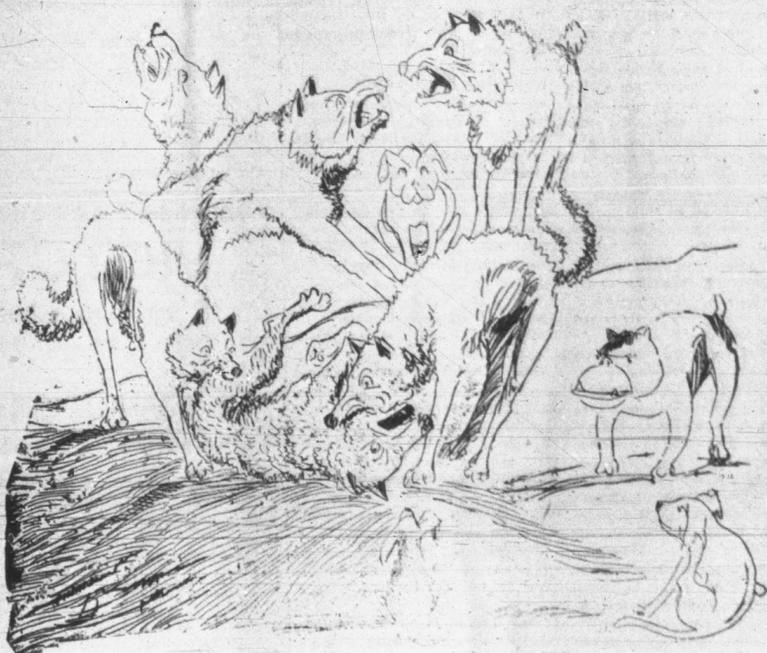


HOT SPEECH IN CONGRESS

Hill of Connecticut Defends Soldiers

Tells of Most Horrible Atrocities Committed by Rebels on Loyal Filipinos.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, May 17.—The house followed the senate in discussion of Philippine affairs. Allegations of Philippine outrages were presented in a speech by Vandiver and supported by criticisms of Wheeler of Kentucky, while vehement defenses of American soldiers were made by Hepburn of Iowa, Grow of Pennsylvania, Hill of Connecticut, W. A. Smith of Michigan, and Lessler of New York. In the course of his remarks Hill detailed a visit paid General Smith's headquarters in the Philippines and added: "I found department Smith in quietness and yet while that condition existed, this incident actually occurred: A company of Tagalos' Philippine army, if you choose to so call it, descended on a village of peaceable Filipinos, destroyed that village, murdering men, women and children. If the gentleman from Missouri, Vandiver, desires a specimen of barbarism, I want to tell you what they did to loyal Filipinos. They took men out and tied them to ant hills six, eight, ten feet high and six feet in diameter, filled with ants that are absolutely ravenous and eat up everything they come in contact with. They allowed them to be eaten to death by ants. They buried them in ground up to their necks and



SEEN ALL HOURS, DAY AND NIGHT, ON DAWSON'S STREETS.

FINNISH COLONY

Will be Founded at Copper River

By New York Banking House—Alaska's Land Law Very Defective.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
New York, May 17.—The New York banking house of Hornberg & Co. has taken steps looking to founding a Finnish colony in Alaska. J. Churchill, representative of the company, is now in Cooks Inlet and will carefully look over the ground to investigate its resources, and if he finds them as represented immediate steps will be taken to found a colony. About fifty families will be given a fair start and if they prosper others will quickly follow. The plan will be handicapped by the fact that it will be impossible to obtain title to land settled. Its intention, however, is to hold land by squatters' right until such time as the land laws are extended to Alaska.

CLERIC HAD A HUNCH

He Left St. Pierre When Rumbling Began

One of Few Who Saw Eruption and Lived to Describe Its Horrors.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Paris, May 17.—Ferdinand Cleric, millionaire and mayor of Trinit, is one of the few persons who witnessed the eruption of Mount Pelee and lives to tell of it. He prepared for flight on the morning of May 8 when rumblings of the volcano became insistent, and advised all his friends to flee, but his warning was disregarded. He was only six miles from St. Pierre when the huge mass of stones and ashes burst on the doomed city. This was followed by a wall of flame. The whole thing occupied only two minutes.

GOV. ROSS AT VANCOUVER

Arrived There Today From Ottawa

He Says "We Got Pretty Nearly Everything We Went After."

Vancouver, May 17.—"We got pretty nearly everything we went after," was the remark of Governor Ross, who arrived from Ottawa today. "I will have been noticed," he said, "we have secured representation, our appropriations have been increased all round, money has been granted for the construction of a winter trail which will shorten the distance from Whitehorse to Dawson, and the amount the district will receive this year will be for the first time equal to the revenue Canada derives from the Yukon. The trip to Ottawa has been entirely satisfactory." Governor Ross went to Victoria this afternoon and will leave for Dawson about the end of the month.

Lost at Sea

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Berlin, May 17.—The German steamer Ehrenfels, of the Hansa line from Bremen, was lost on her way to Calcutta. Part of the crew landed at Aden. The captain and forty others who left in small boats have not been heard of since.

Strike is Off

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Stockholm, May 17.—The action of both chambers of the Swedish Riksdag being favorable to universal suffrage, labor leaders decided to end the strike at Stockholm this evening when 200,000 men will return to work.

Not for Them

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, May 17.—Neither Lipton, Astor nor Sir Ernest Cassel will be made coronation peers. Lipton said today a peerage had not been offered him and if it were he would decline it.

Was a Draw

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, May 17.—Billy Ryan of Syracuse and George Dixon of New York, ex-leatherweight champions of America, boxed fifteen rounds here which ended in a draw.

Hanged Yesterday

Special to the Daily Nugget.
St. Petersburg, May 17.—Halshchakov, who killed Sipiaguine, the Russian minister of the interior, was hanged yesterday.

Two Shooting Affrays

Special to the Daily Nugget.
As a result of two gun plays in the Black Hills one man is dead and another is dying, but Dunham, the Family Grocer, is still alive and is still headquarters for the family groceries, such as B. A. W. Imita, Schilling's tea and coffee, Heine's pickles, preserves, Miller's butter, etc., etc. Corner Second avenue and Albert street.

The Ladue Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

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

Assay Office

EMPIRE HOTEL
JAS. F. MACDONALD
MAX. LANDREVILLE
Everything New, Elegantly Furnished
Well Kept, Bar Attached.
SECOND STREET, Near Second Ave.

Shoff's Kidney Cure

9 out of 10 people here need it. It's sure.

PIONEER DRUG STORE

24th MAY 4th JULY
CANADIAN, BRITISH AND AMERICAN
FLAGS!!

3 Feet - 6 Feet - 9 Feet
12 Feet.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

Favorably Considered

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, May 17.—Representative Jones has secured favorable consideration from the committee on merchant marine and fisheries of his proposal to authorize the secretary of war to contract with American vessels to carry freight to Manila providing such vessels did not more than ten per cent. higher than other vessels.

Miserable Weather

Special to the Daily Nugget.
New York, May 17.—London reports so far rain, snow and hail as the harbinger of summer in England. Never before has there been so inclement a spring. Those there for the coronation sit around in doleful groups waiting for sun that never comes. No amount of festivities can dispel the universal gloom the awful weather has created.

False Report

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, May 17.—The foreign office says there is no truth in reports from American sources that Pauncefoot has asked that his resignation be immediately accepted on account of ill health.

Is Now King

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Madrid, May 17.—Alphonso attained his majority today and became king of Spain in fact as well as in name. He reached the age of sixteen. Queen's wedding favored the elaborate ceremony.

Finest ice cream parlor in the city—at Gandolfo's. 17th.

I. W. Nordstrom, teacher of mandolin and guitar, Rochester hotel.

Geological Survey

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, May 17.—F. C. Schrader of the United States geological survey, left on the Santa Ana for the north. Schrader, whose corps of sixteen assistants are now on the field of their operations, will prosecute geological work as he has done for the past several seasons in the Copper river country.

Chinese Complaint

San Francisco, April 18.—In the detention sheds of the Pacific Mail dock 185 Chinese and two women are held awaiting the decision of the federal courts on their applications to land.

The Chinese Six Companies have received many complaints concerning the way these immigrants have been treated. Hardly a day passes but some one who has accepted the hospitality of the steamship company comes forward with a vigorous protest.

It is charged that the shed is too small to accommodate so large a number. To save space bunks are built along the side of the wall, one above the other. The bed clothing is scant and unclean. The floors are unswept and dirt and filth are everywhere.

The inmates, expecting to be detained only a few days, do not take the trouble to remedy the evil. They are anxious to get away as soon as possible, and with no one to direct them, leave as a heritage to the next occupant an addition to the general squalor. For the use of the bunks in the detention sheds the Pacific Mail Company charges 50 cents a day for each occupant. When the immigrants are apportioned among the "bosses" in Chinatown an agent of the company demands the charges in advance. They have been paid as a matter of course, and the individual immigrant is expected to reimburse the "boss" as soon as he can. The Six Companies does not know who pays for those who do not land but it is supposed the steamship company stands the loss. Twice a day a small hand truck is wheeled on the dock from a near-by restaurant loaded down with pans of rice and pans of stewed meat. The better class of Chinese, accustomed to clean food, have also made this service a ground for complaint, but no one has yet brought the complaints to the attention of the federal government.

CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK

\$10 PER TOOTH
Teeth Filled \$2 up
These are Outside Association Prices
Dawson Dental Parlor
Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co.

Shattuck Sentenced

Chas. A. Shattuck who several days ago, pleaded guilty to three charges of petty theft, was this morning sentenced by Judge Macaulay to three months imprisonment at hard labor.

In passing sentence his honor took into consideration the fact that the prisoner is a "hop fiend," and for that reason the punishment imposed was not so severe as it might otherwise have been.

Spring Gunning

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Atlanta, May 17.—Three police and five negroes were killed at Pittsburg, a suburb of Atlanta, in battle, the result of an attempt to capture negroes who held up a policeman. State militia has been ordered out to attack houses where the negroes are entrenched.

Interim Lease

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Kansas City, May 17.—General passenger agents of railways met at Kansas City and agreed on a system of interim lease for use of railways west of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and from the Canadian boundary line to the Gulf of Mexico.

Ice cream soda—at Gandolfo's. 17th

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Handsome Residence

The walls are up and workmen are fast pushing to completion the commodious residence being built by Mr. J. P. McLennan on Seventh avenue between Church and Hanson streets.

Coal Goes Up

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Chicago, May 17.—Chicago is already feeling the effect of the coal strike. Hard coal prices have advanced from \$6.85 to \$7.25 per ton.

New Arrival

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Tukey was gladdened yesterday morning by a tiny feather which was dropped from heaven into the sacred lap of motherhood. The new arrival is a boy, lusty and vigorous, and the happy parents are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

Pleaded Not Guilty

Martin Gleason, charged with dangerous assault, having been bound over for trial from the Ferk, was in court this morning for arraignment. He pleaded not guilty to the information and elected to be tried before a jury, his trial being fixed for Monday, June 2.

Extract of Rye

Daniel Gleason, not the burned cork artist who recently carved his name on the pinnacle of minstrel fame, but another Dan Gleason, was before Judge Macaulay this morning. The only way in which he resembles an ice jam is that he impedes traffic, not on the river but on First avenue. Yesterday the balmy spring zephyrs proved too much for him and he

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
Capital paid up (Eight Million Dollars), \$8,000,000.
RESERVE, \$2,000,000.

The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax.

D. A. CAMERON, Manager.
Dawson Branch.

They are told that men appreciate
the excellence of men, and among CLOTHING from because they are able.
Reliable Clothier, 1st Ave.
and Cuffs
Socks
20 From S. Y. T. Des
Third Avenue, Opposite
102-5
cking Tailors
HEAPLY
Metropole, Dawson
CO. Day and
Night Service.
7, 20, 1902
8:30 a. m. and 6 p. m.
OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING
air bones. During their
enforced imprisonment
if they tramped out a
few feet in length and
down it in order to
circulating in their
sole Conditions
Daily Nugget.
16.—Sulphuric vapor
much sickness at St.
hospital staffs are
high overwork. Bodily
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probably be resorted to
robbery is on the
Pierre. Sixteen ha
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feared.
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Daily Nugget.
May 16.—The miners
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were taken to involv
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miners in the United

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de drill tonight on
round promptly at
embers are expect
be present.
ing Repaired.
were put to work
ing the seams of the
to prevent another
event of a second sud
iver.
NOTICE.
se, weight 850 lbs., on
found astray. Own
at Dawson Transfer Co
arges.
Co., Leading Druggists.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00. Per month, by carrier in city in advance 3.00. Single copies 25. Semi-Weekly. Yearly, in advance \$24.00. Six months 13.00. Three months 8.00. Per month, by carrier in city in advance 2.00. Single copies 25.

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

A CHANGE OF POLICY.

The house committee of the United States congress has reported adversely on a number of bills granting large subsidies of land to railway corporations contemplating constructing lines in Alaska. This is a new policy for Uncle Sam to pursue, but it is one that experience has clearly demonstrated should have been inaugurated long ago.

Before the early trans-continental lines were in process of construction, immense tracts of land were granted their promoters, upon the theory, apparently, that the public domain of the United States could never be exhausted. Lands which in the aggregate would equal the area of an empire were thus ruthlessly given away, with no thought of the time when none would be left.

During the past few years a decided opposition has grown up among the people against further abuses of the land granting privilege of the government. The construction of the Great Northern railroad, practically without government assistance, has opened the eyes of the public to the fact that railroads may be made to pay without having their hands continually in the government coffers.

The opposition which has manifested itself to the plans of the Alaskan railway promoters will mark, apparently, a new departure. The value of Alaska has begun to dawn upon the American government and its marvelous resources will be conserved and protected against the plans of selfish and greedy schemers. As a result of extravagant grants of lands, the public domain of the United States has been reduced almost to nothing, while thousands of acres of unimproved land are now held by speculators, whose manner of acquiring title has been more or less questionable. The lesson of the past has had its effect, and in dealing with railroads in Alaska it is quite evident that Uncle Sam will exercise far better judgment and greater discretion than was exhibited in connection with the Pacific roads.

An important regulation recently passed in connection with the mining industry of the Yukon, is the right given to represent a group of contiguous claims by work performed upon one. On creeks where the miners possess but little means, and the ground is proven to be of low grade, this new provision will prove of great assistance. Under its terms a number of claim owners may group their efforts upon one claim and by performing sufficient work thereon

will be credited with representation for all the ground concerned. In this manner it will be possible to open up a creek and secure money for its development on a large scale when the value of the ground would not admit of successful individual operations. The new regulation is in a measure an application of the concession principle for the benefit of the individual miner. If the privileges conferred by it are not abused it should be found to work with satisfactory results.

The Milne concession seems destined to be productive of more litigation than gold. Every person who stakes on the ground covered by the concession has the pleasant knowledge that he is confronted with a possible lawsuit. When disputes between individual stakers are settled there still remains the original holder of the concession to be dealt with. It would need to be a pretty good claim that will justify so much contesting.

Thanks to the public spirit of the police authorities, Dawson will be provided with an athletic field for the season. This action of the police should serve to stimulate enthusiasm among all local athletes, who, if they exhibit due amount of interest, will be able to give Dawson a splendid series of sports during the summer.

Our contemporary the News in its issue of last evening picked up the island of St. Vincent and placed it right down on top of Jamaica. It may not be out of place to remind our contemporary that the traditional liberty of the press does not grant the right to make changes in the map.

Treated With Contempt.

Washington, April 18.—The "Pall Mall Gazette" article telegraphed back from London and printed today, throwing slurs at the United States, was treated with ridicule and contempt by prominent men in Washington. Representative Richardson, the minority leader, said:

"Mean, low, vile, contemptible, lying—that is all I care to say about the article." Senator Dubois of Idaho said: "I don't think it matters much to us what Mr. Waldorf-Astor or his paper may think about America, Mr. Astor is not an American. His ideas of a gentleman and the ideas of American gentlemen must necessarily differ. It is well they should."

Senator Allison said: "How funny."

Senator Clark of Wyoming said: "We have survived more caustic criticism than this latest bit of snobbery."

Again Enlarged.

The case of Allen Explan against Gus Chisholm and Mrs. Stevens was again called in Judge Macaulay's court this morning, but, owing to the absence of two important witnesses, the case was again enlarged until next Friday morning. The plaintiff admitting that Chisholm had no connection with the case, his name was accordingly stricken from the information.

Baseball This Evening.

There will be a game of baseball on the barracks ground this evening at seven o'clock, the contestants being Cribbs' team and the Yukon Juniors, both composed of boys from 12 to 14 years of age. The boys are good players and each team will do its best to win the first game of the season.

Baby Macaulay Dead

The nine-days-old baby daughter of Mayor and Mrs. H. C. Macaulay died this morning at 7 o'clock and was buried this afternoon from the family home, the funeral being a private one, only a few intimate friends of the family being present.

Summer Underwear

We are showing a very fine line of German Made, in Natural Wool and Silk and Wool Mixed; also a full line of Balbriggan, Natural Wool, Light Wool, Cotton, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN... 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

Animals Easily Camed.

Snake-charming and training are mere words, not facts. Snakes are not capable of real training. They can be taught to know their keeper and to twine about him without fear and beyond that little or nothing, as the cold of temperate latitudes keeps them constantly numbed, and much of their twisting and writhing about the body of the exhibitor is merely for the feeling in warmth which means life to them. Nature gives them absolutely none from within and unless they receive heat from external sources they stiffen and swoon into a death-like sleep. For this reason they display little activity and have consequently less appetite than any other living creatures, as is shown by their months of voluntary fasting in presence of food.

No one has ever yet found out the limits of elephant knowledge or capacity for learning. They are natural athletes, just as the monkeys are, and love contortional motions for the mere pleasure of it. Their big bodies, while apparently clumsy, are thoroughly elastic and better adapted for general work of all sorts than any other creature except man. From the very beginning of elephant training the work is extremely interesting. When one is to be captured from the wild herd a pen is built of sufficient strength to imprison him. Most of the work of placing the logs in the walls of the inclosure is done by tame elephants, and when it is complete two or three female elephants which have been trained to act as decoys, go about the work of enticing the unsuspecting victim into the trap. This they accomplish with almost human ingenuity, and after the big prize is shut up safely they assist in securing him with ropes and chains and then aid in his education both by example and compulsion.

It takes an elephant to catch an elephant. In India they have been in use during all time that history records, but not so in Africa. There the whole tribe of them were free until a small band of trained Indian elephants were taken across and used to decoy and catch them, the tame females luring the wild elephants into the inclosures where they were set upon and secured by the strong bull elephants working under command of their Indian mahouts. The power of these men over their charges is wonderful and comes largely from the strong love which Hindoos have for all animal life. When an elephant does anything for which the mahout wishes to give a special reward, it is by feeding him an enormous cake made of flour, sugar, rum and spice, the eating of which is the greatest delight an elephant knows.

Lions rank next in intelligence and general adaptability for show purposes. They have more brains than any other of the cat family, and what is more, they are thoroughly spectacular. The showman has always to keep in mind the completed picture which will be presented to the audience. A trainer might put in as much time and patience in training a band of rabbits to perform. The feat might be as great in itself, but spectators would not be impressed as they are by seeing a cage full of lions doing the same thing.

It is not altogether the danger to which the trainer exposes himself that pleases audiences, for tigers or leopards are more dangerous than lions, but they do not put up the imposing front which has won the king of beasts his reputation.

Of course the first thing necessary to do in training any wild animal is to catch it; but this branch of the business, which was originally the hardest part of the showman's work, is now in the hands of professional animal catchers who have agents all over the world trapping for them. Since Noah let his collection go there has been no one to go into the business so thoroughly, though there are at the present time two European dealers, Cross of Liverpool and Hagenbeck of Hamburg, who make a point of carrying in stock most of the known wild animals. Some of them have to be kept on ice and some over the stove. Some will not keep anyway. The giraffe is one of these. Timid as a hare, fragile as glass, delicate as a flower, and clumsy in confinement, it is one of the few animals which circus men do not attempt to train. It has enough to do to keep alive without learning any other tricks.

The theory that meat-eating animals are the most vicious does not seem to be borne out by the characters of the ibex and zebra, which, though living on cool green grass and pure water, are too fierce for training purposes. The so-called zebras which have been driven in harness are not the genuine full-striped articles, but quaggas, animals of similar appearance but more docile dispositions. The wild ass also belongs in the same catalogue of untamables,

and by his fierce resistance to the restraints of captivity makes it certain that a vegetable diet is not the best thing for the nerves.

To manage animals it is only required that the manager should know them thoroughly. So much is this true that it seems as though the trainer and not the animal were the one at school. All that he has to do is to learn what nature intended the animals to do and how they prefer doing it, then encourage them to go ahead.—Ex.

The Boson's Song.

You may talk of your prima donnas Who move vast crowds to tears, You may talk of the songs of the woodland birds And the music of the spheres;

But I've listened to sweeter music Than ever you have heard From throat of man or woman, From angel or from bird.

Yet the singer was Pipes, the boson, And it never before was known, Though he hummed a sea-song now and then, That his voice had a musical tone.

We'd been cruising in the West Indies For many a weary day, With nothing to do but think of home And loved ones far away—

Of sweethearts, wives, and little ones That we might ne'er see more, For hurricanes were rife at sea, And Yellow Jack on shore.

We had dropped in at Samana Bay, And were waiting quietly there For orders from the admiral To go we knew not where.

But we'd lain two weeks at anchor Under a broiling sun, Listlessly thinking that any change Must needs be a better one.

When we sighted the flagship's tender, Spelled her signals word by word, But they only said, what we knew before, "We've orders for you on board."

The orders came, and the captain Glanced over them awhile, And then his weather-beaten face Grew bright with a joyous smile.

He called the first lieutenant, And whispered a word in his ear, And then we saw the same glad smile On the first luff's face appear;

As he told the boson to man the bars And station his minions three, But he whispered something else to Pipes That made him grin with glee.

At length the mates were stationed, The call rang loud and clear, And fore and aft the boson's song Was echoed with a cheer.

For little you know—you landsmen, Who never are called to roam— How sweet were the words the boson sung:

"All hands, up anchor for home!" —Casper Schenck, Pay Director, U. S. N. (Retired).

Bulletin Bubbles.

A slack wire performance—the tardy telegram.

Several "spoons" in a play do not give it a stirring plot.

Love may be blind, but there are spectacles and operations that will cure it.

The coachman doesn't own the horses just because he has a livery of his own.

Unlike most guests, Jack Frost

... FOR THE KOYUKUK ...

"The Str. Seattle No. 3"

Will leave Dawson for Bergman and Bettles on or about the 27th inst.

Out Ticket Office Will Open for Business Monday, the 19th.

"Steamer Sarah"

Will leave Dawson June 5th, connecting at the mouth of the Koyukuk River with the "Str. Rock Island" for Bergman and Bettles.

"Steamer Susie"

Will leave Dawson for St. Michael about June 14th, or as soon as possible after the breaking up of the ice on Lake LeBarge, connecting with the first through steamers from Whitehorse. She will transfer passengers for Bergman and Bettles to the "Seattle No. 3" 2nd trip at the mouth of the Koyukuk. All our steamers will carry fresh supplies for our STORES at Bergman and Bettles.

NO DANGER OF ANY SHORTAGES

We Have Arranged

The sailing dates of our steamers in accordance with our many years experience in navigating the Koyukuk and Yukon Rivers.

Our Fast New Steamer Koyukuk

Will report for duty on the Upper Koyukuk the middle of June.

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY.

VICTORIA DAY..

Before Decorating Get Our Prices on Flags and Bunting. Townsend & Rose

First to Arrive!

The Str. Prospector Will arrive Friday or Saturday direct from lower LeBarge with a full cargo of Fresh Fruit and Vegetables!

And will immediately sail for Frazer Falls, Stewart River.

For Full Particulars, Rates, Etc., Apply Aurora Dock, Transportation Agent

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY.

Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. Fire Proof Sales Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

IF YOU WANT good, fresh Beef, Mutton, Poultry, Game, etc. See

QUEEN ST. Phone 70 Shaw & Co.

SUMMER TIME TABLE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

Week Day Service GOLD RUN via Carmack's and Dome 9 a. m. GRAND FORKS 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. HUNKER 9:30 a. m. CARIBOU 9:30 a. m. 7 BELOW L. DOMINION 9:30 a. m. Sunday Service GRAND FORKS 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. For Rates on Shipment of Gold Dust see Office.

The White Pass and Yukon Route The British Yukon Navigation Co.

Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse: "White Horse," "Dawson," "Selkirk," "Victorian," "Yukoner," "Canadian," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Bailey," "Zealandian," and Four Freight Steamers. A steamer will sail from Dawson almost daily during the season of 1902, connecting at Whitehorse with our passenger trains for Skagway. The steamers have all been thoroughly renovated, and six rooms put in first-class condition. Table service unsurpassed. The steward's department will be furnished with the best of fruits and fresh vegetables. Through tickets to all Puget Sound and B. C. points. Reservations made on application at Ticket Office. J. F. Lee, Traffic Manager, Seattle and Skagway. J. H. Rogers, General Agent, Dawson, Seattle and Skagway.

The Valle

(Continued)

quickly to see... He was greatly surprised that he had not... he quickly ran up... it and looked... sight on the other... What do you... children.

Why it was... little men and... in every direction... they struggled to... many of the... could and put... bags. Now the... ered with them... see which would... as fast as they... they hung the... without even... the least bit, w... fixed the diamon... it was very un... so, children?

Now when... down weary fr... they carried an... the people we... did not know... gems about an... might not even... This little man... hill saw all of... you will remem... heart of love a... down and show... women the wa... into the beaut... He ran swiftl... amongst them... the folks." So... others—were s... gems that the... him.

"Follow me... hill and I w... out into the... they only sho... might not go... all their gem... for they belo... Gems and not... ers, and could... "These gem... happy," said... they are cold... light when it... sun goes down... cold and your... are they n... said some, bu... the jewels wh... ly. "You ne... to make you... little ladies... way to the... ness, and it... little man... the hill, but... there were no... ground; they... all the more... hear him mo... The little... them any mo... bear him, bu... off a most b... large souful... diamonds fas... she was lo... water to see... the gems s... hair, and w... a little quee... breast were... Now he walk... and spoke to... she looked i... for he was... eyes and se... and then she... read his th... that they l... loved each o... dead, so m... other that... about the g... did not thin... either, and... of very deep... forget these... He called i... and she said... lover of dre... him many ti... in her dre... together in th... He took b... many, ma... upon him an... and stronger... seemed as if... even more... lovers is al... She seeme... ment and no... in her face... happy that... little man... More happy... gems in th... They talk... gather and l... and they w... stream, for... their own h... I love you... indeed, and... and real tru... powers, wh...

The Valley of Gems.

(Continued from page 3.)

quickly to see what had happened. He was greatly surprised, for he now saw a little green hill before him that he had not ever seen before and he quickly ran up to the very top of it and looked down at the strange sight on the other side.

What do you think he saw? dear children.

Why it was the Valley of Gems that he saw and he could see all the little men and women hurrying about in every direction and crying, while they struggled together to pick up as many of the bright gems as they could and put them all into little bags. Now the ground was all covered with them, but they fought to see which would get the most, and as fast as they filled the little bags they hung them about their neck without even sitting down to rest the least bit, while the little ladies fixed the diamonds in their hair. Yes, it was very unwise, do you not think so, children?

Now when night came they sank down weary from the load which they carried and cried, for these little people were very blind and they did not know that carrying these gems about and struggling to get them kept happiness away that it might not even enter the valley. This little man from the top of the hill saw all of this in a moment, for you will remember that he had a big heart of love and he said "I will go down and show these little men and women the way out of this valley into the beautiful field of flowers."

He ran swiftly down the hill right amongst them and said, "Hello, little folks." Some heard him, but others were so busy picking up the gems that they did not see or hear him.

"Follow me," he cried, "up this hill and I will show you the way out into the field of flowers," but they only shook their heads for they might not go unless they would leave all their gems at the foot of the hill, for they belonged in the Valley of Gems and not in the Field of Flowers, and could not be taken away.

"These gems cannot make you happy," said the little man, "for they are cold and only glitter in the light when it shines, for when the sun goes down they are dark and cold and your hearts are heavy then—are they not?" "This is true," said some, but would not part with the jewels which they prized so highly. "You need love in your hearts to make you happy, little men and little ladies, and I can show you the way to the land of love and happiness, and it is beautiful," said the little man to them as he pointed up the hill, but when he told them that there were no gems there all over the ground, they only shook their heads all the more and would not go or hear him more.

The little man did not speak to them any more for they would not hear him, but he saw a little way off a most beautiful little lady with large soulful eyes and she had many diamonds fastened in her hair, and she was looking into a stream of water to see how she looked, and if the gems sparkled brightly in her hair, and wondered if she looked like a little queen. Upon her arms and breast were also many bright jewels. Now he walked up to this little lady and spoke to her in a kind voice and she looked up quickly and blushed, for he was looking right into her eyes and seemed to read her thoughts, and then she looked into his eyes and read his thoughts, and so it was that they knew quickly that they loved each other very, very much indeed, so much did they love each other that the little lady forgot all about the gems on the ground, and did not think of those in her hair either, and this is a sign, children, of very deep and true love when we forget these.

He called her his little bright star and she said that he was her little lover of dreamland, for she had seen him many times in her dreams, and in her dreams they had played together in the field of flowers.

He took her hand now, and kissed it many, many times, and she smiled upon him and his love grew stronger and stronger every moment, for it seemed as if he had loved her always—even more than all the birds and flowers in all the world.

She seemed more happy each moment and no sorrow of any kind was in her face, for she was so very, very happy that she saw nothing but the little man that she loved before her. More happy was she than all the gems in the world had ever made her.

They talked a long, long time together and he put his arm about her and they walked up and down by the stream, forgetting everything but their own happiness and love.

"I love you little lady very much indeed, and have come to help you to find real true happiness in the land of flowers, where trouble never comes to

make the heart sad, and I know the way, too, so let us go quickly before it gets dark or I may not find the way then."

"Yes, yes, we will go," she replied, taking hold of his arm and looking up into his face with bright, beaming eyes.

Now as they walked along they came to a beautiful gem by the way as large as the great round moon, and the little lady said "O, you must get that one for me and carry it along for it will be so lovely to have it in this beautiful land that you speak of."

He was about to tell her that they might not take any of these gems into that happy land, but she looked so sorrowful with tears in her eyes, that the little man lifted the great gem that was as large as the moon, put it on his back, and bending over, he carried it to the foot of the hill, while the little lady ran beside him laughing very loudly and patted him on the shoulder, while great drops of sweat ran down his face and spattered all over his nice little shoes. At the foot of the hill he put down the great round gem and sat upon it to rest, while she sat at his feet and told him how happy she was and how many, many times she had seen his kind face in her dreams, and that now they must never, never part, but must always live together forever.

Now it came to pass as they talked together, the day was far spent and he looked upon her as she asked him to remain in the Valley of Gems and gather the precious stones with her there, but he said no, no, little lady, it must not be thus, for we may not find that happiness you speak of here, for the gems only mock your heart and in the night your heart is cold, for they kill the love that should ever live in the breast. "Come quickly," he said, "let us climb the hill and go, for the time has come, the sun grows red, let me take off from you all these baubles, for they are heavy; their lustre is fast fading in the twilight and they hinder in our journey, and besides they are of no use in the Land of Flowers. With his own hands she let him take them all off from her neck, arms and hair, and laid them all in a little heap close beside that large round one, even as large as the moon.

Now the little lady cried very bitterly when she saw all her gems in a little pile on the ground, and so he took her in his arms and kissed her red cheeks and little round mouth many, many times, until she forgot her grief and smiled through her tears at him.

"They glitter so that they will blind our eyes so much that we can not see or know that we love each other. Let us now go quickly," he said, and hand in hand they climbed the hill together, even until they had reached nearly the very top, where she stopped suddenly and said "let me look back only just this once." She had thought of the gems behind her and before he knew that she was looking back into the Valley of Gems when the Field of Flowers was so near to them where they might enter and live many, many years of happiness, leaving the selfish world behind them.

Now the sun was setting in the west as she looked back and the valley strewn with the precious stones glittered like stars in the distance, and at the sight of them her eyes were blinded to all the love that was in her heart and the little man by her side she also forgot in that moment, and yanking her hand free from his she bounded back down the hill into the valley with the speed of the wind and was lost in the twilight, for it was now dark below so that you might not see, for the red sun had long been set there.

The little man felt a chill creep over his heart now, for the little warm hand was no longer in his and he wept in his solitude for the little lady that must suffer on, and on until her eyes might be opened by some good angel so that she might see her folly, for after many years she would know and understand when she looked into her heart and listened to hear what it whispered to her, that little small voice, which is our guide.

The little man knew no more until he heard a little bird singing, and looking about him he found himself once more under the apple tree and the Valley of Gems had disappeared. He still loved the little lady in his heart, dear children, and perhaps he might know his love or felt it sometimes in her breast, but he returned home very sorrowful with a sad heart and soon the world forgot all about the little man and his journey and the little lady. Forgotten also was the Valley of Gems and the lesson that it teaches.

Disobedience of Susan Fielding.
Dear Mamma—When you wrote me last
You cautioned me, with great insistence,
To hold your faithful teachings fast,
And keep all evil at a distance.
For dancing and for cards, you said,

No Christian should have aught but centure;
And that you'd rather have me dead
Than ever in a playhouse venture.

I told these things to Uncle Jed,
Aunt Helen, Bob, and all the others,
And auntie gently stroked my head
And softly said: "God bless such mothers!"
But Uncle Jed put on a frown,
And Cousin Bob said: "What a pity!
We want Sue to see the town,
To do as folks do in the city."

"Now, Susie, can't you see one play?"
"Don't tempt her, Bob," Aunt interjected;
"But, ma, I bought the seats today;
This is too much!" "But 'twas expected!"
Cried Uncle Jared, in a heat,
With anger showing in his features,
Then, hotly jumping from his seat,
"I know that church! I know those preachers!"

"How filled they are with holy rage
That men do not surr-and them,
kneeling;
Oh, how they hate the dance, the stage,
A game of cards and Sunday wheeling.
All innocent amusement's sin;
But men may slaughter men in a battle—
The Sabbath calm is broken in
By shriek and curse and cannon's rattle.

"And that's all right. Oh, age of cant!
"Oh, wretched day of truth perverted!"
Just here the rest—except my aunt—
As though they had the plan concerted—
Began to urge the case at hand
And importune me without measure:
"Your mother does not understand;
Dear Susie, do not spoil our pleasure;

"The seats are taken for tonight;
They can not now be countermanded."
Consider, Mamma dear, my plight;
Against poor me they all were banded.
Not one supporter had I there,
Not even by Aunt Helen shielded.
Was I to blame? Oh, do you care?
Could I do otherwise? I yielded.

I felt like one who does a crime,
Impelled against his own volition.
"I'm bad!" I said; "and all the time
Too good I'll be in opposition."
Remorse was gnawing in advance;
But when, at length, the rising curtain
Disclosed a scene in beautiful France
The voice of conscience grew uncertain.

"Twas France upon a fateful day,
I could but listen, look and wonder;
I saw the lovely Beauharnais,
I heard Napoleon's angry thunder;
The Corsican, unkempt and rude,
Talked of his star, his coming hour,
And with a tongue impetuous, wooed,
And promised fortune, glory, power.

You know the story, Mamma dear,
Of Bonaparte's fulfilled prediction;
How his most marvelous career
Surpassed the wildest dreams of fiction;
How, like some new-created sun,
He blazed out on the startled nations;
That in his advent saw begun
A day of world-wide conflagrations.

In grand tableaux we saw it all—
His empire's splendor, pomp and power;
Then saw him blindly court his fall
By spurning Fortune's richest dower;
And, all at once, from heaven above,
I seemed to hear these words of warning:
"The greatest gift of God is love.
When men requieth it with scorn-ing."

"His doom is sealed." My vision cleared;
The stage seemed all alight with glory;
Actors and actresses appeared
Like figures in a sacred story,
And on my spirit fell the calm
That comes when Sabbath bells are ringing;
Or when, above our choir's psalm,
I seemed to hear the angels singing.

Does this sound very strange to you?
Then tell me, Does God's relation
Come nowhere, save to cushioner
At times of Sabbath observation?
If 'tis His plan, from age to age,
To make men nobler—lift them higher—
Then may not the dramatic stage
Burn, sometimes, with a holy fire?

Love, perfect love, pervades the scene.
Yes, Julia Arthur's every motion,
When, as the outraged Josephine,
She shows the depth of her devotion.

How can she sign that dread decree
And rive her marriage bonds asunder?
She'd die to set Napoleon free;
But, this! To trample wifehood under!

No selfish motives intervene;
No thought of saying honors royal
She, the true woman—more than queen—
Must to her womanhood be loyal,
With what majestic poise she stands,
Though goaded nearly to distraction;

She casts the parchment from her hands—
How grand the language of the action!
Now comes a change: once more she tries
To woo Napoleon from his madness.
Ah, the deep pathos of her eyes!
Were ever eyes so filled with sadness?
Oh, this is something more than art,
No actress could, by mere portraying,
Give me the feeling comes when I am praying.

'Tis holy time, not only when
The preachers preach to saints and sinners,
And godly elders shout "Amen!"
Or, when a grace is said at dinner;
I think it also is divine
To show a love all else outweighing—
A love that does all rights resign—
Though this be called theatrical playing.

Nay, more I hold, the preacher's store,
Is sometimes but uprighteous leaven;
For good, or ill, does not subsist
In things themselves, but what they're yielding;
He may all things for God enlist—
Such is the creed of
SUSAN FIELDING.

Montclair, N. J.
Wasn't Pleased.
Two stock exchange men meet in Cheap-side.
"Just going to lunch," says one.
"Will you come?"
"All right," says No. 2, and they make tracks for the nearest restaurant.

"I'm in for a fried sole," says No. 1.
"Ditto," says No. 2.
"Two fried soles, please, waitress" and in a little time appear the two soles on a dish, and two plates.
"One of the soles happens to be much larger than the other, and the diner before whom the dish has been placed calmly passes the smaller fish to his companion.
"Now, I call that a mean trick," says the other.
"What is a mean trick?" says No. 1.
"Why, to pass me the smaller sole and retain the larger one for yourself," says No. 2.
"What would you have done," says No. 1, "if you had been serving the fish?"
"I should certainly have passed you the larger one," says No. 2.
"Well, I have got the larger one," says No. 1; "what more do you want?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Cure for "Pulling In."
It has been generally supposed that the Baxter street "puller in" was a product of Tammany lawlessness but while the tiger's blackmail system undoubtedly strengthened and developed the "puller in" in his strenuous vocation, the latter as an institution comes from Eastern Europe.
An American farmer likes to be ignored while he studies the prices in a show window, and he feels at home when the country storekeeper has an air of cold indifference while the process of jehing down the price is going on. Not so the peasant of parts of Poland, Russia and Hungary. He is so loutish and so ground down by oppression that when he goes to town and is seized and forcibly dragged into shops it flatters his vanity immensely, and often he will buy from a sense of gratitude at finding somebody that is interested in him.

The "puller in" transplanted to Baxter street does not find that everything is smooth sailing for him. He is constantly engaged in fights with those who resent as an insult their forcible seizure by a stranger, and violence in Baxter street has occasionally ended in bloodshed.

Baiting the "puller in" has long been a recognized sport among tough young men of the east side. According to the evidence of an untrifled individual who seldom fails to add to the brightness of his life by going "down the line" in Baxter street on Saturday evening, the joy of such a trip can be greatly increased by the possession of a headlight. A "headlight" is a large, cheap cigar, light-

ed. Puffing at their "headlights," a few boon companions will swing down Baxter street. Every time they hear the familiar "Walk right in; I will show you some cheap clothing," one of them quickly takes the "headlight" from his mouth and places the fire end of it on the hands that are clutching and pulling at his arm. It works like a charm. The hands at once unclasp and the "puller in" nurses them, at the same time swearing at the owner of the "headlight" in several languages. In the meantime the boon companions go on laughing heartily and watching for the next opportunity to use the "headlight."—New York Tribune.

Miss Smith (to Mr. Dearborn, about to sing)—"Miss Jones will play your accompaniments, Mr. Dearborn."
Miss Jones (to Mr. Dearborn)—"Oh, Mr. Dearborn, says his own accompaniments so beautifully I couldn't murder them for him."
Mr. Dearborn (gallantly)—"Oh, yes, you could!"
Manager—"Be careful not to make the plot of your novel too complicated."
Author—"Why not?"
Manager—"Well, you know before it is dramatized the plot will all have to be taken out."—Judge.

B. B. B., B. of N. B.
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The Nugget's Department for Children

Deep-Sea Diver's Tales.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and the old diver was sitting dangling his feet over the end of the wharf. He had been serenely silent for some time, when a boat load of young men pulled by singing and shouting in merriment. One of them noticed him and shouted "Have a drink, old boss!"

The philosopher of the under-sea sniffed with as much irritation as his equable nature could display, and he muttered, half to himself, "You'll get your drink, young man, if you and your friends are not more careful with that dingy—and it will be a longer drink than you're reckoning on, too!"

He followed the boat with frowning eyes until it disappeared behind the long dock. Then he again broke silence:

"A man can't drink and get far, diving. There may be businesses where the chap who takes more than is good for him is just the sort they are looking for, although I haven't yet happened on any myself. The big bankers and railroad presidents and steamship owners, for all I know, may feel like putting up notices in their offices:

"If you want to succeed with us, take a day off once a week and get drunk! Maybe they feel that way about it, and maybe they don't. But I know just this: you can't drink and dive."

"They say marrying always finds out the weakest side of a man, and the same is true of the deep sea. A pressure of twenty or twenty-five pounds, laid alone one of fifty or sixty, goes feeling over a man like an insurance doctor, and sure as death it'll put its finger on that link in the chain of his make-up that's going to be the first to break—and often enough it'll break it, too."

"If you haven't a sound heart and lungs, if you've been sunstruck or have had your brain affected in any other way, you can't go down safely. But above all—both for his own sake, and for the sake of his fellow divers, too—a drinker can't afford to try it—and for a lot of good reasons."

"I don't need to say anything of the plain likelihood of a muddle-headed man getting his valves out of kilter, or giving the wrong signals, or fangling himself in his lines and hoisting tackle. But take the matter of the effect of pressure alone. Deep water acts on a good many of the clearest-headed men exactly like laughing-gas, and when a man's brain is aflame with spirits to begin with, it makes a fool of him in no time."

"Whatever state of mind he's in is exaggerated tenfold; and whether he almost laughs his head off or wants to do murder is only a matter of how much he's been drinking, and accordingly how he's feeling when he goes down. If he's in an ugly temper to start with, the fact that he's soon making a fool of himself under sea—circling round a mast till he's tied himself like a call to a tree, or going down one hatch and trying to come up another, or getting hooked to his own derrick cable and being pulled up like a cork on a fishing-line—isn't going to make him any pleasanter to work with."

"Most likely before he's through with his spree he'll go clean blood-mad and run amuck on his diving partners. That's what happened with me once, and I was as near done for as I want to be. If I've been giving you a temperance lecture, I've good personal reasons for it."

"The man's name was Feally, and he was a big, swarthy giant of a fellow, hailing from Baltimore, I think. The job we met on was a simple enough one, getting the cargo out of a Sound schooner that had foundered in five or six fathoms; and the boss had left Feally and me to work ahead with no one above but our tenders, the derrick-hands and the engineer."

"Well, I don't know how he got it, but the second day after we were left alone Feally showed that he had liquor with him. Now if it was any one's business to speak to him, it was mine, for I was senior in the gang. But when a man's working alongside of you and drawing pretty near the same pay, you don't feel like venturing to stand him up against a mast and preach him sermons, so I didn't say anything."

"Besides, when we were up on the tug, there was really nothing to betray him but his breath. I found it awkward to say to him, 'Feally, you've been drinking, for when I get close enough to you I can smell it.' I'd have seemed to him like the worst sort of a meddler."

"But once we were down—oh, there wasn't any need to get close to him for evidence then! For the pressure, even at five fathoms, just brought it you're lifting out a cargo, sometimes it will take you as long a time out all over. For the first few days, when he wasn't talking much, it only made him funny. He wanted to live things up by larking. He'd keep trying to trip me, or he'd hit me a whack on the top of the helmet every chance he got, or try to leap-frog over me, or play pranks with my lines. I could fancy I heard his silly laugh at every lunny trick."

"As for his work, his hoisting cable wasn't half 'fed.' He didn't send up one case to my two. But the derrick men, even if it had been their business to concern themselves about it, couldn't know that he wasn't doing what he ought to. For when you're lifting out a cargo, sometimes it will take you as long a time over one case as it will over the next ten. So Feally went on his way pretty much untroubled."

"But one day, though, about the end of the week, I thought the end of his work on that job had come, for without any warning one afternoon the boss came out to us. Feally had just been hauled up, and by rights needed an hour's rest; but his tenders, who were really kind-hearted chaps, seeing that he was a good deal worse than usual that day, were nervous lest the boss should notice the state he was in if he stayed up above; and crowding him back into his suit, they sent him down again as quick as they could."

"I wondered at his returning from his 'off spell' so soon, and particularly because he wasn't funny any longer. He kept fumbling at the hook of his cable—he was past being able to do anything for himself—and looking at me kind of appealing. But

turned loose on Feally, and told him if he touched liquor again that trip one of us would quit the job, and I didn't intend it should be me. "He was humble enough, and promised all sorts of reform—was going to take the pledge as soon as he got on shore, and what not besides. He kept to it for about a week, and then there came a day that put an end to his diving career in that neighborhood, and almost finished mine for good!"

"I don't know why I was fool enough to go down with him that afternoon. Any one could see that he'd been making up for the week he'd gone dry. His tenders certainly were not slow to notice it; but being an easy-going, irresponsible lot, they took it only as a better joke than usual, and made all sorts of fun of him. 'Would he take his pipe with him?' 'Did he want his air-hose screwed on, or would he go without?' 'And—as we were taking down hammer and nails to do some bracing between decks—hadn't he better carry the nails in his mouth, and take the hammer to break his faceplate when he wanted to use them?' He made no answer to any of their nonsense, only shuffled his feet and looked sullen and ugly; but what they said stuck in his mind, as you'll see later."

"I went down first, and a few minutes afterward I saw his legs coming through the hatch. Half-way to the bottom he slipped and went plunging down on the lumber we'd piled there. But the tumble sobered him so little that he put his hand up to his helmet to feel for the bump! Although I was angry with him, I couldn't help grinning at that, and when, after two or three tries, he got to his feet again and started to drive nails, I burst into a roar in spite of myself."

"For a minute we stood there at a deadlock, both of us breathing hard and I tightening my muscles and wondering what his next crazy move would be. I found out almost before I could think what he was at. His grip dropped from my waist to my legs, and in a trice he'd lifted me off my balance. I had just presence of mind enough to fling my arms up around my face as I went down."

"I knew what was coming, then. What he couldn't do with the hammer he was going to try to do with his lead-soled boots. And in spite of the resistance of the water, and the difficulty he had in keeping himself balanced, his kicks were brutally hard ones."

"Every time my wrists were struck I thought the bones were broken in a new place; but some way or other I kept my face-plate covered and flattened myself on the floor."

"After his fifth or sixth try had come to nothing he stopped. I thought that perhaps the madness was beginning to work itself out. Instead of that, it was only making him slyer and more calculating, for, suddenly bending over, he tried to hold my arms down and use his boot while my glass had no protection. But he couldn't stoop and kick at the same time, and after a stubborn struggle, he stopped once more and drew off."

"Although I was in mortal fear lest he'd think of the knife I had under my belt—it was my salvation that he didn't carry one himself—I dared to hope again, and peered out from under my hands. He was giving my slack a turn around the nearest stanchion!"

"I think the cool deliberation of the brute maddened me. Anyway, as he came back, I let all caution go, and flung my arms around his ankles. It was the wisest thing I could have done, for it took him unawares, and I had the purchase of the under man, too. Using all the shoulder strength I had, I shot him head first over my back. In the water a diver weighs only a few pounds. He went easily, and he went a long way."

"I snatched at my line—fortunately for me its thickness had kept it from drawing too tight about the stanchion—and started up the ladder. But I no more than had my head out of the hatch than I felt Feally's grip on my hose again."

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"The 'tween decks of a foundered ship is a gloomy enough place at best, and fighting a madman didn't add to its cheerfulness. And Feally, as he gradually worked himself into a frenzy, made it worse by shoving his helmet against mine every few minutes, and yelling that I'd see whose face-plate would be smashed with the hammer and whose mouth would be filled with nails. His voice came to me roaring and bellowing like a wild beast's, and his face glared through his glass open-mouthed and distorted."

"I hadn't long to wait to see that he was in deadly earnest about smashing my plate for as soon as he had his right arm free for a minute, he struck—at me again. The blow was high an inch or two, or my suit would have been full of water in twenty seconds."

"I made a desperate twist and clutched for the life-line. But dropping the hammer, he had me by the wrist with one sweep and pinned my arm by my side again. And, indeed, as our tenders had known we'd be circulating around considerable, and had given us yards of slack, to draw the line taut and signal in the same second would have been impossible, anyway."

"For a minute we stood there at a deadlock, both of us breathing hard and I tightening my muscles and wondering what his next crazy move would be. I found out almost before I could think what he was at. His grip dropped from my waist to my legs, and in a trice he'd lifted me off my balance. I had just presence of mind enough to fling my arms up around my face as I went down."

"I knew what was coming, then. What he couldn't do with the hammer he was going to try to do with his lead-soled boots. And in spite of the resistance of the water, and the difficulty he had in keeping himself balanced, his kicks were brutally hard ones."

"Every time my wrists were struck I thought the bones were broken in a new place; but some way or other I kept my face-plate covered and flattened myself on the floor."

"After his fifth or sixth try had come to nothing he stopped. I thought that perhaps the madness was beginning to work itself out. Instead of that, it was only making him slyer and more calculating, for, suddenly bending over, he tried to hold my arms down and use his boot while my glass had no protection. But he couldn't stoop and kick at the same time, and after a stubborn struggle, he stopped once more and drew off."

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"WE WRESTLED AND STRAINED FOR A GOOD FIVE MINUTES."

as I knew that he was drunk, and knew that he was well aware of it, too, I didn't feel called upon to go out of my way any on his behalf."

"But when, after half an hour or so, I went up for my own rest spell and found the boss there, that opened my eyes. And furthermore, when the boss remarked that Feally seemed to be having a difficult grip to make and needed help, I answered up—pretty ambiguous, I own—that he did need help, and I was going back to give it to him right away. The boss would have given him his time in a minute if he'd found out that he'd been drinking, and except for that, Feally wasn't such a bad sort."

"So I got back down to him the quickest I knew how, and for the next hour I did his work as well as my own. I made fast his tackle, gave his signals and all, and it kept me busy. But I couldn't do anything else, for he didn't seem to have either sense or strength in him—only stumbled about and got in my way."

"Fortunately, when we had to come up at last—and we were both well-tuckered by the long siege. He'd had of it—the boss was gone. He'd made remarks to the derrick-hands about our slowness, though, and that made me mad, for I had a fairly good conscience in the business. I

"You see, the way light is slanted in the water keeps things below the surface from being where they really ought to be; it's so hard to get any proper force with the hammer that in ordinary simple fairness the nails ought to act straight and right, but they don't. An old diver, though, uses his hammer by instinct. He can nail as well with his eyes shut as open. Consciously or unconsciously, he makes his calculation with every blow."

"But with the liquor in, all Feally's instinct for nail-driving was well out; and when he'd made three wide misses—he stood directly in the hatchway light, and I could see him plainly—and had got wrathier and wrathier at every whack, the fourth time he made a full arm swing, like a crazy man with a sledge, and mashed his left-hand fingers flatter than a rivet-head."

"I stopped laughing right then and started over to see if I could help him any. Well, he just caught up his hammer again, and gave it to me with all his strength square on my head piece."

"For one dazed jiffy I thought he'd gashed my helmet, but he hadn't bruised my shoulders along the line of the collar was all the harm he'd done, and as soon as I was sure of

that, I took hold of him, pressed my face-plate close to his—which is the only way divers can make each other hear—and told him he'd better get out of water till his hand was fixed and he was sobered up."

"For answer he grabbed me about the body and swore he'd go up in his own good time and before he went he was going to do for me. The whisky inside him and the pressure outside to treble the effect of it were working with a vengeance; he was a long way past the funny stage now."

"I shouted at him not to be a drunken idiot, and tried to wrench myself free. But he had twice my strength and held me easily. We wrestled and strained for a good five minutes. From being only exasperated, I began to be nervous and anxious, and I own it was soon worse than that with me."

"The 'tween decks of a foundered ship is a gloomy enough place at best, and fighting a madman didn't add to its cheerfulness. And Feally, as he gradually worked himself into a frenzy, made it worse by shoving his helmet against mine every few minutes, and yelling that I'd see whose face-plate would be smashed with the hammer and whose mouth would be filled with nails. His voice came to me roaring and bellowing like a wild beast's, and his face glared through his glass open-mouthed and distorted."

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The Valley of Gems.

By Chester Whitman Tennant.

Dear Children, — Now you must keep very quiet while I tell you about a valley filled with many kinds of glittering gems and how sorrowful the little men and women are that live there; for though they may have all of the gems that they want, they are not happy, for they may not be happy as long as they remain in this valley.

"Yes, you must keep very still or you will not be able to hear what the people are saying that live in this valley and you must watch, too, very closely, or you will not see these little people that live there, for some say that it is a long way off, while others say that it is really very near to us now, and that we may see it too, if we try very hard and are not rough in our play and love our little playmates and brothers and sisters, and must love the little birds, too, without harming or frightening them."

Now little folks you must not think that this is queer, for a very wise man tells us it is true and if we will take a peep into this valley we will see and hear the people talk and live there we must love the flowers, the birds, the animals, our playmates and all the things in God's beautiful world, for we must have love in our hearts for everything first, for love is the first thing that opens our eyes wide so that we can see ever so much better than before and we better than many of the people can see that we meet upon the street every day."

If we love to help those that are in trouble and wish to show the right path to those who have lost it, then we may enter this glittering valley of gems and help the little men and women that live there, for even though they are little they are very, very pretty, too, and when you see them you love them and want to help them, for, even if they live in a beautiful valley full of glittering gems that shine like stars, they are very unhappy and have lost their way and cannot get out of the valley unless they leave all of the gems behind them. They do not want to do this and so tramp about day after day, picking up more bright stones as they walk and fill many bags with them, tying them about their necks and arms, and when night comes upon them they sink down tired and cry for the load is heavy and the gems glitter so brightly that their eyes are blinded and they cannot see the way out, or what it is that makes them so tired."

Now a little man one day was walking in his fields and meadows where the flowers grew very thick. It was called the field of flowers, and at noon he sat down under an apple tree in the cool shade, while a bird in the branches above him sang sweetly. He loved to hear the bird sing for he loved them and they loved him, I think, and liked to sing when he was near. While he sat there he thought he heard some one crying long way off and the little man stopped his singing in the branches of the tree and the little man looked

at the valley and saw the people that were so sorrowful. He saw them walking and crying and he saw the gems that they had gathered up. He saw that they were not happy, and he saw that they were not getting any better. He saw that they were not loving their neighbors, and he saw that they were not loving the flowers, the birds, the animals, or the things in God's beautiful world. He saw that they were not having love in their hearts for everything first, and he saw that they were not opening their eyes wide so that they could see ever so much better than before. He saw that they were not meeting upon the street every day, and he saw that they were not helping those that were in trouble. He saw that they were not showing the right path to those who had lost it, and he saw that they were not entering the glittering valley of gems to help the little men and women that lived there. 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FOR SWEET CHARITY

Proverbial Generosity of Dawson Public

Subscription Lists Numerous and All Receive Liberal Support From the People.

"Did it ever occur to you what a good-natured, easy-going, whole-souled and generous lot of people there are living in Dawson, and how many times during a year they are asked to go down in their pockets and subscribe to this or that fund, or buy tickets for this entertainment or that concert in the name of sweet charity?"

The Nugget man of whom the question was asked felt compelled in deference to the truth to say that his unusually calm and placid existence had been singularly free from the importunities of subscription fests presumably for the reason that the general run of solicitors in such causes know the utter hopelessness of the average newspaper man, the impossibility of squeezing bright, red, copious out of a piece of bedrock. The speaker was well up in official circles, always to the front in every sort of charitable organization, and when he recounted the list of affairs that were depending upon the good will of the public, their number fairly staggered the youthful genius whose name is yet to adorn its first subscription list in Dawson.

"Yes, sir, it is a fact," he continued, "I never saw a city whose inhabitants were more often called upon or who responded more generously or with a better grace than do the people right here. Political subscriptions, of course, we have been more or less exempt from, having had but two elections since the formation of the territory, but from now on they will come with marked regularity and there will be two on hand this fall—Dominion and municipal. In the line of religious organizations there are two new edifices to be built this summer, both of which have been soliciting help for several weeks. The Church of England expects to put up a \$10,000 place of worship and Rev. John Pringle intends building a Presbyterian church at the Forks. Then there is the 24th of May celebration that everyone is bound to subscribe to even though the amount be small. A little later the 4th of July committee will be around and as the Americans are always most generous with us we feel like reciprocating. A short time ago two delegates were sent to Ottawa to accomplish what they could toward securing the revocation of the Treadgold concession which required a couple of thousand dollars that had to be made up by private contribution. There is a proposition now on foot to establish Y.M.C.A. rooms and \$2500 is asked for. Those ath-

letically inclined will find several lists to which they can append their promise to pay, the tennis club and the football, baseball and cricket organizations. There was the A. B. minstrels last week and next week we will have four nights of the "Mikado." The latter being for the benefit of St. Mary's hospital one feels as though they must attend at least one of the performances. And that is not all. The Canadian South Africa Memorial Association, which has for its purposes the perpetuation of the memory of the Canadian soldiers who fell in the Boer war, has lists scattered about town to which one may subscribe. The same is true of the Bernier Canadian North Pole expedition, which expects to win lasting fame for Canada by doing that in which all others have failed. These are a few of the affairs now on the tapis and if one renders assistance to them, all it keeps his hand in his pocket constantly. But we are proverbially generous and there are indeed few subscription lists worthy of support that are not liberally patronized.

The Nugget man agreed with the philanthropist, but mentally thanked his stars that the well known poverty of his profession exempted him from the attacks of the ubiquitous soliciting committee.

Treatment of Insane.

Rochester, April 18.—It is understood that a distinct step in advance with regard to the treatment of the insane will be inaugurated with the opening of the new building at the State Hospital in this city.

The fact has long been deplored by our leading alienists that we are woefully behind in our treatment of mental disorders and it is likely that during the next few years we shall see the establishment of numerous psychopathic hospitals in this country on the same plan as those operated in Vienna, Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Leipzig and other European cities.

The plan advocated by the most eminent authorities on this subject, the nucleus of which is to be provided here, is to have comparatively small reception, or psychopathic hospitals as branches of existing state hospitals and governed by the same boards of managers.

These hospitals, designed entirely for the reception and treatment of insane patients, will be organized on the same general plan as well organized hospitals are anywhere, being provided with a superintendent, nursing staff, resident physicians, and attending and consulting physicians who are alienists and neurologists. Here will be gathered all cases of supposed insanity and recent cases of the committed insane, who will be examined and classified by the attending physicians before being subjected to any treatment whatever. Such cases as do not belong to the insane pavilion, but to the alcoholic ward, will be sent to the municipal hospitals, while cases of paresis and marked forms of incurable insanity will be sent to the appropriate departments. Cases which are probably curable will be kept for a limited period in the reception hospitals, under the daily care and constant advice of the most eminent members of the profession until it is thought best to send them to the main hos-

pital for final treatment. An out-door department will be established at which patients who think themselves in need of treatment can voluntarily present themselves. This last feature alone, it is believed, will prevent an enormous number of suicides.

It is now thoroughly established that insanity is not necessarily a disease of the brain as had commonly been supposed, the brain and the central nervous system being so intimately connected with every tissue and organ in the body that disease and disorders outside the nervous system may be causes of insanity. In this way disturbed mental symptoms may result from the defective assimilation of food, from sluggish circulation of the blood, from malnutrition and numerous other morbid conditions. Naturally these causes are as obscure as they are numerous. The only method to pursue is to isolate them, to recognize them and determine the mode of action. This is the most important object in the study of mental disease today. Treatment for direct causes has been shown to be the only rational method of combating disease, either mental or physical. Such investigations should and will be carried on only by the most industrious workers among our ablest alienists and neurologists.

It is also desirable, in the opinion of those interested in the matter, that these reception hospitals for the alleged insane should be open for clinical teaching and that a pathological institute for the study of the primary causes of the disease should be a necessary part of such a system.

We have for too long neglected taking the proper course in such matters and leading countries of Europe in our methods of treating the unfortunate afflicted with mental disorder.

That we have realized this fact and are about to take decisive action to remedy it means that we shall now probably eclipse others in this field as they have for the time being preceded ourselves.

Believed in Dreams

"Speaking about dreams," said the Boston insurance man, as he relighted the stub of his cigar, "I can't say that I do or do not believe in them. One night, during the palmy days of the Louisiana lottery, I dreamed that a certain ticket hit the capital prize. Two days later a friend showed me that very ticket and I gave him \$25 for it."

"And it hit the prize?" was asked.

"No, sir, didn't come within a mile of it."

"And have you any other instance?"

"I have. A year or two later I fell asleep in a hammock one day and dreamed that I was the biggest ass in America for dreaming that other dream."

"And did it turn out as you dreamed?"

"Waal, I have my wife's word for it every hour in the day, and so I guess it did. She wanted that \$25 for a spring hat, you see."

Ice cream and cake served at Randolph's.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

CHANGE OF LOCATION

"Rudy" Assumes Metropolitan Airs

Takes a Lease on the McCormick Corner and Will Have Gorgeous Fixtures.

"Rudy" Kalenborn today completed arrangements by which in the course of another week or two he will have the swiftest drug store this side of Victoria, a real, sure enough cheechaco pharmacy with its glittering array of handsome counters, showcases, and glistening shelf ware, bottles full of mystery and bearing unpronounceable labels. A long time lease has been secured on the McCormick corner formerly occupied by the Yukon market and carpenters were immediately put to work making the necessary alterations. The entire front and also that portion facing Second avenue will be a mass of plate glass showing windows artistically dressed with the thousand and one attractive articles usually found in a pharmacy outside. Several months ago elaborate fixtures were ordered in San Francisco, and these are now in Whitehorse and will arrive here on one of the first through boats. In the consignment are six 8-foot showcases which are so made as to be combined with the counters supporting them, the latter being also of glass throughout and permitting of the display of goods. In the fine of shelf ware there is a full and complete line of bottles specially made with a view to their attractiveness. "Rudy's" corner will also boast of the finest soda fountain in the territory and a specialty will be made of summer drinks during the warm season and hot drinks in the winter. The removal will take place June 1 though the new fixtures will not all be in position until possibly a week or so later.

Millionaires in Court

Several multi-millionaires are in the gold commissioner's court today, that is, by proxy. The case being heard is that of Davidson against Michael Cudaby, P. B. Weare and E. Hammell, the dispute being over \$3 and \$4 below on Bonanza and the hillside adjoining on the left limit.

The Gentleman and the Boss. One day a Gentleman with hayseed on his hat and a pumpkin vine pinned on his breast for a bouquet entered a large department store, and as he sauntered about with his hands under his coat-tails he was asked by the red-headed girl behind the perfumery counter if he would oblige her by looking at the large and varied assortment of ox-yokes just placed on sale.

"I would fain do as you wish, fair Maid," replied the gentleman from Podunk, as he rubbed his nose

Open for Business Monday. GRAND OPENING, WEDNESDAY MAY 21st.

Fairview Hotel

Kammuller & Holte, Props.

First-Class Dining Room—Thos. Aarven, the Well Known Caterer, in Charge.

EUROPEAN PLAN. Refitted, Remodeled, Strictly Modern

against a bottle of family ammonia, "but I am in a hurry to see the Boss and cannot tarry."

"What have we here?" asked the Boss when the Gentleman stood before him.

"I wouldst simply ask why thou never hast a sale of corset strings at half price? I am sure it would result in a crush."

"Surely it would, O! Uncle Ruben, and your question answers itself. A crush would result in personal injury to a dozen or more women and defeat the next sale of 50-cent curling tongs marked down to 11 cents."

"Um!" said the Gentleman from the corn pastures, "hast enterprise stopped with opening a nursery in connection with your store? Janst not figure out if the injured are taken care of in thine own store hospital, by thine own store doctor, and sent home in thine own store ambulances that you've got the bulge on all competitors? Thou canst even go farther, and if they are dead, let thine own store undertakers lay them away in thine own store cemetery? Savvy?"

"B'gosh, I dew!" chuckled the Boss, and he took the Gentleman around to the Jamaica ginger department and fillet him up to the chin.—Ex.

J. J. O'NEIL... MINING EXPERT

Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.

Address, General Delivery, Dawson

BANK SALOON

Wines, Liquors and Cigars 25c

1st ave. and King St. Opp N. C. Co.

Signs and Wall Paper

ANDERSON BROS.

SECOND AVE.

Regina Hotel...

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Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

Try the "Old Crow" at Sideboard.

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.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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CHAS. S. W. BARWELL, D.L.S., C.E., DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR. Office, rooms 13 and 14 Bank Building. Phone 178, Dawson, Y.T.

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REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL BROKER

Agent for Home & Loan Trust Co., Home's Addition, Home's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.

Collections Promptly Attended to

Money to Loan. Home to Rent.

Call Post Office 1st Bldg. King St.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

On or about May 1st the YUKON BAKERY will remove to their new quarters on Second avenue, opposite S. Y. T. building, where they will be pleased to meet their many friends and patrons.

WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.

Time Table of Rail Division.

North Bound	STATIONS	South Bound
11:00 a.m.	DAWSON	11:00 a.m.
1:00 p.m.	YUKON	1:00 p.m.
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PECULIAR CLEANUP

Recorder Boyes Strikes it Rich

Sluces up an Old Blotter and Recovers the Sum of 32 Cents.

A peculiar thing happened at the gold commissioner's office today which illustrates the veracity of one of the old adages. Among old time miners when a claim is spoken of as being very rich it is a very common expression to refer to it as being "lousy with gold," a phrase, perhaps, not the most elegant nor one which would be used in polite society, but very convincing just the same. A. R. Boyes, at the relocation wicket, is sure some of his patrons of the past, week or two during the stampede to the Milne and Treadgold concessions, either carried gold dust in their hair instead of the quadrupeds sometimes found there or their clothes were saturated with the glistening yellow particles. As is well known gold dust never finds its way into the gold commissioner's office, it not being accepted in payment for any fees and there being no use for it there, and Mr. Boyes' surprise may be imagined when today upon changing the blotter in front of his window which had been in use several weeks he chanced to notice several grains of gold dust. A careful search revealed more and securing a blower he made a careful cleanup of all he could find, beating the old blotter well before he finally discovered it. The result of his cleanup weighed 32 cents, and the query naturally arose, "Where did it come from?" The only possible excuse for its presence is that miners in leaning one arm through the window for the purpose of signing receipts brushed their coat sleeves against the blotter which may have contained a color or two, gotten originally where and how no one except with the most vivid imagination could conjecture. Mr. Boyes will preserve his cleanup as a souvenir of the last stampede and also as being one of the perquisites of his wicket.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Andrews Church.—The following special music will be rendered at the evening service tomorrow.—Mr. C. W. MacPherson will sing "The New Born King," a sacred solo by Paul Rodney, and the choir will sing Pfueger's anthem entitled, "How Long Will Thou Forget Me, O Lord," consisting of contralto solo and chorus. Methodist Church.—Regular services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. At the morning service the choir will sing "God is Love," by Shelley, with a baritone solo by Mr. McLean. At the evening service the choir will sing "Seek Ye the Lord," a solo and chorus by Roberts; Mrs. W. T. Libby will sing the solo. Mr. Tilleisen

will sing "Just for Today," by Bingham. St. Marys Church.—Low mass at 8 a. m. High mass at 10:30 a. m. The choir will render La Hacke's beautiful mass in honor of St. Teresa. The trio part in the "Agnus Dei" will be taken by Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Parker. After the gospel a "Veni Creator" by Millard will be sung by Mrs. James, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Parker, Mr. Walton and Mr. Clayton. At the offertory Mrs. James will sing an "Ave Maria" by Millard. Vespers and May devotions at 7:30 p. m. During benediction the following special music will be rendered—"Ave Verum," duet by Bordese—Mrs. Mullen and Mrs. Parker. "Ave Maria," duet by Lambillotte—Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Parker. "Tantum Ergo," by choir.

A Bluff Called.

"Sandy" Frew, a local athlete, has been looking for some time for a little easy money. He has challenged any and all comers to run any old kind of a race and always punctuated his challenges with the statement that he had money of all denominations to back him. "Doc" Strong is something of a runner himself, and yesterday Doc took a small roll of long green and endeavored to make a match for a fifty yard dash. "Sandy" was unable to stay and consequently the race has not materialized. Doc has not run for a number of years, but he still is ready to get in training when there is anything in sight.

Again in Service

The scow at the foot of Queen street which houses No. 2 engine again resumed business this morning, the machine being placed back in position. A few days ago during a sudden rise in the water the craft filled and took a header below. Fortunately the engine was not aboard at the time.

Gone for His Bit.

Deputy Sheriff "Jack" Ellbeck left this morning for Last Chance to be present at the final washup of some claims which he has had extensively worked this winter. A pack train will follow tomorrow for the purpose of bringing the gold in.

Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

For Gallantry

Toronto, May 17.—Major Cooper Mason of the Tenth Royal Grenadiers has been decorated with the insignia of the D.S.O., for gallantry in South Africa.

Was Delirious

Toronto, May 17.—While delirious Mrs. Wm. Ketchen, a pneumonia patient at a Toronto hospital, jumped from a window to the pavement below and died a few minutes later.

Train Wreck

Williamsport, Pa., May 17.—Several people were killed in a wreck on the Philadelphia & Erie railway at Jersey shore, near here today.

NOTICE.

Brown horse, weight 850 lbs., one white foot, found astray. Owner please call at Dawson Transfer Co. and pay charges.

STEAMERS EXPECTED

Jam at Rink Rapids Has Broken

Not Yet Reported at Selkirk and Trouble is Feared at Hell Gate.

The steamers Prospector, Sybil, Bailey, Sifton and Casca are all below Five Fingers today, the jam at Rink Rapids having broken at 7 o'clock last night. All the boats started to follow the ice down at once with the exception of the Sifton which passed the Fingers at 5 o'clock this morning. For nearly four hours the ice ran very heavy past the city last night, many expressing the fear that some trouble might be experienced in consequence of a jam, should the channel become choked below St. Mary's hospital. Fortunately the unexpected happened and today the river is clear with the exception of a few straggling floes. The stage of water is considerable lower than it was yesterday. The Zealandian is still at Lebarge and will not leave until Monday next when she will bring a fresh consignment of mail. Traveling Auditor Dudley will be a passenger on the Zealandian.

The report was circulated about town yesterday and was published in the evening joke that a mail had left Stewart in a canoe and would arrive today, but there is no truth in the rumor. The only mail at Stewart is the outbound consignment which left here a week ago Tuesday and which was cached at that point until the opening of navigation on account of the impossibility of getting across White river, the carriers having gone that far and then been compelled to turn back. The first outside mail that will arrive is on the Sybil with another of a later date on the Bailey.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon none of the steamers which had passed Five Fingers had reported at Selkirk, a run of but about 75 miles, which would indicate that there was a jam some where above, doubtless either at Lightning slough or Hell Gate. Everything below Selkirk is presumed to be clear, though the ice was reported to be running very heavy at Ogilvie at 9 o'clock this morning.

The ice at Fortymile broke this morning and the water came up so as to wet the floor of the hotel and a few of the cabins, then slowly receded. Selkirk wired at 3:30 that no steamers had so far arrived at that point.

To Confer With Gould.

San Francisco, April 19.—Prince Poniatowski and T. S. Bullock have gone to New York to confer with George J. Gould, Banker Stillman and others relative to the project of building a railroad between San Francisco and Los Angeles, via San Jose, a pass in the mountains near

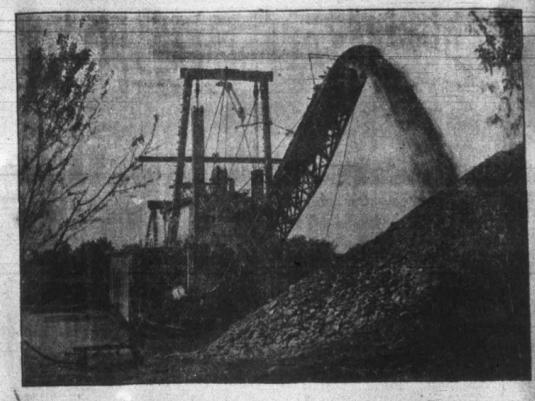
Some Men Will Butt Their Heads
Against a stone wall (metaphorically speaking), no matter how many times they are told that the wall is harder than their heads, and that their heads will suffer. Other men appreciate and are thankful for the warning. So it is with regard to
...STEIN-BLOCH READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING...
Some men pay not the slightest attention to our statements regarding the excellence of these suits and their pockets suffer by buying cheap-made clothing. Other men, and among them some of the best dressed in this city, have been wearing STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHING from the day that we first introduced them in this section, and will wear no other because they are stylish and perfect in every detail of tailoring and fit, and the cost very reasonable.
FIRST AVENUE HERSHBERG The Reliable Clothier, 1st Ave. Opposite White Pass Dock

Lick Observatory and Bakersfield. Articles of incorporation of the new company are in the possession of a firm of lawyers in this city and will be filed with the county clerk before the end of the week. Much secrecy is being observed by Prince Poniatowski about the proposed new railroad. It will not be long, however, before his assertions concerning the legitimacy of the scheme will be put to the test. He has said that work on the new line will be commenced during the coming summer and that fine locations for terminals in San Francisco, San Jose and Los Angeles have already been purchased or bonded. One of the propositions is to have a station in the heart of this city—or in other words, somewhere near Eleventh and Market streets. Prince Poniatowski has let it be understood that he is representing a syndicate of twelve or thirteen wealthy men of this city and New York. He and his associates think the railroad in question will be used as an entrance into California, provided the road is really anything more than a paper project to secure franchises. Gould, under the pretense of an outing of several weeks at Burlingame with the Prince, was to have looked over the local situation personally this month. He postponed a visit to California when he heard that E. H. Harriman, president of the Southern Pacific, was headed this way. It is known that Gould did not want to be here at the time Harriman was in the state. Gould's non-arrival caused the Prince to go east with Mr. Bullock to see him. Bullock is a partner of Poniatowski and has charge of the surveys for the new road. Those who know say Gould will either return with Prince Poniatowski or come out later before spring is over.

May Call Off Boycott.

Stockton, April 18.—The Federated Trades of the city of Stockton authorizes the following statement to the public in regard to the boycott of J. E. Hall & Sons. This body never entered into any agreement with J. E. Hall & Sons for any purpose whatever, either orally or written, nor authorized any one to treat in any manner with said J. E. Hall & Sons. It is true that a picket employed by this body to enforce the boycott against J. E. Hall & Sons did enter into an agreement with said parties on Monday, March 24th, looking toward a settlement of pending diffi-

Earl & Wilson Collars and Cuffs
Wilson Bros. Shirts and Neckwear
ALL NEW GOODS.
SARGENT & PINSKA, 118 Second Avenue.



Robins Belt Conveyor Stacking Tailings
THEY ALSO HANDLE DIRT AND ORE CHEAPLY
Office, Hotel Metropole, Dawson
B. A. HOWES.

City Drayage and Express. 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 Forks... 8:30 a. m. and 6 p. m. Phones—Office, No. 6; Night Phone No. 9. OFFICE, N. C. BUILDING. Freighting to all the Creeks.

culties, but said agreement when presented to this body on the same day as its execution was promptly repudiated by this body without a dissenting vote. That said J. E. Hall & Sons knew when said agreement was made that the picket had no authority to make it and that no action of his was binding until ratified and confirmed in regular meeting. This body has never declared off the boycott against J. E. Hall & Sons, but is determined to enforce the same vigorously to a final determination, and will spare no effort nor expense to bring it to a successful issue. Upon this question the un-

Valuable Information.

In the New York Sunday Sun of March 16th the following queries and answers appeared: Can you or any of your readers kindly inform me the best route to Klondike? Also, is there an opening at any place for domestics, and about how much the fare is from New York. MISS K. Go to Seattle, thence by steamer to White Horse, thence by rail to the Klondike. There is an opening for good servants, just as there is anywhere in the country.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

25 Cents Per Pair! HOSIERY 25 Cents Per Pair!

A Large Assortment of Fancy Hosiery, Former Price 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Your Choice for One Week Only at 25 Cents Per Pair.

\$2.50 Per Pair Ladies' Shoes and Oxford Ties \$2.50 Per Pair

A Complete Assortment of Sizes in Black and Tan, Button and Lace. Former Price \$5.00 to \$8.00. Your Choice During this Sale \$2.50.

Sale Commences Monday, May 19. See Display in Show Windows

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

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PROSPE

Seattle and Both

Says Captain D on the Ste

Captain Jacob with the N. Northern Naviga four seasons, the former, w Powers yester cr, where he jo weeks ago. Cap winter on the sation with a N said:

"Never in the Seattle or Tacous as at pres boom days of cities property cent. in the past of course, is th two and will be Pacific coast, Francisco, with Thousands of w the Puget Sou perly of all mand."

Captain Doble assigned by the but will probab one of the comp wintered on the

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