

TO END THE STRIKE

Both Sides Are Getting Weary of Struggle.

Fearful Cost Involved to Both Sides—Coal Supply getting Very Short.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Wilkesbarré, Pa., Aug. 25.—While nothing definite is given the public, there are a number of indications which promise the early ending of the coal miners strike of Pennsylvania, which has nearly closed its fifteenth week. On face of things the situation appears unchanged, with both miners and operators apparently determined to stand by their several contentions. Troops are still on the ground to curb violence. There are some things, however, that lead to hope, if not certainty, that the end will not be long delayed. In the first place there is a desire on part of companies to resume operations and a growing impatience of miners for work. Then the cost of strike is something enormous to miners themselves, the actual loss of wages for fifteen weeks being at a rate of five million five hundred thousand dollars per month, or close to twenty million dollars for the period. The stock of coal is getting so low work must be resumed shortly.

Masked Robbers

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Tucson, Ariz., Aug. 24.—Three masked men, mounted, held up a Mazatlan stage near Tucson Tuesday evening and stole \$1000 in treasure. It is supposed American outlaws are responsible. The robbers fled to the hills.

Murderous Jap Boy

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, Aug. 25.—News comes from Honolulu of the murder of Captain Jacobson of the lumber schooner Fred. J. Woods, by a Japanese cabin boy named Tanbara Gesaboro.

Old Age No Bar

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Montreal, Aug. 25.—Hypolite Bonin, aged seventy-two and Miss Adeline Desharnois, aged seventy-two, eloped from Arthabaskaville, Quebec.

The Ladue Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

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

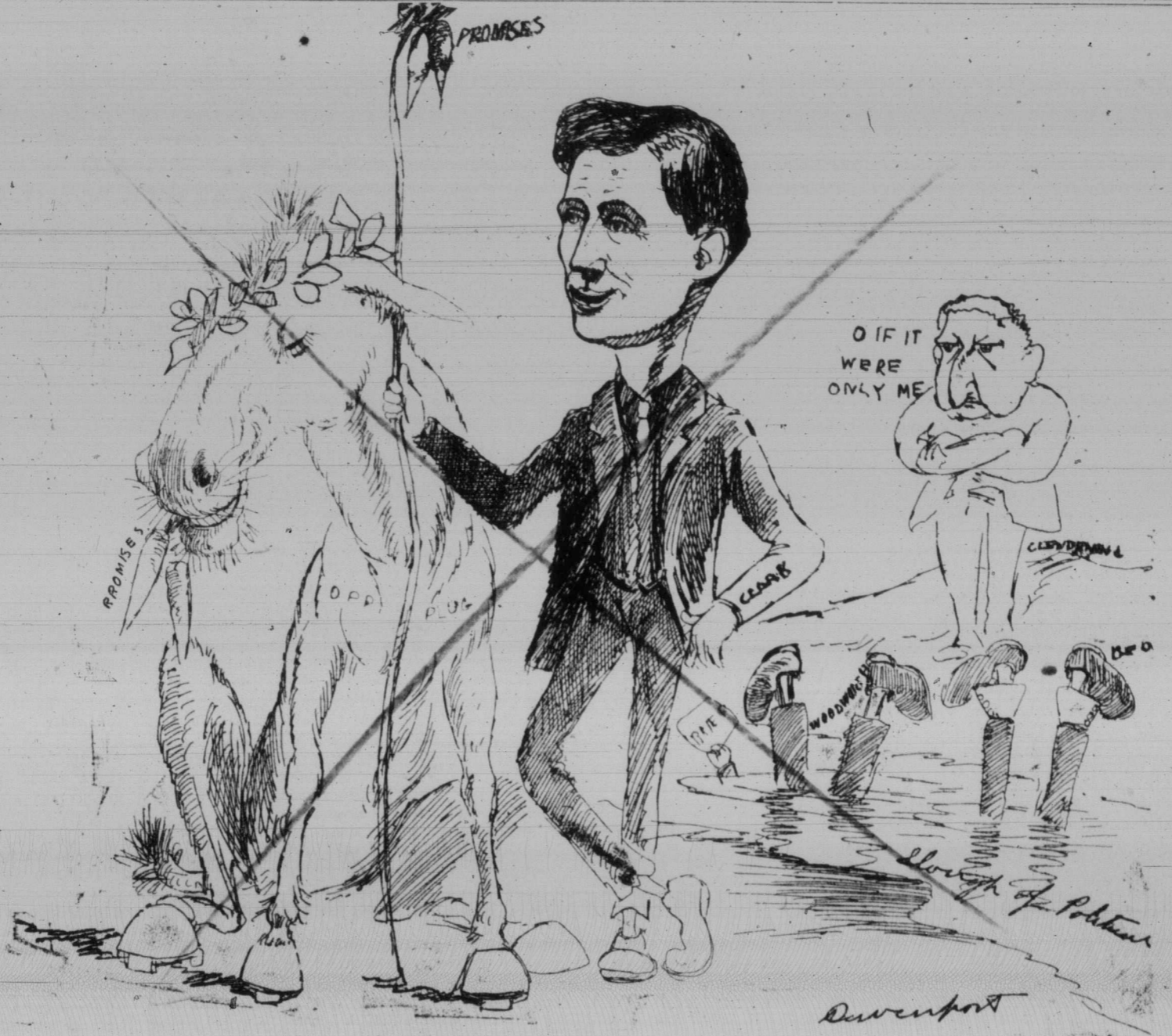
We have the best plant money will buy and guarantee all our work in this mill and also in the

Assay Office

LAMPS SPECIAL PRICES.

Medium sized glass stand lamps, complete... \$.75
Large sized glass stand lamps, complete... 1.00
Beautiful line of Vase and Parlor Lamps with globes and shades in newest shapes and designs... \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.50, 5.00, 7.50

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



A SLIM DIET FOR THE PLUG TO RUN ON.

Ducklings Protested.

There is a jolly little flock of eleven ducklings that may be seen almost any day in the slough near the bridge or within the barracks enclosure. They are wild ducks hatched in captivity, so to speak, and lest any hunter should be tempted to try his skill in that direction it is well to bear in mind that these ducklings are the special pride and pets of the entire police force and to harm one of them will ensure the offender a life sentence on the wood pile.

Pays His Respects.

Deputy Minister of the Interior Smart who has been indisposed for several days has sufficiently recovered to enable him to be at his office this morning. Today he visited all the various offices in the Administration building, paying his respects to the heads of departments and employees.

Clothing cleaned, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, at Hershberg's.

A Wife for 75c.

Getting a wife for 75 cents may sound ridiculous but it is a fact just the same. Two lovers were after the same girl, and as far as she was concerned there was no difference, both were good, healthy specimens of humanity. But one of them was "next" and went to Cribbs, the druggist, and got some up-to-date toilet soap, took a bath and won his bride.

Moral: See Cribbs, the druggist, a full line of Toilet Soaps at virtually outside prices.

CRIBBS, The Druggist
King St., next to Post Office.

F. C. WADE RETURNS

Reached Dawson Last Saturday Night.

Traveled Extensively in Europe — Said Many Kind Words for the Yukon.

Fred C. Wade, K.C. and former crown prosecutor for the Yukon, was a passenger on the steamer Columbian which arrived Saturday night. Mr. Wade left Dawson with his family for the outside about a year ago, since which time during his extensive travels throughout Canada, the eastern states and Europe he has never lost an opportunity for speaking good words of the Yukon and of the many unparalleled advantages offered in this country for the investment of capital.

Mr. Wade has not only talked Yukon around firesides and at clubs but he has entertained thousands by his Yukon lectures which he illustrated with views of all kinds pertaining to the country. He delivered many lectures not only in Canada but also in Europe and there is no doubt but that much good to the country will result, for with his long residence here, acute sense of observation and naturally tactful style of address, his lectures could not fail to be both entertaining and instructive to those whom he addressed.

When looked for this afternoon to give an account of his travels and of himself during his absence Mr. Wade was dining with some friends and could not be found by the reporter, but some account from his own lips of what he has done for the Yukon is promised for the near future—that is, unless he absolutely refuses to talk, and he will have acquired that trait during his absence.

Mr. Wade's family did not accompany him to Dawson. His plans for the future are not yet announced.

An American Girl—Auditorium.

CONVENTION AFTERMATH

Nomination of Clarke a General Topic.

Prominent Liberal Describes the Kind of Man That Will Defeat Clarke.

The nomination of Joe Clarke at the convention of Saturday has created no little talk and comment about the streets of Dawson. While it was conceded two or three days before the convention by most people that Clarke would receive the majority vote of the convention, nevertheless there was a lingering belief among some that the actual voting would tell a different story.

Dr. Thompson had been considered all along a possible factor in the race and when on Saturday he expressed dissatisfaction with the rules that had been adopted in mass meeting for the guidance of the convention it was taken to indicate that the doctor might still be a possibility in the role of a "dark horse."

Clarke's organization was altogether too effective, however, and Dr. Thompson in the light of events showed wisdom in refusing to run.

There is no disposition in government circles to discount Clarke's strength and particularly his ability as an organizer. A prominent Liberal remarked today that the surest way of defeating Clarke would be through the nomination of a good clean man who would be in sympathy with the government on national matters but who could be depended upon to present the needs of the Yukon in a straightforward manner and in accordance with the desires of the people. "Such a man," said the speaker, "could accomplish more for the country in a single week than Clarke could in half a dozen sessions, and it is my opinion that if good judgment is exercised in making a selection no great difficulty will be experienced in defeating Clarke. How-

ever, the latter is a fighter and will need to be reckoned with very seriously in figuring possible results."

Hard Times

Special to the Daily Nugget.
San Diego, Aug. 25.—The Kosmos liner Cambyses has arrived at San Diego after an adventurous voyage along the South American coast. Many electric storms and numerous active volcanoes are reported. On arrival at Champerico, Western Guatemala, the steamer found the place deserted through the earthquake terror and was obliged to discharge and load its cargo unassisted, not a soul remaining in the place.

Brilliant Wedding

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Cobourg, Ont., Aug. 25.—The brilliant wedding of Miss Vivian Sartoria, granddaughter of Gen. Grant, and Frederick, Roosevelt Scovel, cousin of the president, took place here. The ceremony was performed by Canon Sprague at St. Peter's, Anglican church.

Ex-Governor Dead

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Montreal, Aug. 25.—Ex-Governor Royal of the Northwest Territories is dead here.

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

UNPOPULAR GOV. BRADY

Charged With Retarding Self Government.

Alleged to be Active Agent for Big Coal Companies—Seattle Man Makes Charge.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, Aug. 25.—Serious charges against Governor John G. Brady of Alaska were made in the trans-Mississippi congress by Donald Fletcher of Seattle, who asserted that the governor is an exponent of the policy of oppression and repression and is the active agent for great coal companies which are delaying self-government for the territory.

Demented Skipper

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Seattle, Aug. 25.—Capt. Coogan, master of the little steamer John Riley, is reported insane and a prisoner on his own vessel in Kobuck river two hundred miles interior from Kotzebue sound. Capt. Coogan was for many years master of Arctic whaling vessels operated from San Francisco. He is sixty-five years of age.

Mrs. Fair's Estate

Special to the Daily Nugget.
San Francisco, Aug. 25.—The will of Mrs. Charles Fair in the hands of Attorneys Knight and Heggerty disposes of her estate consisting of cash, real property, railroad and government bonds, approximately valued at three hundred thousand dollars.

Not After It

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, Aug. 25.—There is no movement on the part of Americans to purchase the home of Washington's ancestors near Banbury, Oxfordshire, for transposition to the St. Louis fair.

Must Show Money

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, Aug. 25.—Those who want to partake in the rush to Africa must have five hundred dollars cash and be able to show that they are in a position to maintain themselves.

False Report

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Chicago, Aug. 25.—There is no truth in the report that the Steel Trust is trying to secure through Gates the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company.

Dog Licenses Stolen

Several complaints have been heard of tags being taken from dogs whose owners have complied with the provisions of the law and invested \$3.25 in the little piece of sheet copper which permits a dog to run loose. One owner of a valuable dog stated today that collar, tag and all had been removed from his canine pet and threatens to make it a matter for the party who is responsible if the latter's identity can be established.

Waiters' Aprons	. . .	\$.25
Celluloid Collars25
Boys' Overalls75
Painters' Overalls	. . .	1.00
Painters' Blouses	. . .	1.00

HALF PRICE SALE ON SLATER SHOES CONTINUES.

Sargent & Pinska, 118 2nd Avenue
Mail Orders Promptly Attended To. NO CREDIT.

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Yearly, in advance	\$30.00
Per month, by carrier in city in advance	3.00
Single copies	25
Yearly, in advance	\$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
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.

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 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.



CLARKE MUST BE DEFEATED.

It is scarcely necessary for the Nugget to announce that no support will be given by this paper to the candidacy of Joe Clarke. On numerous occasions the Nugget has defined the sort of man who can command its assistance in the race for parliament and if the territory had been searched with a one-tooth comb, it would be impossible to find a man who comes so short of the requirements as Clarke.

We can conceive of no greater calamity that could possibly happen to this territory than the success of Clarke at the polls. Such a catastrophe would constitute a reflection upon the intelligence and moral responsibility of the voters of the district. It would be an impeachment of the right of the community to self-government and would result in immeasurably hindering and retarding the growth and progress of the whole territory.

It is as yet too early in the campaign to go exhaustively into details and we defer much that might be said in the above connection until a later date. For the present it is sufficient to say that the Nugget will be in the fight from the start to the finish and by every legitimate means within its power will contribute to the defeat of Clarke.

A POLITICAL TRICKSTER.

The convention of Saturday last illustrates in a striking manner how the desires of the people are often thwarted through the skill of a political trickster. The bona fide, respectable opposition did not want Clarke for a candidate but willy nilly he has been jammed down their throats.

From the date of the meeting in the Auditorium until the adjournment on Saturday night the machinery of the whole show was in Clarke's hands and the success with which he pulled the wool over the eyes of his opponents became clearer and clearer as the convention day approached.

The packed primary which selected the Dawson delegates to the convention was an unmistakable indication of the direction in which the wind was blowing. The entire delegation had been selected prior to the meeting of the primary and Clarke might have had the unanimous support of the delegates had it not been regarded as a better stroke of politics to place a few of his opponents in nomination.

We mistake the temper of the people of this territory if they are prepared to endorse such tactics or submit to dictation at the hands of a political mountebank. The average of intelligence in the Yukon is altogether too high and the knowledge of men and events possessed by the people is altogether too broad to admit the possibility of their being led

astray upon such an important matter as the selection of a man to represent the territory in the Dominion house.

The Yukon as a whole will be judged by the man sent from this territory to represent the people in the councils of the federal legislative body and we deny emphatically that Joe Clarke approaches in any particular the required standard.

The flurry in politics that is now attracting general attention should not draw public notice away from the fact that local business interests demand immediate attention. As was brought out forcibly in these columns on Saturday it is time that the business men of the community came together and effected some means of organization for mutual protection. The opportunity of laying all the grievances of the community before the deputy minister of the interior should not be passed by. The board of trade should be reorganized immediately and an effort made to devise means for restoring the town to normal conditions. Concerted action will bring results which can be accomplished in no other manner.

A Washington lawyer has advanced the ingenious theory that Tracy's widow is entitled to the rewards offered for the deaths both of Tracy and Merrill. The opinion is based upon the fact that Tracy was responsible for the death of both himself and Merrill. Such being the case the reward should go to Tracy's widow. There doesn't seem to be any flaw in the reasoning but it is extremely doubtful if the governors of Oregon and Washington will consider themselves bound thereby.

In Candidate Clark's speech of acceptance, he accounted for his nomination by the fact that the convention was determined to send to Ottawa the "worst dose" that possibly could be prepared. For once, at least, Joseph came somewhere within range of the truth.

Alas, poor Beddoe! After two years spent in planning, working and wire pulling, not even to be able to receive a nomination.

Wrangle Narrows

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, Aug. 23.—Major Mills has sent a party to survey Wrangle Narrows with the view of new improvements in that waterway.

Burned to Death

Special to the Daily Nugget. St. John, Aug. 23.—Oliver Gough and wife were burned to death at Hopewell Hill, N. B.

Child Killed

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, Aug. 23.—Myron W. McLaughlin, the child of wealthy Seattleites, was killed by a tram car.

Captain Drowned

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, Aug. 23.—Capt. Lorne Adleman, navigator, was drowned here yesterday.

Killed His Wife

Special to the Daily Nugget. Quebec, Aug. 22.—Jos. Mathurin of Montmagny, wife-murderer, has been committed for trial. He made a full confession.

No More Cheap Rates

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Aug. 23.—Reduced cable rates to troops in Africa will be discontinued Sept. 1st.

Pearson—The only way for a man to learn all about women is to get married.

Gregson—And study the ways of his wife, eh?

Pearson—No, listen to what she tells him about other women.—Tit-Bits.

SEAMS ALLOWED FOR. BEST FITTING. STYLISH. POPULAR PRICES. I HAVE THEM IN STOCK. CALL AND GET A SEPTEMBER FASHION SHEET.

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

JUDGE JAS. WICKERSHAM

Visits Dawson En Route to Tacoma, Wn.

Will Later Return to Valdez for Winter — Was Messenger of Prosperity for Nome.

Judge James Wickersham of Alaska, accompanied by his wife, arrived on the steamer Zealandian yesterday from Eagle City where the judge lately held a session of United States court.

Judge and Mrs. Wickersham left on the Columbian for the outside. They return to Tacoma, their old home, on a visit, the former not having been home for over two years. He will return north in time to hold a session of court at Valdez in October and will spend the winter there.

At the recent term of court held at Eagle Harry Owens was found guilty of having murdered his partner, Christensen, in a remote portion of the Forty-ninth country. The verdict being murder in the second degree, Owens was sentenced to 25 years imprisonment in the United States penitentiary on McNeil's Island near Tacoma, Wash. Owens was in Dawson today on his way in charge of Deputy U. S. Marshal Geo. G. Perry.

Another important case decided by a jury at Eagle was the case of Mrs. Fred J. Struthers of St. Michael, formerly Miss Ella Garrett of Dawson, vs. Jack Belsco, in which the title to the lower half of No. 4a, Glen Gulch, near Rampart, was involved. The jury decided in favor of the plaintiff.

Mrs. Struthers' father, W. T. Garrett, formerly well known in Dawson, was also here today and in custody of Deputy Marshal Perry. He is hopelessly insane and is being taken to the insane asylum at Steilacoom, Wash.

Traveling in the Wickersham party to the outside are Geo. Jeffries, the judge's private secretary, A. J. Ballet, U. S. commissioner at Rampart, Dr. Kellogg, post surgeon at Fort Egbert, and wife, Mrs. A. L. Heath and son of Eagle, and Deputy Marshal Geo. G. Perry and wife of Eagle. They all arrived on the Zealandian and left for Whitehorse on the Columbian this afternoon.

While a stranger to the majority of the people in the Yukon, Judge Wickersham is known by reputation to all as the man who temporarily succeeded Judge Noyes at Nome and cleared the docket of something like 600 cases, bringing order out of chaos and restoring confidence in a country where crookedness and official chicanery had formerly held sway. While in the city the judge and party were guests of the Regina where he was called upon by many old Tomacates and others who formerly knew him on the outside.

Drought in Australia.

Seattle, Aug. 13.—The long continuance of drought in Australia, together with the continual labor difficulties, makes conditions particularly unfavorable throughout the Australian federation, according to the statement of B. L. Mann, of Sydney, New South Wales, who was in Seattle yesterday. He left the colony a month ago with Mrs. Mann. They are traveling over America.

For eight months no rain has fallen throughout the larger part of the continent. One-third of the 60,000,000 sheep in the several provinces have perished of hunger and thirst. Scarcely a vestige of green vegetation remains to be seen, and in certain parts of Australia not a drop of rain has moistened the earth for a year and a quarter.

"Conditions are almost unbearable in any Australian city," Mr. Mann declared yesterday at the Butler hotel. "And to make matters worse the influence of the predominant labor party has a blighting effect on all enterprises. The political labor organization has the balance of power and is able to turn elections to the benefit of either of the regular political parties. Labor practically rules, and such a situation is decidedly to the disadvantage of trade and commerce. Each store must close promptly at a certain hour, and by law the employer is compelled to give his employes a vacation of half a day each week in addition to Sunday. A Chinese who is found ironing a shirt five minutes after 6 o'clock in the evening is taken before the law courts and fined \$10. The effects

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!

Opening Up New Lines. Now on Display.

New ideas in French Flannels in Latest designs; Dress Materials in Camel's Hair, Zebelines, Crepe de Chems, Crispine Cravenettes, Etc. Cashmeres in all shades, Striped Velvetens, Cashmere Flannels, Grenadines and Other Fashionable Dress Fabrics.

A Full line of Ladies' Tailor-Made Gowns. Cloaks for Ladies and Children. Cashmere Hosiery in all weights and sizes.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

Fatal Quarrel Between Men

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Walter Scott, president of the Illinois Wire Company, was stabbed to death at his office, 1120 Monadnock Building, at 9:30 this morning by W. L. Stebbins, a civil engineer, whose office is across the hall from Scott's. Stebbins' weapon was a long steel paper knife. He stabbed Scott twice in the stomach and then walked back to his office and was writing some business letters when he was arrested.

Placer Strike Near Yaktag.

If the information now at hand is correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, one of the richest placer discoveries ever made in Alaska has been made back of Cape Yaktag on the coast just west of Malaspina glacier. Several weeks ago a man arrived in Valdez from Yaktag with a number of locations for record and incidentally with a tale of a rich placer strike which would outrival the yellow journal stories of the Klondike in '97. Of course this man did not proclaim his find from the housetops, but on the other hand kept it as secret as possible, letting in only one man, an old friend of his, from whom he sought advice. The affair was kept quiet, although a number of men were sent from here to the new find and as they have no doubt reached there before this time there is no further need for secrecy.

The story told by the discoverer is about as follows: He and two other men had been prospecting in the vicinity of Yaktag for some time. On one stream they found very good indications and proceeded to prospect up the creek. The further up they went the better became the prospects and after reaching a certain point they were astonished to see the gold actually sticking out of the bank on either side of the creek. They had no facilities with them for doing anything but prospecting, so they walked a distance of about 12 miles to an old beach diggings and secured a rocker which had been abandoned. They returned immediately and went to work. They worked the rocker just 30 hours and cleaned up 31 1/2 ounces in gold. They staked three claims and then left in all haste for Kayak to consult with their partners. They were under the impression that they could not locate claims for the others unless they had written powers of attorney. This accounts for their anxiety to keep the matter quiet until they could return to the find and stake more ground.—Valdez News, Aug. 9.

Tracy's Grandfather.

Miss Bessie Sudlow, a Ballard girl, is visiting in Pittsville, Wis., which is the old home of Harry Tracy. She writes her mother that while there she attended the funeral of Tracy's grandfather, whose name is J. I. Severns, and who died of a broken heart on account of the disgrace brought on the family by the outlaw.

It seems that Tracy, whose real name is Severns, was brought up by his grandparents, and the feeble old man was kept in ignorance of the career of the desperado. But Tracy wrote them a letter telling of his assumed name and of his break for liberty. This letter the old man got hold of and the news broke his heart. His death soon followed.—Seattle Times.

Tragedy Due to Jealousy

Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 12.—At Lone Elm, a village thirty-five miles west of Fort Smith, Manz Huggins, assistant postmaster, shot and killed his wife while in a jealous rage and then committed suicide. They leave five children.

"I see you pay your doctor's bills by check and send it by mail."
"Sure. If I took the money he might charge me for another visit."
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Job Printing at Nugget office

Fatal Quarrel Between Men

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Walter Scott, president of the Illinois Wire Company, was stabbed to death at his office, 1120 Monadnock Building, at 9:30 this morning by W. L. Stebbins, a civil engineer, whose office is across the hall from Scott's. Stebbins' weapon was a long steel paper knife. He stabbed Scott twice in the stomach and then walked back to his office and was writing some business letters when he was arrested.

Stebbins had hired Stebbins to do some engineering work for him along the Desplaines river, and Stebbins went to Scott's office to ask for a payment on the account. Scott replied that the work had not been satisfactory. Until this remark the men had talked in unexcited voices and Scott's stenographer, Myrtle Shumate, who was in the outer office thought that nothing except an ordinary business conference was in progress.

Suddenly the men grappled. Stebbins says Scott kicked him and he lost his temper and kicked back.

Then he caught up a paper knife that lay on Scott's desk and twice buried it in Scott's stomach. Scott fell motionless. His stenographer and another woman lifted him to the couch. A doctor came in five minutes and said that Scott had died before being laid on the lounge.

Stebbins was locked up to await the action of the coroner's jury. He said he did not know he had killed Scott and the policeman did not tell him till he led him into the office where Scott's body lay.

Miss Shumate told the following story to the police of the trouble: "Mr. Stebbins came into the office shortly after 9 o'clock and was closeted with Mr. Scott. Shortly before 10 o'clock I heard voices as if the two were quarrelling. Then there was a crash inside the private room. The door was thrown open and the

men staggered into the outer office where I sat. They were struggling and kicking and beating each other. Mr. Stebbins held the paper cutter in his hand and it flashed while they fought. They tumbled about the room until they crashed against the outer door, shattering the glass. Mr. Stebbins stabbed Mr. Scott twice in the body.

"Mr. Scott staggered back from the door and finally fell upon the floor.

"Oh, my God," he said, "he has killed me. My poor wife and boy, God save me."

"I don't remember any more, for I rushed out like one crazed and called for help.

"The whole thing occurred in a few minutes, but it seemed an age to me. I do not know what led up to the trouble. I did not see the beginning of it."

Scott lived with his wife and child at the Virginia Hotel. He was well-to-do. He made his money in the lumber business in Wisconsin and in railroad work in that state. His wife's company was a new venture, but a successful one.

"Wilbur," asked the patient little lady who taught in the night school, "why is your writing so dreadfully up and down?"

"Don't know," answered Wilbur, "less it's 'cause I run an elevator days."—New York Times.

"The late James Dick, of Glasgow, left \$10,000 to his cook," remarked Mr. Snags to his wife.

"She must have been in the family at least a year," commented Mrs. Snags.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"Money," said Plugging Pete, "slips troo me hands like water."

"Well," answered Steandering Mike, "dat's about as close as I care about comin' to takin' a bath."

Margie Newman at Auditorium.

FOR SALE Cheap for Cash

Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine

Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

Regular Service on Stewart River

STR. PROSPECTOR

For DUNCAN and Stewart River

Points

Monday, Aug. 25th, 8:00 p. m.

Apply W. MEED, Mgr., - - - S. Y. T. Dock

The White Pass & Yukon Route
(THE BRITISH YUKON NAVIGATION CO.)

Operate the Fastest and Best Appointed Steamers Between Whitehorse and Dawson.

Str. Yukoner Will Sail for Whitehorse Wednesday, Aug. 27, 2:00 P. M.

Only Line Issuing Through Tickets and Checking Baggage Through to Skagway.

J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. H. ROGERS, Gen. Agent, Dawson. J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

STAGE AND LIVERY

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

Reduced Rates

No Agreement! You do not have to contribute to a PUBLIC BENEFIT **No Combination!**
Our Rates Will Be the Lowest!

And you DO NOT have to buy your ticket until you are ready to go. STEAMERS SAIL EVERY DAY. Purchase through tickets and save money.

NO EXTRA CHARGE MADE FOR MEALS AND BERTHS ON OUR STEAMERS.

THE BEST SERVICE

J. W. YOUNG, City Ticket Agent.

J. H. ROGERS, General Agent

Absent-Minded Dentist.

The reading of the premises in a Chicago suit which may be looked at by the curious will disclose what is probably the strangest foundation for a suit at law that has ever been used to support a claim. When it is known that the plaintiff is a woman it is not at all unlikely that the reader of the statement of the reasons for the suit may find in it something of humor. Epitomized the recital of the case runs somewhat like this:

"A suit by Mary Nevins, widow, to recover \$10,000 damages from Dr. Giles Forceps, dentist, for lasting pain and injury to the plaintiff's jaw because of having imposed upon it for a long period of time an inhibition to exercise."

There is little doubt that in his defense Dr. Forceps will urge that the bill does not truly set forth the facts in the case because, as his answer will say, the widow Nevins during the period of so-called silence had her mouth constantly open. There is a bit of shrewdness in the doctor's defense plan, for surely he argues no jury can conceive of a woman with her mouth open who is not indulging freely in jaw exercise.

Well, the whole thing came out of Dr. Forceps' well known absent-mindedness. He has been noted for years as the most forgetful man in the city of Chicago. Unless he has a subject well under hand and eye his wits are always wool-gathering. People have heard often of men forgetting their own names, but it is a pretty safe wager that Dr. Forceps' case is the only one of forgetfulness of name that can be backed up by affidavits. The doctor has a grown son who does not stand particularly in awe of his father, and who, through long and weary trials, has become annoyed to the pass of irritability at his father's memory shortcomings. It is one of R. R. Donnelley Sons' directory name gatherers who will make affidavit to the doctor's forgetting his own name. The dentist's operating room is in his residence upstairs. The directory man called and was shown up to the place where the doctor was plugging away at a patient's tooth.

"Dr. Forceps," said the directory man, "will you please tell me your first name?"

The doctor looked at the questioner, scratched his head, hemmed a little and then, going to the bannisters leaned over and howled down to his son, "James, what's my Christian name?"

In a roar impregnated with disgust and irreverence there came from below stairs the answer, "Giles, you d-d fool."

To get down to the Widow Nevins and her suit it is necessary to say that the widow had three cavities in her back teeth which needed filling. She went to Dr. Forceps and took her seat in the operating chair. The doctor made a careful examination and informed his patient that one of the cavities was on the side of the last tooth in a position that was rather difficult to reach, and he enjoined perfect patience and quiet while he was attempting the filling. "Otherwise," said he, "it may be necessary for me to drill from below, something I do not wish to do."

The widow's mouth was open and the doctor worked away. She could not hold her lips and jaws apart long enough to enable him to do what he wished with the tooth, so he said to her, "I am sorry, but I shall have to use a bit of a harness that I

have here to help me in the operation."

Then the doctor got some sort of a rubber arrangement, put it inside the fair patient's mouth, brought over from the corner of the office a machine that looked like a theodolite and put a skeleton-like steel apparatus into the widow's yawning mouth. It was possible for her to close her mouth by the simple lifting out of the doctor's mechanical contrivance, but he told her that she must not do that until the operation was over. Then Dr. Forceps turned to get a little sharp pointed instrument which is always associated in a patient's mind with the picture of medieval torture chambers. Unhappily, however, the particular instrument which the doctor wanted was not at hand. Then—it was a strange thing to happen to the doctor—he remembered he had left it on the table in the little reception room downstairs. "Mrs. Nevins," he said to the patient, "hold your mouth open till I come back. Under no circumstances close it, or you will undo all that I have done thus far." Then Dr. Forceps went downstairs.

The widow lay back in the operating chair and stoically kept her mouth open. She heard voices from below. Some one said, "All right, Billy, it won't take me a minute to get ready. I had a sort of an idea that this cold snap would bring them along." Five minutes afterward the widow heard a door close. Then she began to wonder at the doctor's long absence. Fifteen minutes passed and she was in torture with the awful strain on her distended jaws. Twenty minutes, twenty-five, thirty. Could she have done so she would have screamed. No doctor have in sight. Forty minutes and the pain was like that of the rack and boot. The widow could stand it no longer. She put her hand to her mouth to take out the instrument of torture. She couldn't budge it a hair. There was some concealed spring that held the thing locked just within her teeth. A light chain ran from the contrivance in the theodolite-looking thing alongside the chair. The widow was a captive in the torture chamber.

She finally rose, lifted the concern to which she was fastened and crashed it's pedestal against the door. The noise echoed through the house. In another instant there came flying up the stairs James Forceps, the doctor's irreverent son. He said something that sounded strong, but the widow's ears were stopped with pain. James is a dental student. He inserted his finger between the teeth of the widow and the infernal machine fell out, but the mouth was closed open. It was ten minutes before gentle massage treatment brought the jaws into working order, and even then they creaked as they closed, and they have been, according to the widow, creaking and paining ever since.

"Madam, how did this awful thing happen?" said James.

"Your father told me to be sure to hold my mouth open," said the widow, tearfully and creakily, "until he came back."

"Until he came back?" echoed James. "Good heavens, he's gone with Billy Masters on a three weeks hunting trip."—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

We can do your repairing on short notice. Geo. Brewitt, the tailor, Second avenue.

Job printing at Nugget office.

Held on Suspicion

New York, Aug. 11.—Louis Bardi, who arrived here Saturday on the La Touraine and is being held at Ellis island at the request of the acting Spanish consul general, is suspected of being Bassilio Nuanna of San Sebastian, Spain, an alleged particide. A few days ago a description of him was furnished to the New York detective bureau by the acting consul general with the request that he be arrested if he came here.

When the steamer arrived, two detectives, sergeants, went on board and looked over the steerage passengers, finally they picked out a young Spaniard answering the description. When they asked him his name he gave the name of Barnard which the Spanish authorities said that he was supposed to have assumed. The local police are somewhat in the dark concerning the exact nature of the crime that Nuanna is supposed to have committed.

From the information furnished, he may have killed his father or mother or both or may have taken the life of his grandparents.

Alaskan Progress

Of the many persons who are leaving and will leave Dawson between now and the close of navigation a large per cent. of the best element, the element that is not afraid to tackle a new proposition, will go to Valdez and the Copper river country, which country bids fair to become one of the most prosperous sections of all Alaska.

A railroad from Valdez into the interior and on to Eagle is now assured and the latter town will come in for a good share of the consequent boom.

Murder at Hoquiam

Hoquiam, Wash., Aug. 6.—Frank S. Aegers was shot and killed this morning by Joseph Stockhamer, his brother-in-law.

The murder is the result of bad blood which has existed for some time between the men. Stockhamer and Aegers' sister had been divorced for several months, and last night the men met on the street, Stockhamer assaulted Aegers and threatened his life.

Aegers swore out a warrant for assault against Stockhamer, who pleaded guilty and agreed to pay his fine this morning. The men met this morning at the police station, when Stockhamer shot Aegers dead.

New York, Aug. 11.—The Rev. Charles S. Dennis, of Flushing, a well known Long Island revivalist, is in prison in Queens county jail, charged with felonious assault. While he was conducting a service some boys who live nearby threw stones into the meeting room. This was a repetition of similar annoyances and Mr. Dennis is said to have on this last occasion sprung from the platform in anger. It is said he tore a burning gasoline lamp from its fastenings in front of the crowd of boys. It struck James Fretzeno, 20 years of age, and he was so badly burned that fears are entertained that he will die.

"Miss Birdie," said the young financier, edging a little nearer, "I believe you and I would make a strong combination if we were to—merge, as it were."

And they subsequently merged.—Chicago Tribune.

"It doesn't take much to make some people conceited."

"What now?"

"Why, since the village blacksmith learned how to mend automobiles he calls himself a blacksmith."—Chicago News.

MUCH WANTED BUNCO MAN

Who Eloped With Millionaire's Daughter

Visited Seattle, Registered Under His Own Name, and, Like Tracy, Was Not Captured.

Seattle, Aug. 16.—City detectives, Deputy Sheriff Fred Berner and Pinkerton men are much chagrined over their failure to capture Philip D. Watkins, a man wanted by the authorities of two score cities. Watkins boldly entered Seattle a week ago and registered at the Rainier-Grand hotel, where he remained for two days. With a number of Hawkshaws looking for him, the man passed the time comfortably enough and when he departed took away \$190 belonging to the National Bank of Commerce, which he secured on a worthless check.

Watkins is looked on as one of the nerviest crooks in the country, and his photograph adorns the rogues' galleries of many cities. Only 27 years old and the son of a wealthy resident of Montclair, N.J., he had all the advantages of education but chose to devote his talents to criminal instead of legitimate work. He is said to be a handsome man, a stylish dresser and an affable and polished conversationalist. His plausible exterior caused the exchange teller of the National Bank of Commerce to cash the check he presented without a question and with no misgiving that the institution was being buncoed.

Aside from the numerous crimes for which the authorities of many places are engaged in the search on account of a large reward offered for his capture by Henry Schonfeldt, a prominent citizen of Omaha, Neb., whose young and pretty daughter Maud eloped with him in June last and whose whereabouts is now unknown, Miss Schonfeldt was on her way from Omaha to visit her sister Mrs. A. L. Ball, at Ogden, Utah, when she met Watkins. He represented himself as the son of a wealthy New Yorker and made himself so agreeable that the girl fell in love with him. When the train reached Ogden the two got off and secured a marriage license, after which they were legally united. They then went on to California, and from that day to this the girl has not been seen.

Schonfeldt is said to be one of the wealthiest citizens of Omaha. His daughter was a local belle and had a rich contralto voice. In the cultivation of which a large amount of money had been spent. Since the daughter's marriage the father has spent a fortune trying to locate her. He has sent her railway tickets and requests to come home at many points, but the letters have remained uncalled for in each instance. He has offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of Watkins, and the Pinkerton agencies throughout the country have been on the lookout for the man for months. When the girl left home she wore several large diamonds and other costly jewels.

At San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Santa Monica Watkins thrust himself into the best society, contracted several heavy bills and, it

is alleged, passed worthless checks right and left. It is said he secured about \$5,000 in San Francisco by bunco methods.

The celebrated crook is the son of Dr. S. C. G. Watkins, a wealthy dentist of Montclair, N.J., and president of the National Dental Association. The young man's career of crime began about two years ago, when he left home and went to Amesbury, Mass., where he was manager of the Amesbury file works for some time. His grandfather is president of the Montclair savings bank, rated at \$2,000,000, and his uncle, Edwin B. Goodell, a well-known corporation lawyer of New York City. On account of his family connections Watkins entered the best society and became engaged to marry Miss Ethel Boardman, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Amesbury. He swindled a number of people, it is charged, but was permitted to leave the city without being arrested when the facts became known, because of his family connections and the engagement, which was canceled. It is claimed that his pecuniations at Amesbury aggregated \$2,000.

After leaving Amesbury Watkins traveled around the country and turned bunco tricks in many cities. Then he met Miss Schonfeldt and married her. After the two went to California the girl dropped out of sight and the police made things so warm for Watkins he fled to save himself from arrest. Since last August he kept out of sight until he reappeared a week ago in this city. He traveled under his right name and stayed for two days at the Rainier-Grand hotel. His check, cashed at the National Bank of Commerce, was drawn on the National Bank of Amesbury.

Harold Smith, exchange teller of the local bank, discovered the check to be worthless and swore to a complaint for Watkins' arrest last Tuesday by false pretenses. The warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Fred Berner for service. When Berner went to arrest Watkins he had flown.

It was learned at the hotel that Watkins had left for Green River hot springs. A deputy was sent there and found Watkins had remained at the springs for only an hour or two and had then presumably departed for Tacoma. He cannot be located at Tacoma. The anger and chagrin of Berner and the detectives is increased by the fact that Watkins traveled under his right name and remained in the city for two days. The man evidently knows the authorities are after him, for long articles descriptive of his career have often been pub-

lished in newspapers throughout the country.

Frenchman's Attack on Feminism

Paris, Aug. 9.—Emile Olivier, the academician and statesman, has created a sensation by an attack on woman's rights. He says the arch error of the nineteenth century was that it was the starting point of the belief that feminism is equality.

"Nature's law," he says, "truly is that of inequality. This does not mean oppression, but implies a difference and involves a natural hierarchy, so to speak. It is as absurd to say that women are men's equals as that men are equal among themselves. Man and woman differ psychologically as well as physiologically. Their effort therefore ought to be different."

"Feminism demands the suppression of that authority and power which husbands exercise over the property and persons of their wives, although the authority of the husband over the property of his wife ought to be abolished, while that over her person ought to be sustained."

"True feminism consists in the independence of woman where her material interests are concerned and in obedience where family interests are at stake. This however does not satisfy the frantic feminism of the day."

M. Olivier is being attacked by all the writing women of the Paris press who are taking up a discussion which is assuming enormous proportions.

Sent Message on Dog's Back

Paris, Aug. 9.—As a pretty Parisienne possessing a pug dog with a closely cropped coat was breakfasting in a fashionable restaurant on the Bois on Wednesday the pet, which habitually made the rounds of the tables on a foraging expedition, remained away longer than usual. The bow-wow, however, returned, but the fair owner was astonished to find written on the dog's back, "You are adorable; I love you very much," the billet doux bearing the signature of a rejected admirer who had hit on this novel way of reiterating the expression of his feeling. Whether his ingenuity was rewarded is not known.

Stray dogs are having a bad time in Paris just now. Fifty or sixty are dragged daily to the pound to be smothered. The worst feature of the case is that valuable dogs are in more danger than mongrels. When they stray a few yards from their owners they are captured by special police agents or dog-stealers. Owners claiming them are fined 15 or 20 francs.

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...OPERATED BY THE...

Alaska Steamship Co.

DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days

—SCHEDULE—

DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, July 22; August 1, 11, 21, 31; Sept. 10, 20, 30.

HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, July 27th; August 6, 16, 26; Sept. 5, 15, 25.

Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon
Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt., 606 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent

Simcoe's Ghost Returned.

"M-i-s-t-e-r Simcoe M-i-s-t-e-r Simcoe!"

The sharp, metallic, high-pitched voice of a child smote the ears of a man walking along the streets of Bisbee, but he neither stopped in his slouchy gait nor raised his head sunken in his chest, or gave other evidence of having heard it.

"M-i-s-t-e-r Simcoe!"

This time it was a petulant, discordant screech with an appeal in it, and the man withdrew his thoughts from the shadows and looked back to see a little girl with pigtail braids and a sharp hatchet face running after him.

He extended one finger, which she clutched and held while she talked breathlessly.

"You said you was goin' tew see Santa Claus. Be you?"

"I reckon," said the man stolidly.

"Be you goin' tew tell him 'bout me?" Two bright red spots glowed on her thin cheeks and her eyes burned with excitement at fever heat. "Kase if you dew tell him I want a really truly doll with lots of yellow hair an' eyes that go tew sleep an' wake up like people—Oh my!"

"It'll cost a heap of money, Lorie," said the man as if thinking of something else.

"Yep, but dear good Santa won't mind. Tell him, Mister Simcoe, that I'm a poor little girl what hasn't any mommer an' not much of a popper, an' that you air my friend, sure. Oh, you can make him send me a real Christmas doll, an' I'll pray to God every night to keep you a good man forever-and-ever, Amen."

The man caught the child up in his arms and kissed the top of her little thin head with both affection and reverence.

"Poor little waif," he said, "you shall have your Christmas doll, if I am alive, and it will be the kind you want; Santa will send it all right. And little Lorie, don't forget that prayer every night—to keep me a good man—you know."

"Forever-and-ever—Amen," said the child solemnly and ran home.

That night after supper at the Arizona house, Larry Simcoe sat in the office so silent and dejected that his fellow miners looked at him with some curiosity. One of them asked: "Anything gone wrong pard?"

"Nope. He was puffing away at a blackened pipe. 'Why?'"

"You look as down in the mouth as if your best girl had gone back on you. Make a clean breast of it and you'll feel better. Misery loves company."

Simcoe took his pipe from his mouth and said abruptly:

"Boys, it's up to me to tell the truth, the hull truth, and nothing but the truth. Mebbe you've heard or guessed it. I'm no tenderfoot and I ain't a-goin' to squeal. And I'm not going to Nome to see my best girl, nor to Indianny, where a gray-haired woman is waiting to see me again before she dies. I dropped all my savings of \$2,000—the labor of ten long years—in Jim Lacrosse's saloon last night when I ran up against Hi Ransom, the biggest professional in Arizona. Gad! I was a blamed fool!"

"You played on Friday, Simcoe. I'm always telling you to be more observin', but you don't seem to remember. No game on Friday for yours truly. Not on the 13th day of the month. Nor after I've heard a screech owl or dreamed of a ghost."

"Oh, shut up, Walters; always talking of dreams and ghosts. You make me tired."

"Have it your own way," said Walters, good-naturedly. "I ain't afraid of anything a bullet can hit. Why, hello, here's the boss."

"Howdy," said the new arrival, a small, keen-looking man, togged out in blankets and mufflers. "I came in after Simcoe. You're wanted at the bank."

"What's up?"

"Why, the wagon went up today without the money to pay off the men. They want it for Christmas, and have barely got time to get it off to their folks by the mails."

"How much is it?" asked Simcoe, after a moment's pause.

"Two thousand dollars. It should have gone up with the supplies. The boys are screeching around like wild cats, and I told them I'd come down and get you to carry it back to-night."

"Isn't there some one else to go? I can't say I hanker for the job of riding thirteen miles tonight over bad roads and a trail infested with Injuns. Ain't you going back, Casey?"

"Not tonight," said the boss.

"Besides, you've got a horse that is safe and sure, and you're a crack shot yourself. What's come over you, man? I thought the job would just suit your dare-devil notions."

"I'll go," said Simcoe, after a profound study. "What time is it? I've

got to write a letter before I start. When is Christmas?"

His questions being answered, Simcoe tore a leaf from a pad of coarse office paper and sat down to write. As he scribbled a smile came over his gloomy face, lighting it up with a tender glow. Before sealing it he placed some money in the envelope, and still smiling, said:—

"I'll drop it in the mail as I go along. It's none too soon, either."

The men made no comment. That privilege of reticence about one's personal affairs which belongs as surely to the camp as to the court acted as a safeguard against mere idle curiosity. Afterward, when they knew what it meant, it seemed like a silver thread in the dark tragedy which followed.

Simcoe smoked a new pipe before reporting to Casey, while the men badgered him about haunts and hold-ups, and gave him a lot of mock instructions, but one of them said in sober earnest:—

"Carry your rifle an' six-shooter both, lad. I hear there's a couple of hard-looking citizens been a hangin' around the trail. Look out for 'em, and be good to yourself, lad."

Simcoe remembered the warning when he set out that night, the money he was carrying slung across the pony in two bags half filled with provender. His rifle rested across his saddle bow, and his six-shooter was stuck in his belt. He loved those tried and trusty friends and felt safe in their company. He was thinking only of going straight on to the end of his journey, giving the money to the men, getting a glad welcome and a good breakfast. It was a clear, starlight night and there was no snow to leave tracks. The cool air gave him courage to face his own unhappy situation. The prospect was not comforting. Ten years more at hard labor to pay for his folly. Well, he was a young man and the years would soon go. The girl at Nome would wait. The little mother should not want nor lose faith in her boy.

"Hullo! hullo! Whoa, Dandy, old boy! What's wrong?" His horse had stopped so suddenly in its long, loping gait that he nearly threw his master over his head. He was trembling and sporting with terror. He had come on some bulky obstruction in the mountain road. Simcoe struck a match and saw a man's figure prone in the sand at his horse's feet. It is hard to simulate death, and Simcoe's practiced eye knew that inert stillness and formlessness was death.

But he was wary and did not dismount until he had scanned every foot of ground in the vicinity. Then, still grasping his rifle, he dropped to the ground, his horse's bridle over his arm. The body was that of a man who had been cruelly murdered. Such a tragedy was not unusual in that wild country, and, having satisfied himself that the man was dead, Simcoe was about to mount and ride on, when he decided to search the man's pockets for something to establish his identity. The face was unrecognizable and there was nothing—not even a name belonging to the poor, shapeless clay. The merest suggestion presented itself that he was a young man like Simcoe himself, and of his station. And then and there the devil of opportunity opened a door into a man's soul.

An hour later Simcoe was riding madly in an opposite direction from that which had been his destination. He left the dead man in the road wearing his clothes, while he wore the torn and bedabbled garments of the stranger. He rode with whip and spur as if furied pursued him. The starlight shone on the awful face of the outcast, a derelict. He had stolen the money intrusted to him and was fleeing from himself, for none other pursued.

But he heard voices. "Be good to yourself, lad." Had he been good to himself? For answer he said he had only done what bank presidents and gentlemen of commerce did every day. Then another voice, cracked and childish: "M-i-s-t-e-r Simcoe!" He jumped and his horse shied. "I will pray to God every night to make you a good man for-ever-and-ever, Amen."

Jim Walters sat down to a game on the quiet that night and won thirteen dollars. He pushed back his chair and threw down his cards. Later when he looked for his coat he found a black cat curled up on the garment. He turned to the boys. "Suthin's goin' to happen. You hear me. Suthin's goin' to happen." A heavy step at the door emphasized his words. Casey, pale and excited, stepped in. The men jumped to their feet.

"What's happened?"

"Simcoe has been found murdered on the trail. The horse is gone and the money's gone. Get a litter and bring him in. It's a bad business."

"Simcoe murdered? Old Simcoe dead?" The men crowded about Casey asking for details which he was unable to give. A ranchman had found the body and brought in the news—there was not a clue to the thieves and murderers.

Jim Walters was sent to Albion for a casket, an errand he much disliked, but he made the trip speedily and was returning with his unwelcome load when his fears got the upper hand of him and he saw the "ghost" for which he was always looking; it came out of a clump of bushes by the roadside and halted him in the voice of Simcoe—at least Walters declared by his oath that he thought it was the voice of his dead comrade. He ran his team into Bisbee and was in an acute chill the rest of the day.

Casey smiled grimly when he heard of it. "Get the funeral over, boys. Simcoe's ghost won't haunt anyone when their remains are under ground. Have a short service and get back to camp."

That was a dreary Christmas for everybody but Lorie, Simcoe's little friend. A box came to her by mail, bearing a doll the exact copy of the one she wanted, and some of the men remembered the letter Simcoe had written that night and told the child it was sent to Santa Claus. And if there is any potency in a child's prayer, then Simcoe must have been benefited, alive or dead, with her nightly repetition of his name.

Christmas Eve Casey sat alone in the camp—moody, as he had often been of late, a smoky kerosene lamp making weird shadows with its flickering light a thick atmosphere of gloom enveloping all things. The men were going to Bisbee, but they were discontented and sullen, still feeling the loss of their holiday funds. Casey was thinking deeply, and he started at a sound that caused him to look up and find himself covered by a revolver. He had no time to speak until the figure confronting him had backed away to the outer entrance. As the white face and gleaming eyes of the apparition receded he found his voice.

"Simcoe, come back!"

He sprang after him, but no one was there. The men, hearing him, gathered around him. Casey was pale and trembling, for on the table by which he had been sitting were the original packages of the men's money. Every dollar was intact.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Chicago Record-Herald.

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Drowned at Aberdeen

Aberdeen, Aug. 6.—Miss Linnie Niess and Miss Louise La Shance, two popular young girls of this city, were drowned this morning in Elliott Slough, a couple of miles above Aberdeen, by slipping off a log upon which they were standing while fishing.

The two girls, accompanied by Mrs. Dale La Shance, the mother of one, Miss Louise, started out in a boat this morning intending to spend the day in fishing. They rowed up the Chehalis river, turned into Elliott Slough and fastened their boat to the logs in Stockwell's boom. Mrs. La Shance remained in the boat while the two girls stepped out on the logs and began preparing their tackle. Hearing a sudden splash and scream, Mrs. La Shance looked up from where she was sitting in the boat, just in time to see Linnie fall overboard.

Louise reached over to grasp her companion when the log upon which she was standing rolled over and threw her into the stream beside her struggling friend. There was no one near to assist them, and by the time Mrs. La Shance's screams had attracted people to the spot the two girls had sunk out of sight. That part of the river was searched by divers and scoured by grappling hooks as soon as the tragedy became known, but no trace of the bodies could be found. The search will be kept up until they are located.

The two girls were fast friends, lived side by side on First street, were favorites with their young companions, and among the most promising pupils in the public schools. The sudden taking of their lives caused a feeling of sadness to ever spread the mortality, while the two stricken mothers are so prostrated by the shock as to require the constant attendance of physicians.

Their dresses and trousers see Brewster's fall goods.

Becomes Very Insane

London, Aug. 10.—D. S. Fannin, of New York, a passenger on the North German Lloyd steamer Frederick der Grosse, which reached Southampton yesterday, from New York, July 31, arrived in London yesterday and was taken to St. Giles infirmary this afternoon under the lunatic act. Mr. Fannin is connected with the firm of Haas Brothers, of New York City, and his parents are spending the summer at Newport.

Mr. Fannin startled the guests who crowded the court yard of the Hotel Cecil at noon today by driving into the court in an automobile, and declaring he was the Saviour and had just come from Heaven on his machine. He insisted on shaking hands with all the guests present, until he was finally taken to his room by the hotel people.

Mr. Fannin developed a mania on the Frederick der Grosse on the way over here. On the ship he declared he owned all the yachts in the world. Upon his arrival in London his friends had difficulty to persuade him to leave the railway station and go to a hotel. This morning he started in an automobile back to the railroad station, saying he was going to run down and kill all the pedestrians he met on the way. He fell in with and picked up an English lance corporal, with whom he drove to the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. Fannin was known to have had a large sum of money in his possession when he arrived in London. He threw this money about the streets and returned to the hotel penniless.

Kaiser Makes Silly Move

Berlin, Aug. 9.—The Kaiser has over-reached himself. All the American residents in Berlin declare it, and most of the Germans strongly suspect it. The Emperor's offer of imperial decorations to citizens of the United States, it is agreed here, was a false step that will offset many of his previous tactful efforts to make himself personally popular with the new commercial power.

Frederick the Great did not offer to decorate George Washington, the father of a republic. Any one would have seen the absurdity of such a proposition. As a famous soldier of the old world, he sent a sword as a mark of recognition to the greatest soldier of the new world.

The excuse being made for the Kaiser is that the immense growth and power of the United States having

placed that government on a par with any in the world, its origin in protest against monarchy is naturally overlooked. But the Kaiser's apologists are not helping matters much. His subjects fully understand that the giving of decorations is a family matter, and that the relationship between empires and republics is not of the kind that warrants the official interchange of ribbons and medals.

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Chicago And All Eastern Points

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For Japan China and All Asiatic Points.

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CLARKE THE BIG THING

Wins the Nomination in a Canter.

End of the Opposition Convention Saturday Night—Clarke Has a Majority of 20.

Joseph Andrew Clarke is "it," the candidate chosen by the opposition to fight the battle with the Liberal party this fall at the first parliamentary election ever held in the Yukon territory. The successful nominee won hands down with a clear majority of twenty votes, and whether the convention was packed or not, as is claimed by some and stoutly denied by others, the fact remains that there was never really but one candidate in the race and that was Clarke. It was Clarke first and last and all time add the finesse which characterized the consummation of the deal constituted one of the neatest political tricks that was ever turned in these parts. All of which leads one to remark that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the average politician who knows his business can give the proverbial Chinese a very generous hand-icap and still beat him out by several laps. Less than two months ago Clarke was the most thoroughly despised man that ever set foot in the fair city of Dawson; his name was never mentioned except in terms of execration and it was not an idle boast that he made when he said that he could walk four blocks and never find a person who would dare to speak to him, yet today he is a candidate for the highest office within the gift of the people, his nomination a walk-over, not won by a hard fight but literally handed to him on a silver platter, a big majority secured on the electing ballot made unanimous by the motion of his only opponent. Viewing the events of the past 48 hours it is easy to understand the remark so casually made, "this is the easiest thing I ever went up against."

The convention Saturday evening was called to order at 8:30 sharp. Following the roll call of the delegates the chairman asked the secretary how many nominations were before him, and he replied two, Joseph Andrew Clarke and Charles M. Woodworth. The secretary read that of the former which was signed by eleven ratepayers and qualified voters. The candidate agreed to accept the nomination and contest the election and also bound himself to support any other candidate who might be proven the choice of the convention rather than himself. In case of his defeat at the convention he agreed to not allow the use of his name as an independent candidate or in any other manner that would be prejudicial to the successful nominee. The nomination of Mr. Woodworth was also read and was almost identical with that of Clarke's. Each of the nominees was allowed ten minutes in which to elucidate their views before the balloting was proceeded with.

Clarke was first at bat, prefacing his remarks by saying that he did not intend to attempt to make a speech but would defer it until a later time when he had some of his opponents before him. The speaker complimented the convention upon having weeded out the backsliders and weaklings and handed put a few bouquets to the staff of the Sun. Dr. Catto and his little boomlet was handed without gloves, the speaker referring to him as working in collusion with the government and being simply a hireling. Clarke concluded by saying that he would at all times hold himself at the call of the convention and subject to their wishes. "We put two men on the city council," said he, "and we have not a particle of control over either one of them. I consider that this convention should have the control of the man they see fit to represent them in parliament."

Mr. Woodworth was not pleased with everything. After many of his friends had pledged him their support they had deliberately and very dishonorably gone back on their word and as a note of warning he desired to say that no matter what comes he is prepared to do and will support the nominee of the convention. "This is not a personal fight between us but a means of gaining a victory. If Mr. Clarke is the successful nominee I shall support him. There are but two of us, only a pair, and not a bad pair to draw to. If the government can take any comfort out of that they are welcome to it. We have been told that we are not fit for representation, but for the last four

years I have insisted that we were and for the past year and a half I have said that there was not a concession this side of the Dome nor the Boyle & Gates concession of Quartz creek that could be bolstered up by the government without having its title clouded by innumerable lawsuits and they will not be lifted until we secure our place on the floor of the house where the frightful injustice can be shown to the fullest possible extent."

The scrutineers were told to prepare their ballots, the chairman stating that in order for the first ballot to elect the successful candidate must receive two-thirds of the votes cast; in the subsequent ballots a majority would be sufficient. The chair also asked if Mr. Walsh were present, as he was said to hold the proxies from Whitehorse and it was desired that he cast the vote for that district, but Mr. Walsh was not there, at least he did not make his appearance. Apropos of the Whitehorse proxies, a reply was received from the wire sent to Whitehorse by the convention in regard to them and Mr. Walsh's refusal to present them. The answer was short and sweet and could not be misunderstood. "We regret that Mr. Walsh has not seen fit to use his proxies but we have confidence in his judgment." The ballots were distributed and upon the roll being called by the secretary each delegate came forward and deposited his vote in a hat on the table. Two of the Dawson delegates refrained from voting, E. B. Shaw and Isaac Lusk. J. J. Rutledge and Alfred Tigar each cast two votes for Gold Run—Wm. Merriman cast three for 7 below lower of Dominion; C. J. Wilson three for Caribou and Thomas Bell two for Henderson creek. The credentials of George Wall from 244 below lower Dominion were in but he did not vote. All told there were 62 votes in the convention.

On the first ballot Clarke received 39 and Woodworth 23, the former needing but three more in order to have secured the required two-thirds majority. The second ballot gave Clarke 41 and Woodworth 21. After prolonged applause Woodworth arose and said that the first ballot had been sufficient for him, but as he was in no sense a quitter he had resolved to see it through. He then moved that Clarke's nomination be made unanimous, which was carried.

Clarke and Woodworth both made speeches as did also Dr. Catto who arrived on the scene just as the meeting was about to adjourn and whose presence to some of the delegates acted as a red rag to a gentlemanly bovine. The doctor in response to loud cries took the platform and insisted that he was the only sincere opposition candidate in the field and that he was sure to be elected. When the opportunity arrived Secretary Black opened up and it looked for a short time as though the gloves would have to be sent for. An armistice was finally declared and what is likely to prove a red hot campaign was declared to have been duly opened.

Kennedy Dismissed.

George Alexander Kennedy, a half-breed, was before Magistrate Wroughton this morning on the charge of vagrancy. An effort was made to prove that he has no visible means of support and that he is accustomed to obtain money from friends by what is known as the "rush act"—obtaining money in an emergency and promising to return it when the banks open next day and failing to do so.

The prosecution failed to make a case. On the other hand, Kennedy had a number of witnesses to prove his industrious habits. The charge was dismissed.

Charged With Theft

Entwined Boulay who in addition to not understanding the English language is very hard of hearing, was arraigned before Magistrate Wroughton this morning charged with having on or about July 4th stolen from the Klondike City hotel in Klondike City gold nuggets to the value of \$100 and jewelry to the value of \$75, all of which was the property of Mrs. Mcnehan, wife of the hotel proprietor.

At request of Sergeant Smith hearing of the case was postponed until this afternoon when another charge of theft would also be placed against Boulay.

Serious Charge

Gordon Wright of Hunker creek was in the police court this morning charged by Severe Villennau with having converted to his own use gold dust to the value of \$175 which complainant had given him to exchange for money.

Owing to the absence of an important witness from Hunker who can not reach Dawson before this evening, the case was remanded until tomorrow morning.

An American Girl—Auditorium.
Margie Newman at Auditorium.

SIGHTS IN GAY PAREE

A Correspondent Writes of Her Travels.

Finds Many Things to Wonder and Marvel at in the French Capital.

Paris, July 20, 1902.

Dear Nugget:—
For ten days we have been doing Paris and, well, it has nearly done us; however, we will endorse the verdict that France is a most beautiful country and Paris is great—a limitless collection of houses and such a conglomeration of humanity we never expected to find. We studied our Boedeker and chart faithfully and as both our time and money is limited we have pursued a systematic course of sightseeing with satisfactory results. Neither of us understand or speak French but we have met no serious mishap. "English Spoken" is a common sign in windows but we have always found it a delusion and a snare, used as a decoy for unwary strangers.

When shopping we place our coin on the counter and point to the article wanted, a la Mooschide, and they always keep the change.

There are no electric street cars here, only awkward steam trams and omnibuses. Sitting upstairs on the trams we ride among the foliage of the trees and it is simply great. We have spent days in the palaces of kings, have seen regal robes, jewels, tapestry and paintings, but of all the splendor nothing has so fascinated me as the art exhibit at the palace Louvre which with the Tuilleries is the largest structure in all Paris, covering 48 acres of land. One could spend months in this palace alone and yet find something new. Among the paintings the originals of Raphael held me for hours—there was "St. George," "St. Michael," "La Sainte-Famille dite de Francis," "La Xierge au Voile," and also "La Bella Jardiniere," in which pure maternal joy, a favorite motif of Raphael's Madonnas, is expressed with the most life like fidelity.

Paolo Veronese "Marriage at Cana" is the largest picture in the gallery, it is 32x21 feet, and a perfect "symphony of colors." Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" is a great favorite and Rembrandt's "Holy Family at Nazareth." It afforded me great satisfaction to see the original "La Venus de Milo," also the "Fettered Slaves" by Angelo Salon La Caze, the D'Apollon, the collection of Lenoir mostly bejeweled sun and bon-bon boxes were interesting. It was in the Louvre I saw a large painting of Adam and Eve which to me was a novelty, for I always recall them to my mind as a rather old couple, but here they were both young and pretty and of such correct proportions in form that the effect was so pleasing you instantly forgave them their scandal and I rather liked the idea of tracing my pedigree to them, but enough.

If you fancy a hotel means here a place where you can secure lodgings you will err for many large buildings are here called hotels regardless of their use, and so we find Hotel De Ville on Rue de Rivoli an imposing structure belonging to and occupied by the municipality of Paris. Hotel Des Invalides (not an attractive name) but of great interest for here we find the tomb of Napoleon I. The sarcophagus is a single huge block of reddish brown granite weighing 67 tons and brought from Finland at a cost of 140,000 francs. Above the entrance to the crypt are these words from the Emperor's will—"Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple francais que j'ai tant aime." I have never witnessed such awe and reverence as was here manifested by the steady stream of sightseers. The Musee d' Artillerie contains 4,000 specimens of weapons of all kinds, some of rare workmanship and enriched with jewels. From here it is but a short walk to Ecole Militaire.

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on the esplanade in front of which Captain Dreyfus was degraded before he was deported to Ile du Diable Champ de Mars, the open space used for military reviews, is still occupied by remnants of the exposition.

Never have I felt so insignificant as when gazing on the Eiffel tower and lacking the courage to ascend because of my sad experience in the Ferris Wheel—the notion in going up brought up everything I had with me and the downward effect was one of leaving my stomach on the floor above. Excuse me!

Trocadero is interesting as Napoleon I. intended it for his infant son, "The King of Rome." Near by is Musee Galliere and Guimet. We found Palais Le Petit closed. The Grand Palais is the only structure to remain permanent after the exposition of 1900 and holds all the valuable in art, drawing and tapestry. We tried to enter the Palais De L'Elysee, the official residence of the president of the republic but failed as ignobly as we did before the White House.

My chum says I am an extremist because one day I persisted in going to the Brouse where the many voices in the exchange sounded like the roar of mighty waters and really I doubted the sanity of the rabble and when satisfied here I proceeded directly to Cimetiere Du Pere La Chaise, consisting of over 200 acres of ground and where silence is supreme and intense among its many thousand inhabitants.

There are so many churches of historical interest here in Paris that one really becomes pious, but they are not cozy, warm and comfortable like our churches at home, to the contrary they are large edifices of stone, gloomy and cheerless within, stone floors, walls and pillars darkened by the dust of ages, and the chill of it all strikes to the marrow, drives up to our knees and hurriedly praying we rush to the street again for sun and warmth and light. I recall them with a shudder.

As a child my latin grammar was an abomination, but today I rejoice in the memory of my struggles with Caesar for I have stood on historically holy ground where Julius Caesar stood 53 years before Christ, when he conquered the Gauls on the Island La Cite in the Seine River and which was the beginning of Paris and is now the site of Cathedral de Notre Dame, a most beautiful specimen of French gothic architecture. Close by is the morgue, also Palais de Justice, which was once the residence of St. Louis, and joined to this building is Ste Chapelle erected by the order of St. Louis for the worship of sacred relics from Palestine, which he bought for three million francs from Jean de Brincune, king of Jerusalem. These relics are now in the Cathedral Notre Dame. The Ste Chapelle is the most perfect gothic edifice extant. Near by is the Conciergerie—a prison famous in the history of France. The cell in which Marie Antoinette was imprisoned is now converted into a chapel.

Sightseeing is arduous work but so fascinating that I regret having to close my eyes at all, especially here, for Paris is fascinating from early morn to the "wee small" again. Yesterday 6 a.m. found us at the Halles Centrales, the largest market place, covering 22 acres and underground are immense cellars and store rooms. After watching the crowd I was reminded of an active ant hill, a little larger species of activity, of course. Later on we ascended the Colonne de Juillet, erected on the site of old Bastille and here we got a good view of Paris, which meant houses, domes and spires as far as

eye could see our horizon was houses touching the very sky.

Crossing over to the left bank of the Seine we found the oldest and less pretentious part of the city, but none the less interesting and historical. The Pantheon (the Westminster Abbey of Paris) is built on the highest elevation of ground here and occupies the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. Mirabeau was the first person whose remains were deposited here in 1791; Victor Hugo in 1885 and Sadi Carnot in 1894. A huge colonnade consisting of 21 fluted Corinthian columns, 81 feet in height and resembling the Pantheon at Rome, forms the portico.

Not far from the Pantheon is the interesting St. Etienne du Mont, where we encountered a funeral and a wedding in progress at the same time, but the churches are so large that neither of the services conflicted with the other. A few squares away we entered the Luxembourg gardens, most beautiful, and surrounding Palais Du Luxembourg, long used as a royal residence but now occupied by the senate, while other parts are reserved as a museum of modern painting and statuary of the best living French sculptors and painters.

The museum De Cluny in this part of the city holds your attention not alone for its contents, but its history. Adjoining Cluny is the most ancient structure in Paris, the remains of what used to be Palace Thermes.

We have still the Jardins, parks, Versailles and shopping to do. It is impossible to mention, much less describe, all the interesting places we have so far visited, but I am firmly convinced that were I a man, Paris would be my home because the ladies are so beautiful and dress so charming that simply promenading the Boulevards is a pleasure, a continuous show of beauty, and at the show last night the scene was so illusive I had, literally, to pinch myself to be sure I was not a fairy in fairy land. I will write the dear ladies from here all about fashions of the day in my next. Au revoir.

MISS NAMELESS,
Hotel des Trois Princes,
78 Rue des Petito Champs,
Paris.

Mutiny of Prisoners

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Des Moines, Aug. 22.—A mutiny of prisoners was followed by a desperate attempt at liberation at the state prison. Sheriff Davis was seriously wounded. Mrs. Davis and a deputy were frustrated in an attempt at driving the convicts back at revolver muzzles.

Boers Not Wanted

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Brussels, Aug. 22.—Gen and Mrs. Botha returned to Brussels today. The Belgian governments requested the Boer generals not to come to that country and troops have been ordered to forcibly prevent it if the request is not heeded.

Turning to Stone

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 23.—Dorothy Stiles, daughter of a retired chemist of this city, is being gradually petrified, it is believed, as the result of her father's chemical experiments.

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"Our town is making great strides," boasted the proud citizen of the little hamlet.
"In what way?" asked the drummer.
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Chicago News.

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FRIENDSHIP RENEWED

Captain Balliet, Noted Athlete Here.

Was for Several Years Commissioner at Rampart—Sourdough of Days of '97.

Captain A. J. Balliet, formerly one of the best known athletes on the Pacific coast and an argonaut of the days of '97, was in the city today for a few hours en route to Seattle where he intends to make his future home. Among the old friends he met while here was General Manager Newell of the White Pass route, an old classmate of Yale, one with whom he has pulled many a hard race for the glory of the sons of old Eli. Captain Balliet was stroke oar in the fastest crew Yale ever produced and as center rush in the football eleven, once pushed on the line he was as immovable as a mountain. For several years prior to the stampede to the Klondike he resided in Seattle, but when the strike was made he was among the first to set out for the new Eldorado, arriving here in the fall of '97. He remained the winter and the following summer pulled out for the lower country with which he has been more or less identified ever since. The winter of '99 he spent on the outside, returning early in the spring of the following year and for several weeks worked in the drift on 16 Eldorado, also assisting in the cleanup. That summer he again went to the lower country and soon afterward was appointed United States commissioner at Rampart, a position which he held until his resignation very recently since which time he has been practicing his profession and mining. He was associate counsel in the famous 4a Glenn gulch case which has just been heard before Judge Wickersham at Eagle. A fortune was involved in the action as the ground is said to be worth \$250,000. Many people in Dawson were interested in the case as the fair plaintiff was none other than Mrs. J. Fred Struthers, formerly Miss Ella Garrett. Jack Belsea, the defendant, staked the ground for Miss Garrett under her power of attorney. Before its value was known Miss Garrett disposed of a divided half for \$750 and later when the rich paystreak was uncovered Belsea claimed the other half for having staked it, which was the only point involved in the action. The jury was out less than a half hour when a verdict in favor of Miss Garrett was returned. The fraction was originally 1000 feet long which leaves 500 feet over which was the controversy. The jury found in favor of the plaintiff in each of the four counts covered by the instructions of the judge and while the defendant has given notice of appeal it is doubtful if such would avail him anything as it would be beyond all precedent for a judgment such as was given to be disturbed. The lays are held to be good and the laymen will continue their work. The ground is all out under 55 per cent. lays and the cleanup for the present season will greatly exceed \$100,000. There was only about one-third of the winter's dump sluiced up when the work was stopped by injunction proceedings. That which had been sluiced yielded \$27,500 which has been in court since the action was begun. Now that the case has been decided the balance of the dumps will be sluiced up and the claim during the balance of the season will be worked more vigorously than ever. In speaking of the suit Mr. Balliet said it was bitterly contested on every point. He left for the outside this afternoon on the Columbian.

Important Meeting.

The executive committee of the coronation celebration will meet at 5:30 tomorrow afternoon in the mayor's office for the purpose of winding up the affairs incidental to the celebration. There is said to be quite a deficiency as the result of the fireworks ordered from Vancouver not arriving in time and the purchasing of others that were already in the city. The order sent to the outside has now arrived and the committee is in a quandary as to what they shall do with it.

Mrs. Neurich—Why didn't you come when I rang the bell?
 Servant—Please, ma'am, I didn't hear the bell.
 Mrs. Neurich—Well, hereafter when you don't hear it come and tell me at once.—Chicago Daily News.

VACATION IS ENDED

Public School Opens With 178 Pupils.

Improvements Made During the Summer—Sisters' School Begins Another Year.

Promptly at 9 o'clock this morning 178 children varying from sweet 6 to sweeter 16 gathered at the public school building, the long summer vacation of eight weeks having ended Saturday. Until next June with but two weeks rest during the holidays the young will be trained how to shoot and have their heads jammed full of knowledge which in later years will enable them to cope with the world and make the best of the opportunities which are encountered. The days was devoted almost entirely to classifying the pupils, an affair that required considerable time and patience as fully 40 per cent. of those attending are new ones. During the vacation the heating capacity of the furnaces has been greatly enlarged and it is thought that no difficulty will be experienced this winter for the lack of warmth. The school building has been wired throughout and lights may now be turned on whenever they are needed. Last year on account of the absence of lights during midwinter but one session a day could be held, from 10 to 2. All the blackboards have been renewed and the rooms have been made as attractive as possible. This year the sessions will begin at 9 o'clock until some time in November when the hour will be changed to 9:30. Enough books are on hand left over from last year to meet the present demand and others have been ordered and will arrive before the close of navigation. The following are the teachers chosen for this year:

- Principal—G. P. Mackenzie.
- Grades 5 and 6—J. T. Patton.
- Grades 3 and 4—Miss Barbara McKinnon.
- Grades 1 and 2—Miss Keyes.
- Kindergarten—Miss Edwards.
- Mr. John Ross is superintendent of schools for the territory.
- St. Mary's school, with Sister Mary Edith as principal, also opened this morning with a good attendance and excellent promise of a successful term.

Roosevelt Upheld

Special to the Daily Nugget.
 London, Aug. 25.—The London newspapers are taking time to digest Roosevelt's views of trusts. The Evening Standard considers that his definition of the position and combination ought to be to occupy precisely what is expected of him, adding that "suggestion of government supervision of the capitalistic ring is an admirable theory, although it is not easy to surmise how it can be made operative." The Pall Mall Gazette remarks that Roosevelt's pronouncement leaves no doubt that he intends to scotch some Leviathan enterprises deleterious to the general community. At the same time he is too wise to ignore the fact that the tendency of commerce is in the direction of concentration of forces and forces need guidance, not blind opposition.

Many Guards

Special to the Daily Nugget.
 Wilkesbarre, Aug. 25.—Not since the inauguration of the anthracite strike have so many pickets been patrolling the Panther creek section as today, owing to a report that the Lehigh company proposed to resume. It is practically impossible, all operators say, to get non-union men. George Wheatley, outside foreman of Brookside colliery, became enraged by the taunts of the crowd, drew his revolver and fired. He wounded Geo. Seavey in the leg. He was held in one thousand dollars bail.

In South Africa

Special to the Daily Nugget.
 London, Aug. 25.—The Transvaal legations will be abolished September 1st, at the suggestion of Dewet, Botha and Delarey. It is probable Leyds will be chosen leader of the irreconcilables' attempt to organize an independent empire in Europe.

STEAMERS ARE LOADED

Travel Still Continues Quite Heavy.

Louise Will Arrive Tonight—La France Makes Her Last Trip to the Head of the Pelly.

There is no change along the water front since Saturday as to rates, all the lines seeming to be quietly resting on their oars and waiting for their second wind. The Columbian left this afternoon at the same rates as the Selkirk Saturday. The Thistle took out a big load Saturday night and the Sifton will probably do the same thing tomorrow. The Columbian arrived Saturday evening with 84 sacks of mail and the following passengers: Miss C. Smith, Miss A. Gould, Miss J. C. Anderson, Mrs. E. J. Hill, Mrs. J. Van Ribber, Mrs. S. M. Stowell, F. Sennett, Mrs. E. B. Shaw, Mrs. Gibson, F. C. Wade, Miss F. Scott, Miss M. Moore, Mrs. M. Decker, Victor Decker, C. Racine, O. St. Peter, A. Chabot, F. F. Malloy, Mr. Des Brisay, Mrs. Des Brisay, Mrs. C. Gallagher, J. S. Brewer, Mr. Moffatt, A. Drolet, J. Letourneau, F. Bordeleau, T. Cambale, J. Martineau, F. X. Letourneau, S. Corveveau, A. Corveveau, R. Corveveau, T. Blais, D. Morryone, R. Morryone, A. Longlais, G. D. Reid, A. J. Heyden, C. Mercier, A. Noel, F. Bells, D. Pongo, P. Grossan, W. R. Rogers and L. S. Robe. She left at 2 o'clock this afternoon with a big list among whom was the Wickersham party which arrived last night from Eagle, George Russell, Harry Hull and many others.

The Zealandian arrived at midnight last night from Eagle and Fortymile with the following large list of passengers: Miss C. Burns, G. A. Jeffrey, L. P. Moore, W. H. Cornahan, F. H. Austin, L. Soet, E. Y. Tanaka, J. H. Falconer, J. Thowne, B. Cockell, H. Owens, A. Gemell, E. Crouch, U. S. Marshall Perry, Mrs. Perry, H. Young, J. Oldfield, M. Goetzman, O. R. Orcutt, W. Hammill, F. J. Murphy, A. J. Balliet, E. Hurley, H. J. Gregory, W. Garratt, W. L. Copeland, Jas. Wordell, E. Wood, Mrs. Kellogg, Dr. Kellogg, A. P. Pere, Dr. W. G. Hepworth, Judge Wickersham, Mrs. Wickersham, John Boyd, J. Bonfield, T. Jensen, J. H. Deacon, Dr. W. E. Thompson, S. Carter, J. Aspinall, Mrs. Heath, C. S. Anderson and T. G. Wilson.

The Thistle which arrived at noon Saturday left again at midnight. She took a large list of passengers which included the following: A. Carlson, L. Karuskopf, J. Gallagher, C. J. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gillis, J. G. Vams, A. L. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Genelle, Otto Moser, N. Miller, Fred N. Hallett, J. E. Pershall, R. N. Pershall, L. Sarson, J. E. Maylew, J. Thomson, William Wood, R. L. M. Stephens, Charles Lea, Mrs. J. Johnson, F. Sykes, William Astley, M. E. Wells, H. L. Staples, D. McPhee, R. McKenzie, Mrs. W. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. E. Williams, J. D. Breeze, D. McDonald, Mrs. George Anderson, H. Child, A. A. Hepler, Marie Taylor, M. Ridrick, R. Dolson, Fred L. merce, W. Noll, M. Beaton, M. M. Brown, L. Paillard, J. Hildrith, J. Morrison, J. Mills, J. Henry, V. Westerland, L. Westerland, J. McLean, A. McVicarp, O. Satea, J. Campbell, D. Gardner, J. Taylor, D. Cay, Thos. Totter, A. Forrest, M. M. Moore and J. O. Olsen.

The La France which was to have sailed at 8 this evening for the head of the Pelly has postponed her departure until midnight in order to accommodate several shippers who are preparing to take up large outfits to that section. The present will doubtless be the last trip up the Pelly this season.

The Louise with three barges has reported at Eagle and is expected this evening or early in the morning. One of her barges will be dropped below Eagle which will necessitate a return trip for it. The Louise has made quite a record this season, bringing up 2500 tons of freight in two trips.

Strike on Pelly

A party of prospectors have returned to Dawson with news of a big strike on the upper reaches of the Pelly river. They came to Dawson for more supplies and will go back to the scene of the strike on the steamer La France. The boom will be held over several hours for their accommodation.

An American Girl—Auditorium.

Will Occupy Our New Store Very Shortly

Will be pleased to see you in our new place and show our Magnificent Stock of New Clothing, Furnishings and Shoes for the coming season.

NEW STORE. **HERSHBERG & CO.,** FRONT STREET. DIRECTLY OPPOSITE AURORA DOCK.

Strikers' Mob

Special to the Daily Nugget.
 Hazelton, Pa., Aug. 25.—While attempting to rescue his son from a strikers' mob this morning August Scheuch was fatally stabbed.

Randall Pleased

Special to the Daily Nugget.
 Seattle, Aug. 25.—Gen. Randall has returned from inspection of all army posts in Alaska. He is well pleased with conditions.

Incognito

Special to the Daily Nugget.
 Teheran, Aug. 25.—The Shah of Persia has gone to Paris, where he spends ten days incognito. He was given a royal farewell.

The True Hanna

If it deals justly with Senator Hanna, of Ohio, public opinion will readjust itself to meet the conditions of a newly developed phase of the senator's character. The too common impulse in considering matters pertaining to Senator Hanna personally and politically has been to look upon him from a viewpoint prejudicial to a fair and reasonable estimate of his merits as a man of large capacity whose public spirit and service are commensurate with his experience.

That this prejudice exists in the public mind is largely due to the fact that no public man of his time has been more coarsely and freely caricatured and lampooned in the press than Senator Hanna. With his prominence as chairman of the national Republican committee and as the campaign manager for President McKinley came opportunities for the exercise of the cartoonist's skill and the paragrapher's wit. Mr. Hanna has been persistently caricatured as the personification of capitalistic greed seeking to crush labor, to concentrate the power of capital and destroy competition. Lately Senator Hanna has appeared to the public eye in his true character. In the unpretentious manner and speech of a plain business man he has been presenting his views upon the relations of labor and capital. Upon invitations extended by different Chautauqua circles, Senator Hanna has frankly expressed his views and told his experiences as a large employer of labor, and as one moreover who appreciates the new dangers lurking in the present industrial conditions.

Senator Hanna looks upon the solution of the problem as one of economics and morality. As the chairman of the arbitration committee of the Civic Federation and practically the leader of the movement, he is telling the public of the advantages of arbitration and conciliation and is doing his utmost to better the conditions of labor and to bring it in closer contact with capital and if possible by effort and education to make strikes impossible. As showing the beneficial results of the efforts of the Civic Federation, in a recent address Senator Hanna said: "In every instance but one in a ten months' life we have settled every labor difficulty that has come to us. The one instance where the organization failed was the anthracite coal strike. I admit that the Civic Federation failed in its efforts there." The effort was not wholly a failure, however, for a sympathetic strike of the bituminous coal miners was prevented.

The too common practice of ascribing ulterior motives to and of discouraging and mistrusting the efforts of such men as Senator Hanna should find effectual correction in the practical efforts of these men to better conditions. In dealing with the adjustment of the labor problem and the inter-relationship of capital and labor they do not speak as politicians, but as business men having at heart the best interests of all concerned. Of this class, Senator Hanna affords a significant example, and his course might beneficially be followed by other large employers of labor.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

LOST.—Gold Locket with small Diamond setting. Finder please return to Nugget office and receive reward.

ARE TENNIS CHAMPIONS

Open Tournament Ended Saturday.

But One Event Yet to be Decided—Splendid Playing and a Brilliant Success.

The lawn tennis tournament for the championship of the territory closed Saturday evening the meet being the most successful in the history of the club. All the games scheduled were played with the exception of the mixed doubles which on account of darkness had to be postponed and will be played this afternoon should inclement weather not prevent. In three of the four events decided the winners were non-members of the club, the singles and the men's doubles, and in the ladies' doubles the same thing was partially true, Miss Miles, one of the winners, being a recent arrival. The play at times was very brilliant, fast and worthy of the applause which was bestowed. Mr. Moreton, from whom great things were expected, did not come up to the anticipations as he had not played in several years and was in anything but good form. At the opening match with Mr. Finnie he gave great promise but later was unable to keep up the pace he had started. In the finals of the men's singles both Mr. Heyman and Mr. Staley put up a great game, the best that has ever been seen on the court. The finals in the ladies' singles was also noteworthy. Miss Agnes Davies-Colley, who has recently arrived from England, defeating Mrs. White-Fraser after two well contested sets. This will probably end the tennis season, though the club is seriously considering the advisability of holding a consolation tournament for the benefit of the defeated. At Saturday's meet several ladies of the club served tea in the pavilion which added to the pleasure of the occasion. The players, winners and scores in the finals are as follows:

Ladies' singles—Miss Agnes Davies-Colley won from Mrs. White-Fraser, 6-3, 6-3.

Men's singles—Mr. Heyman won from Mr. Staley, 9-7, 6-2, 6-3.

Ladies' doubles—Mrs. White-Fraser and Miss Miles won from Mrs. Davies-Colley and Miss Agnes-Colley, 6-3, 6-0.

Men's doubles—Messrs. Heyman and Staley won from Messrs. Herbert and Hughes, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3.

In the mixed doubles yet to be played Mrs. White-Fraser and Mr. Herbert will play Miss Miles and Mr. Heyman.

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