen. But I should like to say something that is new to you. Suppose we talk about living authors?"

"As you please," replied Clarence Hedway. "I like to hear you talk, anyway, because you throw fresh light on things. But if you turn yourself on to living writers it must be a case of master and pupil between us, and you must not expect me to have any views of my own to offer."

Nothing daunted, Taption Flutterby plunged into the exhaustive subject of modern literature, explaining and quoting as he went. He felt he was doing a service to society in opening up a new world of thought to a man of Clarence Hedway's intelligence. He spoke fully and critically of modern literature in general, and of his contemporaries in particular. In a burst of confidence he even went so far as to indicate his own true status as an author. The rank he assigned himself was sensibly lower than the one he held according to the popular voice.

"You have a masterly and convincing way of putting these things, Mr. Flutterby," said his pupil at the end of one of these long and interesting monologues. "You lecture on modern literature, I suppose?"

"Lecture! No, indeed," Taption Flutterby replied. "My platform experiences are confined to the occasions on which I read extracts from my own works."

"But at least you give the world the benefit of your views in magazine articles?"

"No."

"In interviews, then?"

"Interviews! Don't mention the word, man! It sets my teeth on edge. Do you know, for the last five years I have never granted a single interview!"

terly, with warmth. "It would be robbing you to take such a bet." "Oh, rob away!" retorted Clarence Hedway, lightly. "I make a little money in my paper-staining business, and the loss of fifty pounds would not mean bankruptcy to me. Come, I will tempt you by betting that what I predict will happen before I start for America again next week."

"Done!" said the author, quickly. "Remember you have only yourself to blame for this!" "Or to congratulate!"

And so the bet was made in due form. The rest of the voyage passed pleasantly for the two men in constant exchanges of knowledge and confidences. It must be admitted, however, that Taption Flutterby parted with more of both than did his companion. The author's nature was the more communicative.

"Your enemies are waiting for you to land, I see," remarked Clarence Hedway to the author as the vessel drew alongside the dock wall at Southampton.

"What do you mean?" asked Taption Flutterby.

"Why, the interviewers are mustering, or I'm a Dutchman," Hedway replied. "That knot of men on the quayside bears the fleet street stamp or I know nothing like so much of London as I pride myself on."

"I believe you are right," said the author, turning pale with vexation. "How on earth am I to avoid them? I dodged the New York interviewers by locking myself in my stateroom hours before the ship started, but I can't stay on board hours after she lands. Confound the interviewers!"

"Right! Let us confound them. Where do you put up when you get to town?"

"At the Hotel Cecil."

"And you mean to reserve a compartment to yourself in the train from Southampton, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, the thing is quite simple. We will change names for an hour or two. You, the rich but unknown Mr. Hedway, land first with your luggage, see it past the customs people and go on into your reserved compartment. Then I, the great Taption Flutterby, follow with my luggage, and of course gather all the interviewers about me. Some of them will no doubt accompany me to town in the unreserved compartment in which I shall travel. That will not matter in the least. I have no rooted objection to the presence of interviewers, and they will be welcome to all they can get out of me. On reaching Waterloo, you drive with the luggage to my hotel, the Metropole, and then take yourself on to the Cecil, while I drive your luggage to the Cecil, and then betake myself to the Metropole. We thereupon resume our own names, and all ends happily, with the interviewers neatly dished. I shall quite enjoy carrying out the little plot. How does it strike you?"

"Excellent, and very generous of your part."

"Not at all generous. Or if you insist that it is, when it isn't, remember that I am your debtor still for your admirable lessons in modern literature. Allons, then. Here we are alongside. You lead the way, Mr. Hedway."

The plot worked admirably, favored by the close general resemblance of the two men. As Clarence Hedway had expected, the waiting journalists attached themselves to him, and some of them traveled with him in the same compartment to London, fully under the impression that they had Taption Flutterby at bay. Their wiles, however, were of but little avail. The great author appeared dead to their entreaties, literally as well as metaphorically. All they could get out of him, after superhuman shouting, was the repeated assurance that they would see all they wanted to know soon in the New York Daily Boom. Beyond imparting this precious piece of information, which, of course, only exasperated his tormentors, the great man would be neither cajoled nor threatened.

"Well, Mr. Flutterby," said the real Simon Pure, as he greeted his late fellow-voyager on the latter's arrival with the luggage at the Hotel Metropole; "what is it like to be an author pestered by interviewers, eh?"

"Oh, jolly! And how do you find the privacy of Mr. Hedway, the paper-stainer, when he travels?"

"Jolly, indeed! Well, thank you very much for your services. Come and dine with me tomorrow at the Cecil. I shall expect you without fail."

"Thanks, I will come." Clarence Hedway kept his word, but his welcome at the Hotel Cecil the next evening was not of the warmest. His host had two newspapers in his hand, and looked mystified and resentful.

any light on these newspaper stories? Read this one first." Clarence Hedway took the London morning paper that was thrust into his hand, and read the marked report. It told of the landing of Mr. Taption Flutterby, the distinguished author, at Southampton on the previous day, and of how he had journeyed to London in an ordinary carriage, and not in a reserved compartment, as had been expected.

"The great novelist was as taciturn as usual in his bearing toward the representatives of the press," the report went on, "and was suffering from real or assumed deafness. He declined to answer any questions but advised the interviewers to keep an eye on The New York Daily Boom. The meaning of this advice is understood to be that an exterjuring representative of the journal named had obtained an exclusive interview with Mr. Flutterby."

Clarence Hedway looked up from the reading of this paragraph with an amused smile.

"Oh, yes, you will say, perhaps, that this idea about The Daily Boom was part of your fun with the interviewers," burst out Taption Flutterby, with more than a suspicion of wrath in his voice. "But now read this, and then explain the two things together if you can."

"This" was an evening paper, in which a New York telegram was marked. In this despatch the vigilant Reuter told how The Daily Boom at that morning had published a cablegram from its special correspondent in London, giving the substance of an interview he had had with Taption Flutterby on the author's return to England. The interview related to modern literature, and the novelist had indicated what he considered to be his own place among the contemporary writers. What he had said on this point was given in summarized form, and a full report of the interview was promised by the next mail.

The successful enterprise of The Daily Boom, added Reuter, in thus securing what was, if authentic, the first actual interview with the great writer for some five years past, had created quite a sensation in journalistic circles.

Clarence Hedway looked up again, still smiling.

"Will you answer me one question, sir?" thundered Taption Flutterby.

"With pleasure, if it is a reasonable one."

"Were you the sender of that message to The Daily Boom?"

"I was."

"Well, I'm —! Then who on earth are you, sir?"

"Clarence Hedway of New York, paper-stainer—that is to say, interviewer for The Daily Boom."

"Upon my word, sir, you are cool, even for an American journalist. And you have dared to look me in the face to accept my invitation to dinner—after abusing my confidence in this way! Pray, sir, do you call yourself a gentleman, sir?"

"I will answer you seriatim, Mr. Flutterby. I see no reason why I should not dare to look you in the face, for I am conscious of no terrible breach of confidence. You told me yourself that it was not the interview you objected to so much as the average interviewer. As to your confidences, you will do me the justice, perhaps, to recall the fact that it was not I who invited them, but you who bestowed them unasked. Was I not justified in assuming, therefore, that my personality was not distasteful to you, and that in consequence your objection to being interviewed did not apply in this case?"

"But the subject-matter, sir—the subject matter! Was it right and honorable to draw me out on such a question as the relative literary merits of my contemporaries and myself without any warning that you meant to print what I said?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Flutterby, if I take exception to the imputation that I 'drew' you on the subject. You volunteered your views, and naturally I was glad to listen to them. As to whether I ought to print them in full without your consent, I confess that I have had my qualms. You will notice that all I have done so far is to record in my cablegram your own estimate of your literary worth—an estimate which does credit to your modesty, inasmuch as it falls short of the verdict of the whole English-speaking race."

"Then am I to understand," asked Taption Flutterby, in a somewhat mollified tone, "that you are prepared to withhold the full report of the so-called interview from publication?"

in the course of our few days together on shipboard. The mail for the States leaves tomorrow. I have brought the copy of the interview in my pocket, intending to submit it for your inspection on one condition. But I find you are in a bad mood to make terms. For that I am sorry. The copy must be posted tomorrow, and so it will go as it is. I will not inflict my company upon you at dinner; that would be a sorry farce. Good evening, Mr. Flutterby."

And Clarence Hedway took up his hat to go.

"Stop! Stop! Mr. Hedway," said Taption Flutterby, with renewed agitation. "If you are prepared to let me see the copy and revise it, that alters the situation very materially. Will you name your conditions?"

"The condition is that if you strike out any of the copy you shall introduce fresh matter equivalent in bulk, and shall empower me to say in the introduction that the interview is an authorized one."

Taption Flutterby pondered a moment or two.

"You are a hard bargainer, Mr. Hedway," he said, at last, "but — there, I accept your offer and the condition attached to it. Come in to dinner, man, and we will go through the copy afterwards. Hang me, but I admire your straightforward business capacity almost as much as your truly Yankee impudence!"

It was a cheerful little dinner party of two, after all. Under the genial influence of the champagne the author took a more generous view of the situation, and quite renewed the familiar manner he had assumed towards the journalist on the voyage over.

"Thank you," said Clarence Hedway, with real gratitude, when they had spent an hour over his MS. together, and Taption Flutterby had made sundry emendations, followed by additions to match, according to

contract. "Thank you. The story is ever so much more readable than it was before, besides having the advantage of being authorized. And now, with your permission, I will be going."

"Is there nothing else you want?" asked Taption Flutterby, jocosely.

"Oh, never mind about that, it can wait."

"What on earth do you mean, man? What can wait?"

"Why, that little matter of the fifty-pound bet. You can let the story appear in print first, if you like, and send the check on to me at The Daily Boom office, New York."

"Well, I'm —!" For the second time that evening Taption Flutterby nearly committed himself. "The bet — I had forgotten all about it! I had, of course, I have lost it!"

He insisted on making out a check there and then, and forced it on Clarence Hedway's acceptance.

"Good-bye," said the author, "Look me up when next you are in London, but if ever you want an interview, mind you don't come to me!"

"Good-bye," returned Clarence Hedway, laughing. "And by the way, if you should ever want to dodge the interviewers again, mind you don't —"

"What?"

"Come to me!" — Walter C. Price in Toronto Globe.

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Really the Stroller...

to the above letter

TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1902.

Stroller's Column.

By the last mail the Stroller re-plied with the requests contained therein. It would have been much more pleasant for the Stroller if these letters had never been written or had been lost in transit.

If the mayor of Babylon thinks the Stroller is going to lie awake nights and devise ways and means for replacing the broken columns and crumbling arches, his trolley is off away across land and sea in a letter information to be used in rebuilding a shattered community when the same information is needed at home.



Present Condition of the Stroller's Street.—Drawn From Life.

His letter says that the object of his city council in improving Third street is to put log-wheeled street cars on it which will be drawn by oxen. He says they have passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to navigate push carts on the street and that the fines collected will be used in providing provender for the sacred cattle.

The Stroller will never give away anything that should be patented and sold. If the mayors of Babylon and Jerusalem will write to the town clerk of Houndsburg, Arkansas, or of New Denver, B.C., they can possibly get the desired information.

Tours in Official Tribulation, Antonio Hotamolloviolinello, Mayor of Babylon.

The letter from the mayor of Jerusalem was very much on the same line as that of the mayor of Babylon. It was brief and as follows:

"I want some informations about your conduct on der town. Our outlay ash our ingome. Our breadnt income at present ish from mousing meat markets vot sell pork and from suspender peddlers.

Jerusalem haf a railroad alretty. It is der Jerkwater branch on der Chalkin Central. After efrv round trip der conductor is fired for knocking down fares. More ash half our population ish ex-conductors.

"I want you to tote me ish how to get money for municipal purposes. Ve nod care to make imbrovesments but ve want to vote ourselfs der salaries. Ve haf ruined all der streets long ago alretty unt are easy to get score. We haf a street named der rich discounts der rocky road in Jerusalem. Ve spoiled it digging air-ground hogs. Dey burrows digger deep.

"Any informations you can impart on der municipal economy unt financering will be tankfully received by my honorable self.

"Moses Fiddlebaumski, Mayor of Jerusalem."

Really the Stroller hesitates to reply to the above letters and to com-

for "Danger," "No bottom," and other signals of warning on the Stroller's street, otherwise those who attempt to travel it will do well to carry a telephone with connections with the hook and ladder department.

As the advance guard of the Fourth of July crossed the threshold of time at twelve o'clock last Thursday night the spirit of the Stroller was vexed within him as he heard so much shooting and realized that good powder was being wasted when so many dogs in the town needed killing.

A day or two ago a man whose hair looked as though it had been combed with a sulky hay rake and whose eyes looked like two holes burned in a board with a poker, rushed into a business house in town where legal blanks are kept on sale and said:

"Gimme two bills of sale! I am about to sell a claim." The required blanks were produced when the stranger pounced upon them and started out, saying as he went: "I'll pay fer 'em when I sell the claim."

And he turned out of the door so fast the tails of his coat popped like a cow whip.

Last night about 10 o'clock eight young men of the "They toil not neither do they spin" contingent were passing down First Avenue when some fellow from the door of a saloon they had passed called:

"Say, Kid!" And six of the eight stopped and in one voice said: "What are you a-wantin'?"

A story of unceasing devotion and unrequited love comes from the peaceful vale of Hunker. It seems that there is a lady cook on Hunker who one day made goo-goo eyes at one of the young men for whom she was cooking. The lady is several years the lad's senior, but that seems to be no bar to the young man's ardor.

Some time ago the lady announced her intention of going to the outside, since which time the swain has been disconsolate. He is said to have written her a billetdoux in which he



"She's My Honolulu Lady, She's My Baby."

because the water has all run to one end of it. It is impossible to sketch the lower side of the roller as it has a tendency to travel close to the ground.

Rather than assist foreign cities that would probably not hesitate to run the Stroller in if he would visit them and go asleep on their streets, he will keep his advice at home and right here he will impart a small slice of it, a sort of veal cutlet breaded, so to speak.

There is at present great necessity

essayed to sound a keynote and said: "If you'll promise not to go I'll always knead your dough."

Even this pathetic appeal did not have the effect of changing the cook's intention and her preparations for going outside are still going on. In his extremity the young miner has asked her to leave him one of her Mother Hubbard dresses. His fellow workmen have no idea what he wants with the dress but the chances are that after the cook has departed he will dress up a stump and in his

most gallant attitude appeal to it with "You are My Honolulu Lady."

Judgment Given In Magistrate Wroughton's court this morning judgment to the amount of \$19.60 for labor performed was awarded to Cesto Fandof and against John Maltby, to be paid on or before the 15th. The account was not disputed. No costs were attached.

Disorder Charged Chas. Johnson, proprietor of the Brunswick house in South Dawson, was in police court this morning charged with conducting a riotous and disorderly house on licensed premises. Hearing of the case was postponed until Thursday morning.

EASY MONEY FOR TAYLOR

Without Apparent Fatigue He Covers 10 Miles in 53 Minutes.

The event advertised to take place at Klondike City yesterday evening in the form of a twenty-mile foot-race with four or more entries did not materialize in its entirety but a good and highly interesting race was pulled off.

Of the four who entered Cargeneil sent word at the last hour that he was sick in his cabin in West Dawson and consequently could not participate in the contest.

Smith, who by the way, is the champion five mile sprinter of England, only wanted it to be a five mile run and he, therefore, declined to participate.

This left only Taylor and Marion and so far as Taylor is concerned he never flinched or threw a race in his life and Marion is said to be made of similar stuff.

The two men got started at almost 9 o'clock and from that time until Marion realized that old age never cools the Taylor blood it was as pretty a race as ever took place.

The course was rather egg shaped, was 110 yards around, requiring 16 laps to make a mile.

At the end of 53 minutes Taylor had made 10 laps, 160 yards, while Marion had covered 8 miles and 14 laps or 142 laps. The latter being much more fatigued than Taylor decided to throw up the sponge.

As only two men ran, the full purse subscribed was not collected, the amount received by Taylor being \$104. The latter remarked to a Nugget man this morning that, notwithstanding the smallness of the purse, he proposed that Marion should have a portion of it for the mainly way in which he stood by the original agreement. From 1590 to 2000 people witnessed the race last night.

Sam McDonald of the Bonanza has

\$500 belonging to George Taylor, which says that he can defeat any man in the world in a six day race of four hours each day for \$2000, or he will run any man, Cargeneil, Hyde, the latter preferred, or anybody else from twenty miles up for the same money, \$2000.

Taylor says there are a number of alleged sprinters around Dawson who claim records and he is anxious to see them demonstrate their ability. His money, or \$500 of it, is already up and he invites some fellow to cover it in order to see if he can run as well as he can talk.

Reopened. The Rainier lodging house has been reopened by Mrs. Matthews who will be pleased to meet her many friends and patrons. Second Avenue and Princess.

ASSAULT CHARGED

Woman May Disagree the Same as Men

When Mrs. Shark's name was called in police court this morning only echo answered. The call was repeated and echo, who has answered more calls than any ten bell boys on earth, again answered in that hollow voice that has characterized echo since before Adam had the measles.

"Issue a bench warrant for Mrs. Shark's," said Magistrate Wroughton. Before Clerk Blankman could dip a pen in the fountain of darkness to comply with the order the door of the temple of justice was darkened and Mrs. Shark's with an olive branch in each hand, a girl and a boy, entered. Mrs. Shark's will weigh about 240 in the shade and when she arrived she was very much out of breath.

When reprimanded by his honor for being 15 minutes late she flatly declared she had been unable to get her two children ready and "drag them clean from the fur end of town" and be there at 10 o'clock.

The charge was then read and it was to the effect that Mrs. Shark's had assaulted Alice Gordon.

The prosecuting witness was present but neither was ready to proceed with the case which was accordingly postponed until two o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Shark's declared she would camp right there until the case was called as she could not drag her little children back and forth from the "fur end" of town in the hot sun.

Nothing came out this morning regarding the nature of the alleged assault.

To Boom Trade Special to the Daily Nugget. Toronto, July 7.—The executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association have decided to send a representative to the Yukon to look after Canadian trade interests.

Advertisement for Daily Nugget featuring the headline "\$3.00 Will Do It!" and text: "Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the DAILY NUGGET. The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for \$3.00 Per Month!"

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Job Printing at Nugget office.

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Operate the following five steamer lines between Dawson and Whitehorse, connecting with the steamer at Whitehorse for Hagerby:

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Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.

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All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers.

Advertisement for N. A. T. & T. COMPANY: "THEY'RE NOT IN IT! Speaking of the ordinary cheap clothes you see hanging outside the blue front joints in town. We will sell you Gentlemen's Clothing and offer you 1,000 suits to select from, at \$15, \$18, \$22 and \$25. N. A. T. & T. COMPANY"

END OF THE DANCE HALLS

Commissioner Emphatically Expresses Himself at the Meeting of Yukon Council Last Night—Liquor Bill is Passed—Sixty Days' Grace Given.

The prostitutes of West Dawson and Klondike City are princesses compared with the creatures who work in these dance halls and variety theatres and drag the hard-earned dollars from the poor devils who come in from the creeks.

The commissioner considered that the matter was one that could be looked at in two different ways. While the suggestion of the honorable gentleman was worthy of consideration yet he did not think there would be but very little liquor ordered direct by the small dealers for the reason that they could buy it here cheaper than they could import it in small quantities. He would prefer to let the matter stand as it is unless Mr. Wilson desired to press it. The latter replied that he had no amendment ready.

The clauses in the bill pertaining to interdiction came in for some discussion. Mr. Justice Dugas remarking that he had observed some people appeared to be worse after interdiction than before. No amendments, however, were offered.

That portion of the bill which provides that the improvements in licensed premises which must be made in order to conform with the ordinance shall be completed within sixty days or the license may be forfeited by the chief license inspector provoked a lengthy discussion. The commissioner stated that under the old ordinance road houses were required to have sleeping accommodations for ten men, a separate sitting room and a separate bar room. Whether or not the licenses should be cancelled if the improvements were not made within a certain time was a matter that was open to discussion.

"I should like to inquire," said Mr. Wilson, "if we have the power to cancel the licenses if the requirements are not lived up to, or will it not be necessary for us to wait until the license expires? I am certainly in favor of allowing the road houses to fill out their licenses. Now as to the dance halls and saloons. I am not going to make any special plea for them, but there is a question involved that must be considered. Many of such places are heavily involved. I have been informed, credit having been extended upon the assurance that they would not be molested. Some consideration must be given these people and if the provisions of this bill are strictly enforced at once it may work a hardship upon a large number of persons."

Mr. Prudhomme also called the attention of the council to another matter. During the next four or six weeks a number of licenses will expire and what was to be done with them? He thought a stated time for the bill to go into effect would be better all around. It might work a hardship on some but it would be better for all concerned. Then the commissioner expressed himself and in no uncertain terms. He said: "All licenses falling due between now and sixty days should receive additional time, but others that do not fall due should receive no extension other than the sixty days notification after the passage of the bill. There is a class of road houses that is useless and which I would like to see wiped out at once. If the old license law had ever been complied with by many of them it would be different but in many instances it has not. Those who have taken out a license in good faith and have the required accommodation should not be interfered with until the expiration of their license. In regard to the dance halls, I do not for one moment think that the authorities ever considered them as being run in connection with saloons. There is a provision made for the operation of music halls but not as they are conducted here and I have observed that the tendency in the east is to take away every attraction possible from the saloon. In many places in both Canada and the United States the shaking of dice is prohibited and the treating habit is not even tolerated. A man will often walk into a saloon with no intention of getting drunk, he meets congenial friends with whom he has several drinks and before he is aware of it he is well on toward intoxication. I understand that some of the saloons with dance halls attached have gone to considerable expense in the way of leasing premises in their places of business and these may be put to some loss if closed up at once, still I must say that in my opinion the very worst species of vice in this country today

are the dance halls. The prostitutes of West Dawson and Klondike City are princesses compared with these creatures who work in these dance halls and variety theatres and drag the hard-earned dollars from the poor devils who come in from the creeks. I have no sympathy for any man who lives upon the avails of prostitution and I have no idea of giving them any extended time to close up their business. I have some sympathy for the creditors but none whatever for those who get their living by such means. If this bill passes they certainly will receive short shrift."

To the question asked by Mr. Prudhomme as to when the board of license commissioners would be appointed, the commissioner replied that if many of the licenses are now falling due it will be necessary to appoint them at once. "It is a serious matter," said he, "and I hope to be able to appoint such men as will give the utmost satisfaction to every one. There must be no question of influence used in order to secure favors or undue advantage taken. The only consideration to be given applications must be the character of the applicant and his ability to conform with the requirements of the ordinance. These are the only things to be taken into consideration."

The committee agreed that those who have licenses and have complied with the conditions at the time of granting the license shall have until the expiration of their license. Those who have not complied with the requirements will have sixty days in which to do so. Where a license falls due within a few days of the date of the passage of the ordinance the holders thereof will have sixty days in which to comply with the regulations. The commissioner remarked incidentally that there was no necessity of saying anything about theatres or dance halls as the ordinance specifies the privileges allowed the holder of a license. There could be no possible excuse for calling a dance hall a theatre. The ordinance also contains a provision which prohibits any connection whatever between a saloon and any other building. All the doors leading from saloons into restaurants adjoining must be closed.

At the conclusion of the reading of the bill, the committee rose to report progress. The amendments were given their first and second reading, the bill as amended was read a third time and upon being put upon its passage went through without a dissenting voice.

Mr. Newlands moved the reading of the bill providing for the better regulation of traffic upon the public highways, a gist of which was published in the Nugget several days ago. Passed.

Upon motion of Mr. Prudhomme the bill to amend the charter of the city of Dawson was given its third reading and passed.

Mr. Wilson's "deception bill" was moved for its second reading but was reconsidered and laid over until the next session.

The bill confirming city bond No. 12 which legalizes the loan made by the mayor and treasurer from the Bank of Commerce for the purpose of meeting now current expenses received its third reading and was passed.

The ordinance respecting the legal profession passed its third stage but upon motion of Mr. Justice Dugas its final passage was deferred until the next meeting.

Mr. Senkler introduced a private bill entitled an ordinance to incorporate the Dawson City Street Railway Company. The bill was advanced to its first and second reading but an objection was registered to its receiving any further consideration at this time. Mr. Dugas considered the matter too important to be rushed along at such speed. The company asks for two years in which they shall begin work. Mr. Newlands stated that the representatives of the company had met the committee in session and had agreed to reduce the time of beginning the work to one year and its completion to three years. The commissioner called the members' attention to the fact that the committee on civil justice had reported on the bill, but if it was preferred it could be laid over until the next session. So decided.

Mr. Wilson stated that his attention had been called by the proprietor of the cable ferry to the fact that his rights were being infringed

upon. The same complaint had also been made to Mr. Newlands who had told the gentleman that his only recourse was in the courts. It was impossible for the council to employ force. For the benefit of Mr. Dugas who asked for information the commissioner said that the ferry licensee possessed an exclusive right for a half mile up and down the river on each side of his ferry. It was his lookout to protect his own interests and not the place of the council. Mr. Prudhomme asked if it was not the place of the council to see that every ferry had a license and the commissioner replied with a smile that he did not think it was. That being the last business to come before the council the meeting adjourned.

The question of sewers came up at the same time. It was stated that the drains were filled by the laundries on Second avenue between Duke and York street by the three laundries along that block and it was this water which had cut the drain to the extent of damaging the building where the repairs had been done. A motion passed that the city clerk inform the laundries that they would

not be permitted to let their waste run into the drains after Monday, July 14. Murphy, Vachon, Macdonald and Wilson voted for it. Alder voted nay, and Norquay did not vote. A bylaw introduced by Alder, Murphy makes it lawful to the animals to telephone, telegraph and electric light poles, the bylaw being an amendment to bylaw No. 9. The amendment passed three readings and became a law.

A bylaw providing for the control of nervous people passed as follows: "No person shall ring any bell, except church and school, blow any horn, beat any drum, shout or make any noise calculated to annoy or disturb the inhabitants or who in any manner or conduct commit any public nuisance by collecting or loitering or standing or idling on any of the streets or sidewalks, or on the approach to a house or other premises opening upon the public streets whereby the public is liable to disturbance; provided always that nothing contained in this section shall be construed to extend to any person or persons taking part in any religious procession or service not contrary to law."

But little other business was transacted and the meeting adjourned.

...JUST RECEIVED...

Hannon's Shoes,
Earl & Wilson's Collars and Cuffs,
Stetson Hats and New Patterns in Fine Clothing

FIRST AVENUE
Opposite White Pass Dock
HERSHBERG
The Reliable Clothier,
1st Ave.

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ECONOMY THE WATCHWORD

City Council Will Curtail Expenses

City Engineer Will Hereafter Get Orders—No Noise Bylaw Passed.

Retrenchment is the new order of things determined upon by the city council. At the meeting last night there was all sorts of economy preached, City Engineer Rendell being put, on the rack several times and called upon to explain the why and the wherefore of many things. Work that had been performed without the consent of the council was questioned and he was directed to at once reduce his force. Only a few bills were presented, including one from the water company for \$15; Yukon Telephone Company, \$30; Branch & Tarr, \$121 and \$13; clerk of the territorial court, \$10.25; Dawson Electric Light Company, \$9. City Attorney Donaghy explained that the bill of fees from the clerk of the court was for costs incurred in the late fight between the city and Dr. Bourke over the salary bylaw. Alderman Macdonald offered a resolution placing the salary of the medical health officer at \$1000 a year. His worthiness did not object particularly to the resolution but considered that more time should be taken in the passage of the various bills that were brought forward. Mr. Murphy thought that the health officer would have no difficulty in earning all the salary he would receive, providing he did his duty. He also said he had been lead to believe that

the salary of the medical health officer was to be borne partially by the territorial government. His worthiness ventured the opinion that the city would not be called upon to pay more than \$300 of the health officer's stipend. One or two other members thought the matter worthy of more consideration and by consent the resolution was withdrawn for the time being.

Alderman Murphy had heard that about \$500 worth of work had been done by the city on private property, namely, repairing the foundation of the T. & E. Co.'s warehouse, and he wanted to know by what right such work had been done. He thought the time ripe for beginning the practice of economy.

City Engineer Rendell said the ground by the T. & E. Co.'s building had been thawed by hot water from the laundries and that the improvement had to be made or the building would cave in. He said the work was almost completed and would cost something like \$500.

Alderman Murphy then moved that hereafter all new work done by the city engineer be on written order of the street committee. The motion passed.

The question of sewers came up at the same time. It was stated that the drains were filled by the laundries on Second avenue between Duke and York street by the three laundries along that block and it was this water which had cut the drain to the extent of damaging the building where the repairs had been done. A motion passed that the city clerk inform the laundries that they would

Walker's 5 Year Old Rye

Put up in Ten Gallon Kegs

SPECIAL For This Week \$10 PER GAL.

Sole Agents for A. B. C. Beer \$50.00 Per Barrel.

I. Rosenthal & Co.

Wholesale Liquors
Mail Orders Given Special Attention. Aurora Dock

DAWSON TRANSFER CO.

Day and Night Service.
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE—On and After May 20, 1902

STAGES
Leave Dawson... 8:30 a. m. and 6 p. m. Leave Forts... 5:30 a. m. and 3 p. m.
Phones—Office, No. 6; Night Phone No. 2. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING
Freighting to all the Creeks.

Steamer La France

For Headwaters
Pelly and McMillan RIVERS

Saturday, July 15th
8:00 P. M.

MERCHANT'S TRANSPORTATION CO.
B. W. Calderhead, Manager. L. & C. Dock

NEW HARDWARE at NEW PRICES!

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6 PAGE

Vol. 3—No. 165

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Special to the Daily Whitehorse, July 6 o'clock with the gers: O. H. Bernar ber, Lottie Smith, wife, Mrs. J. W. C. Macoun, R. Anders mers, Mrs. G. A. Madburg, Mrs. V. Norval, Max Lonn Friedman, S. Grass N. Rothwiler, J. V. Blake, Reni Cocat, C. Clopayou, J. F. Geo. Alevizos, and she had freight as Mercantile Co. 1441 T. & C. Co. 858, M. L. & S. Co. 1 C. Trumbley 4, W. H. Avery 117.

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