

PAYS TO BE A JOCKEY

American Riders to Earn \$800,000

A Brief History of the Boys Who Have Been Hired by Foreign Race Horse Men.

Sixty American lads will earn \$800,000 this season. It pays to be a jockey these days. Few were when the emoluments of a race track scarcely prevented his soul from saying goodby to his body, but now it is in the days of long ago, when the English Derby, over a century old, was in its struggle for existence. All of the former financial magnates are now a thing of the past. The era of the turf men has passed. It is the boy who can ride a horse well enough to earn the reputation of being called a first-class jockey.

through the migration of our best jockeys to England and elsewhere in Europe has commenced there will be a shortage of this country nearly two score of first-class riders. In the exodus there are nearly a dozen of "veteran" riders. While their absence has crippled the racing in this country, enough young timber has sprung up and developed during the past season to fill up the void made by the change of base of the old favorites.

DRAW BIG MONEY. The two highest salaried jockeys in the world are Arthur Redfern and Harry Fisher. The former expects to earn \$100,000 and the latter \$35,000 this season. The former is entering his seventeenth year and the latter his thirteenth. In order to secure Redfern's W. C. Whitney paid \$12,000 for his release to Col. James E. Payne and gave him a contract calling for a salary of \$15,000, subject to general. Frank Hitchcock pays him \$10,000 the second call.

Tommy Burns is another high-pedigree "night of the pigskin." Like Redfern, he is under contract to W. C. Whitney. His salary will be \$10,000. Tommy is a "hustler" and accepts engagements whenever offered. He rides in nearly every race during the season—his salary will be increased nearly \$10,000 more.

George Odum will ride for Capt. S. S. Brown this season at a salary of \$12,000. Many horsemen consider his price man the equal if not the superior of Redfern. For several seasons he has been among the "top jockeys." He is quick, fearless, a good judge of pace and strong at the post. His riding weight is 107 pounds, whereas Redfern can tip the scales at 90 easily—a big advantage in the latter's favor, as it allows him unlimited opportunities to ride. Odum was recently married. His earnings will easily foot up \$10,000.

\$10,000 FOR J. REIFF. Harry Reiff, the hero of the American, English and French turf for two years, will undoubtedly ride for W. C. Whitney, his last season's employer. It is probable that there are several "wells" on his services, and it will cost it a poor year if he can not earn \$40,000.

"Bosse" O'Connor has transferred his allegiance, likewise his clothes of many hues and startling shapes, to W. C. Whitney. He will ride for Baron de Hatzfeldt and M. Bloch, from whom he will receive \$15,000 and \$8,000 respectively. His contract calls for an extension of another season if both parties to it are willing.

Lucien Lyle, the young Kentuckian, who stepped into popularity as a jockey last year, will ride for J. R. and F. P. Kneen in England, at a salary of \$20,000, the largest amount ever paid an American to go abroad. "Lucien" is predicted that Lucien Lyle will be the most popular Yankee in Great Britain.

W. C. Whitney's English thoroughbred has secured second call on his stable in the most popular Yankee in Great Britain. Next to Maher, who is the most popular, Yankee in Great Britain.

W. C. Whitney, a consistent rider for several years, has resisted the temptation to go to England or France, but will ride again this year in this country for his old employer, Geo. W. Whitney. His salary is \$12,000.

John W. Barrett will receive on Tuesday 250 cases of eggs from the outside. Before buying the old stock see him.

FOR SALE.—Good Dog Team—two first-class leaders. Apply 305 Duke street.

J. H. Carr, J. B. Haggin had a call on his services last season, but he was not very successful in the "gold and blue." Gamon, a lad of much promise, rides for L. V. Bell, and James R. Keene recently secured second call on his services for this year.

J. Martin rides for the Fleischman stable again. Cochran has been engaged by the Lotos stable. Shea is in Tom Healy's hands and will handle the horses of B. T. Wilson, Jr.

Jerry Ransch and Nash Turner will wear W. K. Vanderbilt's colors in France. Both receive \$10,000 salaries. The former will ride the horses that are assigned light weights and the latter the stake thoroughbreds.

Fred Taral, called "The Dutchman," will again ride in Austria. He is under contract to H. von Rechy at a salary of \$15,000. Fred was the most popular rider on the Austrian turf last season and won a majority of the principal events.

His Heavy Heart. Vienna, March 7.—Dr. Robert Kienbock, chief medical officer of the Vienna hospital, has just published a description of one of the most interesting cases in the course of his experience.

It appears that some time ago a cabman attempted to commit suicide and fired two revolver shots into his body. One of the bullets was extracted, but when the X-rays were used it was found that the second bullet lodged in the heart, and of course he was unable to remove it. Much to his surprise the man recovered and is now following his old vocation.

"One strange thing is that the man has experienced absolutely no ill effects from the wound and says that he expects to live for many years. I wander to the churchyard where a little grave has all my care. For I have left my baby there.

No stone or cross my love attest, The mound with simple flowers is dressed, It looks so small among the rest.

The robins round it hop and sing, And there the rain and sunshine bring, The earliest blossoms of the spring.

The little heart that sleeps below, There was so much it could not know, One hoped the coming years would show.

There was so much left all unsaid, The dreams on which my spirit fed, When I would clasp his golden head.

The little tongue that scarce could say, The simplest words of love and play, How much with it has passed away.

And though no eye my woe can trace, I carry round from place to place, The longing for a baby face.

And ever at the close of day, When work is done, I steal away, And by his grave I kneel and pray.

Sweet baby soul, now passed from sight, God fold us 'neath His wings tonight, And some day bring us both to light. —Frederick George Scott.

Earthly Positions. New York, Feb. 10.—Col. John Partridge, former police commissioner, addressing the Women's Republican Club at Delmonico's tonight, said that in 1902 he had made more than 800 appointments, and that they did not cost the men a cent. The former commissioner added that, according to the computation of a friend, based on the alleged previous custom of extracting payments out of the payments for appointments and promotions, he had "thus thrown away \$782,000."

Col. Partridge reviewed the history of the police department from the time of the constabulary in 1632 until now, when the force comprises about 8,000 men and is maintained at an expense of \$11,000,000 a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser THE PATENT GAS REGULATOR.

"I was thinking today that it was about time!" observed Mrs. Bowser, as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening with a suspicious looking package under his arm.

"About time for what?" "I suppose you've run across some more kern killer, or a new kind of medicine chest, or a pocket fire escape. How on earth you let people take you in as they do is a wonder to me!"

"Who has ever taken me in?" he hotly demanded. "Everybody who has anything in the shape of a swindle." "I deny it!" You can't point to one single instance where I have made a poor investment. On the contrary, I have saved us hundreds of dollars per year in cold cash, not to mention sickness, suffering and doctors' bills, by the outlay of a few shillings now and then."

"What new idea is it this time?" she asked, as she resigned herself to the inevitable. "Mrs. Bowser," he replied, after walking back and forth across the room three or four times, "if I can save one-half our gas bill just as well as not, I'd be a chump not to do it, wouldn't I?"

"We can save it, all by burning kerosene!" "Don't try to be funny, Mrs. Bowser. The gas bill is a serious matter. If I can save anywhere from thirty to forty dollars per month by the outlay of a couple of dollars at the start, common sense dictates my course. If I didn't save to offset your waste, we should soon be in the poorhouse. The gas bill for last month was something appalling!"

"It was four dollars and twenty cents, I believe." "What you believe has nothing to do with the matter. If it wasn't seventy-five or eighty dollars, it will be this month. Mrs. Bowser, do you know the principle on which a gas meter works?"

"No." "Of course not, and yet you assume to criticize my actions! There is a bellows inside the meter. The bellows is arranged to force the gas through the pipes faster than it can be burned, and thereby profit the gas company. We have paid out thousands of dollars for gas we never burned, and the time has come to call a halt."

"Well?" "I have here a patent regulator. It is attached to the inlet pipe. With this on the pressure is decreased and no gas wasted. Any child can attach it. It is simple, compact, and nothing about it to get out of order. By the expenditure of four dollars I save hundreds."

"Mr. Bowser, if you call it eight hours, how much gas will have gone out of that window?" "He pretended not to hear and hadn't a word to say until he stood at the door ready to go to the office. Then he turned on her with: "You can figure it with your lawyer. You can give him the exact hour you sneaked down there and uncoupled that regulator to spite me, and he can work it out. While you are not entitled to alimony I am willing for the sake of our child that you should have a reasonable sum until you can learn to make straw hats or hickory shirts! Farewell, Mrs. Bowser, the worm has turned!"

But "the worm" returned home at the usual hour, and two days later, when Mrs. Bowser saw the patent gas regulator in the back yard and asked what it was, he quietly replied: "It's probably an old beer faucet that Green heated at those howling cats last night!"

Refused \$100,000 for Title. Paris, March 7.—A Polish prince, whose name is well known in the United States, has just declined an offer of \$100,000 for his title. He is Prince Wiszniewski, who has long resided in Paris.

The prince is 74 and has no family. He is the last of his line. He does not wish the name and the title to become extinct. To keep the name and title alive, the prince began negotiations with a youth from St. Paul.

The latter's mother offered the prince the sum mentioned for the title. The amount was deemed satisfactory by Polish princes are rarely rich, but when the prince saw the youth he declined to let him bear the name or title at any price, declaring that the hustling St. Pauler was not satisfactory.

The prince declined to mention the youth's name. Princess Wiszniewska is president of the Women's Society for Universal Peace.

Brought to a Speedy End. Chicago, March 7.—Through letters and papers that have just been placed in the hands of attorneys representing the Higgin estate at New York the fact has been brought to light that Miss Mary E. Stanford, niece of the late millionaire, Leland Stanford, and one of the heiresses to his estate, lost \$25,000 through the questionable dealings of Dr. R. C. Flower, who has a Chicago record for shady transactions, and that the deluded girl later died penniless and broken-hearted.

"Well, don't blame me if it doesn't work; and I'm sure it won't." "Because I wish to save \$1,000 instead of giving it to the gas company you are sure it won't work. Is it any wonder, Mrs. Bowser, that so many husbands throw their dollars away and pauperize their families. You object to my scheme. Of course you'd object. Nevertheless, the attachment will be attached, and before nine o'clock tonight the president of our gas company will hear something drop."

After dinner Mr. Bowser armed himself with a monkey wrench, a hammer, a pair of pliers, a hatchet and other things, and disappeared in the cellar, and half an hour later came up stairs to rub his hands and chuckle and announce: "The president of the gas company is already beginning to grow white around the mouth, Mrs. Bowser. He won't put in four weeks at the Catskills next summer on our cash. Can't you see the difference already?"

"I see no difference whatever," she replied, as she looked up at the chandelier. "Of course not. I didn't expect you would. When a wife is determined to bankrupt her husband, she can't see anything intended to save a dollar. The regulator is regulating, however, and I feel as if a great breathing had rolled off my back."

A dozen times during the evening Mr. Bowser got up to walk about and chuckle and refer to that regulator, and he went to bed humming that the gas company would be financially busted in six months. He hadn't got to sleep when Mrs. Bowser asked him if he didn't smell gas.

"Not a smell!" he replied, as he turned over. "The president of the gas company probably smells a rat, but there is no odor of gas around here."

It was daylight next morning when a policeman rang the doorbell and banged away till he got Mr. Bowser down stairs, and said: "I've been smelling gas around here all night. You'd better look at your meter. The odor seems to come from that open cellar window."

He went down with Mr. Bowser to investigate. The regulator and the inlet pipe had parted company, and for eight or nine hours the gas had been steadily pouring out of the open window and sailing around the corners of the house. At the breakfast table, after the plumber, and the policeman, and the crowd had departed, and the house had been aired, and the cook's wages raised fifty cents a week to keep her on, Mrs. Bowser looked up and asked:

"Mr. Bowser, if you call it eight hours, how much gas will have gone out of that window?" "He pretended not to hear and hadn't a word to say until he stood at the door ready to go to the office. Then he turned on her with: "You can figure it with your lawyer. You can give him the exact hour you sneaked down there and uncoupled that regulator to spite me, and he can work it out. While you are not entitled to alimony I am willing for the sake of our child that you should have a reasonable sum until you can learn to make straw hats or hickory shirts! Farewell, Mrs. Bowser, the worm has turned!"

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Wireless Love. Although, sweet maid, 'tis often proved, The ways of love are hard, and stony, At least one obstacle removed, Thanks to the triumph of Marconi, For him my heart, with joy elate, Is wildly bubbling 'er with gratitude.

For now I can communicate, With you in any clime or latitude, No more, dear heart, shall distance, Drown my love, or damp his ardor, The lover's hopes or damp his ardor, But you shall flash your love from town to town.

To me on Popocatepetl, O'er, per the pinnons of the wind, I leighed to send my protestations, But ways of ether now I find, Are best for such communications.

I'll send you a message straight, In honeyed phrases I'll enwrap it, Nor shall a rival be in wait, Basely to intercept or tap it! Though sojourning in alien tents, I know there's naught our love can smother, Hour hearts, our instruments, Are kept attuned to one another! —Punch.

Such a simple way—The Pilgrun tells the story of a woman property holder in New York whose agent brought her an insurance policy on her house. "You'd better give me a check for the premium now," he said.

"How much is it?" she asked. "A little more than \$100. Wait a minute, and I will get the exact amount." "Oh, how tiresome!" said the woman. "And I am in such a hurry! Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down." —Youth's Companion.

Russia's Salt Mines

In the Khirgiz steppes of Southern Russia is a strange settlement named Delski; from which 24,389 tons of salt come every year. This salt, it has been shown by recent borings, extends to a depth of 630 feet below the surface of the earth.

At present the workers have dug down to a depth of 399 feet, where they are taking the salt out of an immense and beautiful chamber that is 784 feet long and 175 feet high. When seen in the radiance of the electric lights this underground cavern shines like a fairy palace, for walls and roof and pillars are snowy white and beset with myriads of crystals, each of which gives a reflection of its own.

The great pieces of salt are blasted out with powder just as if the mine were a stone quarry. It is very hard to use metal in the mines, for the salt eats it away quickly. On the contrary, wood is hardened and preserved beautifully by it.

For Relief Fund. The vice-consul for Sweden and Norway begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions to date for the relief of the famine stricken population of Sweden: John H. Henderson & Co. \$75.00, A. H. Pedler 10.00, S. P. Johnson 10.00, A. Warren 5.00, H. Foss 5.00, J. O. Hara 5.00, E. Barrett 5.00, G. Mathson 5.00, M. Fosness 5.00, Miss Elias 5.00.

Total \$130.00. All contributions should be sent to T. D. Pattullo, vice-consul for Sweden and Norway, March 17, 1903.

Power of Attorney Blanks for the Tanana-Nugget Office.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the United States Commissioner's Court for the Precinct of Forty-mile, District of Alaska, Third Division.

In the Matter of the Estate of Morris Lassen, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Andrew Lassen, Administrator, for the Forty-mile Precinct, of the estate of Morris Lassen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within six (6) months after the first publication of this notice, to said Administrator, at Wickersham, Forty-mile Precinct, Alaska, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

ANDREW LASSEN, Care U. S. Commissioner, Wickersham, Alaska. Dated: March 9th, 1903. c9-16-23-30

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MERCHANTS LAWYERS

Hot Game of Hockey Saturday Night

Lawyers Win by Two Goals But the Merchants Gave Them a Stiff Run.

It was those sweaters that did the business Saturday evening. About them there is an indefinable charm that is irresistible, a something that laughs at the idea of defeat for the team that is possessed of the magic garments and as they sustained the Civil Service throughout the league playing so have they done equally as well by the lawyers since the beginning of the games by the professional and business men. The red and black has not known defeat this winter and it remains for a new aggression to drag the colors in the dust. The doctors have tried it twice and the best either could do was to play a draw with the score a tie at the conclusion of the game. Hockey is either beginning to pall upon the Dawson people or they are pining for a newer diversion that will again tempt their jaded appetites. The attendance at the match Saturday night was small in comparison to what it should have been considering the excellence of the game. When the professional men first began playing hockey their efforts were so ludicrous that the games were execratingly funny, but with each match played they have improved so that now one looks for something more than funny falls and impromptu headstands. The lineup Saturday night was the same as it was upon the occasion of the first game with the exception of Mr. Pinsky on the merchants' team whose place was filled by W. G. Lillie. What was lacking in attendance was more than made up in noise that at times was simply deafening. In the gallery was a bunch of about a dozen youths whose exuberance was only equalled by their disgustingly coarse actions and the volume of billingsgate that poured in an endless torrent from their mouths, the freshest lot of "kids" that ever broke away from their mother's apron strings. If the management will but bar the fiends who can not attend a match without a fish horn in their fists or a club with which they can beat the side of the rink they will confer a lasting benefit upon mankind. It is a positive fact that many ladies will not attend the matches simply because they do not care to be deafened by such a conglomeration of intolerable noise.

Donaghy and Macfarlane faced off and the lawyers took the aggressive from the first blow of the whistle, setting a pace that was lively enough for anyone. A series of long lifts by Jones on one side and Tobin on the other kept the skaters sliding back and forth for a moment or two. Crisp quickly followed one of Tobin's efforts in that direction thinking to catch the puck before Jones had time to return it. He was a moment too late to be effective, but his collision with Jones knocked out the later's pins and his feet went up in the air. During the first four or five minutes of play the puck was practically all the time in the Merchants' territory. An off-side play occurring near the latter's goal placed it in an exceedingly dangerous position which was only saved by the alertness of Macfarlane in the face-off that followed. A moment later another red hot scrimmage occurred in front of the merchants' goal. Robertson made an excellent try, but Chisholm was there with the goods and the shot failed to score. The play about the merchants' goal had become so exciting that all the lawyers were crowding in close with the exception of two of the defense. Then it was that Jones made one of his sensational plays. Observing that the field was nearly clear he pulled the puck out from the crowd and started down the rink like greased lightning. He made a good shot, but Smith caromed the puck off to one side and before another try could be made the entire bunch was in the mix-up. For a moment or two there was a horrible jockeying in sight from which Crisp finally emerged, duplicating the run of Jones but with no better success. After making one nice Chisholm left his goal for a moment to drive the puck back and while absent another shot was taken which fortunately missed and left the rubber back of the net. When Rod discovered that his goal had been unprotected and the puck was back of the net he became so flabbergasted he tried to climb over the net in order to reach it. The first blood was claimed by the merchants, Crisp receiving a nasty cut over his eye from a lift by Jones. The latter pulled his heel off which delayed the game a few moments. After twelve minutes of play Robertson scored the first goal for the lawyers. Combinations were played but they were not quick enough to be effective. Macfarlane passed to Reid and the latter would have scored had it not been for Smith's alertness. The merchants' goal again had a narrow escape, the entire push being crowded about the net. Tobin made a long shot but failed to connect. Jones made another hot foot down the ice, but again his good intentions were spoiled. Ledieu took a header over Reid, Tobin came within a hair's breadth of scoring on a long lift and just as the whistle blew

Crisp shot a goal which being on an off-side play was not allowed. In the second half more royal blood was drawn. Crisp already had a gash on one side of his head made with the puck, but not content with one distinguished mark he must needs have another. A stick sharply wielded brought the claret on the other side and two little rivulets of bright red corpuscles trickled their way down his phiz. Robertson was also branded, receiving a nasty cut on his jaw from a lift. Sparling shot a goal in seven minutes and two minutes later Jones bagged the first and only one made by the merchants. It was gotten at the conclusion of another of his sensational runs. He had taken the puck the full length of the rink, had lost it to the point, regained it and made a successful shot, the whole thing being done in less time than it takes to tell it. And how the crowd did yell. Eight minutes before the call of time Donaghy corralled another goal for the Lawyers and the game was fairly won without any chance for a dispute. Billy Gibson made an excellent try, one perfectly satisfactory to everyone. The following is the lineup of the two teams: Lawyers—Goal, A. G. Smith; point, H. S. Tobin; coverpoint, Pierre Ledieu; forwards, F. G. Crisp, H. E. A. Robertson, J. K. Sparling and D. Donaghy. Merchants—Goal, R. Chisholm; point, M. H. Jones; coverpoint, Albert Reid; forwards, R. P. McLennan, J. P. McLennan, W. G. Lillie and F. S. Macfarlane. Score—3 to 1 in favor of the Lawyers. Reference—W. H. B. Lyon. Timekeeper—W. H. B. Lyon. Goal umpires—George Kennedy and Jack Elbeck. Quick Lunches for Londoners The "quick lunch" has long been one of the features of American city life, and it will be seen that his amenities are now to be placed within the reach of the Londoner, who has too often been hitherto compelled to wait an inordinate number of minutes for very inadequate accommodation in his cafes and restaurants. The new places of entertainment will be modeled upon the lines approved in the United States, where not so much the requirements of the digestion as the imperious demands of time are considered. There will be no waiters, and also, it may be added, no waiting, each man or woman will attend to his or her own needs. Rockefeller Party in Pasadena Pasadena, Cal., March 7.—John D. Rockefeller and party arrived here today to remain for a week. The party consists of Mr. Rockefeller, Mrs. Rockefeller, Miss L. M. Speltman of New York, Miss Adelle Pentland of Cleveland, O., and Dr. H. F. Biggar, Mr. Rockefeller's physician. Swift's Bacon has no equal.

"TWO STEWS" Unusual Episode in a Railway Freight Office. A story is told by Col. R. S. Brown of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railway, who is well known to the railroad men of Dallas, who vouches for its truth, as he was personally interested. Col. Brown is located at Louisville, Ky., and his office stands on a corner and is combined with the office of the freight department. In this latter office there are many flat-topped desks. One night as the colonel was waiting alone in the brightly lighted office for his assistant to come and relieve him, he walked a couple from the backwoods. They took seat at one of the flat-top desks and called to him. Wondering much at this display of nerve, Col. Brown asked what was wanted. "What d'ye want?" inquired the countryman. "I'm going to order some oyster stew." Col. Brown was aghast. Then the humor of the mistake appealed to him. "You kin give me a stew, too," simpered the maiden. "Col. Brown went to the rear door, which led to the basement. "Two half stews," he belted into the vacant cellar. He then returned to his desk and waited for his assistant once more. In about fifteen minutes the countryman called him. "See here," he said, "What's the matter with them stews?" "Again the colonel went to the door. "What's the matter with them stews?" he demanded, savagely. "What's that you say?" "He returned to the table. "The cook says the fires went down," he explained, "ready in a minute." The colonel returned to his seat once more and looked anxiously at the clock. At last the footsteps of his assistant was heard, and struggling into his coat, the colonel went out into the night, leaving the assistant absorbed in his labors. In about half an hour the countryman arose and approached the assistant. "See here," he said, savagely, "what sort of a joint is this anyway? Where's them stews I ordered an hour ago?" "Stews?" exclaimed the assistant, looking up. "What d'ye mean?" "Ya-a-a-g, stews," repeated the countryman. "Hurry up them stews or there'll be trouble. Hear that, don't you, sonny?" "What d'ye take me for, you long-legged, lay-headed jackass?" exclaimed the out-raged assistant. "It ain't no restaurant." "It ain't, eh?" demanded the countryman, pulling off his coat. "I ordered them stews from a fat-headed sucker two hours ago, and now you say this ain't a restaurant." When Col. Brown came to his office the following day he says that his heart smote him. The assistant was a wreck. One eye was closed, his face was a mass of court plaster and he walked with a decided limp. It required the combined influence of half the officials of the road to prevent him from resigning, and to this day, the story says, that assistant is sitting up nights plotting to get even. Dallas News.

RECEIVES HIS GRANT O'Brien Gets Title to No. 3 Lovett Now in a Position to Attack the Claims of O'Keefe and Middlecoffer. Following the precedent that has been established by Mr. Justice Craig relative to the issuance of grants to mining claims, a grant this morning was issued to William J. O'Brien to the upper half of No. 3 below discovery on Lovett gulch, the same ground that is covered by the grant that Wm. O'Keefe has received. Elmer Middlecoffer, as was stated in the Nugget of Saturday, also has a grant to the same ground though the description is different, the latter describing it as the lower half of the claim instead of the upper half. So it is that there are three claimants to the same piece of property and a long and expensive lawsuit will alone settle which is rightly entitled to the claim unless those interested are inclined to compromise in some manner. The latter is not thought of at all probably as Middlecoffer is already and has been for over two years in possession of the ground and it is hardly likely that after undisputed possession for so long that he will consent to any sort of a compromise, particularly as he is the best judge of the value of the claim which is said to be no small amount. Those who have looked into the affair claim that the end can come in but one manner, one of the three will be named as the rightful owner and that will end it. Changing the survey or the position of the claims is out of the question. If it is as is claimed that there are but 250 feet between Nos. 2 and 1, then in order to make room for an upper half as well as a lower half, according to the grant of Middlecoffer, an extra 250 feet would have to be crowded in some manner or another. No. 4 is a short claim, being but 250 feet long and to move it further down stream would raise the ire of 54 owners interested in the claim, that being the claim which was so extensively staked at the time of the opening of the Phil concession last fall. Below No. 4 is a fraction which has long been occupied and then comes Bonanza, which dates back to the fall of '96. So it would seem that some one who now imagines himself to be the possessor of valuable ground will some morning awaken to find that he has nothing at all unless it will be a bill for lawyers' fees and court costs. Middlecoffer is at present out of the country though his return is anticipated now at almost any time. He being in the absolute possession of the claim it will be up to either O'Keefe or O'Brien to make the first move. H. H. Vreeland's Joke H. H. Vreeland of the Metropolitan Traction Company, who, it is said, will go to London to manage the Yukon underground lines, rose from the lowest rung of the street railway business, and will occasionally unbend enough to crack a joke with a subordinate. "There is an aged New York conductor whom Mr. Vreeland likes particularly well, a Boston man, with a great deal of learning stored in his gray head. About this learning Mr. Vreeland likes to banter the old fellow. "Why does hanging kill?" he said to this conductor one day. "Because the inspiration is checked and the circulation arrested, while there is a suffusion of blood to the brain and a consequent cephalic congestion," was the prompt answer. "I thought hanging killed because the rope was always too short to let the feet touch the ground," said Mr. Vreeland.—Boston Post.

Broken Line Sale 100 Suits to Select From. Former Prices \$18, \$20, \$25. Your Choice \$10.00 Sargent & Pinsky WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SECOND AVE. Supt. Mitchell Ill. Peter McArthur, talking novelists who was arranging for dramatization of a novel that he had not yet completed, remarked: "It is a good deal like a Canadian friend of mine who went back with a dog. The trip was all right for a time, but there came a time when the dog started to bark over a deep well at two long New York Times. PUBLIC NOTICE Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Jerome Amador and Alfred Ernest Willis, carrying on business in the Yukon territory in the name of the 18th day of March, 1903, dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due by the said firm should forthwith be presented to A. E. Willis for payment, and all accounts owing to said partnership must be paid at once. Dated at Dawson this 15th day of March, A. D. 1903. (Sgd.) J. A. CHUTE (Sgd.) A. E. WILLIS WITNESSES (Sgd.) H. D. HULME

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The Nugget Circle From Skagway to Vol. 4—No 71. RESIGNATION Was Designed of His Policy Will Insist tocol REPORTED DISCOVERY Said to Have Been at Pelly Bank Tributary of Pelly Called bell Creek is Scene of Latest Strike. SUIT CLUB BREWITT The Tailor Pressing and Repairing the Month. PROFESSIONAL CARDS PATTULLO & RIPLEY - Attorneys, Dawson, Yukon Territory. Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.