

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1 No. 177

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

NEGRO RIOTS.

Race War in New Orleans Results in Much Shooting and Killing.

ROBERT CHARLES STARTS TROUBLE

By Resisting Arrest and Killing Two Police Officers.

MOB WOULD BURN HIS BODY.

Twelve Persons Killed Outright and Many Times That Number Mortally Wounded.

New Orleans, July 27, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—Yesterday a negro named Robert Charles shot and killed Police Captain Say and Patrolman Lamb, who were endeavoring to arrest him for some grave offence. A negro mob protected

Charles and have charge of the city. Several white children and helpless old men have been shot. The police are helpless. The mayor has sworn in 500 specials, but hoodlums are running amuck and the whole city is rioting.

Later News.

New Orleans, July 28, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—The negro Charles, who shot and killed two police officers, has been himself run down and killed. He took refuge in a large building in the center of the city where he was guarded by hundreds of his friends. The building was assailed by police, state militia and citizens, in all numbering 4000 armed men. A battle lasting several hours took place in which the negroes killed Police Sergeant Portous, Jailor Andy Vanburen and a boy named Bloomfield; and fatally wounded Corporal Lally, Policeman Evans, John Banvall and A. S. Leciere.

All the negroes were put to flight except Charles who would not leave the house. Five fire companies were called out to prevent the fire from spreading and the building in which Charles had taken refuge was fired. The flames drove him from his lair and when he appeared in the door he was shot to pieces, several hundred bullets piercing his body. A frenzied mob dragged the body through the streets until it was rescued by the police and carried off in an ambulance wagon to the morgue. A howling mob of fully 5000 people gathered around the morgue, their desire being to take Charles' body and burn it in the public square, but the police succeeded in standing off and dispersing the mob.

Ten white people were killed and 28 wounded, many of them mortally. It is not known how many negroes, besides Charles and his companion, were killed, as they all fled. It is thought, however, that many of them were killed outright and others wounded. It is feared the trouble is not yet over and that a general race war will ensue.

MUCH BOOZE

Dumped on the Nome Beach Is Left to Be Stolen and Drank

BY THE DISAPPOINTED ARGONAUTS

Who Reached There Only to Wish Themselves Elsewhere.

SEVEN CASES OF SMALLPOX

And No Deaths Reported Is Nome's Record—Holdups and Robberies Numerous.

The steamer Sarah, Capt. Looney, 13 days from St. Michael, arrived this forenoon with 64 passengers and a full cargo of freight, the latter all being for her owners, the A. C. Co.

From Mail Agent Wm. C. McGregor, who came from San Francisco with the U. S. mail, is learned some of the conditions as they existed at Nome two weeks ago. Mr. McGregor was not at Nome, but learned considerably about the place while at St. Michael and from the Nome passengers on the way up the river.

The passengers who came from Nome were all subjected to a two weeks' quarantine after leaving that place and before being allowed to land at St. Michael. The very last report from Nome was that there has been but seven cases of smallpox in that town, and that no case has been fatal.

Mr. McGregor says that Nome was described to him as being a badly crowded place with much suffering. There is practically no gold, and outfits to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars are still lying on the beach, where they were dumped several weeks ago. One of these outfits at first consisted of \$60,000 worth of whisky much of which has since been stolen.

Many women are reported as going to captains of steamers arriving from below and begging, pleading and praying to be taken away from the place. The people have no homes and are described as wildly running hither and thither like cattle in a blizzard.

Many holdups and robberies are reported even now when there is but little darkness in which to operate, and the prediction is made that later in the season crime will flourish as never before in mining camp history. The sporting men are doing nothing, and of the hundreds of lewd women there many of them are reported as being in a fair way to die of starvation.

At St. Michael there was a coal famine when the Portland, on which Mr. McGregor traveled from San Francisco, arrived with 1700 tons of coal taken on at Dutch Harbor. All the Portland's cargo was left at St. Michael. Hereafter steamers arriving from the south will be quarantined at St. Michael until all chances for disease are removed. The quarantine at St. Michael is still on against Nome and will continue so long as the latter place is infested.

A Potato Race.

A few days ago a First avenue merchant sold a resident a sack of potatoes which were delivered to his house. Inspection showed them to be of inferior quality and the purchaser hired a teamster to haul them back to the merchant. The latter refused to take back the tubers and the teamster proceeded to unload them in front of the store. The merchant immediately tossed the sack back into the wagon, and the driver again threw it out upon the sidewalk.

Thus for several minutes the sack of spuds was handled after the manner of a football. Finally a brilliant idea struck the driver and as he tossed the

sack once more on the sidewalk he "clicked" to his horses and they started off at a three-minute gait. The merchant grabbed the potatoes and started in pursuit; but the weight of the sack handicapped him and after running a block or more he finally gave up the chase and wearily "toted" his burden back to his store, saying between puffs and pants:

"Dot man must dink I vas some tools du dake pack dose bodadoes after I sell dem."

Territorial Court.

Yesterday the case of Donald McPherson was heard in the territorial court. McPherson was charged with having cut loose a raft owned by A. Graff on the 19th of June. At the time of his arraignment the accused was wholly unable to say whether he was guilty or not, and yesterday the jury was in the same difficulty, though for different reasons. They retired up stairs at the close of the arguments and came down again to ask for the recall of one of the witnesses. This involved a point of law which it took some little time to decide, but was finally settled and the witness sent for.

This morning McPherson was sentenced to one month's imprisonment without labor.

BRIEF MENTION.

A. W. Forst, of Nebraska, is registered at the Fairview.

John C. Cameron, of Bonanza, was in town this morning.

Chief Stewart of the fire department is said to be becoming very proficient in shot putting.

Mrs. M. Glass, of Montreal, is a recent arrival in Dawson. She will open a store here for a few weeks.

Casper Ellengen and wife, of Dominion, have gone on a visit to the outside. They will return over the ice.

Prescott Sawyer, one of the U. S. commission at Eagle, is up on government business. He reports the affairs of Eagle as being in flourishing condition.

The only motion which was passed without opposition by the citizens' meeting last night, was one which called for the assumption of all expense attendant upon the coming visit of the governor general, by the Yukon council.

Simons' aggregation of scintillating stars are stuck at St. Michael, they not being able to get a boat from that place to carry them to Nome. It is understood that the Nome project has been abandoned and the company will proceed to San Francisco.

The Dawson Hardware Company is moving from its old location on Second avenue to Archibald's place on the same street. The new store will afford a better opportunity to display the varied stock of the concern. Manager Jones reports enjoying an excellent season.

Another Happy Man

R. C. Wilkins, of Mohr & Wilkins, might have been observed any night for the past two weeks with a peculiar expectant look gleaming from his eyes, carrying huge and unwieldy bundles up the A. C. trail to a snugly furnished cabin where the bundles were carefully deposited. His nocturnal industry is accounted for today by the Canadian's incoming passenger list contains the name of Mrs. R. C. Wilkins.

Creek News.

S. Carson, who is located on 18 Eldorado, has four cows and is doing a fine business.

Harry Phillips, the genial caterer on Chechako, is laid up with neuralgia.

R. E. Legoiry, of upper Bonanza, is now permanently located on 21 Eldorado. Mr. Legoiry is one of the youngest and most expert engineers on the creek.

A pumper of the big plants have been temporarily drowned out on Bonanza and Eldorado, owing to the heavy rains of the past few days.

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

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

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

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

TELEGRAM A FAKE.

Chinese Officials Send Cipher Dispatch in Conger's Name.

AMERICA WILL TAKE A HAND IN WAR.

Sixty Additional Police to Be Sent to the Yukon.

FISHERMEN'S TROUBLE ENDED

British Columbia Towns Afraid of Dawson Smallpox—Lord Minto May Meet Spaulding.

Washington, July 28, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—The administration has indisputable evidence that the reply to the message sent to Minister Conger is a fake, notwithstanding that it came in department cipher. It is known that Sheng, the director general of telegrams, and Yuen, viceroy of Shanghai province, have copies of the U. S. department cipher and from such copies the reply purporting to come from Conger was faked. America will now act at once in conjunction with the other powers in the matter of invading China with armed troops and avenging the wrongs committed. It has been decided to forward 12,000 men at once. A general call for troops will probably be issued soon.

No commander in chief has as yet been decided upon by the powers, but that honor will probably be given to America or England.

More Police for Yukon.

Victoria, July 28, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—Major Strickland, who was to have gone to South Africa with 30 men, consented to turn over his command to another and has since been recruiting men for service in Africa. He will soon come to Victoria to select men for the Yukon, where there are 60 more police needed to fill vacancies. Before selecting the recruits for the Yukon, Major Strickland may act as aide to Gov.-Gen. Lord Minto on his visit to the interior.

Quiet at Steveston.

Steveston, B. C., July 28, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—The Duke of Connaught's rifles are here on the scene of the riot. The fishermen are holding out half heartedly. The Indians are deserting the Fraser river canneries and the riot is practically dead. No further trouble is anticipated.

Afraid of Smallpox.

Seattle, July 28, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—Every steamer from Skagway touching at British Columbia points on the down trip are held up and inspected before being allowed to land. The officials fear there will be smallpox aboard from Dawson.

Lord Minto Expected.

Skagway, Aug. 1.—Gov.-Gen. of Canada Lord Minto, is expected here every day on the cutter Quadra. Secretary Spaulding may meet him here and discuss the bonding privilege.

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100 TONS
OF
FRESH
NEW
GOODS
We have a large and choice assortment from New York
Chocolate and Fancy Cream
CANDES
Sold in any quantity
Our shipment from Egypt, Illinois, has arrived.
10 Tons
In 1, 2 and 3-lb. tins of choice
ELGIN BUTTE
PARRONIZE
The Ladue Co's Sawmill
For Rough and Dressed Lumber

75 Tons
Fresh merchandise just received from the outside—Groceries, Provisions, Fresh Potatoes and Hardware—which will be sold at lowest market prices. See us on outfits we are prepared to fill them.
J. E. BOOGE, Yukon Hotel Store
L. LEWIS & CO.
Have just received their stock of everything in the line of...
Copaccos, Cigarettes and Cigars
Including the Famous
NEEDLE CIGARS
By the Box at Wholesale Prices
Victoria Stock Second Street
ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Hunter Creek, on Klondike River.
Sluice, Flume & Mining Lumber
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boyle's Wharf
J. W. BOYLE

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FRONT STREET, OPP. YUKON DOCK
We have just received the FINEST STOCK OF
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods
Ever imported to this country, and we invite the public to call and examine them. No time to show goods.
THE WHITE HOUSE—BEN DAVIS, PROP.

McLennan, Mcleely & Co., Ltd.
Are Showing the Nice Lines of
CHINA TEA SETS, DINNER SETS, CHAMBER SETS,
Enamelled Bedsteads, Springs and Mattresses, Linoleum, Wall Paper and House Lining

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is the subject of many a conversation. There is no secret about it—simply our methods—We do as we agree—We guarantee what we sell—Your money back if not satisfied. Quality first, then price.
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Free Complete Stores under one roof.
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The Klondike Nugget

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Six months 20.00
Three months 11.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance 4.00
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Yearly, in advance \$24.00
Six months 12.00
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1900

NOW FOR WAR.

By reference to today's telegrams it will be seen that the department at Washington has received indisputable evidence that the recent telegram from Pekin purporting to be signed by Minister Conger was a fake perpetrated by the Chinese telegraph director, who has in his possession copies of the state department cipher, and the reply was faked for the purpose of longer concealing the fact that Conger has been massacred as it is now certain he has been.

Loath as the U. S. government has been to go to war, in conjunction with the other powers, against the Chinese, there is now no other alternative. The insults heaped and atrocities committed are such as can be atoned for only in bloodshed, and the sooner the avenging sword is unsheathed the better it will be for the safety of any surviving foreigners that may yet be on Chinese soil. There will be no more delay, but America will act with the other powers and a plan of action determined upon. The fact that 12,000 men are being sent as an advance guard is conclusive evidence that decisive action will be the order of the campaign against the benighted power.

The war with China will be a most unfortunate one, as it cannot do other than involve in strife and jealousies the nations which are forced to take up the common cause and fight that a common wrong may be avenged. That the Chinese empire will be dissolved and wiped from the face of the earth there is not a doubt; but while that is being done, and after it is done and the spoils of war are to be divided, strifes will be engendered which may possibly cause the echoes of war to resound for many years to come. But as the English speaking nations are sure to stand together to the end, the balance of power will be on their side and the remaining powers of the earth combined can not overcome them.

The recent trouble in New Orleans is but another sample of the southern spirit, or disease or whatever it may be termed. Northern papers will call it a Southern outrage, and that is probably an appropriate name for it. But the fact remains that it is the result of race prejudice which time will not efface nor condition blot out. It is not a climatic malady peculiar to the south, for the same almost equal division of the races would produce the same outbreaks in another part of the United States. Caucasian blood resents the intrusion of the African, which is but natural. Anyone familiar with the south and southern customs will substantiate the assertion that the negro who keeps his place rarely, if ever, gets into trouble. On the other hand, when he encroaches where he does not belong he finds trouble. Yet for all this, the white man of the south is and always has been the negro's friend. They stay by him when he is in the right and kill him when he goes wrong.

Be it good or bad form, it is evident from notes sounded in the citizens' meeting last night that the governor general will not escape from this place without having several voluminous tales of woe poured into his ears if he will deign to listen, otherwise they will be hurled at him. The people of the Yukon do not take kindly to longer

submitting their necks to the wheels of jaugernaut's car, and as there is an opportunity for making complaint by word of mouth, and without the necessity of taking chances of a petition being lost in transit or garbled and possibly destroyed without being presented after reaching Ottawa, they propose to embrace it regardless of the conventional rules of hospitality. It is but proper that his excellency should be made acquainted with conditions as they exist, and not be allowed to carry away with him the false impression that here everything is lovely, while in reality the Yukon district is today a seething cauldron of discontent which borders almost on disloyalty. The worm has turned and, instead of endeavoring to smooth matters over with folderol and goose grease, the true and exact state of affairs should be presented to the distinguished visitor in all their naked deformity that his sympathy and aid may be enlisted in behalf of right and justice.

Very few new arrangements for mine working during the coming season are now being made by other than mine owners and those having long time lays. Few, if any, lays are being taken for the reason that the lay system as it has been operated in the district has proven a dismal failure. Four in every five laymen have signally failed for the very good reason that the percentage allowed them has not been sufficient to defray the expenses of conducting the work. Until the present lay system is materially revised a large amount of property will remain undeveloped. Like the prospector, the layman has been driven from the field.

If by some strategy the distinguished personages soon to visit Dawson could be induced to walk across the bridge leading to Klondike City where they would be held up for 50 cents for the round trip, it would bring forcibly to the royal attention the necessity of having a free bridge over the Klondike.

Some cities have annuals such as mid-winter fairs, rose carnivals, ice carnivals, etcetera; but Dawson has her annual fall hangings.

Died With His Boots On.

Virgil Earp, the third of the four Earp brothers, Warren, Julian, Virgil and Wyatt, "died with his boots on" at Wilcox, Ariz., recently. He was shot through the heart in a saloon by Cowboy Johnny Boyett. There had been bad blood between Earp and Boyett for years, growing out of a feud between the Earp boys and the cattle rustlers.

Not long ago Earp met Boyett, and pressing a six-shooter against his stomach, made him promise that if they ever quarreled again there would be a killing. The killing which he wanted took place this morning.

The two men met in a saloon and Earp began to abuse Boyett, finally saying: "Boyett, go get your gun and we will settle this thing right here. I've got my gun; go get yours."

Boyett left, and when he returned Earp advanced and throwing open his coat said: "Boyett, I'm unarmed. You've all the best of this." Boyett warned Earp not to come nearer, but Earp did not heed his words, and Boyett fired, killing Earp instantly.

The feud between the rustlers and the Earp boys began in the 80's at Tombstone, when a large number of government horses were stolen by cowboys. They were tracked to the McLow ranch by soldiers and the Earp boys and lost there. Earp said the cowboys ran them off, and his statement to this effect started the bad feeling.

Several killings have grown out of it, a notable one being that of Frank Stillwell at Tucson depot by Wyatt Earp. In 1883 even the people of Tombstone refused to tolerate the presence of the Earp "gang" any longer and they were ordered to move.

After a little altercation, resulting in the sudden death of Warren Earp, the family withdrew to the Gunnison country, where for a year and a half they continued their career.

Their sister, Jessie Earp, fell in love with Ike Clanton in the Gunnison and ran away with him. The three ran down Clanton and their sister in a mine tunnel. The miners demanded that Clanton be given a chance for his life, and Julian took up the challenge and was shot dead by Clanton.

Two years later Virgil and Wyatt found their sister in Colorado and killed her husband on his own doorstep.

Virgil Earp killed three men in one day in a Colorado camp, and Wyatt by

leading a fake pursuit got him safely away. Virgil and Wyatt have drifted apart of late years. Wyatt was referee of the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey prize fight in San Francisco in 1896.—New York World.

Missouri Murder Trial.

New London, Mo., July 19.—Interest in the Jester trial is increasing. Letters and telegrams have been received inquiring about the defendant and his alleged victim. It is said that if Jester is acquitted he will travel and exhibit himself. The state has traced Jester through Kansas and Missouri, and today is following him through Illinois. Senator Sylvester Allen, of Scott county, Ill., testified that in 1871, when he resided near Naples, Ill., Alexander Jester stopped at his house over night. He was driving one team and leading the other. Senator Allen said that Jester attracted his attention by his peculiar demeanor. He would not sleep in the house, but slept in his wagon.

Herman Hofferkamp, who was in the livery business at Springfield, Ill., said that in 1871 Jester and his teams stopped at his barn and stayed there about one week. When he departed he left a very intelligent shepherd dog, which the witness said he kept. This is supposed to be the dog that belonged to Gilbert Gates.

Hart W. Dunham testified that in 1871 Alexander Jester sold three buffalo hides to a man named A. Dennis, of Decatur, Ill., who is now dead. Dennis took the hides to Dunham's father to be tanned. The hides were put into the vat. Some time after M. Gates came along on the track of Jester, who, he alleged, had killed his son. The hides were examined and blood was found on the hairy side of one of them. The theory is that this was the blood of Gilbert W. Gates.

This afternoon Mrs. Josephine Clark testified that one day in January, 1871, she saw a man with two wagons and a buffalo calf pass her home on a by-road, in Monroe county, and in the front wagon she noticed the form of a man lying upon the floor. She saw the face of a man sticking out of the covering of the wagon. Mrs. Clark made a strong witness for the state. The defense tried to break down her testimony, but without much success.

Humorous.

New Teacher—"Next boy, what's your name?" Boy—"William, ma'am."

"What is your other name?" "Scrappy Bill."—Philadelphia Record.

"What do you think of the census?" asked Mr. Beechwood. "It is a questionable proceeding," replied Mr. Homewood.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"It's the little things that worry us in this world," said the theoretical man. "Yes," replied the practical man; "especially little women, little dogs and little fleas."—Ally Sloper.

"That mob scene was handled with splendid effect," said the critic. "O, yes," replied the manager. "You, see, we hire the villain's creditors to go in on that scene."—Philadelphia North American.

"I flatter myself I have some aptitude for nailing lies," said the ambitious orator. "Very good," said the chairman of the campaign committee. "But what we want particularly is an aptitude for nailing the truth."—Detroit Journal.

"No," said the fair girl, "it's no use. You don't come up to my ideal." "Perhaps not," he answered. "But I don't care if I can only get anywhere near my own." "Your own?" she answered. "What is your ideal?" "You," he whispered.—Answers.

"I am going to sea," the young man said, and paused. The young girl gasped, "O! Harry—Mr. Timmid. She could not conceal the tears in her voice. Then he knew what he had feared to ask in so many words. "I am going to see—he repeated—"your father tonight, if you will give me permission."—Philadelphia Press.

A man on Columbia avenue, who is baldheaded, wrote to an eastern concern asking particulars as to its hair restorer and treatment for the hair. He received an answer saying to send a lock of his hair and it would be analyzed and particulars as to the kind of treatment it needed sent. That settled it, so far as he was concerned.—Indianapolis News.

Time Card.

Flannery's Stage and Express to Caribou City leaves Flannery Hotel, Dawson, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m. Leaves Caribou City—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 8 a. m.

When in town, stop at the Regina. Five hundred tons hay, grain and feed en route. Macauley Bros., Third ave. warehouse.

Shindler has bicycle sundries; wood rims, inner tubes, ball bearings, spokes, bells, cyclometers, toe clips, graphite, etc. Wheels to rent by the hour. crt

Painters and Decorators. Marking brushes; white lead, in one-ounce cans, all kinds of stains in small tins. Anderson Bros., Second street. crt

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ORA, NORA OR FLORA

The fall rush will soon begin and unless this freight is moved soon there will, no doubt, be a repetition of last year's blockade, resulting in enormous losses.

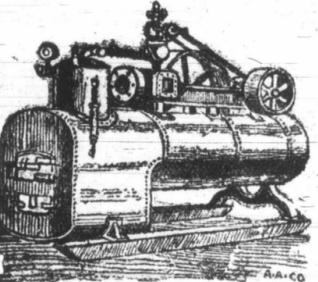
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Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits and Separate Skirts, Underskirts in Silk Moreen or Satin, Muslin Underwear and Wrappers.

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Freighting to all the Creeks, General Storage, Saddle Horses for Hire.

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Special Rates for Large Consignments.

Goods Stored in Our Warehouse Insured at a Low Rate. Competent Men in Charge.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

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CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

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New Goods

In all lines are coming in daily.

Sheets, Curtains, Blankets, Muslins, Pillow Cases, Portieres, Quilts, Etc.

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FRONT STREET, Dawson

Next to Holborn Cafe.

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Rates to Subscribers, \$30 per Month. Rates to Non-Subscribers: Magnet Gulch \$1.00 per message; Forks, \$1.50; Dome, \$2.00; Dominion, \$3.00. Half rate to Subscribers.

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No better in Dawson for home comfort and cleanliness.

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TRIALS OF A CENSUS TAKER.

He Is Frequently Mistaken for a Book Agent and Ordered Away.

How One Man Found an Old Sweetheart and Later "Took" the Slater Family.

"Guess you'll have to let me in," remarked the genial census man. "I'm something like the smallpox, you know. Hardly ever get here at right time, but folks just have to take me when I come."

His darts of wit fell back, blunted by the Swedish armor of the maid who stood inside the vestibule and kept the chain on the door. She had been too well trained in her domestic duties to let anything past that door, especially if it came in human guise, until the master or the mistress of the house had so ordered, and to her a United States census taker was no exception to the rule. She understood just what he wanted and was quite willing to accommodate him with all the necessary facts.

"I know," she told him, solemnly. "You ask me. I can tell you."

"No, you can't—not for this kind of census. I've got to see somebody besides you. Heavens, girl—I'm no book agent, and it's hot out here in the sun!"

He drew his wadded handkerchief across his brow and tried to fan himself with the flat black book he carried. The girl hesitated a moment longer and then flew upstairs to the library, where Mr. Slater was dozing in his armchair. "There's a sassy man down there," she announced. "I don't believe he's a census man—he's too sassy."

Mr. Slater, who had staid at home from business that day because he was slightly under the June weather, chuckled to himself as he reached for his cane. "That's all right, my girl, he told Thekla. 'They generally do get sassy about once in ten years. I'll tend to it.' And he buttoned his alapaca coat about him in a self-sufficient way and started for downstairs. The bathroom door opened as he passed it; a hand, clutching a cake of soap, and a Medusa-like head, with many, dripping locks, emerged.

"Did she say 'twas the census man, father?" inquired Louise. "I'm just washing my hair, or I'd come down and help you. Be sure you get the ages right."

"Humph!" said Mr. Slater. Another door opened, and Mrs. Slater intercepted him. She was at the full-dress stage of her afternoon toilet. "Who's down there?" she whispered, in the kind of a hiss that penetrates from third story to basement. "Census man? I can't come down, you see. Do you think you can answer his questions?"

"Well, I don't know why I can't," replied Mr. Slater, with some feeling. "I haven't lost my senses. Guess we don't need any petticoats in this."

"Come in, my friend, come in," he said, cordially, as he reached the front door and threw back the chain. "Here, walk into the parlor. Take this chair." The 200-pound census man felt the democratic spirit in Mr. Slater's welcome and settled into the gilt-backed chair with a heartiness that made it creak. Three dirty-faced, denure scions of the house of Slater, who had been studying this chained-out man from the front lawn, trooped in after him and continued to stare with the calm abandon of youth.

"Say, but I'm glad to get in!" began the census man. "Didn't know's I ever would. Beats all, the queer experiences we get in this line of business. Mr.—ah—Slater, is it? Yes, Mr. Slater. What do you suppose I struck in a house across the road? Well, sir, there was a woman I didn't know from a piece of sole leather, so to speak. Didn't s'pose I'd ever laid eyes on her. And after a few questions about her father and mother it turns out she's an old sweetheart of mine. Hadn't seen her for 25 years. What do you say to that, now? And she's got a bunch of letters that I wrote her once laid away yet, an' her husband never saw 'em! How's that?"

Mr. Slater always tries to be civil to people not related to him by marriage or otherwise, so he smiled and expressed his interest; but his face did not quite reflect the sentimental glow of the census man, and the other felt it.

"Let me have your surname, Christian name and initial," he began, with a change of tone. Mr. Slater sailed into the answers bravely and kept afloat past the questions as to residence, street, number of

house, and so forth. Then he ran around.

"Ma!" he called, stepping out into the front hall.

A suspiciously prompt voice from the head of the stairs answered: "What do you want?"

"Come down here!" commanded Mr. Slater, moving to where he could get sight of her. Then he added: "Oh, well, tell me what day, month and year you was born."

"Thought you didn't need any petticoats," was the reply, to which Mr. Slater returned silence. "Well, let me see," said the voice then. "Joe was 39 the 10th of last May. That makes him born in 18—"

"Just like a woman!" grumbled Mr. Slater, under his breath. "Always have to count back every time."

"You put me all out with your impatience, John," protested the voice.

"Count it up yourself. Joe's 39." So Slater and the census man worried that through.

"Louise!" called Mr. Slater, darting into the hall again a moment later. Another surprisingly close-at-hand voice answered: "Yes, father?"

"How old were you last birthday?"

"Why, it was only day before yesterday; but I suppose it has to go as 27 just the same, doesn't it?"

Mr. Slater mumbled something about women as he went back to the parlor. "You've got a land office job in this house, did you know it?" he told the census man. "We've got the three generations here."

"Yes?" assented the census man. "You didn't mention that your mother lived here."

"My mother? She's been in her grave these 20 years."

"I beg your pardon! I thought she was talking to you from the stairs."

A scornful sniff sounded down the stairway. "That's my wife," Mr. Slater explained. About this time real business began. It was evident that the voice had been re-enforced by the family Bible or records of some sort, for the flapping of the pages was distinctly audible down the stairway. Louise, presumably in her bathrobe, with wet hair hanging over her shoulders, acted as assistant teller. Mr. Slater's "Ma!" sounded every 30 seconds with the regularity of a foghorn now, and every time he had to humble himself to appeal for information his veneering of urbanity grew thinner.

"Suppose I go right out there and talk to the ladies first hand?" said the census man, finally, with a touch of nervous prostration in his voice, but as he stepped into the hall there was a scurry that made him retreat. The youngsters giggled and Mr. Slater sent them upstairs. Meanwhile he continued to vibrate between the rooms, with a wonderful external amiability. The last thing he did was to canter down to the laundry and discover the cook's name and age and all the rest of it. Then he bowed the census man out with perspiring politeness. —Chicago Record.

Credit She Didn't Seek.

A lady who keeps a summer boarding house at the seashore near Boston went down the other day to look the house over and find out what must be renewed. She found numerous umbrellas left by former boarders, says the Boston Transcript, and tying them together, she took the bundle to Boston to have them repaired. She stopped in at Hovey's and laid the bundle on the floor at her feet at the counter. When she had made her purchase, she forgot her umbrellas, and absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella lying on the counter, thinking it was hers, or not thinking at all, and started off.

Then the owner of the umbrella, a woman standing next her, seized her and said very sharply: "You have taken my umbrella!" Of course she apologized, feeling much cut up about it, and went on forgetting in her fluster her own bundle of umbrellas. The next day, on her way to Cambridge, she went to Hovey's and readily recovered her lost package of umbrellas, which had been kept for her. On the car for Cambridge she noticed a lady eyeing her very closely. Presently this lady leaned forward and said to her, with elegant emphasis:

"You seem to have been more fortunate today!"

It was the lady whose umbrella she had taken the day before. —Ex.

Choate and the Baby.

Lately, at the opening of a free library at Acton, England, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the American ambassador to Great Britain, delivered an address, and caused much laughter by his impromptu references to a baby who persisted in distracting the attention of the audience by making its voice heard at the most inconvenient moments, says the San Francisco Argonaut. The first interruption occurred early in the speech. Mr. Choate was saying: "There is a special provision for chil-

dren in your library, and I think when men come to make a choice of a residence in Acton they will not forget that fact." Here the baby screamed in such a manner as to drown the words of the speaker. There was some disturbance, but Mr. Choate said: "Don't be disturbed by the baby. Nobody knows better than my Lord Bishop that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom." Things went fairly well after this, the baby appearing to be flattered by the reference, until Mr. Choate was saying: "There is a book with which all of you—" Here the baby wailed loudly. "Except, possibly, the baby—are familiar," the ambassador went on; "it is Ecclesiastics, and it says that of the making of books there is no end."

BETTER GET A SAFE.

Last year the pesky kissing bug, caused widespread trepidation, and it was said to be the worst that ever struck the nation. For when it started out to bite it never discriminated. And white and black, and young and old, were sadly mutilated.

And strange and fearful were the tales that men were often telling about the bug that on them swooped and caused such painful swelling. And if an eye could not be seen because a big lip hid it the victim solemnly would say the kissing insect did it.

And many were the pretty girls lamenting swollen faces. Because they'd been subjected to the kissing bug's embraces. And many were the loving swains in similar condition. While some were so disfigured that they baffled recognition.

But sore as these afflictions were, still greater woes are coming. For we are told a fiercer bug. This way is swiftly humming. And if the scientific chaps have not made grievous error this biter from New Mexico must be a holy terror.

It has two score or more of legs. Its face is badly freckled. It's bigger than a bumblebee. And all its wings are speckled. It wears a triple jointed beak. With which it does its biting. And when it once gets hold it stays 'til it's killed by fighting.

The victim then will feel his face rise like an elevator. And really will not know himself 'til a fortnight later. At least, some scientists so say. And, if the truth they're telling. Before the summer goes we may in bugproof safes be dwelling. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Gruesome Reminder Gone.

The western span of the old Point Ellice bridge was removed by the potent force of dynamite, and it will not be long before the structure which for the last four years has been a standing reminder of the darkest day in the history of Victoria will be a thing of the past. Where once the rather imposing bridge stood, but two sections now remain, the disaster of 1896 and the exertions of yesterday causing the removal of the two central sections.

It was at first feared that the destruction of this section of the bridge by dynamite would break the telephone company's cable alongside, but everything passed off satisfactorily and the debris, in the shape of twisted iron and wood fragments, afford ample evidence of the efficacy of dynamite in destroying structures that have outlived their usefulness and which it is impossible to remove by ordinary means. Sticks of dynamite were placed in each end of the frame work of the truss on the northern side of the bridge and the explosion effectually did the required business, the entire section being thrown broadside into the water. The operations were under the direction of Engineer Todd.

The Point Ellice bridge was constructed for the provincial government by the San Francisco Bridge Company about 15 years ago. It was 630 feet in length, the two middle spans being each 150 feet in length. It became the property of the city in 1892. The details of the terrible tragedy are still fresh in the memories of Victorians, and this wreck would have been removed years ago but for the lawsuit cases against the city in consequence of the disaster, which have but recently been settled. The two remaining sections are in good condition and will be lowered on false supports and the iron stored for future purposes. —Victoria Times.

A Treat for Smokers.

Macanlay Bros. are importing 200,000 cigars, including the popular and favorably known Benj. Franklin, Henry Clay, Bock, Figaro, de Rothschild, Dirrigo Club, etc.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

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

It might pay you to drop in and see the new stock of drugs, stationery and sundries at the Pioneer Drug Store.

Cabin Wanted.

Lars & Duclou, photographers, want to buy a cabin centrally located. Apply at studio, or Nugget office.

Prepare for Winter.

Paper your cabin now. We have a fine line of wallpaper, paints, oils, etc. Anderson Bros., Second st. Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

"White Pass and Yukon Route." Str. CANADIAN

Will be the Next Boat for White Horse and All Way Points! C. M. CHAMBERS, Agent.

YUKON FLYER COMPANY NELS PETERSON, General Manager Strs. "Bonanza King" and "Eldorado" Speed, Safety, Comfort. For reservation of staterooms and tickets or for any further information apply to company's office WILLIAM F. GEORGE, AUDITOR AND GENERAL AGT. AURORA DOCK



Dawson Sawmill & Building Co.

O. W. HOBBS, PROP. Contractors & Builders Manufacturers of BRICKS, LIME & LUMBER Dealers in Builders' Supplies Housefitters and Undertakers

Special Values!

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

WE MUST HAVE ROOM

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

HERSHBERG

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

DON'T BE SHY!

If you need your toilet cleaned or any other garbage removed, CALL ON GUILDS & BROWN, Corner of Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

New Arrivals.

AMONG the NEW GOODS just received are to be found Plain INDIA LINENS, PLAIN SWISS, CHECKED, NAINSOOK, FANCY ORGANDIES, FANCY DIMITIES, Fancy Figured FOULARD SILKS, Plain Colored and Black TAFETTA SILKS, Plain Black Satin "DUCHESS," Beautiful Black and Colored CREPONS, Evening Shades in ALBATROSS and NUNS' VEILINGS, a Beautiful Line of Fine SILK WAISTS, and a Complete Line of NOTIONS. SEE SHOW WINDOWS

N. A. T. & T. CO.

ORR & TUKEY'S STAGE

Daily Each Way To Grand Forks

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

Kearney & Kearney

AURORA DOCK. Telephone 31 Freighting and Teaming Goods delivered at the Forks, Eldorado and Upper Bonanza creeks. Rates Reasonable... Satisfaction Guaranteed GOODS HANDLED WITH CARE ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

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BONDED CARRIERS DAILY SERVICE Bet. Puget Sound Points and Dawson Gold Dust Insured for Full Value. Office at Lancaster and Calderhead's Wharf

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OF SEATTLE, WASH. Mining Machinery of All Descriptions. Pumping Plants a Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery. Chas. E. Severance, Gen. Agt., Room 15, A. C. Building

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DAWSON HARDWARE CO., JUST IN SECOND AVENUE

THE CITIZENS WILL ADDRESS

The Governor-General Upon His Arrival Here

In a Social Manner—A Wordy Meeting Last Evening So Decides.

A committee of eleven was elected last evening at the citizens' meeting, to prepare an address to the governor general, to be presented upon his arrival here along with a few hundred other addresses, some of welcome and some of grievance. Quite likely none of the various committees have thought of it yet, but if the poor gentleman has to read all the literature (?) with which he seems in a fair way to be deluged upon his arrival here, an address of sympathy should accompany the others.

The committee elected last evening will also have to confer with other committees in the address business, and if as much difficulty is encountered in finding out the details of what is to be done as was experienced in arriving at the simple conclusion reached last evening, the governor general will become aware of their efforts to entertain him about the date of his next visit to Dawson.

Col. MacGregor called the meeting to order, and nominated some one for chairman. Then everyone else who felt that what he had to say could be done better from the floor than the chair, nominated some one else, who promptly and modestly declined for the same reason, probably, though other reasons were given. It seemed at one time as if a fresh batch of patriots would have to be rounded up before a chairman could be procured. Mr. Nicol finally consented to occupy the chair and Mr. Craig accepted the secretary's portfolio, and then the deep sonorous voice of Col. MacGregor was again heard, this time stating the object of the meeting, and very poetically likening the coming visit of her majesty's representative to the return of the dove to Noah's ark, bearing the emblem of hope in its beak.

Mr. Woodworth suggested the advisability of appointing a committee of five to co-operate with other committees having the same object in view. Dr. McArthur seconded the motion and it was carried.

Then Barney Sugrue said he thought some debate concerning the duties of the committee should be heard and the ball was opened.

The question was raised as to whether the meeting was a representative one and after more or less debate, during which Mr. Woodworth remarked, "We are the people," and Mr. Sugrue stated that he believed Mr. Ogilvie had sanctioned the meeting, it was decided that the meeting was a citizens' meeting and that some of the citizens were present.

Then the following named gentlemen were elected a committee to carry into effect the sense of the meeting, provided they could find out what it was. Col. MacGregor, Alex McDonald, Mr. Proudhomme, Barney Sugrue, Dr. McArthur, Dr. Cato, J. J. Walsh, Mr. Nicoll and C. M. Woodworth.

After this had been done by virtue of Mr. Woodworth's enlarging of his motion so as to take in all the names on the list, the real object of the meeting developed at an alarming rate. The suffering air was poured full of words and arguments by nearly every one present, and all because some of the statesmen present thought the proper tone of that address should be such as to show the governor general that all is not peace, contentment and general satisfaction in Dawson, and others thought that in the immortal language of the Yukon Sun, such a course would be impertinent and inhospitable.

Mr. Noel waxed eloquent in defense of the Sun works, and received a hearty second from Mr. Young and a gentleman in golf stockings, who appeared to be a stranger, as no one called him by name. Mr. Noel had a firm grip on the collars of the "Three Tailors of Shakespeare," and with his usual good fortune and perseverance succeeded in dragging them forth, though exactly what bearing they had on the subject in hand has not thus far been discovered.

The debate was for the most part ranged on the other side of the hall and was ably led in the wordy war by C. M. Woodworth, Joe Clarke, Barney Sugrue and J. J. Walsh, whose motion that the governor general be informed of our grievances, had precipitated the battle which raged fiercely.

Mr. Woodworth, in replying to Mr. Noel's battery of heavy oratory, said that it would be well for the meeting

to adjourn so long as there were those present who were so unpatriotic as to believe in proceeding in the thin-skinned way proposed.

Joe Clarke asked the stranger in golf stockings where he got the idea that the distinguished visitor was coming to pay a purely social visit, and was replied to with some heat, and at one time there were no fewer than five or six of the opposing forces on their feet at the same time.

The whole question, so far as those not gifted with clairvoyancy could discover, arose in the difference of opinion as to whether the advertisement of the meeting did not convey the impression that the duties of the committee would be of a purely social character.

A Mr. Whitehead rose with much dignity and an appearance which compelled silence and possibly some little apprehension. Two huge rolls of newspapers projected from the breast pockets of his coat, and tilted forward so as to look much like a pair of dynamite tubes. He said:

"Gentlemen, I was asked to advertise this here meeting, and I did it. The advertisement of this here meeting was to the effect that its object was for the purpose of getting up a reception for the governor general, or whatever you call him, and nothing was said about grievances." He sat down and after eyeing the dynamite tubes in silence for a moment Col. MacGregor moved that the motion of Mr. Walsh be withdrawn, which was finally agreed to, and peace reigned when the meeting adjourned with the understanding that the committee should act in a purely social way. This consummation of affairs, with whatever shred of dignity the meeting may lay claim to, was due in a large measure to the fine statesmanship of Attorney McKinnon, whose hand was visible during the meeting, and whose judgment and generalship was largely responsible in the matter of keeping the main object of the meeting from being entirely lost in the furious storm of words.

Washington's First Governor.
To the heart of every pioneer of the state of Washington the memory of Isaac I. Stevens, the first territorial governor is most dear, and by them and their children will the following from a late issue of P.-I. be read with interest:

"There has recently appeared from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the life of Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, first governor of the territory of Washington, by his son, Gen. Hazard Stevens, for many years resident here. Gen. Isaac I. Stevens was easily the foremost man in character, in abilities and in the positions which he achieved for himself, who ever resided in the borders of the state. Graduating first in his class at West Point, he took from his entry upon his professional career a foremost rank as an engineer. During the Mexican war, he showed equal ability as a soldier and was twice breveted for gallantry. He was chief of the coast survey service, at the time of his resignation from the army in 1853, to accept the appointment of governor of this territory, being then but 37 years of age. His services here will always be held in grateful remembrance. Among others of his public services he suppressed the wars with the Indians, made treaties with them by which they relinquished their lands, organized the civil government, and made preliminary surveys for the first transcontinental railroad to the Pacific coast. The talents he displayed in civil life were equal, if not superior to those displayed in his army career. Having represented the territory in congress, taking a rank never before held by a delegate from a territory, he was selected as chairman of the executive committee of the Breckenridge wing of the Democratic party in the campaign of 1860. At the outbreak of the war, he promptly threw his weight and influence with the party for the preservation of the Union, re-entered the army and while commanding a division as a major-general of volunteers, he was killed with the colors in his hand, leading his men at the battle of Chantilly. He was then but 44 years of age; was recognized as one of the most able, brilliant and fearless officers in the service, and the man destined to the highest command. He was entitled to and obtained high rank as a soldier, engineer, statesman, scholar, author, politician and man of affairs. Few men have had such a well-rounded career, and it is a matter of pride to the people of this state that no much of his life was identified with the earlier history of this section of the country.

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

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

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

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Yesterday morning's session of the police court developed the fact that Dawson shows signs of degenerating in the production of hooch which will produce dreamless slumber at any distance. The harvest of the night watch was alarmingly small; as only one man was brought in who had been caught with the evidence of having a hooch-trance concealed about his person.

Harry Randall (it was he who had been reposing on the sidewalk) paid the usual fine for sidewalk slumber.

Yesterday afternoon Uncle Hoffman was on hand at the police court some time before the opening of the court, and like the musical party who found the lost chord, he seemed "restless and ill at ease." The fact was, Uncle had lost something himself, although it wasn't a chord, and there was no likelihood of his finding anything which would look good to him in the police court. He had tried it before. What Uncle had lost, however, as he explained to the court, was his "vitnesses" without whom he would be unable to prove anything which he had charged against Miss Corinne B. Gray. "My vitnesses haf gone to Nome," said Uncle, after Magistrate Scarth had called the court to order, and Miss Gray was told that the prosecutor, whose benevolence is well known, wished to withdraw the charge. The accused explained that she had been put to considerable expense and inconvenience in the matter and had been branded as a malefactor. She had hoped that the case would proceed to a finish, as she was prepared to prove that she had never stolen anything as accused by the prosecutor. However, as she was no longer a resident of Dawson and could only remain at great inconvenience she would consent to the dropping of the charge. That was all that came of the charge against the accused, excepting, perhaps, the satisfaction which beamed in the face of the law-abiding benevolent uncle, as he walked down the street after having withdrawn a charge he could not prove.

There is a grave question dimly discernible on the horizon of the affairs interesting to the anxious public. That the time when the public will have to face a threatened calamity is drawing near was evidenced by the phenomena witnessed in the police court this morning and yesterday morning as well. Yesterday only one man was fined for sleeping on the sidewalk, and this morning Peter Ross was the only one who had been successful in wooing balmy slumber from the various hooch receptacles about town. All this points to the suspicion that hooch is getting scarce and that those who dispense it are putting water in it, so that it is losing its potency as a sleep producer. Ross paid \$5 for the success of his persevering efforts, but if something is not done, it is feared this source of revenue will be cut off entirely.

River Nwec.

The steamer Sarah, of the A. C. Co.'s fleet, arrived this morning at 10 o'clock 13 days from St. Michael. She is heavily loaded with freight, drawing five feet of water, the greatest displacement shown by any boat this season. She brought up river some 23 passengers from Nome and St. Michael and 41 from points along the river. A majority of the passengers are from the Koyukuk and Tanana country. Capt. Looney and purser Sullivan are officers of the boat. Following is a list of her passengers:

J. W. Quigley, G. Gustafson, Chas. Anderson, Peter Johnson, Paul Bordman, J. G. Courtney, Jno. Butler, F. A. Mann, Tony Peters, Aaron Lewis and wife, Frank White and wife, W. C. McGregor, J. E. Smith, H. Knutson, R. A. Warwick, W. Sheets, N. Nelson, Dan Swecker, L. H. Pontius, R. C. Rusk, John Claignoir, J. Jackson, E. Reilly, Thos. Pronzini, Dan Nicols, S. G. Edwards, N. T. Whitley, L. K. Kerr, Nels Peterson, Gus. Kumondoris, Jim Grossis, John Darbolio, D. Stoff, Louis Pandozopolis, G. Grandahl, H. B. Burgee, W. C. Mybroi, W. H. Richardson, J. R. McGovern, L. Wile, Chas. Gins, Frank P. Gardner, John Coleman, J. T. Rafig, J. Broston, Chas. Maigtain, W. R. Miller, A. C. Armstrong, G. H. Walton, H. Johnston, Wm. Finnigan, J. Cahill, Chas. Olsen, H. Dobson, E. A. Mizner, Miss Lucille Elliot, N. S. Abbot, Mrs. E. R. Hastings, M. Lasko, Lewis Ecko, W. R. Goldston.

Purser Sullivan reports passing the Louise on her way up the river with three barges in tow, carrying the largest single shipment of merchandise ever brought up the river. She was met at Circle City and should arrive in Dawson Friday night.

The Mary Graff and Linda, both A. E. Co.'s boats, were passed at the mouth of the river. The Graff was aground at the time.

Steamer Culahy, of the N. A. T. & T. Co., was met disabled below Andreafsky, she having broken her shaft and having to lay to for temporary repairs. The Hamilton, another of the N. A. T. & T. Co.'s boats which was reported fast on a bar by the Hannah was met going down below the Tanana.

The Bella was met going out of the mouth of the Koyukuk and passengers were taken from her for Dawson.

The Susie was saluted above Nulatto, The Leon, of the A. E. Co., Seattle No. 2 and the Alice, the latter boats being bunched at a point near Hammond, were seen. All were making good time.

S-Y.T.Co.

"High-Grade Goods."

BREAKFAST DELICACIES

GRAPE NUTS A Delicious and Nutritious Food

FLAKED WHEAT, GERMEA, FARINA

S-Y. T. CO., Second Avenue

The steamer Canadian arrived last night at 10 o'clock. She made the trip to Whitehorse in three days and seven hours. This time has not been beaten for that run by any boats on the Yukon. The Lightning made the same time on her first trip. An effort will be made by both boats to beat this record and should they happen to leave either end of their run at the same time a lively race is expected. She brought 16 sacks of mail and 125 tons of freight. The following passengers arrived: Mrs. R. C. Wilkins, A. Goldstein, F. Fitzgerald, Winifred Fitzgerald, Emma Heath, J. Heath, T. Heath, H. Heath, Mrs. Perry, Miss Perry, W. R. Brown, A. M. Post, W. H. Kirkpatrick, J. A. Williams, Mrs. Dilley, J. W. Hayden, W. T. Edmonds, H. H. Hart.

Steamer Ora, of the Klondike Corporation, is expected in tonight. Steamboat men are awaiting with considerable speculation her arrival as a cut in rates even below those quoted at present may possibly be made by her agents.

The Tyrrell was reported going up last night at 10:30 from Selkirk.

The wire went down at 6 o'clock last night at some point between Lebarge and Whitehorse, consequently advice of the movements of up-river boats is not obtainable.

High Water on Dominion.

News was telephoned this morning of great destruction to property on Dominion by recent heavy rains. The dams have been carried away on claims 2 and 3 above upper discovery and on claims 6, 8, 12, 24 and 27 below upper discovery; also many dams below lower discovery were washed away.

Charley Anderson's claim, 1 below upper, was so filled with drift that work must necessarily be abandoned for this season.

From upper discovery the sluice boxes, with considerable gold, were washed down past three or four claims, a portion only of the gold being recovered.

Claims 6 and 8 below upper where ground sluicing had been extensively carried on are all covered with drift and dirt to the depth of several feet.

Labor on the creek is in great demand and is correspondingly difficult to procure.

Mail Both Ways.

The steamer Canadian from Whitehorse and Sarah from St. Michael, brought in a consignment of mail to Dawson. A large batch of letters from Nome is in the down river mail, as well as many from points along the river.

Prices reduced. Shirts now 50c, collars 15c, cuffs, per pair, 25c. Cascade Laundry.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

BURRITT & McRAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, &c. Office Golden's Exchange Bldg., Front St. Safe deposit box in A.C. vaults.

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

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

NORTON D. WALLING, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Notary Public, Nome, Alaska.

HENRY BLEECKER FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLEECKER AND DE JOURNEL, Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second Street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third Avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

BELCOURT, McDUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, solicitors, conveyancers, etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2, Chisholm Block, Dawson. Special attention given to parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C., M. F., Frank J. McDougall, John P. Smith.

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

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

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

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc. N. Offices, Webb block, opp. Lancaster & Calderhead's wharf, Dawson.

ASSAYERS.

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

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.

TYRRELL & GREEN, Mining Engineers and Dominion Land Surveyors. Office, corner First Ave. and First Ave. South, Opp. Klondike Hotel, Dawson.

DENTISTS.

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

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—At half price, one 10 h. p. summer boiler, with fittings; must go at once. Apply Grocery.

FOR SALE—The Caribou Roadhouse, which has liquor license for one year; doing fine business. Apply Mrs. M. Rankin, Caribou City.

The Orpheum

ALL THIS WEEK

First Time in Dawson of the Farical Comedy in three acts.

Turned Up

With the Full Cast of the Company, followed by a

Choice Olio of Specialties

MOHR & WILKINS

GROCERS

Family Trade... Liners' Outfits

Third Street and Third Avenue.

Now Open for Business

...Grand Forks Market

Meats of All Kinds WHOLESALE and RETAIL At Dawson Prices

F. GEISMAN

Hay and Feed

500 TONS.

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery.

The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD, WAREHOUSEMEN.

Bonanza = Market

All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.

Third Street, Opposite PavilionDAWSON

Wall Paper...

Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Electric Light

Steady Satisfaction Safe Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joslyn Building, Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1

MRS. M. GLASS,

Representing the Parisian Corset Co. of London, has opened a parlor upstairs opposite Barrett & Hull's Dock.

Twelve different styles of Corsets, fitted to the form. Silk Waists, Underskirts, Fancy Ties, Costumes, Children's Corsets, also agent for Dr. Gibbs' Massage Roller in silver and gold.

The Nugget

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

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